

EXPOSITION NEWS NOTES

KANSAS TAKING WIND FOR THE SUMMER'S CAMPAIGN.

The Big Show is Growing Bigger and Better All the Time in Spite of Everything and Everybody - Notes of the Show.

Omaha Special: All the members of the Kansas Exposition commission with the exception of Secretary Greer have returned home and each individual member of the body will devote himself for the next few days to collecting material for the Kansas exhibits. The people in all sections of the state have been profuse in their promises of fruit, grains etc. but the promises have not been fulfilled and the commission will now take the matter in its own hands and see to it personally that the material is secured. The horticulture exhibit in particular has been neglected and the appearance of the material comprising this exhibit is a matter of great concern to the commission. The horticulture building has not contributed to the reputation of the state. The other exhibitors in the building have protested against allowing this exhibit to remain in its present condition, especially as it is not labeled with the name of the state, but it is promised that new material will be shipped at once and the spot made to blossom as the rose.

A DISSAPPOINTED THIEF.

A double-barreled shotgun was stolen from one of the racks in the war department exhibit at the Government building last Thursday by a man who probably thought he was getting a prize. When he got outside of the grounds with his plunder he found that the gun was an old-fashioned muzzle-loading affair, the barrels of which had been cut off until the weapon was about the length of a carbine. The trigger and hammer on one side were gone and the hammer of the other barrel was so rusty that one shot would have ended its usefulness. The inside of the barrel was eaten away with rust and the stock had been broken in a number of places by binding a piece of deerskin about it. He threw the weapon in the grass, where it was found shortly afterward by some boys and returned to the building. The attendant in one of the lunch stands near the south end of the grounds recalled seeing a man carrying the gun away, but did not pay enough attention to the matter at the time to be able to identify him. The gun was an old relic picked up on an Indian battlefield years ago and preserved in the museum of the war department. At the same time the gun disappeared a revolver of the latest type, the style of arm now in use in the army, was stolen. It is presumed that the same individual took this that took the gun. The revolver was fastened to a board, together with a number of others of different types, the collection illustrating the improvement in this class of arms during a period of several years.

THE INDIAN CONGRESS.

Captain Mercer of the Winnebago Indian agency, who will have charge of the Indian congress at the exposition, is in the city conferring with the management of the exposition regarding the feature. He and General Manager Clarkson looked over the sites for a camp and it is practically settled that the Indians will be located north of the Missouri Pacific tracks. This will make an extension of the fence necessary. The details of the congress were talked over and the whole plan will be submitted to the executive committee. Captain Mercer says that the 500 or more Indians, representing twenty-five tribes, can be brought here in a short time and that the bill finally passed by congress, and this is regarded as a question of only a short time, since the bill has been agreed on by both houses.

THE LARGEST AMERICAN FLAG.

Miss Eleanor Dutcher and others who interested themselves in getting to the exposition the largest American flag ever made are grievously disappointed that it has not yet been put up and fearful lest it will not be. The managers of the Utah exhibit have refused to unpack it because a satisfactory guarantee that it will be safe has not been given. The flag is 140 feet long, and was made to decorate the tabernacle at the celebration of the state celebrating Utah's admission as a state. It was expected that it would be placed just under the roof girders in the Mines and Mining building.

IMPROVING DAIRY BUILDING.

The machine for making ice in the dairy building is being put in, and Director Dinsmore says that as soon as it is in operation, and that will probably be in about a week, the butter exhibits will come rapidly in. Modeling butter in the refrigerator car of the American Transit company will commence next week. The modeler will be a young lady from St. Louis, and her first work will be a bust of Admiral Dewey.

AN IRRIGATION SHOW.

A car filled with seeds, grains grasses and vegetables from the irrigated farms in South Dakota has been assigned a place on the grounds north of the Transportation building. It is sent by John A. Bauer of La Crosse, Wis. and the Milwaukee railroad. The display is finely arranged and produces a splendid impression. A. P. Dixon is in charge.

EXHIBITORS ARE ORGANIZING.

A meeting of the leading exhibitors on the grounds was held at the Press building for the purpose of perfecting an organization and deciding on plans for the regulation of an exhibitors' club. W. H. Sutherland, chairman of the Montana commission, is the temporary president of the club and C. W. Field of Minnesota, secretary. Nearly an hour was spent in discussing plans of organization, which contemplates a union of the exhibitors both for business and social purposes. It is proposed to secure space in one of the main buildings for the headquarters of the club.

WATERMELON DAY.

Fruit Festival Exposition Program Being Made.

Omaha, June 28.—The Fruit Festival association met at the Horticulture building on the exposition grounds to perfect plans for Texas Melon and Grape day, July 1.

President A. F. Coleman of Iowa Exposition, Vice President Johnson and Prof. Taylor, Messrs. Altvater of Texas, Marshall, Shickley, Barnard and Hervey of Nebraska, Stanton and Nelson of Illinois, Rogers of Montana, Nelson of Missouri and Wilson of California, took part.

The carload of melons to be contributed by the South Texas Exhibit association is to be piled in a pyramid at the Horticulture building and brief exercises held next Friday forenoon before the public is turned loose on the fruit.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

John Timm, a farmer living about eleven miles northeast of Alnsworth, while repairing his windmill, fell fifteen feet and the pump rod entered his chest about eight inches. He is not expected to live.

A gasoline stove exploded at the residence of Postmaster Bantz of Humboldt, and for a short time fire threatened that portion of the city. The building was severely burned about the face and hands in an attempt to check the flames.

George Kauffman, an old farmer from near Crawford, who has been an inmate of the county jail for some months on the charge of forgery, made a bold bid for liberty Wednesday night. He had succeeded in digging a hole leading from his cell to an open corridor, large enough to permit him to crawl through, when a young man who happened to be in the jail corridor notified Deputy Sheriff Eberer. The officer reached the hole but Kauffman escaped and the latter was placed securely in irons.

Word was brought to Lodgepole that Frank Winkle, a Bohemian farmer living three miles south of that place, had accidentally killed his wife. Winkle claims he shot at a goose with his rifle, but his wife stepped out just as he pulled the trigger, the ball passing through her neck and killing her instantly. The coroner has been notified and an inquest will be held. She leaves five small children.

Pierre, the 13-year-old son of G. C. Alexander, who resides seven miles northeast of Hemingford, left home last Tuesday and no trace of him has been found. The boy was herding cattle and was last seen by his parents at noon. The country is being searched thoroughly, but it is feared that the boy will not be found alive. Any information will be gratefully received by his father. The lad was partially paralyzed on one side and his mind was affected by this affliction.

The packing houses of South Omaha have acted on the editorial suggestion of the World-Herald and made proper arrangements to entertain all delegations which come here and desire to see the workings of the different houses. Each establishment has a corps of efficient employees which are ready to on a moment's notice show the guests about. As a consequence of this move all of the guests which have arrived recently have been properly cared for and nearly all of them have not been alone given an insight into the workings of the plants which have been tendered an impromptu banquet.

One of Torrey's cavalymen was requested by several ladies, while in town Thursday evening, to show them how his six shooter worked. He drew his revolver from the holster and fired what he said were two blank cartridges into the ground. Miss Tina Barnhurst, who makes her home with the family of James D. Jones, Twenty-second and J streets, South Omaha, was standing near by and some substance flew up and pierced her right arm near the shoulder, making a painful wound. Dr. Stabugh was called, but could not remove the substance, it having evidently become embedded in the muscle. The wound is a painful one and may cause a good deal of trouble.

The soldier was severely reprimanded by an officer of the regiment. Mr. and Mrs. Lars Oleson and their daughter, Mrs. Charles Keith, had a miraculous escape from death this week at the home of the Olesons, situated on the Table, twenty-five miles south of Chadron. Mrs. Keith is a young woman, a railroad man and was visiting her parents when a violent electric storm arose. The house was struck by lightning, the bolt descending a chimney into the room where the family was sitting. Mr. Oleson was struck by the bolt and his wife by the lightning and was painfully hurt. His wife had her left shoe torn from her foot and was badly stunned. Mrs. Keith was rocking her baby to sleep when the shock occurred. She was thrown completely across the room and both herself and baby were rendered unconscious for a short time. Fortunately, all of the victims of this electric freak recovered and none feel any bad effects as a result of the experience.

Mrs. Johnson, late of Tenth and Paul streets, Omaha, but now without a home, died a most unfortunate woman. While she was away from home washing to earn money for her two children, Constable Hensel broke into her house and set her furniture out in the lot. Some months ago the husband of Mrs. Johnson, after an extended spree, died away his house. He then abandoned his wife and children. The parties to whom the property was deeded sought possession and secured an order from Justice Long granting them possession after ten days. At the expiration of the ten days, Mrs. Johnson, knowing little of legal matters, failed to appear. The justice took this into consideration and gave her ten days in which to apply for another hearing. Constable Hensel, better known as "Shorty" Hensel, was urged to take immediate possession of the property, claimants and this he did while Mrs. Johnson was absent. He did not stop at this, but installed another family in her home before she returned from work. Mrs. Johnson and her children were homeless last night.

NEBRASKA WAR NOTES.

It was announced at the governor's office that Dr. Ralph J. Irvin of Hastings has been appointed first assistant surgeon of the Third regiment, Nebraska volunteer infantry, with the rank of captain.

All the supplies for the Third regiment have arrived at Fort Crook, Omaha, and the work of mustering in the men will be begun as soon as medical examinations are completed. The work of examining the men commenced Monday and some of the companies will be mustered in not later than Wednesday.

Colonel Bryan, the leading spirit of the Third regiment, has taken up his permanent quarters at Fort Omaha and now lines up with the common soldiers of the companies at the fort and has his meals served to him on a tin plate and drinks coffee from a tin cup like the other soldiers, washing his own dishes when he has finished eating.

John G. Maher, private in the Chadron company, Second Nebraska, now in camp at Okemakauka, charged with insubordination, will be granted a trial Thursday of this week. Private Maher refused to allow his typewriter to be appropriated by officers of the regiment without his aid or consent. Until otherwise shown Nebraskaans will bet on the conduct of her boys.

Captain Lincoln Wilson, who left Saturday night with recruits for the First regiment now en route to Manila, was quietly married to Miss Laura Hatch in Lincoln just before leaving. Captain Wilson went out as first lieutenant of company L of the Second, and was subsequently promoted to be first lieutenant of the First and the captain of M company of the First. He has been on duty as recruiting officer for the First for the last ten days, and will follow the regiment to Manila.

HOW THE BIG GUNS ARE FIRED.

Thousand Pound Bullets Fired with Astonishing Accuracy and Rapidity—How it is Done.

During the bombardment of Santiago by Admiral Sampson's fleet the most wonderful shot of the war was made; indeed, there is none better recorded in the annals of sea fights.

Gunner Peterson of the battleship Texas, with a single shot from one of the great guns demolished a heavy rifle mounted on a disappearing carriage.

That shot gave the engineering corps of the world food for meditation and calculation that will keep their brains busy for many, many days. Until Peterson's skill demolished that gun at Santiago, it was one of the given quantities in all military problems that a disappearing gun was as safe as if buried beneath tons of earth.

The disappearing gun, as it is really buried, for they drop into excavations and remain there except for the second or two when the piece is leveled at the target and the gun is being discharged.

Peterson's shot was fired during that exceedingly brief period of time that the Spanish weapon was in sight. His shell went true to the mark, although the target looked no bigger than a lead pencil at the range fired from.

The precision and rapidity with which our Jackies hurl solid shot and bursting shells against the ships and fortifications of the enemy has astonished the world and terrified the unlucky Dons forced to face the firing.

Just four minutes after Gunner Peterson's first shot made scrap iron out of the formidable disappearing gun, another shot from the same piece was dropped where the pile of ruins lay, just to show that the initial visitation had not been accidental.

These shells came from the Texas' 12-inch guns, the biggest she carries, which are, however, only one inch in caliber short of the heaviest in the navy.

That projectiles weighing half a ton can be hurled with such accuracy and rapidity is absolutely marvelous to the land lubber.

It can be explained that in the main the training of the big guns is mechanical. The human eye is aided by every device known to man that could be of any service in aiming the modern destroyers.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent by Uncle Sam that his sailor men might practice what cannot be accomplished by mechanism.

The result of the whole is perfect guns and appurtenances and proficient gunners.

The handling of a great gun, 10, 12 or 14-inch, is probably one of the most interesting features about the fighting of a battleship, and in importance the monster rank high, as the frequent mention of their execution in various actions show.

Men compose the gun's crew, one of whom is the captain or runner. The big fellows are arranged in pairs and one turret serves for two guns.

When the battle commences the 12 men composing the crews of a turret's guns go to their stations and from that time until the command "cease firing" is given they are isolated from the rest of the ship's company.

There is telephone communication, however, and orders come to them over the wire.

The element of greatest importance in the calculation of firing a ship's guns is the range—that is, the distance of the object fired at.

Mention is frequently made in the reports of fights in Cuban waters of poor shooting at the beginning of an action, the cause of not knowing the range exactly.

The range is determined with the aid of instruments which compute the calculation automatically.

The Pfike range finder is based upon the principles of land surveying with the difference that the distance to be measured is not a straight line, but a curve.

If a surveying party comes to a broad river, whose width has to be determined, a base line is measured on the bank and the angles which this line makes with a mark on the opposite bank are determined by trigonometry.

Applying this to the range finder a base line is measured on the ship and over each end of it a range finder, answering to the surveyor's transit, is permanently set up.

If the telescopes of the two finders are simultaneously converged upon the same point on a distant object (ship, fortification, etc.), the distance to be in possession of the trigonometrical data necessary to compute the distance.

In the din and hurry of a sea-fight however it would be difficult to make the calculations, and Lieutenant Pfike has devised the necessity of mental work with his wonderful machine.

The instrument records the distance of any object within 11,500 yards, that both telescopes may be leveled at simultaneously.

The distance is recorded on a dial at the instruments and on similar dials placed one at each gun station and one in the conning tower.

The junior officers who operate the range finders are connected by telephone. A receiver is clamped to the ear and when the operator applies his eye to the telescope a telephone transmitter in the opposite ear relays the word.

The process of loading and firing a big gun is begun in the particular magazine belonging to that gun, away down in the hold of the ship, beneath the water line and in the most protected part of the vessel.

When the crew in the turret get ready for the ammunition an electric elevator, or hoist, from the magazine to the turret is dropped for the charge.

The charge is transferred from the rack to a cradle suspended from an overhead track and unloaded into the ammunition hoists, of which there are two, one to each gun. Each hoist consists of three hollow cylinders, the upper two for powder, which is done up in sections, the lower for the shell. One charge of powder weighs 550 pounds, and the shell for a 13-inch gun weighs just twice as much.

As soon as the charge is stored in the hoist the latter is, shot up to the turret.

On its arrival there the breach of the gun has been thrown open and the lower cylinder stops exactly opposite the gun breach.

wire, which is thrust into the powder like a primer by the firing apparatus. The platinum becomes red hot and so ignites the powder.

After the gun is loaded the bolts are raised which secure the turntable in the turret in the loading position, and the firing officer proceeds to his position.

A ladder between the guns leads up to a plated, box-like structure, which is the position occupied by the officer who fires the gun.

The top of the compartment projects above the roof of the compartment and is heavily armored.

It is provided with two horizontal and two vertical slots or peep-holes.

Right at the officer's side is the dial on which is recorded the range.

Two telescopes look out through the slots, one for each gun. The axis of each is parallel to the axis of the gun it represents when shooting at normal range, that is, within a distance where the shell will not drop between the muzzle position and the target.

The telescope is in fact the sight for the gun. It can be raised or lowered or moved to the right or left as desired.

The officer first sets his telescope (sights) for range and speed deflection and then proceeds to train towards the object by turning a wheel that is in front of him.

This wheel sets the hydraulic machinery in motion, turning the entire turret, guns and all.

When the gun gets around to the required position the turret is stopped and the finer sighting is done by moving the gun alone.

Looking through the telescope the officer adjusts it by means of little hand wheels all about him until the cross hairs of the telescope bisect the object.

When the officer's finger touches the electric button they rise to their toes. Boom! The turret is filled with smoke and dry burning air that cuts the nostrils.

The terrific heat is increased by the discharge and perspirations is running off of the men in streams.

They go to work immediately after the report, and in four minutes more the great gun roars again.

GENERAL PHIL. SHERIDAN.

He was as Timid with Women as he was Brave with Men.

In the true American general there is always to be found running through his characteristics a deep vein of old, true gallantry. It makes him dear to the hearts of the men that serve him and adored by the gentler sex.

General Sheridan, or "Little Phil," as he was endearingly called, was eminently a modest man. In fact, his great shyness in the presence of women caused him during his early life to perform most of his gallantry by proxy.

When he spent some time in Springfield engaged in forwarding supplies to the army his fancy was caught by a very pretty girl, to whom he became desirous of showing some attention. Then his horrible bashfulness rose up mockingly before him. But he determined not to relinquish his scheme of providing some pleasure for the winsome creature. He therefore induced a gay young clerk in his office, named Eddy, to take her out driving while he (General Sheridan) furnished the carriage and horses.

General Sheridan was never a dandy after women, but as he became somewhat of a dandy to a great extent his shyness was noted for his gallantry. At the time of the Commune he was in Paris with his aide-de-camp. There was also stopping at the same hotel a charming American woman with whom he was slightly acquainted.

She was rushing madly through the street. The order had been given that all windows and shutters must be kept closed. Shut up in her dark room and hearing the noisy rabble below, the lady became greatly alarmed. "There is but one thing for me to do," she cried, "to insure safety, I will put myself under the care of the American general."

She therefore sent her card to Sheridan, who at once called and offered his services. He also advised that she should join his party in the morning and get away to London. Still the lady appeared distressed. Finally, with complete abandon, she cried: "It is my bonnets at Virot's. They were to have been done today. How can I go and leave them?"

The general grasped the situation, and gallantly offered his arm to escort her to the milliner's. Happily it was not far off. Ever afterward he delighted to tell of his pleasure in seeing such an array of dainty headgear. He had never been at a milliner's before.

President Lincoln had much gallantry for women, and was an acute observer of their gowns. Anything approaching the gaudy put him quite out of humor with the wearer. After he became president the renown of his tender heart caused him to be besieged with incessant petitions for pardons. He was finally obliged to see any of the petitioners:

At one time, however, a girl, by her own efforts and will power, succeeded in getting an audience with him. She cried the pardon of a brother, unjustly imprisoned. It was the old story; but as Lincoln gazed at her tear-stained face he cried:

"My poor girl, you have come here with no governor nor senator nor member of congress to plead your cause; you appear honest and truthful, and you don't wear hoops, and I will be whipped but I will pardon your brother."

At the battle of Sacramento, during the Mexican expedition, Uncle John Shouse, who is still living in Washington, Mo., was detailed to hold horses. Just then Colonel Doniphan rode by and Shouse said to him: "See here, Colonel, did I come out here to hold horses?" The colonel replied: "Yes, sir, if you are detailed for that purpose." "Hold hell," said Shouse, "not in a fight." And he turned the horses loose and went to fighting Mexicans.

An imposing looking individual came into the hotel at Chattanooga, clad in some sort of fancy uniform. "That's General Wade," said the man who knew it all and ought to be on the board of strategy. "You're mistaken," said the quiet man, "that's the agent of a bicycle house in Chicago."

The succulent sausage was invented in Germany in the year 897. It was first made of a goat's stomach stuffed with blood and little pieces of fat. Chopped pork was not used until the tenth century.

A CLEAR HOME TITLE.

Cotton's needin' choppin'—corn is needin' rain; Mule is needin' cussin', an' I sees my duty plain. Wouldn't be the proper thing fer me ter go ter fight. When things is waitin' on fer me ter set 'em runnin' right!

River's needin' fishin', an' the bait is gittin' slack; Got to ship the melons, fer the train is on the track. Wouldn't be the proper thing fer me to go an' fight. When ever'thin' calls on me fer to set it runnin' right.

I'm jest so necessary to the country round-about That if I lined the army it would rise an' bail me out!

It's jest the gin'rul verdict they must give me from the sight, Fer things is waitin' on me fer to set 'em runnin' right.

—Atlanta Constitution.

A FAMOUS SCOUT.

When Jim Baker died at his home on the Snake river, in northern Colorado, a few days ago, one of the most famous trappers, scouts and frontiersmen the west ever produced passed away. For nearly 70 years Jim Baker had been a noted figure in the west, and of all the hardy men who aided in opening up the wilderness Kit Carson alone was better known.

Baker was nearly 90 years old at the time of his death. He came west from Illinois, which was his birthplace, when only 18 years old. He came in 1830, as an employe of the American Fur Trading company at Laramie, Wyo., and from that time until his death he lived on the plains and in the mountains. He was a scout for several expeditions—most notably for John C. Fremont and for General Adams in the Ute war after the Meeker massacre. His comrades were the men who first went through this part of the United States after the expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1805, 1806 and 1808. One of them—Gabriel Lajeunesse, always called by the men of the plains Gabriel Lajeunesse—was, tradition says, the hero of Longfellow's "Evangeline." Basil, Antoine and Nicolas Lajeunesse were his sons. Other of Baker's contemporaries were Peter Ogden, who gave his name to Ogden, Utah; Kit Carson, another man whose name appears on the map of the country, and Maxwell, of Maxwell land grant fame.

Coming into the country when there were no white women within 600 or 700 miles, Baker married Indian women. He lived for years among the Cheyenne, Arapahoe and Ute Indians, adopted their dress, conformed to their customs, entered their councils and spoke their languages.

Baker lived a life that was more thrilling, more adventurous than even of Cooper has been able to picture. For a score of years he lived among the Indians, hunted in the pathless forests of the north and west, wandered over countless hardships and braved the greatest dangers.

All this was before the time of the pioneers, who date their arrival from 1858. A tenth of his adventures would fill a great volume. Four times he took a wife from among the Indians, and once he came near paying for a squaw with his life. For several years he was hunted by the Utes and was marked for torture and death the moment that he should fall into their hands. A dozen times he escaped their vengeance. Several times he was snowbound in the mountains in the dead of winter and nearly starved. Much of his time for years was spent in evading hostile redskins, and the number of his personal encounters with wild beasts and with wilder whites and Indians was evidenced by the mass of scars on his grizzled body.

There are only two men living who were in the west before Baker. They are Thomas Tobin, now at Fort Garland, Colo., who came to the territory that is now Colorado one year before Baker, and John Alberts, now living at Walsenburg, Colo., who came west in 1825.

In the sixties Baker fretted greatly over the coming of the white settlers. He owned a ranch on Clear Creek, just north of the present city of Denver. This he sold in 1871 and moved up Bear Creek, where he remained for some time. Then he settled in the extreme northern part of Routt county, 200 miles from Denver. Here he built a shack and lived in the utmost simplicity until his death. His last wife was a squaw of the Snake tribe. By her he had two children, a boy and a girl, now living in Salt Lake City. Several years ago the squaw left Baker and returned to her tribe. There is one story that Baker drove her away and another that she deserted him. The squaw with whom he lived before the last, died and is buried on the banks of Clear creek above Denver. There were several children of this marriage.

The first eight years of Baker's life in the west were spent in trapping in the north for the fur company, but in 1840 he left the employ of the company and hunted and trapped on his own account.

The Utes were extremely hostile to the whites, but Baker succeeded in getting on friendly terms with Ignacio, then a young war chief. Baker induced a sister of Ignacio's to leave her tribe and for a long time Baker was in constant fear lest some Ute should take him unawares. Finally the squaw returned to her tribe, and for his own safety Baker joined the Sioux Indians and became a Sioux squaw man. Afterward he left the Sioux for the Cheyennes and also lived for a time with the Arapaho.

There are incidents without number told of Baker by old pioneers. In 1857 Baker acted as scout for Captain Marcy's expedition, which went into Utah to drive out the Mormons. The Mormons stole a march on Marcy and drove off all his horses and mules, taking a greater share of the provisions. The men were in a desperate condition. Baker offered to cross the main range to Fort Garland for relief, and to drive out the Mormons. The Mormons started to work his way straight across the range. He became worn out and nearly famished. In descending the range he became so exhausted that he was forced to give up, he would have perished had not a band of Ute Indians found him and cared for him. Had they recognized him he would have been killed, because the Utes had marked him for death. He succeeded in reaching the fort in safety, securing the necessary relief.

At another time Baker was camped alone in one end of a canyon with a party of white men camped below him. About 2 o'clock in the morning Baker awoke, came down to the camp and warned them to hurry to a place where they could defend themselves. He said he felt that red men were coming to attack them. Two hours afterwards a war band of bucks descended on the

camp, which by that time had been vacated.

In 1861 Baker, with Jim Beckwith, took up a ranch where Captiol Hill, Denver, now exists. Beckwith was a mulatto, and a long time chief of the Crow Indians. He was born in St. Charles, Mo., in 1793 and came west in 1818. The braves had never seen a negro, and in some way they conceived the idea that Beckwith was a Crow Indian who had been stolen from their tribe while on a raid. They watched their opportunity and kidnapped Beckwith, afterward making him chief. He became a great warrior and was much feared by the Indians. Baker and he were great friends and went into partnership when Beckwith left his tribe in 1860. Beckwith married a colored woman. In 1861 he murdered Jim Payne, man. In 1862 Baker and Beckwith were friends when sober, but quarreled and fought like tigers when drunk.

In 1866 Baker acted as guide for the government commission that endeavored to make a treaty with the Ute Indians for the opening of a road through their reservation to Salt Lake. Four wagon loads of presents were taken by the commission, which consisted of Governor Hunt and sixteen men. The pow-wow took place on the reservation in Colorado, when a young buck, tried to induce the Utes to massacre the commissioners and steal the presents. He advanced at the head of about 200 bucks in war paint and circled around the camp haranguing the men on to the work. The situation was critical. Baker was the only cool man in the crowd. He persuaded Lock, an Indian who had greater influence than Colorow, to prevent the plans, and the commission finished its work in safety.

In 1869 Baker had the side of his face blown off by the explosion of a rifle. Many different versions of the affair have been published. The correct one has rarely been told. In an Indian camp about twenty miles from Denver the agent had distributed a lot of rifles and cartridges. Baker succeeded in getting hold of one of them and tried to fire it. The cartridges in the stock exploded and blew it into pieces. One-half of Baker's face was torn to pieces and his right jaw hung by a thread. Without a complaint and all the time conscious, he rode twenty miles to Denver, where Dr. Smith fixed up the jaw by the use of hardwood. He persuaded Lock, an Indian who had greater influence than Colorow, to prevent the plans, and the commission finished its work in safety.

Baker was a close friend of Bill Williams. Williams was the first white man in this part of the country. He came west in 1808, one year before Kit Carson was born. Williams, in 1848, gave a Hawkins rifle to Ignacio. Afterward he incurred the Indians' wrath, and in 1849 Ignacio shot him with the same rifle.

Baker's love for free life and the excitement of fighting and hunting was unbounded. On one occasion he killed two full-grown grizzly bears with a hunting knife while his rifle lay unused on the ground. A companion and himself saw the two cubs as they were passing up the side of a mountain. Baker proposed that each of them should kill one of the cubs with a hunting knife alone, "because it would be a great thing to tell about afterward." Putting aside their guns the two hunters attacked. Baker killed his cub and went to the rescue of his friend, who was hard pressed by the grizzly. As soon as Baker went to his assistance the other man ran away. Baker killed the second cub.

If Baker had one incurable failing it was gambling, and he always lost. On one occasion, when he had been unusually fortunate in his gambling, he took of furs, he made up his mind to return to the states, buy a farm and settle down for life. On reaching a rendezvous where many of his kind were assembled he was coaxed into a game of Spanish monte and lost all he possessed. The value of his peltries was about \$300.

Died Wealthy in a Poor House.

Clinton G. Anthony, who was buried last Thursday at Muncie, Ind., lived for thirty years in the poorhouse of Delaware county and paid more than \$5,000 for board, by the week, invariably in advance.

In his young manhood he was one of the most popular men in that vicinity. He was one of two brothers. Their father was rich and owned a considerable amount of real estate in Indiana, and extensive orange groves in Florida.

Clinton G. Anthony founded the town of Anthony, Fla., and gave it the family name. When the civil war broke out, Clinton enlisted, went to the front, and was in many battles. As a result of injuries received he maimed and became deranged, and he was sent to a hospital. In short time he became violent. He was sent to a private sanitarium in Cincinnati, and later to Philadelphia. In all this time he expressed a desire to go to the poorhouse. The family scorned the idea, but it finally decided that he might be placed there, and be given special treatment that might reverse his mind.

This was done, and for thirty years the man has been a constant boarder at the county infirmary, but, unlike the pauper, he paid his board fees in advance until the time of his death. His condition was greatly improved soon after being given a ward in the infirmary, but he refused to leave the place, and his fortune dwindled down to nothing after spending more than \$5,000 for board and other necessary expenses.

Anthony never married, and for many years after the death of his parents, John A. Keener was his guardian. He was 64 years old at the time of his death. For many years he refused to converse with any other person than the guards at the institution. He refused to recognize the superintendent or even the members of his own family. He always had the idea that the union army was defeated in the war.

It was his desire that when death came he should be buried in clothes made of the red, white and blue stars, and this request was observed, in part. The casket was lined with a handsome silk banner, and streamers of red, white and blue were fastened on the outside of the casket. The funeral was in charge of the G. A.