A BOY IN BATTLE.

COLONEL FRED GRANT TELLS HOW AT TWELVE HE WENT WITH HIS FATHER TO THE BATTLEFIELD. . .

(Copyrighted, 1897, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—Col. Fred Grant grows more and more like his father every day. He has, at forty-six, about the same features his father had at the close of the war. He has the same square face, the same blue eyes and the same quiet manner which were so characteristic of our greatest general. Col. Grant is just as unassuming as his father was. Talking casually with him you would never imagine that his life had been one of thrilling experiences; that he had been in five great battles before he was thirteen years of age; that he had done hard fighting with the Indians on our Western frontiers; that he had been one of the honored guests with Gen. Grant on his tour around the world; that he had been United States minister to Austria, and that he was now one of the three commissioners of the greatest and most turbulent city on this hemisphere. Col. Grant seldom speaks about himself or his father, and it was only by questioning that I was able to draw from him the reminiscences which I give today.

FREDERICK D. GRANT.

GEN. GRANT'S BOYHOOD.

During the chat I asked him what he thought of the matter that is now being published about. Gen. Grant. He replied that the most of it was unreliable. Said he: "A great part of the stories which are told are made up of talks with men who knew my father as a boy and who through lapse of time and memory deal in exaggerated statements. To read those stories you would suppose that father's family was very poor and that they sometimes lacked the necessities of life. This is not so. My grandfather was not rich for these times, but he was the richest man in his vicinity. It was not common then to send boys away to school. Still, father was sent to school at Maysville, Ky., where he had to pay his board. Another statement is that my father was a poor student. I do not believe this. I know my grandfather often asked me why I did not like my books better and study more like my father. Father stood well at West Point. He was not the highest, it is true, but he was by no means the lowest. That he did not stand higher was due to the library. He had, you know, lived in the country, where books are scarce. When he got to West Point he found a fine library there, and this he has often told me was like a new world to him. He was not graded upon his reading outside of his studies, but I venture that he received great good from it."

WHY GRANT WANTED A THIRD.

"Was your father a very ambitious man, colonel?"

"I think not," replied Col. Grant. "His only desire seemed to be to do what was before him."

"How about politics? Did he not desire a third term?"

"No, I don't think so," was the reply. "Father was willing to take a third term almost entirely on patriotic reasons. He believed he could be of great help to the American people. He had just returned, you know, from a trip around the world. He made that trip just at the close of his administration, and he studied the rest of the world from the standpoint of a president. I believe the United States would have been greatly benefited by him had he had another term. Had he been elected again he would have brought about diplomatic relations which would have brought us the bulk of the trade of the Orient. This would have meant an increase to us of more than one hundred million dollars a year. He would have made the United States the leading country of the world in the eyes of the far East, and we should have been looked upon as its protector and friend."

AUTHOR OF RECIPROCITY.

"Speaking of our foreign trade, Col. Grant, had your father any ideas of reciprocity as a means of increasing it?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Gen. Grant was in fact the real author of reciprocity as an American policy. While he was president it became advisable to decrease the revenues, and there was a movement in congress to take the taxes off coffee and tea, which articles were then called 'the poor man's luxuries.' Father sent for James G. Blaine, who was then in congress, and told him what afterward proved to be the fact, that if the United States took the tax off coffee Brazil would add export duties equal to the amount taken off, and the people would have to pay the same for their coffee nevertheless. He advised Blaine to make the reduction the basis of a riciprocity treaty, which should prevent such action by Brazil, and at the same time increase our trade. Mr. Blaine liked the idea, but he said that the cry of 'the poor man's luxuries' had been made so prominent that he did not know that the matter could be arranged. He kept father's suggestion in mind, however, and from it, I believe, evolved the reciprocity scheme which is now connected with his name."

A BOY IN BATTLE

The conversation here turned to Gen. Grant's war experiences. His father took him to the field with him when he was only twelve years of age. He was with Grant in batttle again and again throughout the war, and was close to him throughout the whole of the Vicksburg campaign. At this time he was wounded and he had many narrow escapes. I asked him how the general happened to allow him to come to him.

He replied: "My father liked to have me with him. I suppose he wanted me to see something of the war. I was only twelve years of age, and was at school at Covington, Ky., in 1863, when he wrote me that I could join him in the field. I met him at Young's Point, where he was just before he attacked Vicksburg. I remember the first thing I did on my arrival was to visit the gunboat Benton with him. This was the flagship of Admiral Porter. I was shown over the gunboat while father talked to the admiral, and I have since understood that while I was absent father first suggested passing the batteries of Vicksburg. It was this suggestion that brought about the campaign which was afterward carried out."

"Were you on the boat when they ran the battery?" I asked.

"Yes, I was with father. We had six gunboats and three transports. The gunboats were to engage the enemy while the transports got by. I remember there were bales of hay packed around the boilers in order to protect them. The night we started it was very dark. All of our lights were put out. We left about 10 o'clock. We had not gone far, however, before a rocket went up from the shore. Then a cannon ball flew across the river in front of our boats. A moment later the flames burst out of a house at the little town of De Soto, opposite Vicksburg. Then another building was fired on the river front and soon there were fires burning all along the shore so that the river was almost as bright as day. Through this flaming pathway moved our six gunboats. I remember it seemed to me that they looked like great black turtles. Behind us came the three transports, all floating directly toward the batteries of Vicksburg. As we went onward the guns on the hills opened their fire, the batteries sent broadside after broadside, and in less than ten minutes all of our boats were in the midst of the battle. You must remember I was only a boy of thirteen and the scene was a terrible one to me. Our boats were pouring out shot and shell at the enemy. As they did so the three transports passed by us, keeping close to the Louisiana shore. Suddenly one of them stopped, I could see a flame shoot up from her side. She had been set on fire by a red-hot shot from the Warrenton battery, and she burned until she was entirely destroyed."

"Where were you at the time?"

"I was on the hurricane deck of one of the gunboats. I stood by my father's side. I remember he was smoking at the time and that I noticed an intense light in his eyes. We could see the people of Vicksburg on the shores. They covered the sides of the hills, and at every shot from the batteries they would cheer."

STORY OF ADMIRAL PORTER.

"Were you under fire again during the siege, colonel?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Col. Grant. "There was little time during the siege that I was not in more or less danger. I had several very narrow escapes. I remember being on a gunboat a little later on when we were near the batteries of Grand Gulf. I saw many men killed there. I remember seeing one man jump on the parapet of the enemy's works just as our guns were discharged at them. A shell exploded on the spot where he was standing, and it must have blown him to atoms. During this battle I was on a tugboat, with my father, and we were steaming in and out among the gunboats during the firing. After a time we went on board the Benton to see Admiral Porter. The sight sickened me. The deck was covered with blood and pieces of flesh. Dead men, torn and lacerated, lay about everywhere, and some of the gunners, with still bleeding wounds, were standing by their cannons. Admiral Porter had been struck by a piece of shell on the back of his head. As we came up I could see that he was in great agony. He was pale and he leaned upon his sword, using it as a cane, while my father talked to him. Father suggested that the gunboats should engage the enemy's batteries that night, in order that the transports might run past them in the midst of the bombardment. To this Admiral Porter agreed, and we started to leave, when the admiral turned to me and asked me if I did not want to remain with him during the next engagement. He said one of his best gunners had just been killed, and that I could have his place. I looked upon the wounded and dead about me and replied, trembling lest my father might contradict my statement, that I did not believe my papa would leave me there, even if I wanted to stay.

BOY'S FIRST LAND BATTLE.

"I should think you would have been much frightened," said I.

"I was," replied Col. Grant. "I was always frightened when I got under fire, but the excitement and interest was such that I could not keep out. I remember I slept that night on the gunboat Price, and when I awoke the next morning I found my father had gone. I knew there was a battle on the shore, for I could hear the firing, and I asked Gen. Lorenzo Thomas, who commanded the Price, to let me go to see the fight. He told me that my father had given orders that I was not to leave the boat. Shortly after this, while we were landing some troops, a rabbit jumped up and the soldiers tried to catch it. I asked Gen. Thomas if I could not help them. He said yes, but when I reached the soldiers the rabbit had disappeared. I concluded not to go back to the boat, but to run off to the battlefield. I ran in the direction of the firing. I got a lift upon one of the ammunition wagons, and soon came to ground where wounded men were lying about, and where there were dead men scattered here and there. I saw a battery of artillery dashing off at a fork in the road, and I left the mule team and followed them. I soon got to a place where I could see the fight. While I was looking I saw father coming. I was afraid he would send me back to the boat, so I got behind a tree and hid there until he had passed. As I watched I heard a great shout. Our lines had moved forward. I could see the enemy running, and a little later I was told that the battle was over, and that we had gained the day."

SLEEPING ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"The first thing I did," replied Col. Grant, "was to try and find my father. It was already growing dark, and I was tired and hungry. I walked about trying to find some one who could tell me where my father was, and everywhere I went I saw dead and wounded men. The ground was everywhere bloody, and the air was filled with the moans of the wounded and the dying. There were surgeons here and there amputating limbs, while the poor fellows upon whom they were operating were shrieking with pain. It was all so terrible that I began to feel faint. I remember I lay down beside a tree and rested, feeling very sick. As I was lying there one of my father's orderlies came up. He recognized me, and I told him all about my runaway trip from the boat. He took his blanket from his horse and spread it out on the ground, and gave me his saddle for a pillow. I went to sleep almost as soon as my head touched the saddle, and slept for several hours. Then the orderly waked me and told me that my father had come. I raised myself up, and about fifty yards away, about a fire, I saw a group of officers, among whom was Gen. Grant. He was sitting upon a camp stool drinking from a tin cup filled with coffee, which the soldiers had just brought him. As I came up he seemed greatly surprised and said:

"'Why, Fred, I thought I left you safe on the boat?'

"'Yes, sir, you did,' I answered.

"'Well, then, how did you manage to get here?'

"I told my story, and as I finished my father smiled and said:

"'Very well, you cannot get back now, I suppose,' and he thereupon went on with his conversation with the officers about him. A little later we went to an abandoned house about a half a mile away and there Gen. Grant stayed for the night. I remember I laid down on the floor among the men and slept soundly until morning."

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

"I suppose your father sent you back to the boat the next day?"

"No, he did not," replied Col. Grant. "From that time on until the end of the siege I remained with the soldiers. Much of the time I was with father and much of the time with Gen. Logan. Often I was alone. I was in a number of skirmishes and battles and I saw war as it really is."

"It is a wonder to me that you were not wounded, colonel, during so much fighting."

"I have been shot twice," replied Col. Grant. "My first wound I received during the Vicksburg campaign, in a skirmish near the Black river. The Confederates had retreated to the river, and I, with a number of others, was running after them. I was on horseback, and when I got to the bank of the river I saw many of the rebels swimming for the opposite shore. I stopped my horse and was watching these fellows when some one on the opposite side fired at me, hitting me on the thigh. My leg is now paralyzed at that point."

"How did it feel when the ball struck you?" I asked.

"The first sensation was that of a great blow, followed with a smarting pain, almost like that of a bee sting. I thought I was killed and must have grown very pale, for Col. Lagow, who came dashing up at that time, asked me what was the matter. I told him I was killed, a statement which evidently surprised him, for he asked me where I was shot."

"I replied, 'in the leg,' and he thereupon asked me to see if I could move my toes. I tried it and found that I could. Col. Lagow then told me that I was not badly hurt. I afterwards found that he was right. It was only a flesh wound, though it has caused me a great deal of trouble since then. As it was I wrapped a cloth about my leg and kept in the saddle until the battle was over."

"But did not your father pay some attention to you at such times?"

"Not much," replied Col. Grant. "He could not. You see, he had his hands full of other things."

"How about your mother? I should think she would have been terribly alarmed."

"No, she was not," was the reply. "She never knew of my dangers until they were over, and she did not bother herself about things that were past."

GEN. GRANT IN BATTLE.

"How did Gen. Grant appear in battle?" I asked.

"Just the same as in peace," was the reply. "He did not grow excited, and he seemed quiet and self-possessed when others were troubled. I could usually tell how he felt by looking at his face. His blue eyes would often flash and his expression become determined. On the battlefield he would ride with his head erect to the points where the heaviest firing was going on. He seemed to see everything, and he took into account the smallest and seemingly least important details. I was by his side at the battle of Champion Hill, when he gave Gen. Logan orders to storm the enemy's lines, which move resulted in the capture of 3,000 prisoners and of all the Confederate artillery. After giving that order he turned and, almost in the same breath, told one of his escorts to dismount and give a drink of water to a poor wounded soldier near by. During the siege of Vicksburg he seemed to work day and night. He was the first to get up in the morning, and the last to go to sleep. He was on horseback all day, and a large part of the nights were spent in writing out his orders, which were very long and full of the minutest details."

"Did he talk much of his battles?"

"No, not unless something came up which called for it. He was a very modest man. He was always careful of the feelings of others, and the request of a private soldier received as much attention from him as that of an officer. Personally, he was loved by his soldiers, and I know it used to make me happy as a boy when I heard the cheers and hurrahs of enthusiasm go up from the soldiers as father passed along the lines."

GRANT AS AN IDEAL MAN.

I here asked Col. Grant to give me some idea of Gen. Grant as a man. He replied:

"My father's character is almost a part of my religion. I revere it so much that I can hardly discuss it. He has ever been my ideal of all that is true and good. I have a boy who is everything to me, and whom I want to bring up properly. I tell him that the most I can hope for him is that he may be as good a man as his grandfather was. My father's character was what I believe a good Christian leader would consider the ideal one. He was pure in thought and deed. He was careful of the feelings of others—so much so, in fact, that when he had to do something to hurt them I believe he felt more pained than the people whom he hurt."

"I have heard stories in which Gen. Grant has been reported as using profane language. Are such stories true?"

"No," replied Col. Grant. "My father has told me himself that he had never uttered an oath in his life. He did not use even the ordinary expletives, such as are common among men. When he was a young man I heard him two or three times say 'thunder,' and once I remember hearing him say 'thunder and lightning.' But during the latter part of his life he did not use even such expressions. He never said anything that approached coarseness. He never told a vulgar story, nor would he listen to one if he could possibly help it. I remember that one time some gentlemen were chatting together, among them was my father. One of the men said: 'I know an excellent story, which, however, it would hardly be proper to tell before ladies.' Here my father stopped him and said: 'Well, if that is so, let us then say that it should not be told before gentlemen.' My father would always leave a crowd rather than listen to such stories."

GEN. GRANT'S PAPERS.

"You are your father's literary executor, colonel? How about his unpublished letters? Did he leave any?"

"Yes," replied Col. Grant. "There are quite a number. I have several boxes of his papers and letters, and when I have leisure I may perhaps edit some of them. Many of them have been loaned to John Russell Young, of Philadelphia, who is now writing a life of Gen. Grant."

"You helped your father in the preparation of his book. I understand some parts of the first volume were written over and over again?"

"Yes; that is true as to the matter relating to Shiloh. This was prepared first for the Century Magazine, and father did not at the time know exactly what was wanted. He wrote the article first, and then R. U. Johnson, of the Century, talked it over with him. He asked many questions about things, and upon father's replying would say: 'Why, that is interesting. Why don't you put that in your article?' He made such suggestions again and again, and father added to and rewrote those articles over and over. This work showed him what the people wanted to know from him, and gave him the idea of a popular book. This was, in fact, his literary training for the work, and Mr. Johnson may be called his literary tutor. It was the Century articles which caused the book to be written." —Frank. G. Carpenter.

Prehistoric Northern Minnesota.

IMPERISHABLE EVIDENCES OF THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENTS. . . . . .

From a mound on the Rainy Lake river near the mouth of the Little Fork, on the Minnesota side, there have been excavated 168 relics, remnants, ornaments and implements, deposited by the earliest man or his immediate decendants.

Mr. U. M. Thomas has described, at some length, the manner of the excavation, its results, and some references concerning the remains deposited in the mound.

The examination of the mound and its excavation were conducted by residents of the locality, without reference to any scientific mode of procedure, solely in search of whatever might remain of the original contents.

It was reported at the time that the remains of a person some eight or nine feet in height had been found, but the skeleton, sent to St. Paul with the relics, and privately examined by two interested gentlemen, proved to be remains of an intrusive and recent interment, by Ojibway Indians, not more than thirty years since, and instead of being the remains of an individual of unusual proportions, was of a modern Indian not more than five feet and ten inches in height, but of robust proportions.

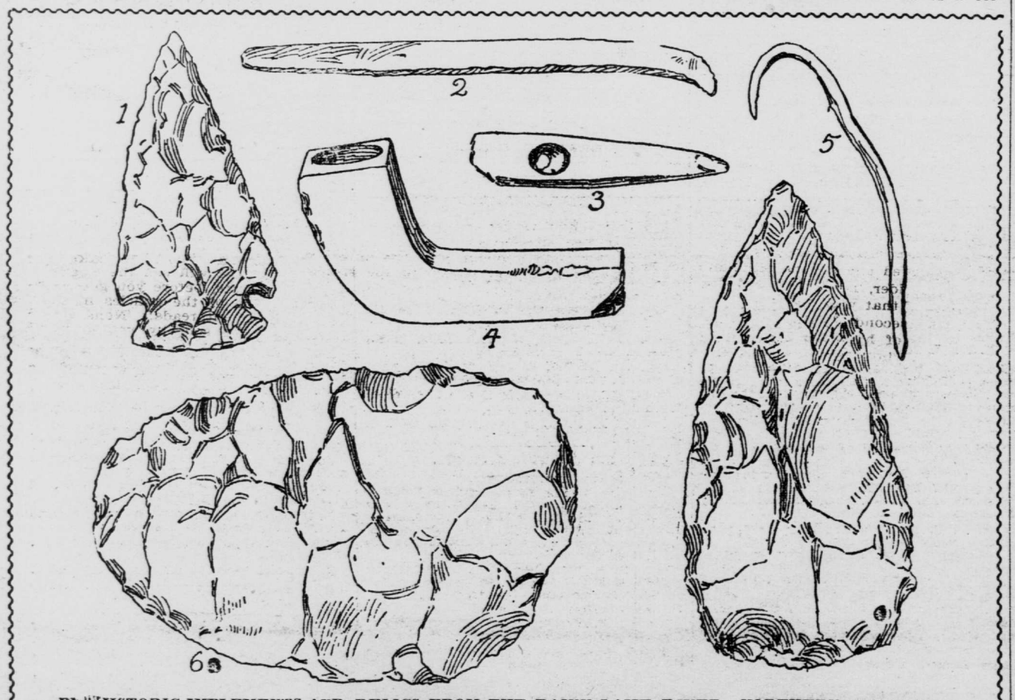
Many people entertain an idea that men of giant stature formerly occupied the Mississippi basin, but the impression is erroneous. Scientific examinations indicate results which substantiate the accepted theory that no such giant race ever existed in this locality.

The relics from Northern Minnesota are identifiable beyond question with the mound building period, and indicate that the routes of exploration and discovery by prehistoric man in Minnesota undoubtedly extended up the Mississippi and across the divide from Winnibigoshish lake to and down the Big Fork to the Rainy lake region. It is also probable that from Lake Superior they passed up the St. Louis and Pigeon rivers, and up the Turtle river and across to the Red lake country.

The Brower-Hill expedition to some of the localities, first brought to light the fact that at least a portion of the portages in Northern Minnesota, so extensively used by the Ojibway race were, beyond any question, prehistoric pathways from lake to lake and from river to river.

The relics from the Northern wilderness of the state, a portion of which are illustrated, numbered and described, are to form the nucleus of a collection to be deposited for permanent preservation and exhibition in the new state capitol, with the Historical society, to show the character of the earliest primitive industry in the Northwest.

Recent explorations in the Upper Mississippi region, above Brainerd, indicate that numerous localities there were formerly the permanent home of Mound Builders, long ages prior to the advent of the Gros Ventres, who preceded the Sioux Indians in that part of the state.



PREHISTORIC IMPLEMENTS AND RELICS FROM THE RAINY LAKE RIVER, NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

No. 1—Flint Spearhead.
No. 2—Native Copper Knife, Sharpened to an Edge at the Oval Extremity.
No. 3—Perforated Bone Needle.
No. 4—Sandstone Pipe, Without stem.
No. 5—Fishhook of Solid Copper.
No. 6—Leaf-shaped Implement of Flint.
No. 7—Knife of Chipped Hornestone.

Each relic is reduced to one-half naturalsize, and they are selections from one hund-red and eighty-six specimens excavated from a mound in Itasca county, Minn.

WHOLE FIRE DEPARTMENT IN HIMSELF.

QUEER FREAK OF GEORGE A. WARREN, A MASSACHUSETTS JOURNALIST.

HIS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

HE IS THE CHIEF, THE CAPTAIN AND THE COMPANY, ALL IN ONE.

HE ANSWERS EVERY ALARM.

His Stable Is as Completely Fitted as That of Any Fire House.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 11.—Here is the fastest adjunct to a fire department in the country. Its record is absolutely clear of any reports for negligence or failure to obey orders.

No personal feeling or private bickering interfere with the efficiency of its work, and to say that its works as a unit is a statement of absolute fact.

The head of this "individual fire brigade" as the inventor's friends call it, is eorge A. Warren, a newspaper man, whose home is in the Brighton district of Boston. It might also be added that Mr. Warren, in addition to being the chief is also the captain, entire company and board of commissioners of this unique department, which is complete in every respect.

It is hardly justice to call this a one-horse organization, yet in one way it is, for the trained horse which speeds the "individual company" to the blaze at the first stroke of the gong, is a feature and a very essential one of the equipment.

There were two excellent reasons for the organization of this unique adjunct to the regular fire department of the city of Boston. In the first place, Mr. Warren has from his earliest boyhood been an enthusiast upon the subject of fires.

Never was an alarm sounded but he responded among the first, and, as he grew older, he became more enthusiastic if that was possible.

The second reason was that in the course of his work as a reporter for an outlying district of Boston, it was necesary for him to get to a fire at the earliest possible moment and secure the details in the most thorough manner.

For a time it was all well enough to trail along in the wake of the spark-spouting engine, and arrive at the fire with the throng of ordinary curiosity seekers, but that means eventually proved too slow for good results from a newspaper standpoint, and a short time ago he decided that some means must be devised of getting to fires as quickly as the firemen themselves. The public does not know what the newspaper reporter is soon taught, that the laggard at a fire has a sorry time of it getting information.

To become a member of the city fire department was out of the question, but, not to be balked by such a trifling matter as that, he resolved to find a way of his own, and, with that end in view, set about a task that required brains and patience.

His first work was to fit up his stable so that there should be as little delay as posible in getting his horse and wagon out and under way at the first alarm.

This was a comparatively easy task. To the shafts of a light democrat wagon a complete harness was fitted. The traces were fastened to the whiffletree, the breeching straps made fast, and the shaft put through the leather stirrups of the saddle. The breast plate was fitted with a snap-catch and ring, as were both girths and the ends of the reins. Not a single buckle was used.

Pulleys were then fixed in the ceiling of the stable through which passed cords which held the harness and shafts in position so that the whole arrangement could be dropped down on to the horse and fastened in place in a few seconds' time.

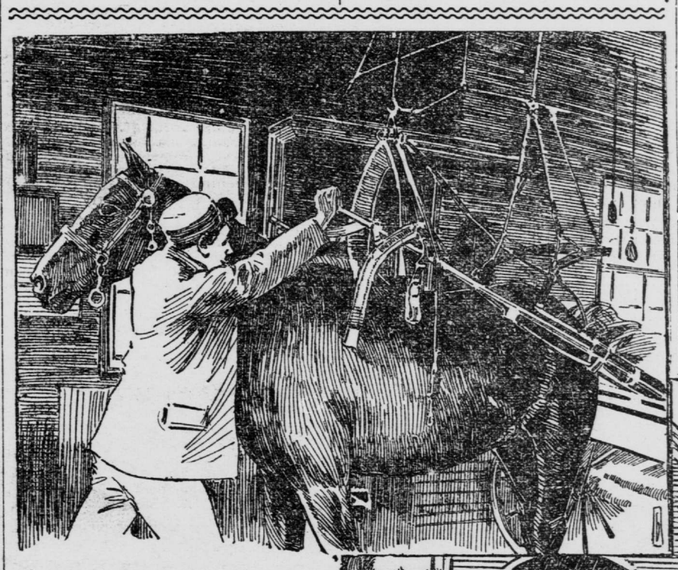
An outfit of rubber boots and blankets was procured, and is always in place, together with a lantern, in the body of the wagon, while a cord which hangs just over the seat connects with the stable doors which swing inward, so that when once in the wagon and ready to start, a pull on the cord will open wide the doors and allow the "new apparatus" to get out and under way in regulation style.

To procure an intelligent horse which could be taught to thoroughly understand his work and come from the stable to take his place between the shafts and under the harness at the first stroke of the alarm was not so easy, but, after a number of disapointments, Mr. Warren finally found one that proved very intelligent, and which he now uses.

The horse soon became as much of a "fire fiend" as her owner and after a few lessons would, as soon as the stall door was opened, take her place between the shafts and wait impatiently for her owner to fasten the harness.

Fixed on the wall of the stable is a fire alarm indicator which on the first stroke of the alarm automatically registers the number of the box and the time at which the alarm was sent in.

This alarm indicator is also connected with the door of the horse's stall and when the gong strikes, the stall is automatically opened, allowing the horse to get out and place herself betwen the shafts.



George A. Warren, of Brighton, Mass., Answering an Alarm of Fire, "Just for the Fun of It."

The most difficult task was to get a tapper or signal placed in the stable. Upon that point the Boston fire department is strict in every sense of the word.

Several times Mr. Warren tried to get permission to have the much coveted tapper placed in connection with his stable, but was finally obliged to content himself with the indicator and the general alarm wire, but on his own responsibility he put a tapper in, connecting the house with the stable, so that when the alarm is sounded over the wires it is transmitted from the house to the stable and the horse knows that there is fire work ahead.

In the district in which Mr. Warren lives there is no protective department and the work which he has been enabled to do in this respect, is heartily appreciated by the citizens in that portion of the city, who have had the misfortune to experience fires.

Mr. Warren's speedy horse and queer wagon are a familiar sight to the citizens of Brighton, and no matter at what hour of the day or night, if Mr. Warren and his black horse "Baby" are seen speeding through the streets to the accompaniment of the gong it is a sure indication that there is a fire somewhere.

Every fireman in the department knows the "one man fire department." He is a recognized authority upon all that relates to fires, how best to fight them, and the probable path they will follow, and he is rarely at fault in his estimate of the damage done.

Moreover, as he is the only protective branch in his district, his work in that direction is often of great benefit to both the firemen and the victims of the blaze.

That his work is appreciated is shown by the numerous souvenirs and gifts which he has received from the department friends, and he boasts of having with one exception, the finest and most complete collection of pictures pertaining to fires and firemen in the city.

LEXOW IS RENEWED

LEGISLATIVE SEARCH LIGHT ONCE MORE TRAINED ON THE SUGAR TRUST.

POOR HEAD FOR FIGURES.

MOLLER UNABLE TO REMEMBER THE PRICE AT WHICH HE SOLD.

SECRETARY OF NORTH RIVER CO.

Check Given by the Trust in Payment for Plant Passed Through His Hands.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—The legislative joint committee on trusts resumed its meetings in this city today. Before taking up the thread of investigation where it was dropped on Monday announcement was made that William M. Ivins would be questioned as to the operations of the United States Rubber company. George R. McDougall and John E. Searles were both absent, alleging business as an excuse and were given till Monday to appear.

George H. Moller, for several years a sugar refiner of Williamsburg, was the first witness examined today. As secretary of the North River Sugar Refining company he had received from John E. Searles the check for the sum for which that company sold out to the American Sugar Refining company.

"What was the price paid?" asked Chairman Lexow.

"I don't remember."

"Was it a fair market price?"

"We thought so, or we would not have made the transfer."

Witness admitted that his company was competing with the Havemeyers. He did not remember that the price of sugar went up after the trust was formed.

Mr. Moller was excused, and Mr. Lawson W. Fuller was called to place a value on the refining property. He said that he was in the sugar business from 1850 to 1873, and was in the real estate business when the sugar trust was formed. Mr. Fuller knew very little about the value of the individual plants, and Mr. Lexow labored with him for a long time without extracting any information. Mr. Fuller finally said that in the five years after the trust was formed the price of sugar was raised .57 of a cent a pound. This, he declared, had cost the consumers $4,200,000 during that time. Mr. Fuller based his figures on a circular price list issued by Wellet & Gray, who, he said, were authorities.

Edward J. Duggan, of Albany, a wholesale grocer, was the next witness. He had been in the sugar business for twenty years. He said that he was what is known as a factor of the sugar trust. Before the trust was formed he could buy sugar anywhere, but after the trust went into operation he refused to join the Wholesale Grocers' association, and then he could not buy any sugar at all.

"What reason was given for that?"

"They said that I was cutting prices, and I was then forced to buy imported sugar."

"What was said to you?"

"Robert S. Russel, of this city, told me that I must buy all my sugar from the American company."

In answer to further questions, Mr. Duggan said that the trust had refused to sell him any sugar and allow him the rebate, by which the profit could be made. "The trust," he said, "has forced me out of business, and I am about to close out. The factor gets a rebate of ⅜ of a cent a pound. A grocer cannot live unless he is a factor. He would be forced out of business. You must make an affidavit that you will sell the sugar at a certain rate, before you get the rebate.

"One of the articles in the factor's agreement reads: 'None of the sugar shall be sold by you or disposed of by you for less than our daily quotations with freight added from point to point, nor on more liberal terms as to credit or cash discount.'"

Witness made his agreement in October, 1895, and, since he was thrown out, he has sold very little sugar. When a customer wanted a barrel of sugar, he went out and bought it from another grocer.

"Did you pay more for it than when you bought it from the American Sugar Refining company?"

"Yes, because I could not get the rebate."

Michael Callahan, a broker in imported sugar, took the stand next. He would not admit that the trust had controlled the price of raw material for the last three years.

"Is not the American Sugar Refining company the only purchaser of the raw material in this country?"

"It is only a large purchaser. The company cannot control the market."

Witness said that he had sold the trust 30,000 tons of sugar, one-quarter of their purchases. He admitted that "some people were hurt by the way the trust manipulated the market last year," but added that "the trust was not responsible for that." Witness said that the brokers could personally speculate in the future demands of the company, but it practically had dealer and broker in their power all the time.

Mr. Parr, another sugar broker, was then called. He sells the trust about one-eighth of the raw material it produces. He said the trust did not fix the price in this country; that it was fixed in Europe by free and fair competition.

Chairman Lexow said, owing to the absence of Mr. Searles, the committee would adjourn until Monday at 10 a. m. He added that he did not care to change the line of investigation until he had finished the sugar inquiry.