

RELEASED BY GRANT.

After President Johnson's Order Had Been Ignored.

A Characteristic Story Illustrating the Gentleness of the General and Brusqueness of Secretary Stanton.

[Special Washington Letter.]

THE autocrat of the gardens is Col. William R. Smith, and he is a hero-worshiper. Nobody can get any choice flowers from the botanical gardens except with the approval of Col. Smith, who is the veteran superintendent of those bowers; and nobody can get close to the heart of the genial Scot without knowledge of Robert Burns, all that he wrote and all that he was. Col. Smith worships at the shrine of Bobbie Burns.

Not long ago a new member of congress was told that admiration of Burns, properly expressed in the presence of the superintendent of the gardens would win him friendship of value; for this superintendent of the gardens directs the floral supplies for all of the statesmen and their families. The new member induced an old member to call with him and introduce him. After the exchange of a few commonplaces, the new member noticed the splendid collection of Burns' works, and said: "You deserve congratulations for having such an excellent collection of the works of Jimmy Burns."

Like a raging, roaring lion the angry old man shouted: "Jimmy Burns, ignoramus; talk to me of Jake Washington, Jimmy Grant, Billy Lincoln, or show your ignorance in any other way, but don't insult me in my own den by talking of Jimmy Burns."

The new member went out of the presence of the autocrat of the gardens, and what flowers he gets during his term of service here will not give him any foundation for bragging when he gets home.

During the civil war, when Early's raiders came near capturing the national capital, Col. Smith was a volunteer soldier and came near being captured by his old friend, Gen. Breckenridge. He tells an interesting story of his experiences in the field, and what a masterly retreat he made at double quick for a couple of miles down Seventh street road, back to his botanical gardens. He has a scrap book replete with reminiscences of those days, and one of them gives an insight into the character of Secretary Stanton and the character of Gen. Grant which will interest every reader. It is a story told by the late Attorney General Garland, who had formerly been a member of the confederate senate.

At his hotel in this city, shortly after Andrew Johnson had been advanced to the presidency, Gen. Garland received a visit from the wife of Hon. Clement C. Clay, who had been captured and confined at Fort Warren. She was advised to call upon President Johnson in behalf of her husband, who was not only in prison, but in delicate health. She shrank from such an ordeal, because Andrew Johnson was regarded as an ogre by all southern people of the upper classes. They could not comprehend how any southern man could conduct himself as Johnson had done. Gen. Garland assured her that President Johnson would receive her with courtesy, and that he would treat her with kindness. Having great confidence in the wisdom of Gen. Garland, she finally concluded that she



"TAKE THIS TO MR STANTON."

must make the effort in behalf of her husband, and promised to do so the following morning.

The next evening she called upon Gen. Garland, in tears, and with a worn-out, almost broken hearted expression, and sobbed forth her story. After much difficulty she was accorded an interview with President Johnson, who received her with kindness and sympathy. He was polite and kind-hearted, listened to her with encouragement and patience, and sent for the papers in the case. He then wrote an order for the release of her husband. He said: "Take this to the secretary of war, who will endorse it, and then you can go to Fort Warren and have your husband released."

She had gone to the war department to see the secretary of war, and had more difficulty in securing an audience with him than she had had in getting into the presence of the president. When she was at last in his

presence he remained in his chair, did not ask her to sit down, did not show a sign of regard for her, but harshly inquired after her business. She told her story as gracefully as possible, stated that she had just come from the president, who had taken great interest in the case, and presented the order of the president for the release of her husband.

Secretary Stanton snatched the order from her hand, read it, grunted angrily, tore the order into two pieces, and dropped it into the waste basket beside him. He sneered, made no remark, turned to his desk, paid no more attention to her, and she was shown to the door.

The beautiful and accomplished woman who had been born and reared to society leadership felt the snub and insult more keenly than would one unaccustomed to courtesies, and it was difficult to console her. Gen. Garland thought rapidly, as he endeavored to remember where he had last seen Gen. Clay, feeling that there was something he ought to remember. At last he arose rapidly and said: "Madame, I have found the solution of your difficulty. Be of good cheer, for I know how to secure the release of your husband. Secretary Stanton may be a bigger man than the president; but there is a man in this city who is a bigger man than Stanton, and he is a gentleman, too. That man is Gen. Grant. Under the terms of the sur-



STANTON TORE UP THE ORDER.

render of Gen. Lee your husband is entitled to release anyway, for he was one of Lee's brigadier generals."

Mrs. Clay thought not, and was sure that she would have heard of it if her husband had been a brigadier. But Gen. Garland said: "I remember very distinctly that in the last days of the confederacy I voted in the senate for the confirmation of Clement C. Clay to be a brigadier general. You must go and see Gen. Grant, and see him to-night, as I understand he is going away to-morrow, or very soon. Go to Grant and tell him your husband was one of Lee's brigadier generals, and ask for his release from prison."

In a few minutes she was seated in the carriage which Gen. Garland had ordered for her and speeding to the residence of the great federal general. He had just finished his supper, but greeted Mrs. Clay in his parlor, heard her story in silence, then struck a bell and told the attendant who answered it to send Gen. Badeau to him. Grant introduced Mrs. Clay, and said: "Badeau, please look and see whether Clement C. Clay is a brigadier general in the confederate army."

In a very few minutes Badeau returned with the statement that Mr. Clay's name appeared on the roster as a confederate brigadier, and at once Gen. Grant wrote an order for the release of the prisoner, handing it to the grateful woman. He said: "Take that paper to the secretary of war. I don't think he will throw it into the waste basket." The general then politely excused himself as he had barely time to reach a train which was to take him out west that very night.

On the following morning Mrs. Clay called upon the secretary of war, and was rudely received even by the messengers who had seen how curtly she had been received the day before. She was told that it would be useless for her to send in her card, as the secretary would not see her. No farther than the messengers could she get until an army officer came into the room. She did not know him, but told him that she had a note from Gen. Grant, (showing him the well known signature) and that the messengers refused to take in her card. The officer said that he would do so, and she gave him her card. In a few minutes the bell rang, and a messenger was told to admit Mrs. Clay. When she entered, Secretary Stanton did not even look up, but grimly said: "I suppose you want to tell me that story all over again, but it will be useless, as I am too busy to listen to it. That is all; good morning."

But Mrs. Clay did not tremble affrighted this time. On the contrary, she placed the order before him, saying: "That is all. Good morning."

She did not stop to even glance at him. She knew that he would not tear up that order. On the contrary, he approved it, and Mrs. Clay left for Boston that afternoon, where she secured the release of her husband. SMITH D. FRY.

THE PIMAS AT HOME.

Thrifty Tribe of Comparatively Unknown Indians.

They Are Not Only Industrious, But Anxious to Make Use of the White Man's Labor-Saving Devices.

[Special Arizona Letter.]

THE Pima Indians are not the only people who have gained a name by a mistake. The name Pima is simply nonsense, and if the old Spanish writers who first used it had sense enough to investigate a little farther it would never have been written. A wise old Pima thus explained how it occurred. Said he: "When the white men first came and asked my people who they were, they did not fully understand what the question meant, and so they replied: 'Pimaj.' ('I do not understand!') And as they invariably give this reply to the same question, the Spaniards wrote the answer that way, and so it has remained ever since."

The Yokuts, of California, gained their American name, so I am recently informed, in much the same manner. When the people who lived above them were asked: "And who lives below here?" the answer was given "My-net Yokut," which means "many people," signifying that people of many different tongues and speech lived there. The answer was taken as a name, and it has ever since been applied to the people who live on the Tule River reservation and thereabouts. The real name of the Pimas, by which they designate themselves, is Au-an-tem, which means "the men" or "the people."

From the earliest years that they have been known to and by the white man, they have always been kindly disposed and friendly. When Zakis, Seris, Apaches, Mohaves, Wallapais and Navahoes all around them were warring with the hated white intruder, they were attending peacefully to their own avocations as farmers, basket and pottery makers, etc., and never joined in the general crusade against the white man.

Though there is but one agency, the Pimas are located in two sections, viz., the Sacaton and the Gila Crossing. The latter is the smaller portion of the reservation, and is near to Phoenix, the capital city of the territory of Arizona. It is a pleasant drive from Phoenix, over the ridge into the Gila valley, to the reservation, and anyone interested in Indian life will enjoy a day spent there.

According to recent statistics, there are a little over 4,000 Pimas. On the



A PIMA KI, OR ANCIENT HOUSE.

same reservation there are also some Papagoes and Maricopas, nearly 700 of the former and over 300 of the latter. Of this 5,000 people, there are about 1,000 who have learned enough English to manage to get along in an ordinary business conversation. The government reports that 370 of them have houses in which they live. These are generally of adobe and are quite comfortable, though they look not much more so than the ki—pronounced key—or old-fashioned oval house of their ancestors. The photograph gives a good idea of the ki, and it is so well covered with earth that with but very little stuffing up of small holes, I have used it in the middle of the brilliant day as a dark room for the changing of over a hundred plates.

An industrious people; no one could honestly class them with the so-called lazy Indians. When I told them that many whites said they were lazy, the chief of the village at Gila Crossing asked me to come and see him and his people at work, building a dam for irrigation purposes. I went and spent the morning with them, and found a large gang of men, old and young, hard at work, driving in stakes to help hold the dirt, digging, plowing, scraping and the like.

This chief, whose photograph I here present, is known to the whites as John Thomas. To his own people, however, he rejoices in the name "Wau-Kot-o-bai-y," which means "Got Something in the Stomach." This is a clear enough indication of prosperity, one might think, for the man

whose name implies that he always has something in his stomach suggests that he never knows what it is to go hungry. Though in this case such a supposition would be correct, that, however, is not the meaning of the name. Like many a white person, John Thomas has a vivid imagination as to his "insides," and having felt some queer movement there at some time, one of the old medicine men made him believe he was suffering from something which had grown within him—a lizard, a frog, a horned toad, or something of similar nature. Hence the name.

He and his assistants had constructed an irrigation canal two or three miles in length, which was to



CHIEF JOHN THOMAS.

take out water from the Gila river and convey it to their lands. The work I saw them do was the construction of the dam, and right heartily they worked at it. It was a very picturesque sight, for there was variety in the workers. Some were old men, who wore their hair long, way down almost to their waists, and fixed in loose strands like black rope. One old man came in in a top hat that might have belonged to some member of an old-time Cleveland club. He was evidently very proud of it, and insisted on wearing it when I made his photograph.

Photographers generally have found it rather hard to get the Pimas to allow them to make their pictures and it may prove interesting to relate how I got my fine and extensive set of negatives. It was Saturday when I arrived at Gila Crossing, and my friend at once took me to the

CAUSES GREAT LOSS.

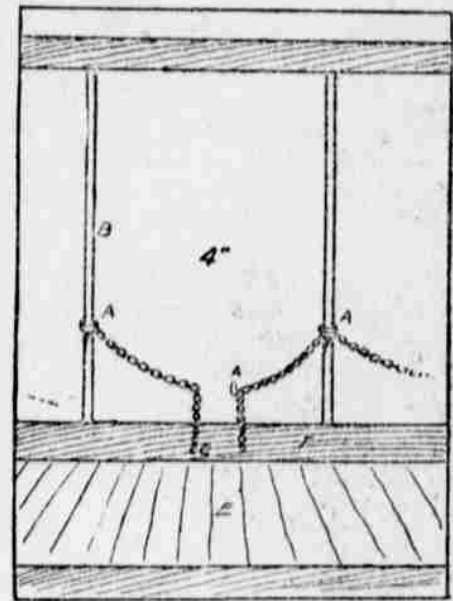
Instructive Information Concerning Apthous Fever, or Foot and Mouth Disease.

The outbreak of apthous fever, commonly known as foot-and-mouth disease, among cattle in several New England states, carries with it a fear of widespread human infection, says the Rural New Yorker, as the disease is highly contagious among warm-blooded animals, and is known to be transmissible to humans under certain conditions of exposure, but such infection is really so rare as not to be worth consideration. Like many other plagues and pests it came to this country originally from northern Europe. Though seldom fatal, apthous fever causes great loss in reducing the flesh and vitality of the animals attacked, but particularly through the interference of commerce by the rigid quarantine needed to limit an epidemic of this serious affection. The average loss of flesh in horned cattle attacked by apthous fever is estimated at nearly \$10 each, and in dairy cows much more. The disease is primarily a skin affection, and is especially severe about the mouth, udder and feet, developing severe and extensive blisters about these parts. The hoofs, as appendages of the skin, suffer great damage in neglected cases, especially among hogs and sheep. The most efficient treatment consists mainly in the local application of antiseptics and should always be given by a competent veterinarian. The infection of apthous fever appears to be entirely transmitted by direct contact with disease products and chiefly affects humans through milk from sick animals, when it may produce dangerous irritation of the intestines. It is plain the most radical means should be taken to stamp out the disease on its first appearance and limit outbreaks to the smallest possible territory, and it is in every case a fit subject for control by local health boards. Apthous fever is one of a small group of diseases communicated to man by domestic animals, among which rabies or dog madness is the most common and distressing. Glanders and carbuncle, or malignant pustule, both fortunately quite rare, are examples of this class, while able authorities still deny the possibility of consumption or bovine tuberculosis being transmitted from cattle to man.

SANITARY COW TIE.

It Is Made of Chain and Thoroughly Clean, and for the Latter Reason Highly Recommended.

The cleanest possible way to fasten a cow in the stall is by the chain tie. Dirt and microbes do not adhere readily to a chain that is in motion. Another very important advantage is the freedom of motion allowed the cow. The uprights (b) are 1½ in. gas pipe.



EXCELLENT COW TIE.

Rings (a a) permit the cow to raise or lower her head or to move sideways the width of the stall, while she cannot move ahead or back more than a step. The snap (c) hooks into the other end of the collar chain, rendering it impossible for the cow to get loose. A cement rail (f) forms the back part of the manger, into which the gas pipe uprights (a) are set. The uprights (c) are shown four feet apart, but this distance should be governed by the size of the cow. The floor is shown at e, sloping to the gutter in the usual way.—F. A. Converse, in Farm and Home.

Sterilizing Garden Soil.

The practice of sterilizing the soil for greenhouse or cold-frame work is coming more and more in vogue with large market gardeners. Exposure to steam heat, which raises the temperature to above 150 or 160, or even 180, degrees will kill the germs of damping-off, blights, rots, etc. W. W. Rawson says he can now grow better crops on sterilized soil under glass than outdoors. A writer in Farm and Fireside says: "We who have not the facilities for sterilizing the soil in this manner must content ourselves with changing the soil on the greenhouse benches every year, getting a new supply where we believe it to be uninfected from such disease germs."

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.