PEOPLE ARE HUNGRY FOR LETTERS AND PAPERS.

Postal Troubles of the Dwellers in a Far Away Region of Alaska.

Nome Alaska August 4.-Special: Had the letter of song lore that never came been addressed to Nome a con-



might be given for its non-arrival. This summer Seward Peninsula can't get its usual monthly mail owing to a dispute between the United States Government the steamship companies as to whether the rate for carrying the between Seattle and Nome shall be raised from four to eight cents a

Cut off from the outside world by ice and snow for eight months of the year, only those who have endured the isolation of the white silence of the northland can realize the yearning, the hunger for a letter, a newspaper from home, which selezes the exile with the opening of navigation. Under the best conditions it takes sixty days in winter and thirty days in summer for a letter from the outside to reach Nome, the gateway to the peninsula, the clearing house for Northwestern Alaska.

It was not until the vessels of the first summer fleet were about to sail for Nome in June, at the opening of navigation, that the steamship companies that previously carried the mail notified, the Government that the old contract at four cents a pound would no longer hold good. At this time more ice and snow for eight months of the

navigation, that the steamship of panies that previously carried the mall notified the Government that the old contract at four cents a pound would no longer hold good. At this time more than fifteen tons of first-class mail for Alaska lay in the Seattle postoffice, be sides many tons of second class matter. To get mail back to the States Nome people have been forced to make m many instances personal appeal to the pursers of outgoing vessels. In the seven weeks that have elapsed since the opening of navigation no second class matter has reached Nome. Higherto all steamships plying between Seattle and Nome have carried first and second class matter, assuring the peninsula somewhat regular service from the opening to the close of navigation, practically four months.

Meanwhile the people who have made mail and steamships possible in the Land of the Midnight Sun are apparently unconsidered trifles in the eyes of steamship and postal officials.

Even when transported safely across 2350 miles of treacherous sea and dumped in a mass on Nome's golden beach letters are still subjected to delay before they are delivered. To a community accustomed to a daily if not hourly mail delivery, the waits of Northwestern Alaska are hardly conceivable.

If a steamship comes in on Saturday

elvable.

a steamship comes in on Saturday
t it is useless to go to the poste the next morning, unless to read
the next morning, unless to read office the next morning, unless to rear a placard in the entry saying "Deliv-ery open Wednesday." The postal ar-rangements and rules are such that delays of this kind are not only possi-ble but actually sanctioned by official

It was not until this summer's postar complications that Nome fully awak-ened to the value of its winter mail service. From Aovemoer I until May 30 Uncle Sam has twenty men with as many dog teams always coming and going over ice and snow with the mail in various parts of Alaska.

The arrival of the mail carrier with

The arrival of the mail carrier with his team of eleven trained mainute dogs at the postoffice door is always an event of interest. The entire camp turns out to great him.

The telephone now keeps the camp apprised of his approach, but until two years ago notabing was known of his progress until he burst upon the scene. Three men, Sport Smith Hart Humbert and Bob Griffith, carry the winter mail between Nome and Unalaklik. Nome, at intervals of ninety miles east of Golgvin Bay, may now keep in touch with the movements of its

Nome, at intervals of ninety mites east of Golofvin Bay, may now keep in touch with the movements of its winter mail carriers by telephone. But once across Golofvin Bay, beyond Chenik, the mail carrier for more than 150 miles is alone with his dogs and the Great Whte Silence.

Undaunted by blizzards, these brave servants of Uncle Sam go on night and day. Often in crossing the ice they are carried out upon it to sea, and if may be several days before they regain land. But their danger in such a case is not, very great. The early ice generally returns to land before its final leave taking.

The dramatic instinct is strong in the men who carry, the mail pack, across the ice. One carrier invariably stops at Solomon, some forty miles east of Nome, and changes his parke, puts on his best mutlocks and garners his strength for the home run into Nome, where well he knows his coming is awaited. The plaudits of the crowd are as dear to him as the braves of a grand opera audience to a favorite prima donna.

In the coming winter each mail car-

prima donna.

In the coming winter each mail carrier from Nome will have an assistant,
the Government having increased the rier from Nome will have an assistant, the Government having increased the amount of mail to be carried on each trip from 400 to 600 pounds. The carriers are paid at the rate of \$450, a month, which covers their expenses on

Most carriers own their own dog teams. Being so dependent upon them it is quite important that a carrier should possess and care for his own

dogs.

Until 1898 there were no dog leaders in Alaka. Natives or white men had to run ahead and break trail. Generally the native was a woman!

Now leaders are as carefully and scientifically bred as race horses. The malmute leads the native dogs in intelligence. The dogs now in the mail service are a mixed breed—malnute foif, hound and Newfound!and. The malmute is virtually a domesticated wolf.

Te dog teams of the United States i mail service are not only the fastest runners and the hardlest of their kind, but the best cared for and the most hygienically groomed—in short the ar-

runners and the hardiest of their kind, but the best cared for and the most hygienically groomed—in short the aristocracy of the dog world of Alaska, a country where always the dog rather than man has right of way.

After the winter mail reaches Valdez by steamer it is carried by dog team to Tanana, thence to Fairbanks, on to Unalaklik, to Nome. It is in the hands of four contractors, 'Delay of outside mail to reach Nome in winter is attributed by the camp to indifferent service between Valdez and Tanana or Fairbanks and Unglaklik, where often natives are employed to carry the mail.

"I would not employ an Esquimau or Indian as mail carrier,' said Cherles Ross, the Government contractor at Nome. "They have no conception of the value of time, the importance of speed.

"They are unreliable in every way. They saiff the wind, study the sky, and if they scent a blizzard they crawl into their iglos, while the mail may wait the caprices of the weather. They will take no chances.

"The white man is undaunted. He

the caprices of the weather. They will take no chances.

"The white man is undaunted. He will ride in the teeth of a storm, brave the severest blizzard. The greater the hardship, the more perlious the danger, the greater his eagerness to be off. To reach port with his burden is his aim."

The contractor makes his own sledges of hickory. No nails are used in their contstruction. The parts are tied together with strips of walrus hide, so that each part gives with the sway of the whole, and can withstand severe strain.

So well trained are the leaders of the mail teams that a carrier may now wrap himself in his fur robes and bury wrap filmest in his tur foots and buny himself in the sledge, trusting to the leader's instinct to bring him safely over the most dangerous p.sses. The day has passed when the carrier riskel life and limb in breaking a trail through the frozen North.

THE FIGHTING MASKINONGE.

SOME PERIL IN FISHING FOR THE

ways to be attacked with impunity.

A finserman upon the Chateauguary flats was trolling with the usual large spoon bait, a bit of pork traing from the hooks, when he struck a three foot fish. The wind was fresh and the canoe difficult to handle.

Taking a turn of

season fired a revolved shot into the head of the fish, lifted it in, opened the lunge's mouth, and put his hand far down to loosen the hook. As he did so the dying thing gave a convul-

did so the dying thing gave a convui-sive gulp and closed his huge mouth upon the hand.

That fisherman will do no more sport-ing for a few weeks, as his right hand was badly lacerated by the converg-ing rows of points with which the 'lunge's jaws and gills were lined, and blood poisoning set in, as is common in such cases, when the fish have been found in stagnant water.

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER. ONE WHO WAS PRESENT TELLS THE STORY OF THE FIGHT.

Capt Waller, of Greenwood. Gives the Inside History of this Remark-able Battle as Observed by Himself. His Command was Isolated Within Two Hundred Yards of the Great Union Men-Stirring Scenes Graphically Described. To the Editor of The News and Cou-

rier: No doubt you will be surprised at a communication which ought to have appeared in the Petersburg Express 42 years ago, but was withheld out of respect to military rules. On August 2, 1864, this writer had been summoned to brigade headquarters in reference to being promoted "for disin the Crater fight, when he protested mander, against the many erroneous manoer, against the many erroneous statements contained in that paper about the action of Wright's brigade, and was informed that he would write a letter to appear the next day. In view of a desire to make the site of that battle a military park, this writer, in order to re-establish truth on her throne, and to restore exact justice to

throne, and to restore exact justice to departed valor, wishes now to corroborate, elucidate and make more clear the meaning and facts of that letter of August 3, 1864.

This writer now proposes to perform this solemn duty in a narrative form, on lines of truthfulness, so far as they go, regardless of consequences. May God give him truth alone for his compass. FRESH WATER SHARK.

A Fisherman who was Drowned by One of the Fierce Creatures—Danger of a Young Woman from the Same Cause—Not to be Attacked with Impunity.

Lachine, Canada, September 1.—Speciai: The big maskinonge, the shark of American inland waters, is not always to be attacked with impunity. on account o

I, of 64th Georgia.
At the battle of Olustee, Florida, he spoon bait, a bit of pork traling from the hooks, when he struck a three foot fish. The wind was fresh and the cannoe difficult to handle.

Taking a turn of the trolling line about his wrist, the fisherman endeavored to paddle into shallow water. The maskinouse was extraordinarily active and actually made a complete circuit of the canoe, colling the trolling line about the man's body.

Then the little craft began to whire about and, crippled as he was by the encircling line and disturbed by the encircling line and disturbed by the encircling line and disturbed by the sent citing line and disturbed by the encircling line and disturbed by the encircling line and disturbed by the waves, the angler found himself at last upset and struggling in the water. Fortunately he was a good swimmer and disentangled himself from his tackle, which was given to the big fish to do as he liked with.

Not very long ago, on another sheet of water, a young fcliow who wen out after a 'lunge was found floating dead, twith his trolling line wound several times about him so that he could not take his arms. The spoon hooks were entangled in the weeds, but there is little doubt now that a big fish had twisted the poor fellow up and made his escape when the accident to his escape when the accident to his eaptor gave slack to the line.

Taking a turn of the trolling line and other kinds, the lieutenant colone! of the enemy, with seven shooting rifes and other kinds, the lieutenant colone! of the enemy, with seven shooting rifes and other kinds, the lieutenant colone! of the enemy, with seven shooting rifes and other kinds, the lieutenant colone! of the enemy, with seven shooting rifes and other kinds, the lieutenant colone! of the enemy, with seven shooting rifes and other kinds, the lieutenant colone! of the enemy, with seven shooting rifes and other kinds, the lieutenant colone! of the enemy, with seven shooting rifes and other kinds, the lieutenant colone! of the enemy, and two scheld and two field other brother's firing line and other ki was in charge of the 64th's skirmishes, and opened that fight. At replying fire

protect Fort Clifton and Swift Creek at all hazards with a very small picket relief, reinforced later by signal men and such stragglers as could be readily gathered up and one gun.

The position was held until the Federal railroad wreckers came within view and after reconnoitering refused to engage the 169 men. posted in opposition to them by this writer. On June 24, after Hagood's charge, the regiment was placed in works, near Hare's Hill and

wn to engage in a deadly struggle, fac-ing eastward, for the safety of Peters-somewhat towards the south of ceme-urg and Lee's army. At 4.45 A. M. a

long, 97 feet wide and 35 feet deep made. This, according to Gen Johnson. Immediately the enemy of one artillery regiment opened up 18 4 1-2-inch rifies, 10 30-pounder Parrots and 53 mortars, varying insize from 12 inches, 10 inches, 5 inches down to cocherns, firing 3,833 rounds and raining down in the aggregate 154,000 pounds of mettle by 10,30 A. M. (see Abbot War of Reb. No 80, page 674.) DODGED A BOMB SHELL federate hospital; an experience never had before nor since. In a very few minutes the order was passed to form in line under cover of a hill in rear of the breastworks by dropping out one by one, so as to avoid the observation of the enemy's signal station in the southeast. Fortunately for us now the signal men saw us and so reported at .6.20 A. M. (see W. of Reb. No 82, page 643.) While in the depression between the plank road and the breastworks this writer was joined by Col. J. W. Evans, in full dress uniform, but, without command, he having just returned to duty from an over-elapsed furlough held, on account of a severe wound received at the beginning of the battle of Olustee, Fla. He came to see and to condole with this writer in regard to the death of a brother, who was killed there in a charge on a battery; to examine a sword whose scalbard was taken from the body of Col. C. W. Fribley, of the St. United States: colored infantry, and to inquire after receipt for the flag of a battery covered by Eribley yet. sth United States: colored infantry, and to inquire after-receipt for the flag of a battery, covered by Fribley, yet captured by Corpl Arnold Buchanan, under command of this writer whilst on the line of skirmishers. This was done in order to correct a report of a Col Harrison. He marched with said writer towards Petersburg, until the regiment filed to the east across a road just south of a part of a cemetery and just north of a section or more of artillery. Here, near the cemetery, it became necessary to make some changes in positions of

Right wrere he was there was no danger, then, to either Girardey or to the company. The impending danger was claimed to be over the Virginians, who were in line east of us, forming or to form, but concealed from our view by a small strip of woods. The speaking, with the hurry and scurry of the moment, was producing pandemonium. Girardey was emphatically told that the men were ready for action and wanted immediate assignment to a place in line. He indicated to the right of

UNDER THE ENEMY'S GUNS.

UNDER THE ENEMY'S GUNS.
Soon our complete isolation became most paintully evident. There we were, perhaps, in a little less than two hundred paces of that immense hole whose edges were decked with Union flags and lined with men. There was also that long traverse fringed with danger to us. And yet there was another line of works running out from behind the traverse toward the north crowded with men ready to be rushed against the Virginians and the 3d Georgia, then forming on their right. Our artillerists, with their guns, mortars and cocherns, were rarely in sight or sound now, but under Wright, Colt Heskel, Hamp Gibbes and others, must have done wonders in DODGED A BOMB SHELL.

At 5.45 this writer was standing on the breastworks with his eyes
eastward, when he saw a black spot,
the size of a house fly, then of a horse
fly and was assuming the size of a
humming bird, when he leaped obliquely
to the Yankee side of the breastworks
"Got," the boys laughed. It was justly
theirs. "His first flinch," with half of
them it was the last hearty laugh. They
did not then know that this writer had
faced the house-fly, horse-fly and
humming bird incident before, when on
June 28, 1862, a 10-pounder Parrot shell
had sledge-hammered him into a Confederate hospital; an experience never
had before nor since. In a very few
minutes the order was passed to form
in line under cover of a hill in rear of
the breastworks by dropping out one by
one, so as to avoid the observation of
the enemy's signal gittion in the southeast. Fortunately for us now the sigadding the skel, Hamp Glbbes and
others, must have done wonders in
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was poured out to crush them eaglier in
withstanding the fron hall storin that
was poured out to crush them eaglier in
withstanding the fron hall storin that
was poured out to crush them eagle in
the day. They were now preparing to
fly and was assuming the size of a house fly protection in the fearful
storm that was about to burst out-with
all its fury. This writer doffs his hat
to our faithful artillerists; without their
all the would have been in eterativ or
captivity, B. Johnson, so willing to
will, by snatching laurels so whith
all its fury. This writer doffs his hat
to our faithful artillerists; without their
all the would have been in eterativ or
captivity, B. Johnson, so willing to
will, by snatching laurels so, with
or aprillery, seemed to prevail. The company had taken in the
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silication, lips could be seen in the
the day. They were now without all
the day. They were now with was about to burs outwith day.

The day for practical man souls. In the face of the most sublime duty of life, thoughts of home and a widowed mother, who had already lost during this war four sons, were now stealing over her now eldest son, amid other reveries as to whether or not his memory would dwell with those for whom he was about to yield up his young life. A tidal wave was rolling back upon his mental beach, pearls from the deep sea of the past. Many incidents have been suppressed, but not the one showing the immortality of kind acts. There came floating on that wave an image of a patriotic girl of sixteen, who from Raymond's College, somewhere near the Eastern Shore, was at Petersburg on May 1, 1851, after a dinner at Jaratt's Hotel, given to a Palmetto company wearing long blue coats with white belts and sabre bayonets, and approaching one-of said company, after a social conversation and a parley as to be a sing mutual anyichments for violet. ring every engagent, except when he
from a wound re
s' fighting at Richsa participant or onirmish line at Fairto Gettysburg and
n there he was sent
motion, to Company

Olustee, Florida, he
the 64th's skirmishes,
ght. At replying fire
seven shooting riffes
the lieutenant colone
o field officers woundcers of the line slights the temporary consnabled the brother of
with a large portion
to his brother's firing.
Confederate officer, of
as seen by this writer,
skilled and the batthus much as to exThus much as to feath was chansung and stripes.

This dumfounded comrades most Stripes. This to any Stripes. This to suppress and Stripes. This to suppress and Stripes. This to sub Stripes. This to suppress that a small part of
Wrig

Be that as it may, Col Rogers, who commanded after the wounding of Gen Weisiger, says that his Virginia brigade was in some confusion temporarily. We knew, on the next day that the 6th Virginia had lost its flag. Both with the hurry and scurry of the moment, was producing pandemonium. Girardey was emphatically told that the men were ready for action and wanted immediate assignment to a place in line. He indicated to the right of Mahone. The company was passing up to the right and south to get into position, when a courier or orderly came from a group of officers, and after inquiry and remarks as to there being no troops directly in front or west of the salent extended an order. This order being immediately approved by Col Hall shad been extended an order. This order being immediately approved by Col Hall, the brigade commander that day, with some modification as to alignment and lying down to await orders, resulted in this writer's company going southward up the side of the ditch to a place where it forked into prongs with a very small rise between them. The company was led over the east prong or water furrow and up against the west prong, the form the west to the east and on the Crater and the short line south of the late of the traverse bate was now and the short line south of the crater and the short line south of the late of the crater and the short line south of the late of the crater and the short line south of the late of the crater and the short line south of the late of the crater and the short line south of the late of the crater and the short line south of the late of the crater and the short line south of the late of the crater and the short line south of the late of the crater and the short line south of the crater

battle can be fully written from no one man's standpoint. This writer up to this time, standing about directly west of the Crater and south of the fork of the ditch had a better standpoint. In the had a right of the fork of the ditch had a better standpoint. The had not give the ditch and the works and the fact will appear. He had a ripe, experience, fixving had over three years of it and most of it in skirmish lines and battles and on signal posts right up to lines of battle, and on hills of observation, from the skirmish line and battles and on the skirmish line and servation, from the skirmish line and stattles and on the skirmish line and battles and on the skirmish line and battles and on signal posts right up to lines of battle, and on hills of observation, from the skirmish line and fattles and on signal posts right up to lines of battle, and on hills of observation, from the skirmish line and fattles and on signal posts right up to lines of battle, and on hills of observation from the skirmish line and fattle hills of the variant statement of officers in regard often to the same fact. He can now recite many about this battle, but will desist until necessary. But now for the charge of the 64th Georgia. Hall is by the side of this writer. "The 64th must charge, the works are not all ours." "May we go at trail arms. We had Hardee's tactics. Word was passed along the line. No doubt all guiding corporals received directions. Corporal Yoh was the writer's guiding corporal. "Corporal, do you see that man yonder in that traverse with a white boson?" "Keep your eye on him: if you fire, fire at him only; let me be where I may. We must clear that ditch." The brave color bearer, Sparkman Godwin, was told to planthis flag in the centre of the crest, where he lands. Gen Warren telegraphs. "But I think I saw a rebel battle flag in the centre of the crest, where he lands. Gen Warren telegraphs." But I think I saw a rebel battle flag in trying to defend the flag and are wounded and jerked over into capity. Yeardman Godw

had jurified into places dug out for bunks or other purposes. On facing again the east end of ditch, lo, there was standing against the swell of the hole a chevroned negro with bright rifle pointing right at this writer's head. It sent a ball right through the right of his hat. He sat down by Green Grant, who was aiming at the negro. The negro disappeared over the crest, hit or not. Now, there is be-tween the hole and the traverse, three first lieutenants and very few men. All tween the note and the traverse, the first fleutenants and very few men. other officers that began this churare dead, wounded or captured. Thosy begin to sharp-shoot; negroes of reply. They have the disadvantage natural awkwardness, on account want of experience and poor foot-ho in the steep banks of the hole; a that from shock of the 12 and 24 pour in the steep banks of the hole; also that from shock of the 12 and 24 pound balls and shells from cocherns and mortars, making graceful curves generally right over the hole. But they are our best friends, One-however, wounds Lieut Park. Not-withstanding, but for the terror of these instruments of destruction, the contest for life and victory would be still more unequal. The negro always holds his cun straight up as he rises in the group of officers from which the in the group of officers from which the courier came, this writer has not seen him to-day. Fearing capture this writer tears up his letters and begins to study the situation. Suddenly, he turns to a lieutenant who has done nothing, "You are m command." No. you keep it; I haven't the experience." But I want someone to carry the word that 600 men can clear this field and I will risk my life in leading them. "But I want someone to carry the word that 600 men can clear this field and I will risk my life in leading them, if necessary." "You go do it." All right, you protect my honor in case of death, I will watch the shells in the air, run and fall as occasion suggests." This writer begins his perflous trip. At the northwest end of ditch this writer in falling sees a gold watch lying by the side of a dead man. He is about to get it when two balls pass through the corpse. He immediately looks eastward, and seeing friends, breaks for them in the trenches. They were surprised at supposed escape. Mahone was asked for. He was pointed at. He was dodging up and down with field gliasses to his eyes, scanning the enemy in the east front of the Crater. He was standing just north of a traverse and by it. Col Hall came to this writer and was told that he had just left a few men on south side of traverse and that he was very certain that six hundred men could save them and retake all the works.

and retake all the works. THE ALABAMIANS CHARGE. Hall went immediately to Mahone and brought back word for them to stay and that he would send for Alabama brigade, and when it arrived he would put it in. Mahone immediately left the works and was not again seen by this writer that day. Shortly afterwards this writer saw things in trenches that he had not seen there before. They were cocherns being borne by men. After a long while waiting, it was reported that the Alabama brigade had arrived and was about to charke. Men were ordered to keep an unusually sudden snatch at the troll set and unusually sudden snatch at the troll set and pulling dead against the boat, and pulling dead against the boat, the fair angler into the water. She had gone under twice, and was being towed away when her father got, to scramble into the boat. By that to scramble into the boat, By that time the maskinonge had taken the boat out into the current.

The fisherfolk fastened the line around a seat and deliberately set to work to tow the log creature to shore, my which they did, the five mile pull against the current, with the hooks in the work to tow the log creature, two the the short line pull against the current, with the hooks of the fisherfolk profession of ore fisherman knows, the teeth of all the members of the luce family are numerous, and sharklike. An excited angler who caught his first 'iunge' this strigade and its' traverse which had its southeastern end.

crest since 9.10 A.M. Hall alluded to this flag when he wrote! "One of Wright's regiments planted its colors on the edge of that immense hole and remained there etc." The Alabamians received the most of their casualties from parties outside of and south of the Cruter. Their loss in five regiments was eight officers killed, with twenty-two men. Total killed and wounded, eight-nine. That of the 5th Virginia regiments were eight officers, sixty-three men killed. Total, killed and wounded, eight-nine. That of the 5th Virginia regiments were eight officers, sixty-three men killed. Total, killed and wounded, two hundred and forty-three, missing, thirteen and one flag. The 6th Georgia alone lost as many officers in its six companies killed and such did the five Virginia regiments. The 6th with six companies lost nine-ty-nine killed and wounded, and two captured, or missing. This writer, afterwards captain of Company G, but then of Company H, wrote a letter in August 1864, which was returned to him in 1891, which has the following: "Then I had to write to the relatives of ten of my men, informing them of the deaths of said ten. I took into the fight of the Cruter. July 30th, twenty men and two officers, including myself, of which number, ten were killed and seven wannded, excluding myself. Mr car is now, August 22d, well." At no thine did Wright's brigade go in as a whole. It was sent in by piecemoal three times, and at no time altogether. Hall said total casualities were two hundred and thietyone. That night the brigade returned to its own trenches, leaving the Virginia and Alabama brigades to fill the vacancy. Hence wild reports began to circuiate. That sad night three men had been detailed from each company and when Company E was for the dead or on detail." The be broke down with the remark, "Me alone left." This

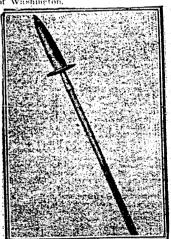
Sanders and Burnside to Meade. That 64th thar was on Crater before 9.15 A. M. See Warren to Humphreys in same book, page 151. As to this writer being in command of regiment, see War of Reb. No 96, page 1.272. Grant said of It: "Our experience of to-day proves that fortifications come near holding themselves without troops.—With a reasonable amount of artillery and one infantryman to every six feet. I am confident either pary could hold their Mnes against the other."

Respectfully,
C. A. C. Waller.

ONE OF JOHN BROWN'S PIKES.

A Relie of the Raid on Harper's Ferry in 1850 Preserved in Washington.

Washington, September I.—Special: The Osawatomic celebration in memory of John Brown recalls that there is in this city a relic, perhaps the only one of the kind in existence, of the raid on Harper's Ferry in 1859. It is an original John Brown pike picked up at Harper's Ferry soon after the raid. The pike was photoghapred some years ago while in the possession of I. C. Stater, of Washington. It belongs to J. C. Owner, of New York, formerly of Washington.



pike is well preserved. The pike is well preserved. The handle is made of seasoned hickory wood and is about 7 feet long, which with the steel arrow shaped head makes the pike about 71-2 feet long.

Tradition has it that John Brown had his pikes made in Confecticut, and proposed to arm the nerro slaves with them, for he thought they were unused to firearms.

From the St Louis Republic.) want to go out in my automobile.

Iy automobubblety-bobblety-bubble,
and rattle and roar till I run against
trouble: I want to cut loose with the Gabriel My howler, my yeller, my shricker, my hooter,
My automobublety-bobblety-habble.
That roars at the rubbering ring of the rabble,
My triple expansion and forty horse double.

My triple capanison double, double, My automobubblety-bobblety-bubble, With bonkety-honkety-honkety-fing! And tooliety-tootiety-tootiety-spring! My automobipper—

My automobipper—

Ker-smash!

I want to whop out and go whirling and whizzing
And scooting and tooting and fizzing and sizzing
And flipping and flashing and fusing and flying
And gliding and sliding and shooting and shying:

shylng:
I want to go tilling around every corner
A-honking and honking my Gabriel
warner:
I want to scare dogs till they seem to
have rables:
I want to bewider nursmaids with their
hables:
I want to whir past the old men with their
crutches
And call back their youth with my hair
raising touches: I want to go pulling and panting, pell-melling.

And coughing and crying and screaming and yelling

By street and by store and by doorway and dwelling.

and dwelling.

To ride in my automobubblety-becble.

Surrounded by dust and by smoke and by pebble pebble— My automorammer— My automosiammer— Ker-smash:

I want to wind up with a tire on my col-

lar.
To face a repair bill that takes my last dollar:
I want to go smash in the smashest of smashes—
end of the worst of all death daring dashes: To dishes:

To fly in the sir and come down in the stubble.

Commingled with all of my automobubble, Mixed up and mixed in and scenred entangled with all the machinery hopelessly man-

The Gabriel horn in a twist beyond tootng. wheels past all chances of skidding The or scooting.
Oh, let me go out in my automobobble.
My automobundiety-wibblety-wobble.
With honkety-honkety-bang!
And sizzlety-fizzlety-whizzlety-ban!

home-sizzlety-fizzlety-cutomoblyper— My automozipper— Ker-smashi