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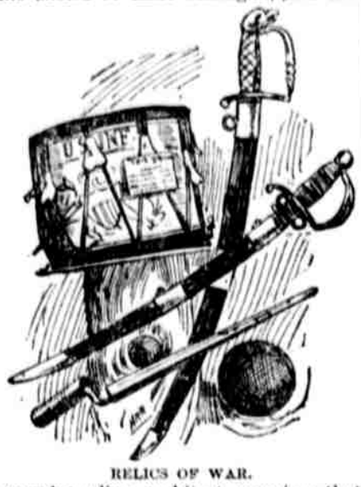
GOING TO CHICAGO

LIBBY PRISON TO BE RE-ERECTED THERE BRICK BY BRICK.

The Scheme Has Been Revived and Will Now Be Swiftly Carried Through—The Old Structure to Be Made the Nucleus of a Great Museum—Old Curiosities.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—It is at last settled that old Libby prison is to come to Chicago: that it will be erected, brick by brick, beam for beam, just as it now stands, just as it stood when the war closed and the prisoners marched out. A Chicago company has bought the prison building, and has formed for its future a plan which is of genuine national interest. First the old prison is to be brought to this city by two trains of cars. Every part of the building will be photographed in sections, the sections lettered, and each component brick and stick will be marked with a number. Thus the old building will arise anew on the shores of Lake Michigan, and the



RELICS OF WAR.

superintending architect promises that every surviving prisoner who left his name or the crude pictorial imprint of his hours of patience upon those walls—which have voices if not ears—will, after the migration of a thousand miles and the lapse of a quarter of a century, be able to find those records just as he left them.

Libby prison in Chicago will become the nucleus of a great national museum of the late war. I use the word national advisedly. It will not be a sectional enterprise. Relics and mementoes of the brave armies of the Confederacy and of her almost innumerable heroes will be given even prominence with those from the north.

* * *

The chief organizing spirit of this enterprise is Mr. C. F. Gunther, a Chicago merchant. It is a noteworthy, a surprising fact that this young man, for he is only 40, and this youngest of the great cities, already possess the most extensive and valuable collection of rare manuscripts, books, autograph letters and articles of historic and curious interest on the continent. Mr. Gunther is among the few really great private collectors in the world. His collection is one of the sights of Chicago. Above his store in the heart of the city is a room probably 200 feet by 40. It is literally filled with rare and curious things which some time ago amazed so distinguished and critical a visitor as Charles Dudley Warner, who expressed his admiration throughout several pages of Harper's Magazine. This museum is free to the public, and the visitors are numbered by thousands.

THE SKIN OF THE SERPENT.

"But this is not a beginning of what I have," said Mr. Gunther. "I have enough articles of rare and curious value to fill ten such floors as these. This building is fireproof, except as against a conflagration which destroys a city; but for prudence sake I keep my most valuable collections in vaults."

"How long have you been in making this mavelous collection?"

"Only fifteen years," responded Mr. Gunther smilingly; "but you know we Chicago men have the reputation of doing things quickly."

"And you must have expended large sums of money?"

"I do not know how much I have spent. I do not want to know. I never give any thought to that part of it. If I did I might be frightened at my own lavishness."

* * *

I have heard good judges estimate that for his vast collection Mr. Gunther must have expended in all more than half a million dollars. Perhaps this is too high, but with thousands upon thousands of articles which have cost from $1 to $1,000, the aggregate sum must, indeed, be a large one. I asked Mr. Gunther to name his most valuable article.

"For an autograph of Shakespeare," said he, "the only one in America, I paid $1,000. Twenty thousand dollars would not buy it."

Mr. Gunther has correspondents all over the world, who daily send him lists of curio for sale. His representatives attend all the auction sales of such articles, the world over. His reputation as an indefatigable, liberal collector has thus become world wide.

* * *

Not in a hundred such columns as these could a list of Mr. Gunther's most noteworthy articles be given. But some brief mention will enable the reader to grasp the extent and scope of this incomparable collection. Think of all the noted men and women of history, Noah, Moses and Alexander the Great, perhaps, excepted, and here you find something which their hands have touched. Here is spread before us a miniature panorama of all recorded time, something which breathes the personality or genius of all great historic figures. Here is a box made of wood taken from John Milton's house; hundreds of ancient Bibles, in all languages—Bibles printed or written; manuscripts which carry one back almost to the patriarchs; maps which were made before America was dreamed of; a gorgeously illuminated "Plutarch's Lives," made in 1524; an ancient Greek jar fished up by sponge fishers from the Straits of Salamis, wherein it was sunk 480 B. C.; ancient Roman and Aztec sandals; scale armor worn by Cortez's conquering soldiers—suits of mail composed of many hundreds of little shields of sheet metal; an Aztec sacrificial bowl a thousand years old, on which may still be seen the stain of blood from human victims; old English jack boots three centuries old; queer, great or beautiful swords from all times and nations; a mummified Indian baby found in a tree top in Montana, probably a century old, but with the infantile expression still upon its countenance and its little hands sweetly folded upon its breast; ghastly relics of the torture room of the Spanish inquisition; chain armor which some knight proudly bore 500 years ago; a piece of Shakespeare's crab tree; old state documents from England and France, ominous looking things with wax seals upon them as big as soup plates; rare paintings by the hundred, including such prizes as Clouet's oil portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, painted from life; a vest worn by Napoleon the Great; embroidery fashioned by the hand of Elizabeth; the carved dress sword of King Henri of France; Gen. Putnam's pitchfork; innumerable relics of Washington; an original portrait of Montezuma painted by a Spanish monk in 1530; the only painting of burning Chicago painted from sketches made on the spot; the only original portrait of Shakespeare in America; stacks of ancient choral books, hand printed, beautifully illuminated with letters three inches square, so that many singers could read from one book.

* * *

A center of attraction is one of the princesses of the house of Pharaoh. Here, in the midst of Chicago's hurlyburly, one may gaze upon a princess whose beauty commanded the homage of kings who reigned a thousand years before Alexander conquered the world—a beautifully embalmed princess, whose mummy was taken from the tombs at Thebes a few years ago. As Mr. Gunther eloquently says: "With the daughter of Pharaoh and her maidens this very princess may have walked to the bath along the banks of the Nile on that historic day when from the waters was lifted the infant Moses, whose laws were to be the foundation of empires. She may have watched with curiosity, if not with interest, the career of that wonderful foundling. If the lips which we in Chicago may now gaze upon could open and speak they might tell of the departure of the Israelites from Egypt and of the pursuit by Pharaoh's hosts."

EMBALMED PRINCESS.

The article which brings most astonishment to the visitor is a piece of brown and purple skin pasted upon framed parchment. Attached to it are large red seals, accompanied by hieroglyphics which only the scholars are able to decipher, and above all this startling inscription:

SKIN OF THE SERPENT

THAT TEMPTED EVE IN THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

It was killed by Adam the following day after the treason.
Adam hit it with a club, of which traces are still left.
This skin was part of the inheritance of Adam, and was preserved in his family in Asia.
The genuineness is attested by the doctors of divinity, whose seals are attached.

The visitor is fairly in a humor to have faith in all things purporting to come from the misty past, even in this piece of skin from the serpent which was the root of all evil, but Mr. Gunther blandly informs us that the frame, skin, inscription, seals and all, hung for centuries in an old French church whose worshipers believed as devoutly in the authenticity of the relic as they believed in their Saviour. The learned doctors of divinity vouched for the genuineness of the relic. Mr. Gunther does not.

* * *

There is no end to the long list of autograph letters and original manuscripts. In this part of the collection one finds himself communing in thought with John Bunyan, Shakespeare, Pope, Luther, Calvin, Mary Queen of Scots, Hugo, Keats, Tasso, Davy Crockett, Goethe, Cromwell, Napoleon, Angelo, Macaulay, Catharine of Russia, Marie Antoinette, Franklin, John Brown, Cardinal Richelieu, Red Jacket (his mark), a proof corrected by Walter Scott, an original Rembrandt, a pen and ink drawing from the hand of Hogarth. These are a few of the many hundreds of such treasures.

* * *

Dear to the heart of the collector are "first things." What other collection possesses two such prizes as the first patent issued by the United States and the first United States greenback? The first greenback lies here—A-1-1; the first patent hangs near by, signed by George Washington, all pen written, there then being no blank form, and the patentee being Samuel Hopkins, of Philadelphia, for an improvement in making potash and pearl. Here, too, is a copy of America's first newspaper, the first brick made and used in Chicago (how juvenile yet significant this fifty-five years old brick seems), the first stove used in America (1693), the first Scotch Bible, the first Irish Bible, America's first printed book with music (City of Mexico, 1604), the first German dictionary (1470), the first English law book (1490), the first prayer book ever printed (1480), and hundreds of other "first things" of equal interest.

APPOMATTOX TABLE.

* * *

Here exists already an admirable nucleus for the war museum that is to be. The Appomattox table on which Lee and Grant drew up the paper which ended the war attracts general attention. An autograph letter of Gen. Grant certifies to the identity of this table. Here is a silver dollar taken from the pocket of Jefferson Davis when he was captured; the identical half dollars which held down the lids of Abraham Lincoln's eyes the night of his death; original manuscripts from the Confederacy archives; innumerable relics of Lincoln, including the original of his last and most famous dispatch to Grant:

CITY POINT, April 7, 1865—11 a. m.

Lieut. Gen. Grant:

Gen. Sheridan says: If the thing is pressed I think that Lee will surrender. Let the thing be pressed.

A. LINCOLN.

The collection of army newspapers and of notable editions of northern and southern journals is large and interesting. There are sections of trees from the battlefields of Shiloh, Stone River and Chickamauga, cut twenty-five years after the war, and still showing the imbedded cannon shot. Scores of boxes of such relics of the war are ready to fill up the cases in Chicago's Libby Prison museum.

WALTER WELLMAN.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

A Correspondent Who Doesn't Believe in It—Speech of White Ghost.

ABERDEEN, D. T., Nov. 15.—"Don't talk to me about the intelligence of an Indian, don't try to fool the old man about the critters. He knows a Sioux Indian for a bloodthirsty rascal, mean and tricky as a snake in the natural state and a glutton and vagabond upon the reservation."

This speech was delivered the other morning by Jake Kinney, ex-freighter and "bull whacker," of this place, whose knowledge of the red men was acquired along in the seventies, when it cost 6 cents in gold to transport a pound of freight from Bismarck to Deadwood.

The audience he addressed was made up of citizens who had just returned from the depot where Sitting Bull, Gall, John Grass and the other chiefs of the Standing Rock bands had stopped for breakfast on their return trip from the Washington council.

Jake had refused to go near the Indians. "What!" he asked. "Do you think I would go down and help feed the vanity of that pack of assassins? No, sir. I've seen too much of them already. Three years on the Deadwood trail with a bull train would sicken most any one of the 'noble red man.' Many a friend along that wild road with whom I've eat, drunk or played 'sledge' on the up trip, I've helped bury on my way back, killed, perhaps, after housing and feeding a band of the cowardly ingrates. If you had seen the fiendish work I have, if you had driven up to a station upon the route and found the keeper's wife, as young and beautiful a woman as ever trod a prairie, dead, naked and bearing the marks of every indignity that the cunning of fiends could suggest; if you had brought out a settler from Deadwood, where he went for supplies a day or two before, to the ruins of his home and the mutilated bodies of the wife and children he had kissed and left in God's care; if you had seen these things, as I have time and again, I fancy you'd keep away from that depot, for fear you might shoot a few of the hounds."

Having thus delivered himself, the old frontiersman seemed to experience a reaction of feeling. He laughed heartily, drawing the long knife scar upon his right cheek into a most ludicrous pucker.

"Laughing at? Why I heard a fellow that just came up from the train telling what an intelligent fellow this John Grass is, statesman, orator, and all that, you know. Well, now, that's what amused me. I've heard a good deal about these Indians being good speakers, but I've never heard a good one yet. I've been at their pow-wows in the hills, and heard them make their big kicks at the agencies, but, if I'm a judge of what speaking is, there hain't no oratory in a Sioux.

"Why, here a year or two ago I was down at Chamberlain on the 4th of July. A lot of bucks came over from the Brule agency. There was a big crowd in town, and, of course, every one went to crowding around the Indians. They caught right on, those Indians did. They formed a big circle and told the interpreter, who was along with them, to tell the crowd that White Ghost would 'talk to his brothers,' or some such palaver. Well, the crowd began to yell 'White Ghost, speech, speech!' just as if it was a political meeting, and White Ghost came out. You'd have thought he had something mighty important to say to see him walk out into the ring and look at the crowd. The interpreter went and stood near him, and then it began. Ghost pawed the air a minute and warbled out something like this:

"'Gobble te haw makee.'

"The interpreter says: 'White Ghost says that this is a great day.'

"Then White Ghost gobbled off some more of his talk.

"'White Ghost says,' repeated the interpreter, 'that there are many, very many people.'

"Then the old vagabond got excited; he swung his arms and sung the longest song yet. It sounded like a drunken man talking with a handkerchief in his mouth.

"The crowd thought this must be something interesting sure, and the Indians seemed to be deeply moved, for they grunted 'Ugh' all around the circle.

"Well, the interpreter got it off at last, and it ran like this:

"'White Ghost says that his white brothers are very rich; that the Indian has come from the reservation to see him, and that he will take flour, hams, sugar, tobacco, blankets and other things that the people may bring.'

"Ghost gobbled once more, and the interpreter said: 'White Ghost says he has done.' Well, you ought to have heard that crowd laugh. The old rascal was as solemn and impressive about his begging as if he was declaring war against the Crows, and the crowd thought they were getting real Indian eloquence, and so they were, for if a Sioux can't talk well on that subject he can't on any. I tell you, gentlemen, that all this rot about the wrongs of the Indian disgusts me. It makes me tired. I've seen the animal under most all circumstances and you can take my word for it, he deserves his fate—utter extinction from the face of the earth."

FRANK P. WILLIAMS.

He Wasn't Idle.

"You don't appear to have much to say this morning, Mr. McGinnis," remarked the landlady.

"No, ma'am," said the boarder, plying his knife vigorously on the warmed over steak. "I'm not doing much talking, but I keep on sawing wood, ma'am, just as hard."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Attractive.

"What ever possessed you, Ruth, to let Mr. Spinner go out in this thunder shower? He might be struck by lightning!"

"Oh, I think there's no danger—he's not attractive enough, you know."—Harper's Bazar.

A New Lincoln Story.

A gentleman from the west tells this story of Abe Lincoln, which if not new is certainly by no means hackneyed. The gentleman came from the section in which Abe and Douglas were conspicuous figures in the past, and the story he tells relates to a decision made by Mr. Lincoln as to the proper length of a man's leg. As the story goes, Douglas and a Mr. Lovejoy were at one of the haunts in the village where they used to meet for news and gossip, and while there Abe Lincoln came in and sat down, disposing of his lengthy limbs in a somewhat awkward manner. They saw him coming in, and immediately began a conversation in regard to the proper length of a man's leg.

"Now," says Lovejoy, "Abe's legs are altogether too long, and yours, Douglas, I think, are a little short. Let's ask Abe what he thinks of it."

The conversation had been carried on with a view to Lincoln's overhearing it, and they closed it by saying, "Abe, what do you think about it?"

Mr. Lincoln had a far away look as he sat with one leg twisted around the other, but he responded to the question:

"Think of what?"

"Why, we've been talking about the proper length of a man's leg. We think yours are too long, and Douglas' too short, and we'd like to know what you think is the proper length."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a matter that I've never given any thought to, so of course I may be mistaken, but my first impression is that a man's leg ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."—Boston True Flag.

Originality's Patron.

A woman entered the office of a large wholesale house, and addressing a man whom she found seated at a desk, said:

"My kind sir, I am forced to solicit assistance. I am a widow, have lost my situation, and have dependent on me"——

"A large family," suggested the man as he turned and looked at the woman.

"No, sir, only one child."

"What!" the man exclaimed, almost springing from his chair.

"I have only one child," the woman repeated.

"Is it possible?" said the man, speaking with an emphasis of doubt, "that you have not a large family?"

"I have stated the truth, sir."

"Come, now; haven't you really as many as six children?"

"I tell you that I have only one. Why do you doubt my word?"

"Because you are so original. Every other woman who has ever appealed to me for charity has had at least five children to support. Madam, you appeal to me deeply. I am known as the patron of originality. Be seated, please, and I will write you a check."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Theory and Practice.

"Hello, Fake, what are you driving at?" questioned an old acquaintance on finding Fake standing upon the corner counting a handful of pennies.

"I am trying to figure out how I am going to get my winter suit out of pawn," returned Fake.

"Suit out of pawn! Why I thought you made a barrel of money last summer lecturing around the country."

"You did, eh? Well, you are mistaken, my dear fellow; I did not make a barrel of money, not even a bunghole of money."

"What was the subject of your lecture?"

"How to Get Rich."—Drake's Magazine.

Room for Reflection.

Young Mr. Sissy (to his pretty cousin)—I say, Maud, I think I'll pwopose to that pwetty Lamont girl the vewy first chance I get.

Pretty Cousin—I would indeed, Charley. Isabel Lamont is a very intelligent girl and would make a splandid wife.

Young Mr. Sissy—You say she is vewy intelligent, Maud?

Pretty Cousin—Remarkably so.

Young Mr. Sissy (dubiously)—Well, bah Jove, I fahncy I'd bettah think it over.—The Epoch.

A Cheerful Companion.

Invalid (on railroad train)—Yes, I am on a long journey. I am going to California.

Genial Passenger—Well, well! Glad I met you. I'm bound for California, too. Let's keep together. My brother lives in California, and he wrote to me there was a big chance for me out there, and I'm goin', you see, as fast as steam'll take me."

"Eh? Are you an orange grower?"

"No—I'm an undertaker."—Philadelphia Record.

No Confidence in New Men.

Tramp (coughing)—No, mum, my health ain't none of the best. I've had this cough two years.

Woman—Why don't you do something for it?

Tramp—Well, mum, my family doctor died yistiddy, an' I hain't seen a physician today what I'd like to trust my health with.—Time.

A Last Resort.

Chief Clerk:—Might as well burn up this piece of goods. It won't sell.

Proprietor—It won't, eh? I'll see about that. Double the price and put it on the bargain counter.—Philadelphia Record.

The Reason Why.

Mistress—Why, Nora, how dusty the chairs are!

Maid—Yes, mim, there's nobody sat on thim today, mim.—Town Topics.

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5 PRIZES OF 10,000 are	50,000
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