

IMMENSE ORE DOCKS.

BUSY SCENES AT THE PORTS OF LAKE ERIE.

Millions of Tons of Michigan Iron Ore Find Their Way to Cleveland, Ashtabula and Erie—Interesting Information About a Gigantic Industry.

[Special Correspondence.] CLEVELAND, Sept. 29.—When the great transportation hall of the Columbian exposition next year is filled with representations of systems and methods of moving the world's products it will have few that will surpass in unique and peculiar interest the sight that may be seen daily at the ore ports of Lake Erie.

The discovery of extremely rich and almost inexhaustible deposits of Bessemer ore in the Lake Superior districts a quarter of a century ago, as well as more recently, has been followed by the growth of a commerce that is unrivaled of its kind in the world, and nowhere to



FUELING AN ORE STEAMER.

day will such mountains of rich ore be found heaped ready for the transforming fire of the furnaces as at Cleveland, Ashtabula, Fairport and Buffalo and at South Chicago, on Lake Michigan.

The ore being less bulky than coal can be carried farther than the coal in the journey toward each other, so that but little ore is reduced in the upper peninsula of Michigan. Much of it meets the coal at Chicago and Cleveland, but the greater part is carried to the Mahoning valley and western Pennsylvania furnaces. As the lakes are open for navigation but seven months in the year, it is necessary to find a storage place for the ore required to supply the furnaces during the winter months. Accordingly at Cleveland, Ashtabula and Fairport miles of docks have been built, lining the narrow rivers that put into the lake at these points, and here during the summer is unloaded hundreds of thousands of tons of iron ore and gradually forwarded to the furnaces by rail.

It is almost impossible to appreciate the magnitude of this great traffic without a walk along the docks between great ranges of iron ore hills twenty, thirty and forty feet in height, only a few railroad tracks separating them like narrow valleys, and overhead a great steel framework of ore hoisting machines. The rattle of the steel buckets as they are raised from the holds of great black hulled vessels by the docks and go creaking on the cantilevers back to whatever point the engineer has elected to dump them startles one, and the stranger dodges involuntarily as they rush backward and forward over his head.

Half hidden behind the ranges of red, brown or sparkling gray ore, the colors varying with the qualities, is the pony engine operating each set of hoisting machines, puffing and hissing away adding a familiar element to the strange scene. Now a train of flat cars comes creeping along, drawn by a snorting switch engine. In each car are a dozen, filled with those great ton buckets, looking like such a light load as compared with the heaping coal cars, so usual in other places, yet testing the strength of the gondolas quite as fully. A red dust rises and falls and the laborers are covered with it. Their clothes are ochreous red, boots the color of the tanbur, piles they knew as leather, and sweat furrows are down their dusty faces and through the rust tinged beard.

The unloading of a vessel at one of these docks is rapid work. All the lake ore carriers have six and many of them eight hatches, and when they come to the dock a hoisting machine is put to work in each. The great buckets are filled below, while the others are drawn up and emptied, sometimes being carried back on the overhead railway of the cantilevers 200 feet or more. Thus it is possible to take 2,000 tons—enough to load 150 ordinary flat cars—from a vessel in six or eight hours.

At present the activity on the ore docks, whether at Cleveland, Fairport or Ashtabula, is almost at its height. The latter point being nearer many furnaces and having a straight river channel receives the most ore of any port on Lake Erie, usually running 1,800,000 tons or more annually.



OUTER END OF CANTILEVER.

Cleveland ranks second, her receipts exceeding 1,500,000 tons, while Fairport is third, with 1,100,000 or more. Buffalo, Lorain and a few other points receive small amounts. The ore comes principally from Escanaba, Mich., on Lake Michigan (Green Bay); Marquette, Mich.; Ashland, Wis., and Two Harbors, Minn., on Lake Superior. The river frontage of the docks here is longer than at any other Lake Erie point, but they are not so deep, and have not as great a proportionate storage capacity as at Ashtabula and Fairport, where land near the river is much less valuable and more easily obtained.

Few persons can appreciate what 1,000,000 tons of ore means without having it put in some more familiar shape. The docks at this port, where that amount or more is received every year, have a river frontage of over two miles, and are from 150 to 255 feet deep. Here

is heaped hills of fine red and brown hematite, like so much ochreous gravel, or the coarser lumps of sparkling gray magnetic ore, varying widely in quality and price.

The casual observer as he walks along can distinguish but four or five, or at most half a dozen, grades of ore, but experts know that these immense conical piles are strictly classified, and that upward of eighty different grades have their place in the market lists. But how much is 1,500,000 tons of ore? Loaded on flat cars thirty-five feet long and carrying fifteen tons each it would make a train 700 miles long, or more than five times the distance from Cleveland to Pittsburg! Yet this is but about one-third the iron ore laid down at Lake Erie ports every summer. The total would more than fill two trains of such flat cars extending from Chicago to New York city!

Besides this great ore traffic, which annually amounts to \$20,000,000 or more in value, there is shipped from the ports of Lake Erie an immense amount of coal, both anthracite and bituminous, to Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth and smaller points, where it is stored for shipment farther west during the winter months. This requires a very different set of docks, and in extent they exceed the ore docks. Cleveland leads in the amount of bituminous coal shipped, handling over 1,000,000 tons annually.

The coal docks are over two miles in length, but narrow, and the coal is usually loaded directly from the cars by means of derricks that handle great buckets holding half a ton or more. The work is slower than that of loading ore or unloading it, but a new device has just been erected here that promises to make it easy to dump a whole carload into a vessel at once, and if it succeeds the work will be greatly expedited. Without this the Cleveland docks can handle 1,000 ordinary carloads of coal a day, and the total shipments from the port each year reaches 70,000 carloads, or enough to make a train over 450 miles long! Nothing could better illustrate the magnitude of these great interests than that stupendous fact.

When, in addition to what goes from Cleveland, the large shipments from Toledo, Sandusky, Ashtabula, Erie and Buffalo are considered the aggregate reaches an amount as amazing as that of the ore traffic.

Both ore and coal docks gather an added interest when one thinks of their varied and close relations to the comfort and industry of the central west and great northwest, and what appears at first as only strange and unusual becomes richly suggestive of the great age of steel in which we live, of the wonderful development of the lake region and especially the northwest, and of the amazing increase in recent years in transportation facilities and their even more amazing cheapness.

SAMUEL G. McCLEURE.

[Special Correspondence.] REDDING, Conn., Sept. 29.—Aside from their interest as the theater of many notable events in Revolutionary times, these rock ribbed hills possess a charm for the student of literature also. On one of the broadest of them was born in the year 1754, Joel Barlow, the most widely known of early American poets, author of the ambitious epic the "Columbiad," and in the early days of the republic "a man of might." The poet's father tilled a farm of 175 acres, and Joel became thoroughly familiar with the ins and outs of colonial husbandry.

The old Barlow homestead was demolished in 1823, and local antiquaries can merely locate its site in the western part of the town. But the old tavern—roadhouse and postoffice combined—where at one time the poet lived, and in the upper front chamber of which he wrote, still stands in West Redding. It has not suffered material change. In it, we are told, bluff and hearty old Putnam frequently enjoyed good cheer, both social and bibulous. The neat farmhouse into which the old roadhouse has been metamorphosed is painted a bright yellow and stands on the old Danbury post road. Near it flows the Sangatuck river, here but a brook. The barroom was in the northeast corner, and back of the bar was a wine closet closed by a glass door. A quaint sight is the old fashioned smokehouse, which still remains unaltered in the garret by the side of the enormous chimney. Hams and bacon were hung high in those days.

This Columbian year makes the reading of Barlow's epic timely, not alone because of Columbus' "vision" therein described, but also to show how far we have advanced in poetic composition since Barlow wrote. The "Columbiad" is the perfected version of an earlier poem by the same author, called the "Vision of Columbus," written ere Barlow had gained such distinction in other ways as a diplomat, general writer and man of affairs. The scheme of each poem is substantially the same. Columbus, the discoverer, being represented as a seer who discourses at length concerning the trials, triumphs and future greatness of the New World. The events of the Revolution occupy a prominent part in the work, and Barlow has noted many incidents connected with the localities and men that were specially familiar to him.

A short distance from the old building is the site of the first Methodist camp ground in New England, established about 1810. The tents were very primitive then, often only branches of trees or blankets stretched on poles. Above the valley to the east is a high ridge called "Gallows hill," from the execution of a spy and a deserter there by Putnam's orders. When Barlow lived nearby the hill, then happily of less ominous name, was covered with a thick forest growth. Now it is mostly cleared and gone to barrenness. A few stunted bushes crop out here and there. Spring lends a brief freshness to the vegetation, which soon disappears, and ere long the blood red sumac flames in the sun and the withered grasses sway in the strong winds, all the work of its ill favored name, the superstitions will say. ALBERT J. POTTER.

PASSING OF THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN

He Has Been Almost exterminated by Ruthless Sportsmen. [Special Correspondence.]

ARILENE, Kan., Sept. 29.—The exhilarating sport of hunting the prairie chicken on the plains of the west will soon be as extinct as that of shooting buffalo. The quick whir-r-r of the bird is heard less and less frequently, and the hunters encounter a far greater wariness than of old. Only a few years ago and the sportsman was in clover when he reached the prairies of Kansas. Special cars with hunters aboard stopped in the midst of the level plains, and when the men came back it was with shoulders heavily laden with the toothsome and attractive game.

But the heartless and indiscriminate slaughter in season and out of season to which the different varieties of grouse and quail have been subjected during the past decade has almost ruined the sport on the plains of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and other sections of the west. To be sure there is yet game, but it has so decreased in quantity that the present season sees not one-tenth the amount that existed a few years since.

There is little sport more enticing than the shooting of prairie chickens—or pinnated grouse. Nothing can be compared to it except the hunting of wild turkey. While turkey is sought in the timber of the bottom lands the prairie chicken lives boldly out on the plain, and trusts to his keenness of vision and rapid flight to protect himself. To creep upon a flock of the fowls at home is a sight to be remembered. The rich, plump bodies of the hens shading from dark grayish brown on the breast and wings to a light gray neck and dark head, and the larger build of the males with the distinguishing long black feathers on the neck, reaching down like the ends of a yoke, make a delicious contrast for the lover of a rifle with the green of the prairie sod.

They are large enough to make a good legitimate prey; they are excellent eating—tender, rich, gamey. But their outposts bear you, and a quick clucking warning is given. In an instant every head drops, the bodies crouch close to the ground and apparently disappear. Unless you are a practical hunter you will declare that half a second has sufficed for some of the birds to sink into the earth. But they are all there. This one behind a tall grass clump; that in a tiny hollow made by some pony's foot, another spreading its wings as it squats at the base of a weed stalk. To the amateur eye it is remarkable if without considerable search more than two or three can be detected, so closely do the colors of the birds blend with the shadows and tints of the sod.

The professional knows that they are all there, and the bunch is speedily



PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

flushed. In an instant they rise about you as if suddenly created from dust. One was less than a yard from your feet, yet you did not see it. Their flight is a peculiar one. Rising to a height of from twenty to fifty feet they take a horizontal course, churning the air rapidly with the stumpy wings until momentum is acquired, then sailing with outstretched pinions for many rods. A prairie chicken is never awkward or ridiculous except when in the air. On taking flight the birds do not, like quail, go as a flock, but radiate in every direction, so that he is a good gunner indeed who makes both barrels count.

The prairie chicken is nonmigratory, and, like quail, turkey and rabbits, might be preserved for all time if afforded a reasonable amount of protection. Grouse and quail can stand a comparatively close settlement of the country, at least one as close as most parts of the west will admit of, and with the proper enforcement of rigidly drafted game laws, as well as a manly forbearance on the part of the sportsmen themselves, would preserve the now unequal ratio between the increase and slaughter. As it is now there is practically no protection, and from June to December the markets of western cities show forbidden game. It is not alone grouse, but quail, wild turkeys and other varieties suffer. Poachers go with dogs out of season and bring in loads of the pretty game, and it finds its way mysteriously into the stalls of the cities.

Kansas and Nebraska have laws prohibiting the killing or offering for sale of birds except from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Yet so flagrantly has the law been violated that it has become necessary for sportsmen's clubs to offer purses for information regarding violation in order to prevent entire extermination. It will take but a short time to put an end to the sport at the present rate of decrease.

The famous civilian scout, Burgess, who is attached to the government post in Yellowstone park, gives some interesting facts regarding the increase of game since severe measures have been taken with the poaching trapper. The elk, he says, are now in such abundance that they promise to give game to the hunter in season for many years to come, while the buffalo are increasing to such an extent that the park will soon be well stocked. The same kind of vigorous measures will be necessary if the western prairies are not to be stripped of the smaller as they have been of the larger game. C. M. HARBER.

Mr. Thomas Evans, farmer, St. Mellons, England, while plowing in one of his fields, unearthed a jar containing nearly 800 Roman coins of the Second and Third centuries.

Irresistible. One of the many advantages of an education is displayed in the case of a negro woman who not long ago married a man of unimpressive appearance and anything but an amiable disposition. She had formerly been a servant, and one of the young ladies of the family with whom she had lived asked her how she ever came to marry Pompey. "What in the world did he say to you Dinah," she inquired, "to persuade you to marry him?" "Law sakes, Miss Mary, chile!" ejaculated the good natured Dinah, "you know dat I couldn't mak' no answer to Pompey when he come a-cottin' ob me, cause Pompey, he's educated, honey, don' you see? Why, I s'aise dat he got some ob his words out de jogafy, an whole possey of 'em out de dictionary, an so, co'se, Miss Mary, it wa'n't no use ob me tryin to hold out against Pompey!"—Youth's Companion.



Willing Feet. She—Why in the world does he call his feet poetic? He—Because they go to meet her, you know.—Life.

Their Cases Somewhat Similar. There could hardly have been a greater contrast between two men who had been chums at school and afterwards at college. The first had a tinge of gray in his hair, wrinkles on his brow and was round shouldered from long hours spent over a desk. He was trudging slowly homeward.

The second was well dressed, and when he walked had a more elastic step than the first. But he wasn't walking; he was driving as usual. There were some lines of care on his face, but altogether he looked prosperous and happy. "That man's worth half a million," said one of the two men who had stopped to watch him drive past. "And that man isn't worth \$500," said the other, nodding toward the one who was trudging along on the other side of the street.

"I knew them when they were both poor," said the first. "Both started out to become rich, and for a year or so it seemed an even thing. Each was striving and struggling for the same end." "I know, and one failed." "Both failed." "I mean one failed to get rich." "Both failed to get rich. The other went into bankruptcy and paid ten cents on the dollar. That's how he did get rich."—Detroit Free Press.

Still Waiting. "Waiting for dead men's shoes" is a sorry occupation. No man can follow it long without losing what little of enterprise and independence he may once have had. But few people are frank enough to admit that they are on that "waiting list."

"Well, Brown," said Smith, as they met for the first time in several years, "are you married yet? Did that rich old grandfather of yours leave you money?" "Well, no, I ain't married yet, nor ain't likely to be neither, 's fer I kin see. Ef Grandfather Green had done as he ought ter heve done I s'pose I'd been settled down in a house of my own years ago. He"— "So he didn't leave you a cent, eh? That's too bad I declare." "Jes so. Puts Mary and me in 'n awful hard place. There ain't nuthin fer us ter do now but to wait fer some o' her folks to die."—Youth's Companion.

She Concluded. A young man with a wide brimmed straw hat on the back of his head and a look of forgiveness for everybody on his face entered a suburban car at a South Side depot yesterday afternoon, scanned the few passengers who had gone aboard and took his seat by the side of a pretty, black eyed young woman half way down the aisle. "I beg your pardon," he said with an engaging smile. "The car isn't full yet, but it soon will be and I think one runs less risk of getting an undesirable seat mate if one makes the selection one's self. Don't you think so?" "Yes, sir, I do," she replied, rising up at once and taking a seat by the side of a white haired old lady on the other side of the car.—Chicago Tribune.

Society Note. Johnny Fizzletop accompanied his sister to a party at the residence of Colonel Percy Yerger. In accordance with the prevailing fashion the ladies wore low necked dresses, very much to the astonishment of the aforesaid Johnny. Next morning at the breakfast table Johnny, being engaged in reading the morning paper, said: "Pa, what do they mean by unanimous?" "Unanimous, my son—well, when everybody wants the same thing, then they are said to be unanimous."

"Well, then, those ladies at the ball last night were unanimous, for they all wanted the same thing." "What was it, my son?" "Clothes."—Texas Sittings.

Circumstantial Evidence. Clara—Did you accept Mr. Pelter last night? Maude—Why, how did you know that he proposed? Clara—I noticed when he came out of the conservatory with you that the creases in his trousers had disappeared.—Clothes and Furnisher.

He Will, Though. "Well, Tommy," said the visitor, "how do you like your baby brother?" "Oh, lots and lots—only I don't think he's very bright." "Why not?" "We've had him nearly two weeks now, and he hasn't said a word to anybody."—Boston Globe.

Nothing to Fear. Jimson—I tell you what it is, old boy. You ought to see Dr. Cureall about your case. Sick Friend—To be frank with you, I am a little afraid of doctors. Jimson—Oh, you needn't be afraid of Cureall. He isn't a regular doctor.—New York Weekly.

In Demand. Jarvis—Miss Smithers had fifteen proposals of marriage made to her the day after she graduated. Snell—And she such a plain girl! What was the cause? Jarvis—Her commencement essay was an "How to Cook a Beefsteak."—New York Herald.

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