

PIONEER PREACHING.

EXPERIENCES OF A MINISTER IN EARLY DAYS.

When Hold-Ups and Killings Were of Frequent Occurrence — Murderer Escapes Pursuers by Taking Refuge in a Pulpit.

Some of the preachers who visited the West in its early days of development can tell pretty good stories of its wild life; but few have had the experience of Rev. James McFarland, pastor of the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church of Denver. Nineteen years ago last fall he went to Durango. The place was then one of the liveliest spots on earth. Situated so near the corner of four territories it was a favorite resort for thieves, murderers and cattle rustlers of all the surrounding states. The bad men ran rampant until the vigilance committee rose in its might and ran them out. "On the day that I made my entry into Durango," says Rev. Mr. McFarland, "I saw a man galloping at breakneck speed down the main street, a gun in each hand, and firing one of them at every bound of the horse. I wondered what kind of a place I had got into. But I got used to that after a while."

How He Founded His Church.
Before that time the Congregationalists and Methodists had tried to start churches, but failed, owing to the rowdies who broke up the meetings. Rev. Mr. McFarland tried different methods and succeeded. Before starting his meeting the preacher went around among the gambling joints and asked some of the very toughest element to come and act as doorknockers in the house of the Lord. He had a way that pleased them somehow. They went to church and acted as sergeant-at-arms. He put them on their honor to help him run the meeting, and the meeting was run in peace and quiet. After this signal victory Mr. McFarland became very popular, and could go anywhere among the hills of that region without molestation, though he was almost the only man of the region who was allowed the privilege. Hold-ups were so common that they lost the charm of novelty.

Fourteen Roads in Air.
"One day I was riding on horseback from Durango to Animas City," says Mr. McFarland, "when I came plump into the midst of a group of seven men. They were all leading business men of



REV. JAMES MCFARLAND.
the place, and the best friends I had there. Every one of them had his hands raised to heaven, and one highwayman was going through them, while another had them covered with a gun. I had to laugh. "Well, boys," said I, "shall I get in line?" "Where you going, Mr. McFarland?" asked one of the highwaymen. "Down to Animas," I replied. "Well, can you keep your mouth shut?" said he. "You bet I can," said I. "All right, you can ride along," said he. So I went on. Two hours later I was on my return trip, when I came upon them again. They were doing a land-office business that day, sure, for they had another batch of victims with their hands up. In this last lot was a man named Linton, who was almost the only man in town who had refused to give me a cent to help build my church. I laughed when I saw him. "Hullo, there, Linton," said I, "I'm glad somebody's got hold of you at last that can make you shell out." The next day he came and gave me a donation for the church. I knew both the highwaymen. They were called "Trinidad" and "Charlie." One year later I saw them both hanged in Rico.

A Murderer's Refuge.

"I soon had a big Sunday school at Animas City, which was then the larger town of the two, and before long had a church built. One night as I was preaching, a man galloped up to the door. The moment he dropped his reins the horse stopped stock still, as these horses always do. The rider leaped off and rushed into the church. He came along up the aisle, quietly but quickly, at every window stooping so that he could not be seen from the outside. He stepped up into the pulpit and stood exactly behind me. I finished my remarks, made the closing prayer, and gave out the closing hymn, all with the man standing behind me. The people were evidently excited, but they made no disturbance, and after singing, quietly dispersed. There were three brothers of the man in the audience, although I did not know it. After the congregation had dispersed the man said to me: 'Partner, I'm much obliged to you. If ever you're in a tight fix like me, I'll do the same for you.' Then he told me that he had killed a man in Silverton, and that a posse was after him. He had turned aside into the church, and it was a good trick, for they never thought of looking for him there, but went thundering by down to Durango. He

turned in the opposite direction, got away into Utah and was never captured."

A Bullet or a Gold Piece.

One of the most startling adventures Mr. McFarland ever had was just after he went to Durango. The civil war of Durango was in progress, and a battle took place in the streets all one day. It was for some caustic editorials on this day's battle in her paper that Mrs. Romney, the sister of Mrs. L. M. Goddard, had her newspaper office threatened by the rustlers. For a long time after that there were two bands of rustlers and thieves and bad men round about Durango and Animas City, and there was war to the hilt between the bands. Men were shot in the streets daily. One night Mr. McFarland, who was "batching" in a log cabin behind his church, was roused from sleep by a knocking at the door. It was the dead of night, and he demanded to know who was there. A voice replied that it was a friend who wanted to see him. When he opened the door a masked man stepped in, and presented to the astonished young preacher the alternative of a cocked revolver held in one hand and a \$20 gold piece in the other.

A Desperate Chance.

"You can take your choice, parson," said he coolly; "I want you to marry me. If you will, I will give you this \$20. If you won't, I'll give you the contents of this gun."

The preacher said that under the circumstances he was willing to perform the ceremony. As soon as he was dressed the man with the gun led him by a dark and devious way to the banks of the Animas. "The River of Lost Souls" rushed dark and forbidding between its banks. The mountains towered grimly on either side, and upon a not distant hillside twinkled the camp fires of the enemy. The situation was simply that the man with the gun was about to marry a girl connected with one band of the rustlers. The other band, camped on the hillside not far away, were out for blood; and the enamored bridegroom judged it expedient to have the wedding over just as quickly and quietly as possible. So it was held at midnight on the banks of the Animas.

TOLD THE STORIES BEST.

Ignatius Donnelly Discomfited an Adversary by Repeating His Yarns.

The late Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota was one of the best story-tellers in the country. He never forgot an apt or humorous incident, and could not be surpassed in relating it. On one occasion he met in political debate in Minneapolis an adversary named Gilman. The latter undertook to assist his arguments by telling funny stories. Now, it happened that Donnelly knew every one of these stories a good deal better than Gilman did, and if there ever lived in this country a man who could tell a funny story as well as Donnelly could his name was not Gilman.

During the entire length of Mr. Gilman's somewhat prolonged effort the squat figure of the author-orator appeared inconspicuously at the rear of the stage. His chair was tilted back against the wall and he seemed lost in deep reflection on the important statements being made by Gilman, but when the latter concluded with a few airy flourishes and Donnelly walked to the front of the platform everybody felt that something was going to happen. Gilman's stories had excited the merest ripple of merriment and the audience was ripe for a diversion.

"Gentlemen," said the sage, "I have heard Mr. Gilman's stories and it occurs to me that I can perhaps entertain you by telling those stories over again."

Gilman looked aghast at the absurdity of the proposition, and so, for that matter, did the audience, but Donnelly knew what he was doing. Gilman didn't know how to tell a story, but all of the story-tellers of this country none had compassed the art more thoroughly than this north of Ireland genius. In three minutes he had the crowd in a frenzy of hilarity. Finishing one of Gilman's stories he would turn with his little fat hands on his hips and gaze at the discomfited Gilman, while the crowd shrieked and gasped with merriment. In this wise he went down the line with every one of Gilman's stories, turning their points in his own favor, and by this species means so thoroughly discredited the latter's arguments that there was no possible question on the result of the debate.

The Banner City for Big Policemen.

The largest aggregation of fat policemen in the world is to be found on the Chicago police force. A majority of the members of the force, including officers, have grown in weight much beyond the maximum limit set down in the "physical test" of the civil service examination. According to the test, as shown by its graduations in heights and minimum and maximum measurements, the average weight of the 2,843 men on the police pay rolls should be 182 pounds. Instead of this the average is found to be 210 pounds. Some of the men are more in excess than others, but hypothetically Chicago is protected by policemen who are interfered with in the discharge of their duties by a large quantity of superfluous flesh. The aggregate weight of the entire force is 596,991 pounds.

Standing Timber in Our Country.

A report will be issued from Washington soon which estimates that the standing timber in the United States covers an area of 1,094,496 square miles and contains a supply of 2,300,000,000,000 feet.

STRONG CHARACTER

WAS REV. FEE, WHO DIED RECENTLY

One of the strong characters of antebellum days passed away recently in the person of John G. Fee, founder of Berea College in Kentucky. In early life he presumed that slavery was wrong. Rather than abandon this conviction and recede from his early formed purpose to aid in bringing about the freedom of the blacks, he forsook home, incurred parental ill will, struggled for years against the enmity of his former friends and bent his back to receive the lash which only respect for his courage prevented falling. Eventually he saw the hopes of his early years fulfilled and lived long enough to see old prejudices and hatreds mellowed by the softening touch of time and to enjoy the esteem of those who once reviled him. His early days were turbulent; his final years were peaceful and if there was aught of vanity in his composition he could contemplate with pride the noble monument to his youthful zeal and fortitude which he himself erected—Berea College, in Madison county, Ky. Years ago it was a rallying point for racial prejudice; to-day it is regarded throughout the South as one of its most beneficent institutions, from which there graduate annually 500 blacks and white mountaineers, who go forth to lives of usefulness.

A Slave Holder's Son.

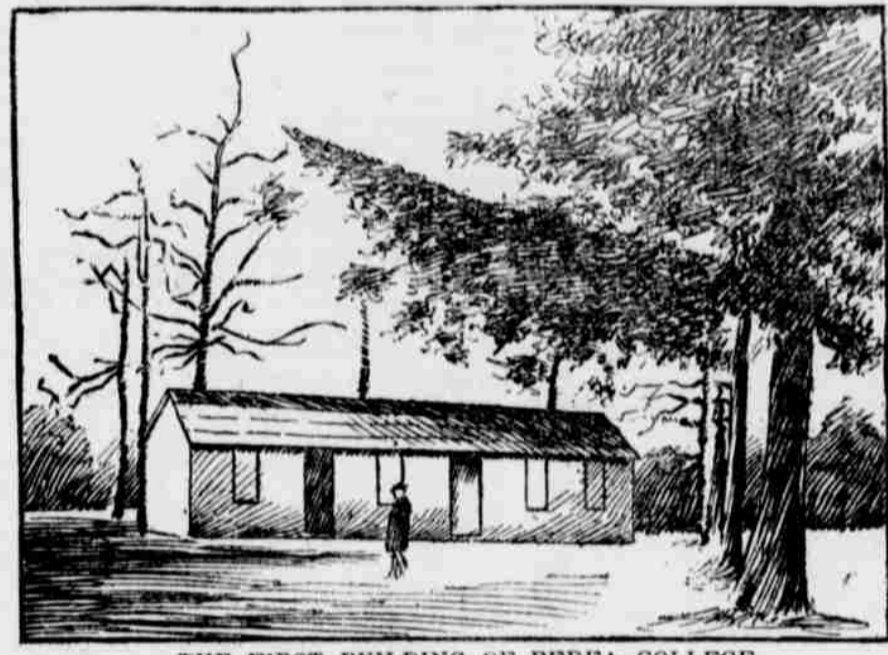
Fee was born in Bracken county, Ky., September 9, 1816. His father owned a dozen slaves, but the son, after passing through Lane Theological Seminary, became a pronounced abolitionist. His father disinherited him and when he preached anti-slavery doctrines, the church authorities dismissed him. With his young wife he wandered hither and thither in Kentucky, preaching where he could get hearers and taking shelter wherever it could be found. His father, years before, had given him a tract of land. This he now sold, not to use its proceeds for his material welfare, but to purchase the freedom of a slave. In 1853 Cassius M. Clay, the lion-hearted old Kentuckian, the vicistitudes of whose latter years have aroused no

small amount of pity for him, invited Fee to preach in Madison county, where he gave him a farm. Here he founded a school—the original Berea College. It was only a small frame structure, but humble as it was, it proved fertile ground for the seeds which Fee sowed. Its work began in 1855, and Fee had the assistance of several teachers from Oberlin College. After a time prominent families sent their sons and daughters there. It was closed during the war.

At the close of the war the school was reopened and a charter as a col-



REV. JOHN G. FEE.
lege was obtained. Negroes were admitted: Nevertheless the college flourished and there was no friction between white and black students. To-day Berea has property which, with an endowment of \$100,000, makes the assets of the college fully \$300,000. Fourteen teachers are employed and their experiences with the children of the Kentucky mountains are most interesting. Most of the pupils who are not black belong to the families of mountaineers whose dialect and customs are the bases of many entertaining tales and the polishing of whose roughness requires no small amount of patience.



THE FIRST BUILDING OF BEREA COLLEGE.

A Veteran Trades Unionist

One of the oldest active trades unionists in the country is Maj. Sam L. Leffingwell of Indianapolis Typographical Union No. 1. He was born in Chillicothe, O., in 1830. He was a newspaper apprentice in 1844, a soldier in the Mexican war, 1847-8, and became a member of Cincinnati Typographical Union in 1850. For the next ten years he shifted around the country working at his trade. Mr. Leffingwell was major of the Thirty-first Ohio, also of the Eighty-seventh Ohio, and a private of Company H, First Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, in the civil war of 1861-5. He organized the Trades Assembly now Central Union, Indianapolis, July, 1881; was its president five terms; del-

Workingmen's Hard Lot in Siam.

Workingmen of Siam have an unenviable time compared with the condition of workers in similar lines in other lands. The highest rate of wages paid there for a day's labor is: Engineers, 75 cents; blacksmiths, 75 cents; men's tailors, 50 cents; cabinet-makers, carpenters and bricklayers, 30 to 40 cents; laborers, 15 to 30 cents, and farm hands, \$12 to \$13 a season. These rates are considered so high that they are attracting thousands from forests and smaller cities and towns and from Hong Kong and Singapore to the capital of Siam. When the prices paid for articles of food are taken into consideration it is difficult to see how these people live at all. Following is a sample of the leading articles of food: Turkeys, \$2.50 to \$5 each; bacon, 23 to 45 cents per pound; butter, 30 to 45 cents; lard, 25 to 32 cents; coffee, 28 to 32 cents; canned goods, 20 to 30 cents a can; ham, 23 to 45 cents a pound; mutton, 25 cents; sugar, 8½ cents.

Learning the Prices.

"The ways of the female shopper are beyond the ordinary salesman's ken," said a disgusted optician, who is in business in the shopping district of the city. "A woman came in here the other day and asked the prices of all kinds and styles of spectacles and eyeglasses known to those in the trade. Finally, after a half hour's quizzing, she rustled out with the remark: 'Thank you. I expect to receive a pair of glasses for a birthday present, and I just wanted to know about the prices of them.'"

Mammoth Paris Kitchen.

Perhaps the largest kitchen in the world is that in the Bon Marche, Paris. Its kitchen staff consists of 60 cooks and 100 kitchen boys. It provides food for 4,000 employees of the house. It has 50 frying pans, each of which holds 300 outlets at a time. It has a coffee machine that makes 750 quarts of coffee daily; the smallest kettle holds 75 quarts. For the one item of omelets on the daily bill of fare 7,800 eggs are used, the omelets being served only at breakfast.



MAJ. SAM L. LEFFINGWELL.
egate, Pittsburg, 1881, present American Federation, drafted original platform of that body; again delegate American Federation of Labor, 1882, Cleveland, and presided at that session; organized Indiana State Federation of Labor, 1883; was its president two years; organized Alpha Assembly 1,712, at Indianapolis, 1882, then District Assembly, with 34 locals; also locals at Lebanon, Lafayette, Muncie, Fort Wayne, Rushville, Richmond, Ind., and at Dayton, O.; and now, as a hand typesetter, in his 71st year, is working at the case in a book concern at Indianapolis.

A MODERN TURPIN.

MARVIN KUHN'S TERRORIZED TWO STATES.

Has Committed Every Offense, from Petty Larceny to Murder—Horsestealing His Favorite Occupation—His Escapes.

The escaped criminal, Marvin Kuhns, who was captured the other day in Indiana and returned to the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus, from which he had unexpectedly made his departure, may properly be called the Modern Dick Turpin. Horse thief, jail bird, bandit, murderer, and outlaw, he has had a career of crime and escapes that puts the dime novelist to shame. Every crime from the taking of another's property to the killing of a human being, can be properly charged against him. He has escaped again and again. He has attacked an officer with his manacled hands and driven away with his captor's wagon. He has been surrounded and by his cool bravado forced his pursuers to open a free passage. He has stood off sheriff's posse and shot them down. He has driven judge, officers and witnesses from a court room and walked out unmolested. In short, his daring has equaled his wickedness. He is only 30 years old, and his desperate, lawless career in highly civilized communities has few parallels. He was a bad boy, and since his seventeenth year there has been no time in which he has not been a prisoner or hunted by the officers of the law. He has served ten years on a life sentence.

Criminal Environment in Youth.

Noble county was the rendezvous sixty years ago of horse thieves and counterfeiters. Traditions of their exploits linger to this day and are calculated to influence wild, imaginative, novel-reading boys. In his youth Kuhns became a thief and bully, and a band of other turbulent spirits gathered about him as their leader. The township in which he lived is dotted with small lakes, which are surrounded by forests, and these furnished his safe hiding places when pursued. When he was seventeen years old he stole a horse. Lodged in jail, he plotted with another criminal to escape. They attacked the sheriff, beat him into senselessness, took his keys and escaped. Three officers cornered him, but he knocked down two and eluded the third. Ultimately he was captured and sent to the prison at Michigan City for two years. After serving this term he went to Ohio, stole and sold horses, was caught after a while and brought before a justice. The bandit listened to the evidence quietly for an hour. At an opportune moment he slowly rose from his seat and drew a revolver from each bootleg. At the point of these weapons he commanded justice, constables, witnesses and spectators to move into an adjoining room, they went pell-mell. He then locked them in, concealed his revolvers and strolled out, making good his escape.

Kuhns was once captured by two officers near Columbus, and one of his captors named Mahoney, undertook the duty of driving him to that city to be lodged in jail. Mahoney had his prisoner handcuffed, but did not know his man. They rode side by side in a buggy. The desperado waited quietly until the officer's attention was diverted. Then he sprang to his feet and struck Mahoney a terrific blow on the head. The officer was stunned, and Kuhns, after dumping his captor into the road, took his horse and carriage and drove off, making good his escape.

A Missionary 69 Years

Rev. Dr. Elias Riggs, the oldest missionary of the American board, died in Constantinople a few days ago. He had been in the service of the American board sixty-nine years. Dr. Riggs was born in New Providence, N. J., in 1810. His predilection for linguistic studies was shown very early, for he was studying Greek and Latin when he was nine years of age, and Hebrew at thirteen. Entering Amherst college in 1825, before he was fifteen years old,



REV. DR. ELIAS RIGGS.
he graduated before he was nineteen. After the three years at the Andover Theological seminary he received at once, in 1832, appointment as a missionary of the American board, and his twenty-second birthday was passed while crossing the Atlantic, on his way first to Malta and then to Greece. During his long and laborious life he has wrought principally for four distinct races, the Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians and Turks. The three works which will remain as his special monument are the translations of the bible into Armenian, Bulgarian and Turkish, in which he bore a principal part.

Held Up His Captor.

On another occasion the bandit was arrested on the streets of Huntington, Ind. He accompanied the marshal without any show of resistance, but at the door of the jail he threw off the mask of meekness. Whipping out a revolver he made the officer back up against the wall and hold up his hands. The desperado backed away some distance and took to his heels. The marshal started in pursuit, firing his revolver as he ran, but the daring criminal escaped the bullets and fled to safety.

It was Kuhns' lot to be in jail in southern Michigan at one time, but he broke out and started for Indiana. On the way he turned burglar, entered a farmhouse and stole the wedding suit of a young man who was to be married the next day. The disconsolate swain and his friends started in pursuit, overtook the thief on the highway and surrounded him. When the came uncomfortably close the fugitive displayed his ever-ready weapon and shouted:

"Better make a gap in that circle unless some of you want to get hurt."

The gap was made, and the thief went his way without further molestation. He occasionally visited his father and did a little work on the paternal farm.

His Last Escape.

About ten years ago he was convicted of the murder of William Camp near Fostoria, O., and sentenced to the pen-



MARVIN KUHN'S.

itentiary for life, but he was not imprisoned until he had made one escape, engaged in a deadly fight and had been wounded. In November of last year he was taken to the boiler-room of the prison to make some repairs, which on account of his mechanical skill he was frequently called upon to do. Being left alone a few minutes he crawled out of a coal hole, reached the sidewalk and started for liberty. His old habits immediately came into play, for he needed a suit of citizen's clothes to take the place of his stripes and conceal his identity as a jail bird. After going a short distance his practiced eye noticed a house whose curtains indicated that the family was absent. He hesitatingly broke into it, changed his prison garb for a newly-made suit and came forth well disguised. He got out of the neighborhood of the penitentiary as quickly as possible, stole a horse and buggy from a farmer's barn and drove overland for his old haunts. A reward of \$1,250 was offered for his capture by the Ohio authorities. Finally one day last week he was overpowered by a number of officers, but not before he had shot two of them.

THE RUSSIAN COSSACKS,

The Only Way to Become One of Them Is by Inheritance.

The Cossacks form a branch of the Russian service which has no parallel in any other army in the world. They are irregular cavalry. The son of a Cossack is a Cossack as soon as he is born, and is taught the use of arms and the traditions of his warrior race all through his boyhood. So exclusive is this hereditary military caste that it is almost impossible for an officer of the regular army, no matter how high his rank, to secure a commission in a Cossack regiment unless he has inherited the right to such command. Several hundred years ago the Cossacks were lawless bands of freebooters living on the banks of the Don and the Dnieper in Russia. When this territory was absorbed into the Russian dominions the Cossacks were confronted with the problem of turning these turbulent people into good citizens. They had always been trained to martial life and the use of arms, so the most natural and the best solution of the problem seemed to be to turn them all into soldiers. The experiment proved a great success. They are organized into regiments, but only certain of the officers are on duty all the time. Each man gets his horse and a small pay from the government when not on active duty, and is allowed to settle down and to rear a family. When the government call comes, however, the Cossack must give immediate obedience, and sometimes there is the necessity of his being kept many years in the field. There are many of these regiments in Siberia. They came in with the first adventurers and settlers, and did much to wrest these lands from the primitive inhabitants.

The total number of students at the universities of Germany is 34,289—a gain of 6,000 in ten years.