

SAINT PAUL, MINN., SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1894.

THE EXODUS OF THE TRAMP.

One of the Queer Features of the Returning Spring.

POOR WANDERERS WHO HAVE NO HOME.

The Female Tramp a Product of the Last Five Years—How She and Her Male Tramp Pursue Their Summer Wanderings—Their Army Yearly Increasing.

The vagrant is a product of civilization, and the higher the civilization the more there is of him. Every country has its own particular type, and there is no mistaking the one for the other. Those who have not studied this matter carefully are apt to confuse the "tramp" with the "tough," but they are entirely distinct species of the genus homo.

The New York tough is the progenitor and most perfect type of the class in this country, so the New York tramp, or tramp, in himself illustrates all the varieties to be found in the other great cities of the Union.

The hard times of the past year have added enormously to the army of homeless men and women, but it would be a mistake and an injustice to rank the temporarily unemployed with those who are idle from choice, or to class the honest mechanic and laborer, who has grown heart-weary looking for work, with the tramp who has a horror of labor, and who would not do work if he could get it.

When the streams and ponds began to freeze last fall, when the trees were leafless, and the farmer's work for the year was done, with the regularity of the seasons the tramps began to pour into the cities, and New York being the largest and most accessible, received the greatest part. During the day-time, excepting when the weather was too inclement to permit their being out doors, these tramps "swarmed" in all the city's open spaces, and occupied the benches in all the public parks from the Battery to Harlem.

At night, those who had succeeded in begging money on the plea that they were honest men out of employment, found lodgings in the cheap bed-houses along the Bowery, where fifty cents would secure a blanket and a cup of coffee. A great majority, however, found lodgings in the city's many station-houses, while the veterans of the calling, soon after arriving in the city, by ways well known to themselves, succeeded in being sent to the Island as paupers, until the winter was over and the return of the roads, and the blue-jay made them think of the country again.

Spring has returned and the great army of tramps is preparing for its flight into the country. Although they number tens of thousands no great preparations are necessary. There are no trunks to be packed, no things to be settled, no horses to be sold, and assigned to the care of watchmen, no conveyances to be procured for the transference of themselves or baggage, no country homes to be attended to or secured in advance, for when the tramp puts on his torn shoes, his ragged coat and his shapless hat, he is completed and his order, equally indifferent to the place that he is about to leave and to the point where he may find a temporary home. The time is on us when the tramps, old and young, alert and drowsy, are hurrying from the city. If there be any truth in phrenology, these tramps were born without the love of home or location.

The children of no home among them, or more frequently outcasts who know neither home nor parents, it is not to be expected that they would form any strong attachments to any particular place.

Six years ago, while tramps by hundreds were to be found on all of the country roads during the summer season, it was a rare thing to find a woman among them, now, however, this is changed, and while the men are still largely in the majority, it is lamentable to see that their ranks have been recruited by the accession of large numbers of women, and these, not the old, haggard and decrepit, by any means. If the tramps united and traveled in one large army, the method of forming these temporary marriage contracts. At this season, when mated birds are flying northward, and the male tramp lightly turns his thoughts to country roads and green trees, he looks about for a woman of his own class, not hard to find in these times, I am sorry to say. There is no pro-

degraded or remarkably intelligent, and with evidence of refinement about them which their ragged raiment cannot hide, and their evident poverty wholly concealed. In the former case it is possible that they may be making an effort to better their condition, though the chances are that they are spending their objectless lives in wandering and moving on; in the latter case they are invariably women with a story which they conceal from the public, a story of error, it may be, perhaps of crime, but never devoid of romance, and never, if the truth were known, showing that they were themselves entirely responsible for their degradation.

In this connection it may be well to say that a number of prominent physicians in New York, who have become interested in Sandow's teachings have had plans drawn for a model gymnasium, which is to be located above 110th street, and of which Sandow is to be the director. The first floor will be so arranged that it may be thrown into one large apartment, and in this place the pupils or patients will go through their exercises. Having done so, they will pass immediately into another room that has been freshly ventilated, and in this way they will secure practically the benefit of the outdoor air.

"Where you always remarkably strong, even as a child," I asked.

"No, I was not, and neither of my parents or patients will go through their exercises. I set out in earnest to follow the course in which I have since continued. That was eight years ago. My system has been perfected between two and three years."

"What constitutes your daily exercise?"

"While I am giving public exhibitions, as at present, I do nothing else, except to walk."

"What is your diet?"

"I live mostly on nourishing food, such as beefsteak and chops, and I avoid pastry.

BEST WAY TO GET STRONG.

A Chat with Sandow, Strongest of the Strong Men.

THE TRAINING THAT HE PRESCRIBES.

Simple Rules Which, if Followed, Will Bring Health and Vigor—Gymnasium He Regards as of Little Value—The Proper Food to Eat—Growing Strong—all the Time.

Eugene Sandow, the most powerful man of whom he has any accurate record, has a message of cheer to all who wish to be strong. It is his conviction that every ordinary man may become like himself by following his advice, and while this advice may be sceptically received it is certain that he has discovered a means by which all of us may attain a much greater strength than we would otherwise naturally hope for.

His friends think that he has introduced a new era in the culture of the body, and has founded practically a new science. He is an educated man, and in that respect is different from most professional strong men. He took a course of medicine and anatomy at one of the German universities, and he understands the position, use and proper exercise of every muscle in the body.

I saw him not long ago, and he consented to give his views for the benefit of those who wish to cultivate their strength.

"What is your system for making everybody strong," I asked.

"That is a broad question," he replied, "and one that we might discuss for a long time. Yet my plan is so simple that a child may easily understand it. First of all, it is necessary to know yourself, to be acquainted with the muscles of the body and what they are for. About the only exercises that I advocate are practice with dumbbells and walking. I do not believe in gymnastics as they are usually conducted, nor do I think that much real benefit is to be derived from horizontal bars, traveling rings and the devices usually found in gymnasiums. Another objection to the gymnastium is that it does not permit one to take exercise in the open air, the qualities of which are of inestimable value. I believe in walking, and walk a great deal myself, and I also recommend cold baths, of which I take two every day. In using the dumbbell I do not favor any half-movements, and the exercises are often seen in gymnastic drills. They look very pretty, but do very little good. Exercise must be taken regularly, and the weight of the dumbbell must, of course, be suited to the capacity of the person who is to use it."

"Do you think that anyone, by following your advice, may become strong?"

"Yes. Even those who are emaciated by disease may be greatly improved and with those who are not ill, of course, much better results are possible. The case of my manager, Mr. Ziegfeld, may be taken as an example. Before he began to train he was a man of average strength and size, weighing about 140 pounds. His weight has increased to 165 pounds, and he is able to raise a hundred-pound dumbbell above his head with ease."

"What are the possibilities as to strength of the average man, that is to say, may he become what we usually consider an athlete?"

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GOLDEN WILL OF THE WISPS.

The Strange Story of the Lost Mine of Montezuma.

TRAGIC FATE OF THE MAN WHO FOUND IT.

The Lost Cabin Mine and the Men Who Have Worn Out Their Lives in Weary Searching for It—How the Lost Vein Was Found—Last and Found Again After Years.

DENVER, COL., April 18.—The glamour of romance clusters thickly about the mines of this western land. There is always an interest in wealth and its possession and production, and over no source of riches is there so much romance, comedy and tragedy as there is over gold in its virgin state. The marvelous wealth of the Montezumas, the search of Monte Cristo and the deeds of the Forty-niners who took from California a vague idea of where they really were. The range of mountains which loomed up before their eyes were nameless to the early prospectors, but they boldly set at work in a gulch. Prospecting and panning as they went they struck better and better pay as they went up, and finally in a dellie in the heart of the mountains they came to a streak of pay-dirt so wonderfully rich that it exceeded anything any of them had ever seen or heard of. They put down a shaft to bed rock only seven feet below and found gold from the grass roots down, panning out from five cents

to a dollar each tray. They decided to stay all winter, put up rough sluice boxes across the little creek and sluiced from morning until night while the warm weather lasted. The average yield was \$300 a day until snow fell and cold weather settled down. Then the creek froze up and the prospectors turned their attention to building a log cabin, which they surrounded with a stockade in which were kept the horses, the hay cut for them and the game shot for the winter. In the following spring the men were early at work, taking out as much gold as ever. One day while Huriburt was cooking in the cabin, a small party of Indians stealthily approached the stockade and scalped Cox and Jones. Catching up a knapsack full of gold, Huriburt ran into the woods and made his escape, without looking around or pausing to notice a landmark. The Indians looted the cabin, drove off the stock and left in the direction from which the prospectors had come. After many days tramping across the foot hills and afterward the prairies, he struck what proved to be the North Platte river, ninety miles above Fort Laramie. There he met the first strange white people he had seen in two years. The country was free over the news of rich finds at Alder Gulch and these men, Huriburt, Cox and Jones, were making their way to the diggings at Grasshopper Creek as well as Alder. Huriburt added to the prevailing excitement by telling of his mine and exhibiting the knapsack of gold. The news spread and adventurers in search of gold came in from all sides. In a week Huriburt was retracing his nearly as possible the course over which he had so lately won the previous month, and at his heels was a crowd of not less than 140 wagons, with 550 men, women and children.

Days grew into weeks and weeks into months and still the party tramped, on following Huriburt's lead everywhere and hoping for a fulfillment of his oft-made promise to land them at the mine of inexhaustible gold. Finally, in the fall, Huriburt confessed that he was lost as badly as his cabin and mine, and that he had no further hope of finding his valuable property. He had been looked up to all these months, but now there was a sudden change of sentiment and preparations were made to lynch the bad pilot. The rope was around his neck, and was about to be pulled taut, when a courageous and less venturesome member of the party sprang to Huriburt's side with a drawn revolver and prevented the consummation of the bloodthirsty plan. Huriburt was released and went his way alone. About this time the Indians took to the warpath and the eastern prospectors were stampeded, heading for a land where there was greater safety, if less gold. Huriburt was last seen in Virginia City late that fall, and probably perished alone somewhere while hunting for his cabin again.

Bart Beckley, a Colorado miner and chum of Jack McDonald, spent a year searching the Big Horn, Castle and Emigrant mountains, hunting for this wonderful lead, but at last gave it up in despair, although his faith in its existence was stronger at the last than when he commenced his quest.

Jack McDonald heard the story of Beckley's wanderings from the latter's lips, and he, too, put in a year at the hunt, but did not find it. Joe Sweeney came from the southern mines and hunted long and earnestly for the Lost Cabin mine, announcing at one time that he had found it, but he was mistaken, and equal disappointment awaited Jack Nye, a well-known Nevada prospector, who spent much time in the Big Horn country, and who

thought he had discovered the treasure, but for all that he had not. About this time the trouble with sitting Bull came on, and that all warriors with over 1,000 lodges of warriors took up his headquarters near the junction of the two Horn rivers, on the spot where Custer afterward found him and met his death.

Sitting Bull's camp was in the very region where the Lost Cabin mine was supposed to be, but three other prospectors, undaunted by the dangers which beset them, managed, by traveling at night and lying out of the way by day, to get past the camp and into the neighborhood of the mine. The best information obtainable is that they really found the lost cabin and the rich lead, which they worked for several months. They wore out their tools, and being unable to do anything more determined to return to civilization by descending the river on a raft. A raft was built and loaded with all the gold it would carry. The rest the men buried near the cabin. The intention of the men was to float to the Yellowstone by night alone, and from there down by day and night, too. The wagon was made, the voyagers did not know that they would have to pass the largest Indian camp ever made in North America. The camp stretched up and down the river for more than three miles and sheltered 5,000 to 6,000 braves. An Indian dog saw the raft and gave the alarm. In the darkness the men were upset the raft and were made prisoners. Two were killed and one became insane as the result of suffering endured after his escape. Despite this, a large party of prospectors took the demoralized fellow back into the mountains and tried to get him to lead them to the lost cabin, but he was unable to do so. Almost all the other expeditions to find the mine are fitted out, but up to date the Lost Cabin mine is as thoroughly lost as it ever was, despite the fact that announcement is made from time to time that at last it really has been found.

Full of human interest and romance is the story of the Albright mine near Boulder, this state. The "lost vein" as it has been designated for years, was discovered early in the sixties by Amos Albright, who came out from a farm in Illinois. He prospected until he was broke, and found himself here in Denver, then more of a mining camp than a village, and in no way resembling the great city it is to-day. Unable to borrow a grubstake or get assistance of any kind, he wandered aimlessly off into the mountains above Boulder, disheartened and ready to die. The last news he received from home before he left Denver was from his wife, to the effect that George Carlisle, a neighbor and creditor of the Albrights, had threatened to foreclose mortgages on their place, and had made himself disagreeable to Amos Albright. With all this trouble praying on his mind, Albright wandered away into the mountains as long as his strength lasted and then lay down, ready to die. Glancing hopelessly and aimlessly to one side as he lay there he saw a thin layer of pure silver—not ore, but virgin silver, and he was then coming on a bright moonlight night and Amos Albright worked until morning, taking out the pure metal. At daybreak he packed up all the silver he could carry, and after burying the rest and obliterating traces of his work, started back for Denver. He had enough silver to buy an outfit, and again made his way to his claim. He had just time to give his wife several thousands of dollars, and some other indistinct directions as to the location of the mine, when he died. Just before his arrival home Carlisle had insisted the missing man's wife, and the neighbor drove him into the war where he was killed in his first battle. Albright left a little boy, Frederick, and Carlisle one named Winand. They grew up together in the same town and four years ago came to Colorado to take part in the search for the "lost vein," after which all the miners in the west had been prospecting since the death of the elder Albright, but without success. With the dying instructions of Amos Albright to guide them, the two young men, after two years of searching, located the mine, one of the very greatest finds ever made in this country, and commenced working it. Up to the time of the legislation hostile to the silver interest, the claim was steadily worked, and the pure silver in the world was taken out at the rate of several tons a day. When the mine was opened the silver found was valued at \$15,000 to \$25,000 a ton, and the supply is practically inexhaustible.

NELSON ASHLEY.

COXEY'S AID SEEMS TO BE GETTING regular rations of food, but it is in a deplorable condition for a soap ration.

Senator Matt Quay is evidently looking forward to a large residence in Washington. He is building a mansion on K street, which will cost not less than \$50,000.

A Methodist minister in Portland, Oregon, is being tried by his church for the heinous offense of wearing white pants and chatting on base ball. How the cloth has degenerated since two generations ago, then they wore solemn black and carried their own private flask.

Hubert—"Are there any professional humorists nowadays?"

Profounder—"Yes, but they are under treatment for melancholy."

Midas, in ancient times, we're told, Just by touch turned things to gold. Amazing is the change since then: Touch of gold makes anything of men!

"The mud of alimony soils a fair name," dreamily observed an innocent-looking individual to the reporter. Perhaps the fellow didn't mean any offense, but he looked well as a corpse.

Science has utterly rejected omens and prophecies, and yet one-half of the educated classes, and ninety-nine one-hundredths, if not all, of the uneducated classes, believe in them.

Washington is essentially a political town. It has no commercial advantages, discourages business for political reasons, and would become as defunct as Dumfries if the star of legislative empire should move elsewhere. Dumfries was located a few miles below Alexandria, on the Potomac, and at one time was a leading port in the western world. It carried on a brisk trade with Great Britain, and was a substantial looking brick-built town. The adjacent farmers of Quantico, Pohick, Natick and Occoquan have bought and carried away the houses and out-looked

SANDOW'S ARM AND SHOULDER MUSCLES.

Do not know how much I could lift. All the things that I do are equally easy, and I cannot say that any one is more difficult than the others."

Sandow's physician afterwards informed me that this statement was literally true, that Sandow's strength had never been fully tested. One of his feats is to support the weight of three horses. A gentleman once asked him why he had the horses so fat, and he replied that it really made no difference, for a thousand pounds more or less were nothing to him.

"Have any noted men ever placed themselves under your instruction?"

"Yes; among my pupils have been the Prince of Wales and the late Emperor Frederick of Germany."

Sandow is not easy to interview upon matters which involve the suggestion of self-praise. He is not only the strongest of men, but is also the most modest and the gentlest. I asked him a number of questions which he excused himself from answering, because his responses might have been taken as implying criticism of others. He appreciates the fact that he has been handsomely received in this country, and it is his constant care to avoid giving utterance to anything that might offend the people of the United States. In private life, too, he is considerate of the feelings of others to a remarkable degree.

I learned, however, from one who knows his opinions of Americans, that he thinks that we tax our brains at the expense of our bodies. He also considers that many of us, in buying our clothing, consult fashion rather than comfort, and when we purchase supplies for the table we are apt to get things that are high-priced and not as nutritious as food that is cheaper. He regards the English and the Germans as physically our superiors.

Sandow's ideas have been put into practice extensively in Austria and in Rome, and they are growing in vogue among the French, and the English. As a matter we are behind the times in this matter, although a great many persons, both men and women, have recently been attracted by Sandow's assurances, have attended his lectures and are training with more or less diligence according to his system.

Dr. C. H. Mersereau, Sandow's medical adviser, is thoroughly familiar with his physique, and has all of a physician's enthusiasm for this perfect man. He told me in glowing terms that Sandow was not only a person of wonderful strength, but that his figure was exquisitely beautiful, and his development in every part proportionate. His head is shaped like that of the Apollo, and his features are cast in a Grecian mold.

"He is only twenty-six years old and is growing stronger all the time," said Dr. Mersereau. "In the few months that intervened between last summer and last winter, during all of which time he was giving exhibitions, he gained fully the strength of three men."

"Mr. Sandow's height is 5 feet 8 3/4 inches, and his weight when stripped is 310 pounds."

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"Does your system apply to women as well as men?"

"It does in a modified form. To begin with, it seems to me that the dress worn by women nowadays prevents their full development, and results in a great deal of harm. If they would take proper outdoor exercise I believe that there would be no more of this hysteria and those nervous complaints with which they are afflicted."

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"What constitutes your daily exercise?"

"While I am giving public exhibitions, as at present, I do nothing else, except to walk."

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SANDOW AT THE AGE OF TEN.

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HERE AND THERE.

The machinery features in the British navy have become so frequent as to call for a Parliamentary investigation.

Freiheit, the organ of the American socialists, edited by the notorious Johann Most, has been forced to suspend publication for the want of funds.

Mostly famous, but more tangible, is the Lost Cabin mine in the Big Horn mountains, to discover which a score of men have lost their lives, and a few their minds. It has been discovered, re-discovered and lost a half-dozen times, and is to-day as great a mystery, and as interesting as ever. The man who first discovered the mine built the cabin, lost both and never found either again.

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thought he had discovered the treasure, but for all that he had not. About this time the trouble with sitting Bull came on, and that all warriors with over 1,000 lodges of warriors took up his headquarters near the junction of the two Horn rivers, on the spot where Custer afterward found him and met his death.

Sitting Bull's camp was in the very region where the Lost Cabin mine was supposed to be, but three other prospectors, undaunted by the dangers which beset them, managed, by traveling at night and lying out of the way by day, to get past the camp and into the neighborhood of the mine. The best information obtainable is that they really found the lost cabin and the rich lead, which they worked for several months. They wore out their tools, and being unable to do anything more determined to return to civilization by descending the river on a raft. A raft was built and loaded with all the gold it would carry. The rest the men buried near the cabin. The intention of the men was to float to the Yellowstone by night alone, and from there down by day and night, too. The wagon was made, the voyagers did not know that they would have to pass the largest Indian camp ever made in North America. The camp stretched up and down the river for more than three miles and sheltered 5,000 to 6,000 braves. An Indian dog saw the raft and gave the alarm. In the darkness the men were upset the raft and were made prisoners. Two were killed and one became insane as the result of suffering endured after his escape. Despite this, a large party of prospectors took the demoralized fellow back into the mountains and tried to get him to lead them to the lost cabin, but he was unable to do so. Almost all the other expeditions to find the mine are fitted out, but up to date the Lost Cabin mine is as thoroughly lost as it ever was, despite the fact that announcement is made from time to time that at last it really has been found.

Full of human interest and romance is the story of the Albright mine near Boulder, this state. The "lost vein" as it has been designated for years, was discovered early in the sixties by Amos Albright, who came out from a farm in Illinois. He prospected until he was broke, and found himself here in Denver, then more of a mining camp than a village, and in no way resembling the great city it is to-day. Unable to borrow a grubstake or get assistance of any kind, he wandered aimlessly off into the mountains above Boulder, disheartened and ready to die. The last news he received from home before he left Denver was from his wife, to the effect that George Carlisle, a neighbor and creditor of the Albrights, had threatened to foreclose mortgages on their place, and had made himself disagreeable to Amos Albright. With all this trouble praying on his mind, Albright wandered away into the mountains as long as his strength lasted and then lay down, ready to die. Glancing hopelessly and aimlessly to one side as he lay there he saw a thin layer of pure silver—not ore, but virgin silver, and he was then coming on a bright moonlight night and Amos Albright worked until morning, taking out the pure metal. At daybreak he packed up all the silver he could carry, and after burying the rest and obliterating traces of his work, started back for Denver. He had enough silver to buy an outfit, and again made his way to his claim. He had just time to give his wife several thousands of dollars, and some other indistinct directions as to the location of the mine, when he died. Just before his arrival home Carlisle had insisted the missing man's wife, and the neighbor drove him into the war where he was killed in his first battle. Albright left a little boy, Frederick, and Carlisle one named Winand. They grew up together in the same town and four years ago came to Colorado to take part in the search for the "lost vein," after which all the miners in the west had been prospecting since the death of the elder Albright, but without success. With the dying instructions of Amos Albright to guide them, the two young men, after two years of searching, located the mine, one of the very greatest finds ever made in this country, and commenced working it. Up to the time of the legislation hostile to the silver interest, the claim was steadily worked, and the pure silver in the world was taken out at the rate of several tons a day. When the mine was opened the silver found was valued at \$15,000 to \$25,000 a ton, and the supply is practically inexhaustible.

NELSON ASHLEY.

COXEY'S AID SEEMS TO BE GETTING regular rations of food, but it is in a deplorable condition for a soap ration.

Senator Matt Quay is evidently looking forward to a large residence in Washington. He is building a mansion on K street, which will cost not less than \$50,000.

A Methodist minister in Portland, Oregon, is being tried by his church for the heinous offense of wearing white pants and chatting on base ball. How the cloth has degenerated since two generations ago, then they wore solemn black and carried their own private flask.

Hubert—"Are there any professional humorists nowadays?"

Profounder—"Yes, but they are under treatment for melancholy."

Midas, in ancient times, we're told, Just by touch turned things to gold. Amazing is the change since then: Touch of gold makes anything of men!

"The mud of alimony soils a fair name," dreamily observed an innocent-looking individual