

IS DEAN OF THE LAKES

THE OLDEST LIVING CAPTAIN OF THE FRESH WATERS.

He Began a Sailor's Life in 1831—Shipped on the Steamer Superior, the Second Boat Built on the Shores of Lake Michigan.

(Chicago Letter.)
Capt. Henry Kelley of Milan, O., enjoys the distinction of being the oldest living captain of the great lakes. While he has lived practically in retirement for several years past he is still indirectly connected or associated with lake marine service.

Before Chicago was even a thriving Indian agency, Capt. Kelley shipped aboard the steamer Superior, the second boat built upon the lake shores. His experiences as a sailor and captain have not been without the perils associated with a mariner's career. Capt. Kelley is in his 84th year and apparently enjoys better health than his advanced age and nature of his life work usually admits.

"I began my life as a sailor," said Capt. Kelley, "on the steamer Superior April 1, 1831. She was the second boat built on the lakes and was set afloat in 1827. She was commanded by Capt. William Pease, her first mate was Levi Allen, and Peter S. Lenholty was second mate. I remained on



CAPT. HENRY KELLEY.

board the season of 1832, known as the cholera season, and again shipped in 1833. About this time Capt. R. C. Bristol, afterward a prominent man of Chicago, brought out a new vessel, the John Kinsey—named after a Chicago man—which was owned by the firm of Dow & Johns of Detroit. I shipped at Buffalo with Capt. Bristol and went to Cleveland with the others of the crew to fit out the new boat.

In relating his experiences Capt. Kelley tells of the great rush to the present site of Chicago in 1833. In that year the general government selected this point to give presents and money to the Indians of the great northwest. The rush of people to the new country was occasioned by desire to trade with the Indians, then assembled in vast numbers. According to Capt. Kelley, this was the initial step of the founding of Chicago. During the year of the rush the John Kinsey brought in a cargo of general merchandise from Buffalo. As there was no harbor, the cargo was brought ashore in a "battoo," which was towed in by the ship's small boat.

Then the John Kinsey was chartered for a trip to Indian Port, Green Bay, for a cargo of rough timber. The round trip was made in fourteen days. When the lumber was rafted ashore the water's edge was lined with people eager to possess enough of the boards, coarse as they were, to erect a primitive hut.

"The spring of 1835," continued Capt. Kelley, "I took command, my first, of the brig North Carolina, which was built at Black River, Ohio, and owned by Capt. Aaron, Root, Richard, and Winslow of Cleveland, and Joy and Weber of Buffalo. That season I traded mostly at Lake Michigan ports and took up nearly all of the machinery used for the first dredge used in Chicago harbor. In the fall of the same year I was at St. Joseph, Mich., with a general cargo, which had to be lightered ashore. While I was paying my bills a gale, blowing on shore, came up suddenly, compelling us to leave without ballast. When off Point Betsey, down the lake, there was a sudden change of the wind from the north. This forced us to run up the lake. We could not see land. At daybreak the next morning we were beached two miles west of Grand Calumet, and there the vessel remained until the spring of 1837. I was sent back by the owners to get off the vessel, which was deeply imbedded in frozen sand, necessitating the use of picks. I walked to Michigan City, a distance of thirty miles, and had twelve picks made, and carried them on my back to the beached ship. When the first six dogs I slung them on my shoulder and walked to Chicago, also a distance of about thirty miles. I made two trips a week with a half-dozen picks until the vessel was launched and at anchor. And then we had another sudden gale, forcing the vessel ashore with her anchors dragging. The owners sent me back again to sell her or get her off the beach. Owing to the fine weather I determined to try again. We were taken back by a small vessel, leaving Chicago on Monday. The following Saturday we had the North Carolina in Chicago. Although the vessel was leaking badly I took chances with sand ballast to get below, where the repairing could be done.

"Off Beaver Island the vessel was capsized in a heavy gale. Two of the crew were lost, the others clinging to the wreckage. We were picked up during the night by the bark Detroit and

taken back to Chicago, where I met my old friend, Capt. Bristol. He gave myself and crew passage to Buffalo on the steamer James Madison, his command at that time. Thus ended my early career on the lakes and the only had luck I ever had. I followed the lakes continuously from 1831 to 1836. During the winter seasons I learned the carpenter's trade and eventually became a builder. I have been connected with the great lakes up to the present time. If I live until March 1 I will be 84 years of age."

Capt. Kelley has an excellent memory, and can in detail describe all the cities along the lakes as they were in the early days. Naturally he has watched the remarkable growth of Chicago, as well as that of other cities now prominent ports. He can not recall the name of a captain who has seen more years of lake marine service than himself, and there is no record of any great lake seaman who has weathered 71 years of sailor life.

MISFORTUNES OF BORGHESE.

Loss of Palaces and Pictures by a Once Mighty House.

The house of Borghese is another example of the mutability of human affairs and a confirmation of the theory of those who consider that to touch trade is to touch pitch, with the consequent contamination, as it was through "business" that they lost their riches. This family, which at one time was royal in all but name, which gave Paul V. to the papacy and made history in the middle ages, which was considered high enough for Napoleon, the "kingmaker," to give a husband to his most beautiful sister—this family is now only known by name in Rome, the last remnant of its glory having just passed into the hands of the Italian government in the shape of the magnificent collection of pictures and sculpture known all over the world as the Borghese gallery. First, their palace, large in the city of the largest palaces in the world, was taken from them, and Rome assisted at the spectacle of a public sale there of their furniture and effects. Gradually other palaces were lost, their villas also all over the country, especially that of Frascati, with all its art treasures, including the gorgeous coaches given by Napoleon I. to Pauline Borghese, going for a mere song to a Jewish banker. And now their art gallery, the largest and perhaps most valuable private collection known, becomes the property of Italy for 2,600,000 lire—really nothing—while the villa in Rome is, to all intents and purposes, the property of the city, as the Borghese are not allowed to sell it piecemeal and are obliged to keep it open to the public. This wonderful collection of artistic treasures is housed in the Casino, a gem in itself, all frescoes, busts and decorations, set in the midst of trees hundred of years old, shaded alleys, moss-grown fountains—in fact, all that goes to make the villa Borghese of universal fame. The crown and glory of the gallery is the great picture "Sacred and Profane Love," by Titian, over which the battle wages, and will always wage, as to which is the sacred and which the profane love. Through much less numerous, the sculpture is not less well known. The nude statue of Pauline Borghese, as Venus, by Canova, having a room to itself, is considered the masterpiece.—London Telegraph.

ANTI-ENGLISH LEADER.

Eugene Etienne, who is now posing as the anti-English leader in the French chamber of deputies, has had a long and distinguished career as a public man. He is now 55 years old. In early manhood he served as inspector-general of the state railroads. In 1851 he was first elected a deputy, serving three terms. In 1858 he became secretary of state for the colonies, which position he held for three consecutive years. In 1852 and again in 1854-55 he was chosen vice-president of the chamber of deputies. He is



EUGENE ETIENNE.

a Republican in politics and a man of great influence with the present government, particularly in the department of foreign affairs. His open and bitter attacks on the policy of England are therefore significant.

The Laughing Cure.

It is an Italian doctor who specially recommends laughter as a cure for modern ills. The diseases influenced by a hearty laugh are numerous, and range from bronchitis to anæmia. It will be interesting to see how the treatment is effected. There is undoubtedly a great opening for professional gelototherapists—the very name makes one smile—who study the various ways of inducing laughter. A course of tickling is prescribed for bronchitis, for example; a course of farcical comedies might suit an anæmic patient, while puns, fired off at intervals, would be found efficacious in cases of pleurisy.

TRADING OF ISLANDS.

RECKLESS DEALING IN OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY.

How Germany and England Swap Vast Areas of Land Belonging to the Blacks—Settling of the Samoan Dispute.

(Special Letter.)

In return for the title to the Samoan Islands, with the exception of Tutuila, which goes to the United States, Germany has ceded to England the Tonga Islands, Savage Islands, and the two largest of the Solomon Islands. The Tonga Islands lie in the south Pacific, and are close to Fiji Islands, which are already under British control. They comprise seven larger islands, with many low-lying and small islets about them. The population, which is almost exclusively made up of natives, is estimated to be 25,000. English missionaries have converted most of the inhabitants to Christianity. The Islands are nominally ruled by George II., a black king, though the German government has maintained officials in the archipelago who had the real authority. Savage Island is a beautiful island, thirty miles in circumference, lying half way between the Tonga Islands and Samoa. It has a population of 6,000, all of them being converts to Christianity. Unlike most of the islands of the south Pacific, Savage is densely wooded. The Solomon Islands, of which two of the largest are ceded to England, lie north of New Guinea and form part of the so-called Bismarck Archipelago.

UCA OR WALLIS IS. FRENCH HORNE IS. GERMAN SAMOA, OR TUTUILA I. U. S. NAVIGATORS ISLANDS. SAVAGE OR NIUE I. GERMAN FRIENDLY IS. GERMAN

FIJI ISLANDS ENGLISH

SAMOAN AND TONGA ISLANDS.

NEXT YEAR'S NEWS.

An Almanac Which Predicts Nothing but Dire Things.

The stars in their courses appear singularly determined to fight against the well being of our planet at the close of this wonderful century, and but for the faint belief that prophets sometimes remain to bless those whom they come to curse readers of Zaddick's almanac for 1900 might well consider the advisability of immediately following the desperate example of Horace Walpole's lady, who, it will be remembered, had made up her mind that when the end of the world arrived she would set out for China, says the London Globe, January opens happily, but, like a fair deceiver, this good nature is not to last. Early in the month there are to be "startling fluctuations on change." In February things grow worse. Destructive fires will be numerous, accidents rife; there will be trouble in the Bombay presidency, and in Bulgaria and Macedonia there are to be "violent outbreaks." During March insanity will be "more than usually prevalent" in America. Greece is threatened in April. Religious disputants are to be hard at it in May. June is to witness avenging anarchism in Austria, Germany, Russia, Turkey and Greece. Spain is to have her turn in July; and what is left of her, together with Italy and France, is to be shaken by earthquake in August. The sultan is to be visited with rebellion in September and France and Italy are to feel the scourging power of war in October. Colonial difficulties for England and disturbance in France, Italy, Afghanistan and Persia mark the passing of November, and December concludes with more trouble for the sultan, fires and public excitement in Paris and a danger of railway accidents in England. Surely after all this the twentieth century must come in like a lamb.

Royal Dress Allowances.

People sometimes wonder what sum is put aside for dress by the daughters of royal houses. An interesting fashion writer tells us that before her marriage the Duchess of Fife had a very small dress allowance—about \$1,500 a year. Besides yachting and everyday dresses and all the usual costumes required by a girl of the upper class, royal princesses have also to wear the costly and elaborate dresses which their rank demands at the weddings of their near relations. They are, however, fortunate in having stores of beautiful laces, priceless furs and marvelous jewels, all of which can be used again and again. On the whole, it may be asserted that a frugal princess may spend as little as \$5,000 a year on her dress, while her more wealthy and extravagant sister may find her dress bills amount to tea times that sum. Age has nothing to do with the matter, for the Queen of Italy

spends far more than does her beautiful young daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess of Naples. The Empress of Russia, who, more than any other European Princess is able to indulge her wildest fancies, dresses with the greatest simplicity. In the daytime she mostly wears tailor-made coats and skirts and in the evening favors the purest white materials.

TALK IS NOT CHEAP.

The Long-Distance Telephone Contradicts the Old Saying.

The telephone contradicts the saying that talk is cheap, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Political candidates often find out the dearness of talk; but the ordinary citizen is most impressed with it when he tries to "phone over 1,000 miles of wire. The recently completed line to Kansas City, for example, costs \$2 a minute, and even 2 cents a minute, the ordinary rate for short distances, is more than it costs to have a cab standing outside the door while one pays a call—in this case very appropriately called "paying" a call. A frugal man, if ever the force of circumstances contrives to have him pay such a call, loses much of the pleasure of the visit, especially those effective pauses the novelists love to dwell on, by the thought of the cab outside with its growing unearned increment. And similarly, whether it be for the same reasons or because of the hypnotizing effect of the little box one speaks into, one can take no pleasure in talking socially through a telephone with a friend, even if one has not seen him for a year or two. However, in a business way, talking through a "phone, even at

CHILD OF WYOMING.

ROMANTIC HISTORY OF UNFORTUNATE FRANCES SLOCUM.

Stolen in 1778. When an Infant, by the Marauding Indians—Nearly Sixty Years Elapse Before Friends Trace Her—Would Not Go Home.

(Wabash, Ind., Letter.)

Charles E. Slocum, a banker of Defiance, Ohio, has determined to erect a monument to the memory of Frances Slocum, known to history as "the lost child of Wyoming." This unfortunate woman possesses a history as romantic as any that ever was known in this or any other country. As a child she was stolen by Indians and carried away into the wilderness in the early days of the republic. She was not discovered by her anxious relatives for nearly sixty years. Banker Slocum is a grand-nephew of Frances and recently visited the lonely little cemetery eleven miles west of this city where the dust of the lost child reposes.

The Slocums came over from England in the early days of settlement on these western shores. As early as 1637 there is record of one of them, Anthony Slocum, purchasing land near



FRANCES SLOCUM.

what is now Taunton, Mass. His son, Giles, was a member of the Society of Friends of Portsmouth, R. I., in 1638. Giles had a great-grandson, Joseph, who lived in the Wyoming valley, Pennsylvania, in the latter half of the eighteenth century. It was July 3, 1778, that the Indians, incited by the British, scattered death and destruction throughout the valley, shooting, scalping and burning. Most of the surviving members fled toward the Delaware river. Joseph Slocum and his family remained to face the danger.

On Nov. 2 of the same year four Indians from the Delaware tribe came toward the house. Two boys named Kingsley, who had escaped from Indian captivity, were standing near the door. One of these was shot and scalped. Mrs. Slocum was the only grown person in the house, as Jonathan Slocum and his father-in-law, Isaac Tripp, were absent from home. She seized her baby and rushed to the woods. Little Mary, her 12-year-old daughter, picked up Joseph, aged 2 years, and ran after her mother. Little Frances, aged 5, hid under the stairway, but the Indians spied her feet sticking out and dragged her from her hiding place. Ebenezer Slocum and the other Kingsley boy were also seized.

Then the mother ran from her retreat with tears pouring down her cheeks and besought the Indians to spare her children. Ebenezer, she said, could do them no good, as he was a cripple. So they dropped the boys and kept Frances only. A searching party was at once organized and it scoured the country for the lost child, but with no success. So the weary weeks passed into months and no tidings came of the little girl. The frantic mother lived in uncertainty as to her fate. Six weeks afterward Jonathan Slocum and Isaac Tripp were shot and scalped by the Indians and the little home was left in mourning.

The search for little Frances, the "lost child of Wyoming," was taken up by the brothers of the poor girl. In 1784 they went as far as Niagara in the hope of finding some trace of her and again in 1788 as far west as the wilderness of Ohio. The next year a council of all the Indians was called at Toga point and the mother walked the entire distance thither to try to find her child. In 1797 the four brothers started again in search of their sister, driving cattle to cover the purpose of their expedition. One of them, Isaac, came through the wilds of Canada as far as Detroit, where he arrived, nearly dead for want of food and exhausted with his long journey. In 1798 the brothers made another trip, but like the former one it was unavailing. In 1807 the mother died, leaving as a heritage the charge to her sons that the search be kept up. For twenty years they kept it up finally locating her near here. When a little girl Frances had accidentally had one of her fingers smashed by a hammer in the hands of one of her brothers. The brothers and their sister, Mrs. Towne, noticed that the aged Indian woman had an injured finger and asked her how it had been hurt. Then she told them that her little brother had let a hammer fall on her finger when she was a little girl in the home of her father. So they knew that this was their long-lost sister.

She told them that on the day when

she was carried away the Indians had taken her to a cave in the mountains, where she cried all night until she went to sleep. The next day she saw her father's party hunting for her, but an Indian stood over her with a knife and threatened to kill her if she uttered a sound. The Indians then took her to Niagara, where the chief had her face painted, her hair dyed and she was dressed in Indian fashion. After two winters the Indians went to Detroit, where they lived for three years. Then they moved to Fort Wayne and lived there twenty years. Later Frances was taken to live near Peru, Ind. She was married to a Delaware Indian, but afterward became the wife of the Miami chief She-fan-can-oh. She was given the name of Mahcnequa, or "Young Bear," and she had two daughters and two sons. By her strength of character and purity she gained great influence among the Indians and they venerated her as their queen.

The emotions of the brothers and Mrs. Towne on beholding their sister was intense, but Frances Slocum was a hardened, stoical, emotionless Indian woman. In reply to their entreaties to go home with them she replied: "I cannot, I cannot; I am an old tree. I cannot move about. I was a sapling when they took me away. I am afraid I should die and never come back. I shall die here and lie in that graveyard, but I am glad to see my white relatives, but I cannot go. I cannot go. I have done." This she said in her Indian tongue, as she had forgotten the use of English. She did pay a visit later to her old home, but returned and died March 9, 1847, at the age of 75 years. She said she had always received good treatment at the hands of the Indians and she took loving care of her children. Now the descendants of her father's family are going to erect a stone to mark her grave.

LINGUISTIC PRODIGES.

Learned Men Who Master Fifty Different Tongues.

When one considers the difficulty of acquiring even a "nodding acquaintance" with two or three languages, it seems almost incredible that some men should be able to speak with the fluency of a native in twenty, and even fifty, strange tongues. It is only a few months since Dr. Gottlieb Leitner, the most famous linguist of this generation, died at Bonn, in Germany. Dr. Leitner, who acted as interpreter to an army in the Crimea war, could speak with equal facility in no fewer than fifty languages; and many of the more abstruse eastern tongues he knew as intimately as his native German. But there have been phenomenal linguists in all ages, from the far-away days of Mithridates, king of Pontus, who could converse with the subjects in each of their twenty-five tongues; and from the days of Cleopatra, who never used an interpreter in her relations with the world's ambassadors. Pico della Mirandola, a learned Italian of the fifteenth century, was eloquent in twenty-two languages, and M. Fulgence Fresnel was familiar with twenty, and in the seventeenth century Nicholas Schmid, a German peasant, translated the Lord's Prayer into as many languages as there are weeks in a year. The greatest linguist of all time, however, was Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died half a century ago. Mezzofanti's linguistic range was so great that he could have conversed in a different tongue every week for two years without exhausting his vocabulary. In all he was familiar with 114 languages and dialects, and in most of them he could speak with such accuracy and purity of accent that he might have been, and often was, mistaken for a native.

MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN.

(Indianapolis Letter.)

Mrs. A. Elbersson, formerly of South Bend, this state, who says she has a special message from heaven, has come



MRS. A. ELBERSSON.

to this city to speak in the streets and distribute her tracts. She says she intends to distribute the tracts free to the poor and to sell them for a penny each to persons able to pay. She says she has spent six years in this work, and in her travels has visited the Holy Land, Italy, Egypt and England. She came here from Chicago, where she has been at work for the last two months.

A Famous Hindu Dead.

Swami Bhaskarananda, the famous Hindu Ascetic, of Benares, is dead. This devout Brahmin, who kept himself naked and self-immured, was visited by nearly all the Indian tourists during their stay at Benares, including the Prince of Wales. He spent his life in a rigid posture, giving no heed to his visitors, and patiently waited for death in the holy city, which, according to Hindu belief, means life everlasting. Although Swami was a celebrity little was learned by his visitors of his actual life or of the beliefs that dictated his peculiar asceticism.