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## HOUSE ON A MOUNTAIN

BUILT YEARS AGO AS LOOKOUT FOR HOSTILE INDIANS.

Situated on a Peak of the Wichita Range Near Lawton, Okla.—Place Now in Ruins and Visited Only by Tourists.

Lawton, Okla.—To the northwest of this city, softened in outline by the haze of 20 miles, lies the Wichita mountains. From the foothills of the Rockies in Northern New Mexico to the Ozarks in Arkansas, they are the only break in the monotony of the level plain. They took their name from a tribe of Indians that once lived at the base, hunted in the cedar thickets that cluster on the sides like huge spiders, and fished in the clear streams that rush over limestone and gravelly beds.

From Fort Sill five miles north of Lawton the two highest peaks of the range, Signal mountain and Mount Scott stand in bold relief from the rest of the range. Mount Scott is rugged and covered with scrubby oaks and cedars. The mountain was given its name by a regiment of soldiers who were returning through the country after serving with Gen. Scott in the Mexican war. Both mountains are nearly of the same height. Signal mountain is smooth and covered with a growth of buffalo grass that greens with the spring rains and late in the season becomes a dull brown. It could not be distinguished from the other brown foothills if it were not for a speck that stands on its very highest point. Without a glass no shape or outline to the speck can be marked, but the field glass of an officer brings it close through the clear atmosphere of the southwest, and shows it to be an old stone house.

It was that old stone house that gave the name of Signal mountain to it. When Fort Sill was first occupied the country was filled with hos-



The Old Stone House Upon Signal Mountain.

tile Kiowas and Comanches. It did not take the troops long to discover that before any outbreak or raid down the valley there was always a signal fire on the top of the bare brown mountain to the west of the fort. The Indians had scooped a hole on the top and when they were on the war path the chief with the keenest vision sat on watch scanning the surrounding plain for some luckless wagon train that he could signal his followers to swoop down upon. The lookouts from the mountain could also get an unhindered view of the fort and could send out warning when a troop of soldiers was sent out on a raid.

The government decided to build a stone house on the mountain for the use of a sentinel. It is the remains of that house this is the speck on the summit to-day. A storm a few years ago took off the roof and crumbled the sides. Enough of it is still standing to show the loopholes for the rifles. The mountain is so steep that the loopholes of the rim run nearly at an angle of 45 degrees, so the fire would catch the Indians as they crawled up the slopes. The angle is different in the holes on every side of the building, because the slope of the mountain is not the same.

When the old house was in use signals were made to the fort by fires at night, and a sort of wig wagging in daylight. Now the old house is in ruins and is never visited only by tourists from the east. In the foothills around Mount Scott Geronimo and his Apache braves are kept the prisoners of Uncle Sam, signal mountain and its history is known only to the old timers who sit at the fort and tell of the days when the Kiowas and Comanches were not the quiet, peaceful people that attend the Indian school or live on their allotments.

Ruskin's Opinion of Mrs. Carlyle. He spoke with scornful amusement of such mistaken enthusiasts as wished to enroll James Welsh Carlyle among the martyrs on account of her "man's" bad temper. He admitted that Carlyle was frequently grumpy, and habitually melancholy—"but so am I"—and he was easily irritated. "That clever shrew," his wife, well knew this, and by the very tones of her voice as she "rasped out his name," could set his nerves on edge in a paroxysm of febrile irritation.—Scribner's Magazine.

Britishers Like Climate. A London magazine has been collecting the opinions of eminent Englishmen, with a view to getting a "character" for the British climate. Almost without exception the persons interviewed, from King Edward down, pronounced the often slandered climate to be the finest in the world. It is British—and for a Britisher that settles the whole discussion.

## A POSER.

A certain psychologist is making some original researches regarding the so-called "questioning age" of children. He has an inquisitive young son that serves for an illustration, and one day, when the two were walking, he purposely allowed the boy's questions to go on and on while he answered each one as best he could. At last he was forced to fall back on that ever-useful, ever-available answer: "God made it."

But Carl was not silenced. "Is there anything God can't do?" he asked.

"No, my son."

"Then could he lick another God just as big and strong as He is?"—Life.

## The Near-Age.

"Have you any good butter?" she asked.

"None to-day, ma'am. But we have some good near-butter."

"Don't want it. Got any fresh eggs?"

"Just out. But we have some very nice near-fresh eggs."

"Keep 'em. How about your cream cheese?"

"Nothing but near-cheese, ma'am."

"You're near out of everything, aren't you?"

"O, no. We have lots of near-things left."

"Well, it's near time for me to be going. When you get stocked up drop me a near-postal and I'll call."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## A Reliable Substitute.

"I'm afraid I haven't many good arguments for our side of the question," said the orator.

"No arguments?" responded the campaign manager. "Then quote statistics. They sound wise and everybody would rather take them for granted than try to understand them."—Washington Star.

## Busy.

"What are you doing, paw?" asked Tommy Figgiam.

"Reading the stock market report, and figuring how much money you would have inherited some day if I had followed the tips I had last year."—Judge.

## Lacks Tact.

Friend—Why don't you give Hard-up a job? He thinks a lot of you and has known you ever since you were poor.

Nurich—That's just it. He doesn't know enough to shut up about it.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Hint to Husbands.

Friend—What a perfectly charming expression there is on your new pictures!

Mrs. Wise—Um! Just before I sat down to have them taken my husband promised me a new set of furs.—Detroit Free Press.

## The Worst Is Yet to Come.

"That girl next door has sung the same popular song day and night for a week!"

"Oh, well, don't begin to kick yet; wait till she's sung it day and night for a year."—Detroit Free Press.

## Something Wrong.

"Could you lend me your automobile for to-morrow?"

"With pleasure."

"Never mind, old chap, if it's in that condition I don't believe I want it."—Life.

## EXPLAINED.



Lady—What makes you so small, little boy?

Kid—I guess it's because I'm only a half brother, leddy.—Chicago Daily News.

## Be Not in Haste.

Throw not away the old straw hat, though soiled it still is useful, good; Mash it fine within a bowl and serve it up for breakfast food.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Too Noisy.

First Fish—You look all bunged up. What's the matter?

Second Fish—I'm a nervous wreck. Since these motor boats have got going I can't sleep nights.—Detroit Free Press.

## Too Bad.

The Lover—See me in the dust at your feet!

The Beloved—Dust? Oh, dear, and I told the maid to be very careful about sweeping this room to-day!—Cleveland Leader.

## Intermittent.

Mrs. Slummer—Does your husband drink regularly?

Mrs. Hogan—No, mum; my wages isn't steady.—Judge.

## Resemblance.

Fate, like the weather, rules our lot, as through this world we're tossed. It's either making things too hot or else it is a frost.—Washington Star.

## THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

J. H. WILSON, M. P., ONCE A BOSTON CATTLE-PUNCHER.

Men of the Merchant Marine Greatly Benefited by His Efforts—Left Home to Serve Before the Mast.

Boston.—A Baltimore "dockwaller," Boston cattle "puncher," New York skyscraper scaffold rigger and high-girder man of the Brooklyn bridge is now in the house of commons serving as one of the most useful members of the British parliament.

The man is Joseph Havelock Wilson, M. P., for Middlesboro. He is known as "the seamen's advocate in parliament," and is the father of the Sailors' union, or officially, general president of the National Sailors', Firemen's and Fishermen's union of Great Britain and Ireland. "Jack" of the merchant service has only one real representative, and that is J. Havelock Wilson.

Mr. Wilson is making the sailor's interests his lifework. His work in parliament is of paramount importance to the sea-faring man.

He was elected, after two defeats, in 1892, and has been a member ever since. Although he helped build the Brooklyn bridge and many of the New York skyscrapers and did other work in the United States, Mr. Wilson is primarily a sailor. He served for a decade before the mast, and after years of bad food, bad treatment and small wages, determined to do his utmost for his comrades of the sea. And he has done it right well, too. His path has not been an easy one, but now he and his union are sailing a smooth sea.

Mr. Wilson is the recognized champion of the sailor, the recognized authority on seafaring laws and matters generally and his union is not



JOSEPH H. WILSON. (Former Cattle Puncher Now Member of British Parliament.)

only acknowledged by all shipowners, but is one of the strongest and best-known in the world.

Joseph Havelock Wilson is 48 years old this month. He was born in Sunderland, on the northeastern coast. His father, who was a sailor, died when little Joseph was barely three years old. He left a widow and a family of a round dozen.

At six years old, Joseph, like so many American men of prominence, began earning money selling papers on the streets of his native city. He was a success as a newsboy and his earnings helped the home so much that when he was nine, his mother was in a position to apprentice him to a trade.

He wanted to go to sea, but his mother would not have it, and so Joseph tried to steady down and learn the trade of a lithographer. When he was 12 years old the sea called him so strongly that he ran away. He was caught and taken back home, but within a week was away once more, and this time aboard a steamer as engineer's steward.

He gradually rose to AB and in the next ten years sailed in a score of different ships—steam and sail. Then he was shipwrecked in the South Seas and finally landed at San Francisco. From there he made his way to the Atlantic coast, and for several years made his home in the United States.

It was these same United States that gave Mr. Wilson his real start up the ladder of success. He himself declares that wages were so high that he was able to save a good pile and come home to Sunderland with a fat purse. With his money he purchased a temperance hotel, married, and soon became a prosperous man of affairs.

The little old Seamen's union, a local affair in Sunderland, was still in existence, though very wobbly. Mr. Wilson paid up his arrears in dues and began to take an active part in union matters. Year upon year he struggled.

He financed the National Sailors' union, was prosecuted by ship owners, served terms in jail, took part in strikes and lockouts in England and on the continent, was expelled from Germany and Holland, was twice defeated for parliament, lost all his furniture and property on a judgment for libel damages secured by ship owners during the Glasgow strike, and, in fact, was buffeted about as roughly on shore as he would have been in the wildest storm on his beloved sea.

But Mr. Wilson has the nature of the British bulldog. He is a giant in build, a Hercules in strength. He emerged in 1892 with flying colors and ever since has been climbing to his present pinnacle of success.

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