LABOR'S LATE UPHEAVAL

The Second Chapter of Andrew Carnegie's Article on the May Strikes.

SOME GAINS AND LOSSES.

The Bright and Dark Side of Profit Sharing and Co-operation-The Snuffing Out of Anarchism.

ICONCLUDED FROM LAST SUNDAY'S BEE. The literature called forth by the recent excitement is preponderatingly tavorable to co-operation, or profit-sharing, as the only true remedy for all disputes between labor and capital. My April article has been criticised because it relegated that to the future, but the advocates of this plan should weigh well the fact that the majority of enterprises. are not profitable; that most men who embark in business fail; indeed, it is stated that only five in every hundred succeed, and that, with the exception of a few wealthy and partially retired manufacturers, and a very few wealthy corporations, men engaged in business affairs are in the midst of an anxious and unceasing struggle to keep their heads above water. How to pay maturing obligations, how to obtain each for the payment of their men, how to procure orders or how to sell product, and, in not a few instances, how to induce their creditors to be forbearing, are the problems which tax the minds of business men during the dark hours of night when their employes are asleep. I attach less and less value to the teaching of those doctrinaires who sit in their cozy studies and spin theories concerning the relations between capital and labor, and set before us divers high ideals. The banquet to which they invite the workingman when they propose industrial co-operation is not yet quite prepared, and would prove to most of those who accepted the invitation a Barmecide feast. Taken as a whole, the condition of labor to-day would not be benefited, but positively injured, by co-operation. Let me point out, however, to the ad-

vocates of profit-sharing that ample opportunity already exists for workingmen to become part owners in almost any department of industrialism, without changing present relations. The great railway corporations, in all cases, as well as the great manufacturing companies generally, are stock concerns, with shares of fifty or a hundred dollars each, which are bought and sold daily in the market, Not an employe of any of these but can buy any number of shares, and thus par-ticipate in the dividends and in the management. That capital is a unit is a pop ular error. On the contrary, it is made up of hundreds and thousands of small component parts, owned for the most part by people of limited means. The Pennsylvania railway proper, for instance, which embraces only the 350 miles of line between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, is to day owned by 10 340 share-holders, in lots of from one fifty-dollar share upward. The New York Central railway, of 450 miles, between New York and Builalo, belongs not to one, or two, several capitalists, but to 10,418 shareholders, of whom about one-third are women and executors of estates. The entire railway system of America will show a similar wide distribution of ownership among the people. There are but three railway corporations in which the great capitalists hold a considerable interest, and the interest in two of these s held by various members of a family and in no case does it amount to the control of the whole. In one of these very cases, the New York Central, as we have seen, there are more than ten thousand owners.

tion, show a like state of affairs. One of them belongs to 215 shareholders, of whom 7 are employes, 32 are estates and 57 are women. Another of these concerns is owned by 202 stockholders, of whom 101 are women, 29 are estates, represent ing an unknown number of individuals and 20 are employes of the company. A large proportion of the remaining owners are small holders of comparatively limited means, who have from time to time, invested their savings where they had confidence both as to certainty of freeze and safety of principal. The ncome and safety of principal. Merrimae Manufacturing company (cotton), of Lowell, is owned by 2,500 shareholders, of whom 42 per cent are holders of one share, 21 per cent of two, and 10 per cent of three shares. Twenty-seven per cent are holders of over three shares and not less than 38 per cent of the whole stock is held by trustees, guardians and executors of charitable religious, educational and financial institutions.

Steel-rail mills, with only one excer

I have obtained similar statements from other concerns which need not be published. They prove without exception that from one-fourth to one-third of the number of shareholders in corporations are women and executors of estates. The number of shareholders I have given are those of record, each holding a certificate. But it is obvious, in the case of executors, that this one certificate may represent a dozen owners. Many certifi cates issued in the name of a firm repre sent several persons, while shares by a corporation may represent hundreds but if we assume that every certificate of stock issued by the Pennsylvania Rail road company represents only two owners, which is absurdly under the truth, it tollows that, should every employe of that great company quarrel with it, the contest would be not against a few, but against a much larger body than they themselves constitute. It is within the mark to say that every striking employe his personal against that of three or four other mem bers of the community. The total num-ber of men employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad company is 18,911-not as many as there are shareholders of record And what is true of the Pennsylvania Railway company is true of the railway system as a whole, and, in a greater or less degree, of mining and manufactur ing corporations generally. When one, therefore, denounces great corporations for unfair treatment of their men, he is not denouncing the act of some monster capitalist, but that of hundreds and thousands of small holders, scarcely one of whom would be a party to unfair or illiberal treatment of the workingman; the majority of them, indeed, would be found on his side, and, as we have seen, many of the owners themselves would be workingmen. Labor has only to bring its just grievances to the attention of owners to secure fair and liberal treatment. The "great capitalist" is almost a myth, and exists in any considerable number or degree only in the heated im-agination of the uninformed. Aggregate capital in railway corporations consists of many more individuals than it cur-

Following the labor disturbances there me the mad work of a handful of foranarchists in Chicago and Milwankee, who thought they saw in the excitement a litting opportunity to execute their revolutionary plans. Although labor is not justly chargeable with their doings, nevertheless the cause of labor was temporarily discredited in public opinion by these outbreaks. The promptitude with which one labor organization after another not only disclaimed all sympathy

to enroll itself into armed force for the ooked by the student of labor problems desirous of looking justly at the question from the laborer's point of view. It is another convincing proof, if further proc were necessary, that whenever the reac of this country is seriously threatened the masses of men, not only in the pro-fessions and in the educated classes, but down to and through the very lowest ranks of industrious workers, are determined to maintain it. A survey of the neld, now that peace is restored, gives the result- as follows:

1. The "dead line" has been definitely fixed between the forces of disorder and anarchy and those of order. Bomb-throwing means swift death to the thrower. Rioters assembling in numbers and marching to pillage will be remorse lessly shot down; not by the order of : government above the people, not by overwhelming standing armies, not troops brought from a distance but b the masses of peaceable and orderly cit zens of all classes in their own commu nity, from the capitalist down to and including the steady workingman, whose combined influence constitutes that irresistible force, under democratic institutions, known as public sentiment. That sentiment has not only supported the officials who shot down disturbers of the peace, but has extolled them in propor-

tion to the promptitude of their action. 2. Another proof of the indestructi-ility of human society, and of its determination and power to protectitself from every danger as it arises and to keep marching forward to higher states of de velopment, has been given in Judge Mal-lory's words: "Every person who conn-sels, hires, procures, or incites others to the commission of any unlawful or criminal act, is equally guilty with those who actually perpetrate the act, though such person may not have been present at the time of the commission of the offense. The difference between liberty and license of speech is now clearly defined—

a great gain It has likewise been clearly shown hat public sentiment sympathizes with the efforts of labor to obtain from capital a fuller recognition of its position and claims than has hitherto been accorded. And in this expression, "a fuller recogni tion," I melude not only pecuniary compensation, but what I conceive to be even more important to day—a greater consideration of the workingman as a man and brother. I trust the time has gone by when corporations can hope to work men fifteen or sixteen hours a day. And the time approaches, I hope, when it will be impossible in this country to work men twelve hours a day continuously

4. While public sentiment has rightly and unmistakably condemned violence, even in the form for which there is the most excuse, I would have the public give due consideration to the terrible temptation to which the workingman on a strike is sometimes subjected. To expeet that one dependent upon his daily wage for the necessaries of life will stand by peaceably and see a new man employed in his stead is to expect much This poor man may have a wife and children dependent upon his labor. Whether medicine for a sick child, or even nour-ishing food for a delicate wife, is procurdepends upon his steady employment. In all but a very few departments of labor it is unnecessary, and, I think, improper, to subject men to such an ordeal. In the case of railways and a few other employments it is, of course, essential for the public wants that no interruption occur, and in such case substitutes must be employed; but the employer of labor will find it much more to his interest, wherever possible, to allow his works to remain idle and await the result of a dispute, than to employ the class of men that can be induced to take the place of other men who have stopped Neither the best men as men, nor the best men as workers, are thus to be obtained. There is an unwritten law among the best workmen: "Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job." No wise No wise employer will lightly lose his old employes. Length of service counts for much in many ways. Calling upon strange men should be the last resort

5. The results of the recent disturb ances have given indubitable proof that trades-unions must, in their very nature, become more conservative than the mas of the men they represent. If they fail to evolve the conservative element go to pieces through their own extravagance. I know of three instances in which threatened strikes were recently averted by the decision of the master workman of the Knights of Labor, sup ported by the best workmen, against the wishes of the less intelligent members of that organization. Representative insti-tutions eventually bring to the front the ablest and most prudent men, and will be found as beneficial in the industr al as they have proved themselves to be in the political world. Leaders of the stamp of Mr. Powderly, Mr. Arthur, of the Broth-erhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Messrs. Wible and Martin, of the Amal-gamated Iron and Steel association, will gain and retain power; while such as the radical and impulsive Mr. Irons, if at

first clothed with power, will soon lose it Thus, as the result of the recent revolu we see advantages gained by both capital and labor. Capital is more secure be cause of what has been demonstrated and labor will hereafter be more respect fully treated and its claims more care considered, in deference to a awakened public opinion in favor of the laborer. Labor won while it was reason able in its demands and kept the peace it lost when it asked what public senti ment pronounced unreasonable, and es

pecially when it broke the peace.

The disturbance is over and peace again reigns; but let no one be unduly alarmed at frequent disputes between capital and labor. Kept within legal limits, they are encouraging symptoms for they betoken the desire of the work ingman to better his condition, and upon this desire hang all hopes of advance-ment of the masses. It is the stagnant pool of contentment, not the running stream of ambition, that breeds disease in the body social and political. The workingmen of this country can no more be induced to sanction riot and disorde than can any other class of the commu nity. Isolated cases of violence under strong provocation may break out upon the surface, but the body underneath is sound to the core, and resolute for the

maintenance of order. For the first time within my knowledge the leading organs of public opinion in England have shown a more correct ap-preciation of the forces at work in the republic than some of our own despondent writers. The London Daily News said truly that "the territorial democracy of America can be trusted to deal with such outbreaks," and the Daily Tele

graph spoke as follows: There is no need for any fear to be entertained lest the law-breakers of Chicago should get the better of the police, and, if it be necessary to invoke their aid, of the citizens of that astonishing young city. Frankly speaking, such rioters would have a better chance of in timidating Birmingham than of over awing Chicago, St. Louis or New York In dealing with the insurgents of this class the record of the great republic singularly clear."

Not only the democracy, but the indus rious workingmen, of which the demos racy is so largely composed, have amply fulfilled the flattering predictions of our English friends, and may safely trusted in the future to stand tirmly for the maintenance of peace.

A vein of free gold, six feet wide, has been struck in the Ruby mine, on the east side of the Magdalena ridge in Socorro county, N. M., which has can which has cause a rush of prospectors to that section, and have been taken up for miles claims with riot and disorder, but volunteered | around the mine in every direction.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE. Upper Five: The Story of a Sleeping-Car Conductor.

UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

Remorse Impels a Flight Across the Border-A Startling But Gratifying Termination.

Why I left the Pullman car servicesays a writer in the San Francisco Chron icie-at II o'clock at night at a water tank in Middle Arizona will also explain why, although I am not yet 35 years old, my nervous system is shattered, my health. wrecked, and even my mind so affected that now and then my ideas got uncoupled in a curious way and go running wild all over the division and break into sidings where they have no business to be. The doctor says I must have had a bad fall some time and perhaps taken too much bromide of potassium since, but I know better, it is all on account of 'upper five." I was a conductor on the Southern Pacific system at the time it happened, and my run was from Tueson, A. T., to Los Angeles. Old tourists will remember my car. It was the Grenada, Most men say the business is a dog's life, but I own I rather liked it. A sleeping car is a proseenium box in the theater of Single acts of everybody's little dramas are continually played before one. Fe sole become naturally unreserved and communicative on a train. You get down beneath the surface, their popularities are laid bare, their oddities stand out like Lumps, you see their hopes, disappointments, prejudices, likes and dislikes, and feel before the end of the division as if you had known them for years. This was particularly true of a car load we carried out of Tue son one certain day in August. I re member we had a bridal party on board two or three drummers, a couple of stockmen from "the Nation," and what I especially recollect—a portly old gen-tleman named Bliss and a widow named Paxton, who was traveling with her in valid daughter, a young lady of about 20

Mr. Bliss was not in good health him self and was full of querulous complaining. He had a dusty voice, little eyes. with large pads of fat under them; and can see him, sitting exactly in the mid dle of his seat, growling and gasping, with his collar unbuttoned in front and the two ends sticking up like horns on each side of his face. Mrs, and Miss Paxton were, on the contrary, a com-plished travelers and made the best of eyerything. The mother was a pleasant grave, old-fashioned lally, and the daughter a sweet faced, hollow-eyed, patient little feather of a girl, who could not have weighed above e ghty or eighty

five pounds at the most, The weather was scorening. The des ert of white sand was simply a reflector that threw the sun back into the lower air until, when it stirred, it was like a breath from a furnace. Everybody was breath from a furnace. Everybody was tattoed with the fine black cinders, and hourse with the dust. The bride was a sight to behold and the cattle-men swore like pirates in the smoking room. Bliss cursed the management of the road, root, tree and branch, and grimy perspira-tion poured off him. Toward night the heat was still excessive, and I believe it was about 9 o'cleek when the porter began to make up the berths. The Paxtons had section 5. There is a difference of opinion among travelers as to the com-forts of lower and upper berths in summer, and a good many hold that the pers are the bet, as being notest the ventilating windows. This was the ventilating windows. This was the view the ladies took of it, and when the berths were made up I lifted the invalid girl in my arms into upper five. I re member hearing her say good night to her mother and telling her ste would sleep well.

About half an lour later old Bliss came tottering and swaving into the smoking room, where I was counting my tickets He was furious. His berth was lower ? next to the Paxtens and he wanted t know why the upper berth had been let down

"There is nobody in it," he sputtered and it is all foolishness to make it up t just makes mine as hot as a bake oven I explained to him that the rules re quired all disengaged berths to be made up to a commodate possible local travel.
"But nobody's going to get on in this desert," he insisted testily. "Why can't you push that one up?"
"I can't do it," I replied a list le net

tled, "unless you pay for it. He abused the road, myself and every body else incoherently for a while but the upshot of the matter was he pai for the upper berth, and asked in a surl voice that it be put up at once. time I was pretty mad, and, hurrying back into the ear, I parted the curtains, unhooked the two wires that hold the upper berth down, seized it by the edge and with one violent push swung it up in place. I heard the spring locks click threw the curtains together and returned to the smoking-room. Meantime Bliss and one of the cattlemen had got into a rolitical discussion, and it was near 11 clock before the old fellow became too indignant over some statement as to the civil service to continue the argument and went staggering and puffing out. He returned almost immediately.

"Conductor," he wheezed with a sort of forced calmness, "I thought I bought that upper berth in my section?"

"And you told me you put it up?"

"You did no such thing!" he exclaimed suddenly bursting into a rage, "the in ferna, thing has been down all night, and is down now, and my berth steaming lik a sweat box! Give me my money back! "You looked into the wrong berth." replied. 'I put that upper back mysels and nobody's touched it since.' "I tooked into section seven," he said

furiously; "I don't believe you ever touched it."
"I just want to show you that you don't know what you're talking about," I an swered, leading the way back into the car, "Here is your section. See." At this I threw back the curtains and stopped dumbfounded. The upper berth

was down and what was more, the wires did not appear to have been touched B iss started to say something in reply when I felt of a sudden as though a bulle had gone through my heart. A horrible thought had flashed across my mind, too quickly to be shaped in words. The blood came throbbing through my neck in slow, bursting waves, an I more machine than a man, I stretched out my arm and opened the curtains of section

The upper berth was shut. I had made a mistake. In a hideous moving tomb, swung like Mahomet's buried the girl alive! For a moment seemed as though the arteries of my throat would burst; my heart beat with quick, sharp pangs; my skin had all the icy contraction of a sudden plunge into cold water. It was then that a sort of secondary intelligence seemed to work within me, and while my senses reeled with fear and horror, impelled me to push up the berth in the old man's sec-tion and get away. I scarcely knew what I was doing, but Bliss noticed nothing and grumblingly crawled into the berth while I hurried out to the platform. Why did I not open upper five? Be-cause I realized instantly that the victim

was long before dead. In a sleeping car space is economized to the utmost extent The swinging berth fits into space like a

ball in a socket. The electricity of the mattress and the slight figure of the girl alone made it possible for me to close it with her inside. I gave one haggard look at my watch. An hour and a half had clapsed. She must have died in the first three or four minutes

ery, the blackened corpse tumbling from

the blankets, the stiff fingers clutching at nothingness, the mother's shrick, the consternation of the passengers, the excited theories, the quick conception of the truth, the search, the denunciation, the awful machinery of the courts, the prison: By a violent effort I surveyed the ituation from several standpoints. all led to one conclusion—flight. There was but one time when I could have taken the benefit of the accident—that was at once, when I made the discovery—and I realized the impossibility of explaining my hesitation. These things passed through my mind like flashes of lightning. There was not an instance lose. Mrs. Paxten might at any moment awake and call her daughter. Just then the engine slowed up a trifle. I saw indistinctly in the gloom that the ground was level, swung off and watched the dim outline of the train, carrying its burden of sleeping life and silent death, grow faint and fainter and disappear into the night.

The place where I jumped was near; water tank. I presently made it out and walked wide around it to avoid a possible watchman. I knew the lay of the land in a general way and that I could not be far from the little town of Mohawk Summit. To get out of the country the quick est way possible was my dominant thought, and old Mexico suggested itself at once. I realized that I must avoid the railroad with its accompanying telegraph ines, and I started, as nearly as I could indge, southeast. As I walked along l cut the gilt buttons off my coat and vest and threw them away. I did the same with my cap and tore the gold braid from around the brim. I shall not go into the details of that

night, nor the many days and nights that followed it. I was full of wild regrets at the course I had taken and saw a million defects in my plan. With agony I real-ized that my flight destroyed the theory of innocence. I could see a dozen ways that I might have remained upon the car —now that it was too late. My journey south was through innumerable hardships, and ever-present and sickening apprehension of pursuit. In the camps where hunger drove me it seemed to me hat everybody looked strangely at me If a man turned his head my heart bounded with panic. Twice I was lost on the arid, sage-grown plains, and once wandered without water and burning with fever for two days. I had \$94 in my pocket when I jumped

from the train, but when I finally made my way to Guaymas I had less than 50 cents. There I was forced to come into town and go to work. Tan and tatters nad pretty thoroughly disguised me, but I was still haunted by the fear of arrest It was a long time before I could look at newspaper at all, and when I finally plucked up courage to open one, it was with the gingerly emitten of a person who lifts a garment expecting to find a snake underneath. I had a terror of see ing the details of a tragedy in print, and I believe, much as it might have aided my escape, I would not have had the moral courage to read a paper containing them

After a good many months a great onging seized me to see my own country again. The adobe houses and the foreign chatter to which I could never train my ongue wore on me like a nightmare. was miserably poor, but managed to make my way to Paso del Norte. On the other side of the Rio Grande is El Paso the American town, and, although never ventured over, the sight of visitors of my own nationality delighted, excited and frightened me by turns. I hung about the place, living from hand to mouth, until one day a great event hap-

pened. and of the main street is the principal curiosity of the town-the old cathedral. It is a venerable pile, built time out of mind, and falling into delib erate and respectable ruin. The white stucco that once covered the walls has peeled off in places and given it an air of picturesque dilapidation, and inside are curious elligies of saints aed the crucified Christ. In a word, it is the objective point of all tourists and visitors. in this place one afternoon in August half dozing on one of the old carved penches, when a party of ladies and gen tlemen came in. Back of me was the oly-water urn, and they were inspecting it when I looked up. At the sight of on of the ladies I felt as though I had received a galvanic shock. I tried to rise, but could not. I shut my eyes and opened them again to find her still there. It was halfueination, no apparition, it was Miss Paston.

"Why, mamma," I heard her say, "the geatleman is unwell, I believe."
"You are Miss Paxton," I gasped "Yes, sir," she replied, with a little start.

Who was on the Southern Pacific train going to Los Angeles a year ago?"
"Yes, sir." Then she suddenly turned and said in a low voice: "Why, I believe it's the conductor who ran the company's money that night!

"Who ran away with the company It was a construction of my flight I had never thought of. I controlled my impulse to shout out, and said: "Were you not in upper five that night?"
"Let me see," she replied. "I think

was. Yes, I remember, I was in it for a while, and then the jolting made me sick and I crawled down with mamma. I rushed out of the cathedral like a mad man. I seemed to walk on air. My past life appeared as vague and unreal to me as the fabric of a dream. I laughed and cried and went along the streets talking to myself. That night I slept on the other side of the river. Perhaps the reaction was too much for me, for I have not been very well since, and these fits of nervousness have pulled me down to what you see me to day. It seems as it there were chords twanging and quivering through me now and then, and that is when my id as get side-tracked and wild trains go sailing over my mental railroad. But may be that's the bromide.

A Tunnel from Sweden to Denmarl London Standard: Alexandre de Rothe, an engineer who has been working at Panama under M. de Lessens, has presented to the governments of Denmark and Sweden a project for a submarine railroad tunnel under the sound between Copenhagen and Matmo. The tunnel is to have a total length of twelve kilometers, three between Amegar and the small island Saftbolmen, under the Strait Drogden, and nine between Saltholman and Sweden. The ground to be worked much resembles that in the the channel between England and France, and is said to offer no difficulty to the execution of the work. The cost of conaction is calculated to amount 30,000,000f, or £1,200,000. The Swedish government takes a great inter est in the plan, while the Danish at present is keeping somewhat back. Mr. Rothe entertains sanguine hopes of a successful result of the negotiations. The tunnel would be of the greatest import ance for the future commercial connec tion between Sweden-Norway, and later on of Russia and the whole continent, as loaded railroad wagons could then run from the north of Norway, Sweden, or Findland, down to the south of Italy

FREQUENTLY protracted constipation causes inflammation of the bowels; remedy and regulator, use Dr. J. H. Mc Lean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

ROVER OF THE SEAS.

Early Days.

I stood on the steps and tried to think but I could not control my mind. In swift defile it pictured to me the discov-CAPTAIN CLEVELAND'S CRUISES

> Stirring Life on the Trackless Main and in Pirate Ports of Foreign Lands-Suppressing a Mutiny.

T. W. Higgs you in Harner's Magazine. The best type of the adventurous Salem sailors will always be Captain Richard J. Cleveland. The first instalment of his own reminiscences was given in the North American Review for October, 1827, and his "Voyages and Commercial Enterprises" were first pub-lished collectively in 1842, and afterward reprinted in 1850. There lies before me a farther collection of manuscript ex-tracts from his diaries and letters, and the same Defoe like quality runs through them all. He was my father's own them all. ousin, and I remember him well in my hildhood, when he had reached the raven of the custom house, after occupy ng for a time the temporary retreat, which every sailor sighs, of a small farm in the country. He was then a serene old man, with a round apple shaped head, a complexion indelibly sunburnt, and a freshness of look which bore testimony to the abstemiousness of his life; tor he asserts that he had never tasted spirituous liquors, or, indeed, anything stronger than ten and coffee, nor had he In his mouth a ever used topacco. single clove-pink was forever carried. remember him as habitually silent, yield ng admirably to the superior colloquial powers of a very lively wife, yet easily lured into the most delightful yarns happened to Then he became our Ulysses and Rabinson Crusoe in one. The whole globe had been his home. It could be said of him, as Thoreau says of the sailor brother in a country farm house that he knew only how far it was to the nearest port, no more distances, all the rest being only seas and distant capes He had grown to be a perfect practical philosopher; Epictetus or Seneca could have taught him no farther lessons as to acquiescence in the inevitable; and ve there was an unquenched fire in his quie eyes that showed him still to have the qualities of his youth. It was easy to fancy him issuing from his sheltered nook to

"point the guns upon the chase, Or old the deadly cutlass shine."

s in those adventurous early days. One of Cleveland's best feats was the performance of a voyage, then unexumpled, from Macao to the northwest coast of America and back, for the puroose of furs-a voyage made the more re narkable by the fact that it was achieved n a cutter sloop of fifty tons, with a crew of the worst description, without any printed chart of the coast, and in the eth of the monsoon. It was essential to his success to reach his destination be ore the arrival of certain ships that had been despatched from Boston around Cape horn; and his plan was to procure a vessel small enough to keep near the coast, sometimes taking advantage of a favorable current, and making a port, Ilthough an unknown one, every night. his letters to his father, he kly says that his plan is pronounced impracticable by all experienced ship masters at the port, but since no has ever tried it, how can it be asserted to be impracticable? They all predicted that he might sail a month without making any progress, and would then return, if at all, with sails and rig ging torn to pieces. "I was," he coolly ging torn to pieces. says, "not pleased with such gloom) prospects, but concluded that if I was to meet rain, it might as well be by being torn to pieces on the China coast as to arrive on the coast of America after object of my voyage had been secured by other vessels." So he sailed January 39 1799, with twenty-five on board-Americans, the rest Irish Swedes French and chiefly English, the last mostly serters from men-of-war and Botany Bay ships-"a list of as accomplished villians as ever disgroced a country." The work was so hard that the precious crew soon mutimed, and refused one morning to weigh anchor. In preparation for this he had stored all provisions near the cabin, and he coolly informed them that they could not eat until they worked: and so mounted guard for twenty-four hours, with two or three men, including the black cook. His muskets were flint locks, and revolvers were not yet intro-duced; but he had two four-pound cannon loaded with grape. It then occurred to him that if he offered to set them on shore, they would soon have enough it. They caught at the proposal; but the Chinese would not keep or feed them on land, nor the captain take them on board next day; pointing a cannon he bade them keep off. He then went to the shore in an armed boat, and offered to take them on board one by one. Sev eral came eagerly; but when it turned out that the boatswain and one other ringleader were not to be taken back on any terms, these two desperadoes presented their knives at the breasts of the others and swore that they should not Some yielded; others were tenly indifferent; one lay intoxicated on the beach. It was like one of the muti neering scenes in S evenson's "Treasure Island," At last all but six were brought on board and thenceforth behaved well having probably coincided by this time with their young captain, who quetly writes to his father, "No grosser miscal culation of character was ever made than by these men in supposing that they could accomplish their object by threats or intimidation."

They kept on their formidable vovage often finding themselves after a to:1some day, set back leagues on their way; graz ing on rocks, caught in whirlpools threatened by pirates. The diminished erew proved an advantage, as they had to be put on allowance of provisions at any rate. In thirty days they signted the north end of Fornosa, and had performed that part of the trip deemed impracticable then they crossed the North Pacific amid constant storms, and anchored in Nor-folk Sound on March 30, 1799, after a voyage of two mouths, and in advance of almost all competing vessels. Even those which had arrived from Boston were at disadvantage, being much larger, and unable to penetrate the innumerable bays and inlets on the northwest coast. Putting up a screen of hides around the deck, and never letting more than one native on deck at one time, Creveland concealed the surll ness of his crew, and eluded attack, though the Indian canoes were often larger than his little vessel. On one occasion his cutter ran on a rock, and lay there twenty-four hours at such an angle that no one could stand on deck, the Indians fortunately not discovering his plight. At last the vessel floated with returning tide, and after two months' traffic they reached China, September 15, by way of the Sandwich Islands, laden with a cargo worth \$60,000, the sea otter skin that had been bought at the rate of eight for a musket selling for \$36 apiece. serters had reached Wampon before him and all Cleveland's friends had believed their assertion that he was dead.

The youthfulness of these men gave a

flavor to im pulse and adventure to soperest mercantile enterprises. They made up their plans for some voyage round the globe as blithely as if it were a yachting trip. It seemed like commerce on a lark, and yet there was always a keen eye to business. Cleveland and his friend Shaler-whose Sketches of Algiers has still a place in the literature of tra- I ther away from the centre.

project of a voyage round Cape Horn, They bought at Hamburg an American brig of 175 tons, the Leiia Byrd, tossed up a coin to decide which should go as captain and which as supercargo, invited The Adventurous Salem Sailors of the delightful young Polish nobleman, the Count de Rouissilion, to accompany them, and sailed November 8, 1801, for a two years' voyage, the oldest of the three not being yet thirty years old. In these days, when every little remote port of the globe has been visited and described in full, its manners sketched, its channels laid down in a chart, and its com mercial resources fully known, it is posible to appreciate the uncertain and vague delights of such an expedition Every entry into a new harbor might imply a fortune or a prison, for Spahad not yet lost its control of the region they were to visit, but claimed the righ to monopolize the commerce of all. each port there was some point pour official to be managed or bribed, and in general, where any injustice had been done, the pluck and eady wit of the young Americans car ried the day. More than once, after being netually imprisoned and ordered out o the port, they quietly refused to weigh anchor until their wrongs had been redressed and an apology made. On occasion, after going on shore with boats crew to rescue some of their own men who had been improperly detained, they carried off the Spanish guard also and then sailed within musket-shot of a fort garrisoned by a hundred men, compelling their prisoners to stand conspicuisly by the bulwarks, in order to ward off the the fire from the battery. Never-theless they were under fire for half an iour. One shot struck them just above the water-line, and several cut the sails and rigging. The Spaniards had eight nine-pound guns, the Americans had only three-pounders, but when the latter got within range, the Spanish soldiers fled, and in ten minutes the fight was done. This was at San Diego, California, and we have the testimony of Mr. Rich ard H. Dana that it was still vividly re membered upon that coast thirty year later. When the Lelia Byrd was safe the prisoners were sent on shore, and the Americans had soon after a several days visit from the "jolly padres," as Cleve-land calls them, of the old Spanish mis-

THE PRISONS OF NAPLES.

ions, who took uproarious satisfaction

in the whole affair, and agreed that the

Spanish commandant, Don Manuel Rod-

riguez, ought to be sent back to the

mother country as a poltroon.

Where the Contagion of Moral and Physical Vice Spreads Rapidly.

London News: Castel Capuana is : arge, square place, some 1,500 square The once handsome edifeet in extent. fice is now spoiled by time, neglect and constant traffic. Three grand staircases lead out of the central court, one in front as you enter the great door and one on each hand. The one on the left was for merly decorated with frescoes, far from despicable works, of the sixteenth century; one represented our Savior stum! ling on his way to Calvary; another the escape of St. Peter from prison; and an other was a picture of the Virgin. They have been totally spoiled restoration and subse-reflect. On this staircase bad by quent neglect. On are the grated doors leading to the infamous prisons—dark. damp, airless putrid; paved with stones like the streets and many of them subterranean; prisons against which penalists, philoso-phers, Italians and foreigners have so long inveighed, and which now, thanks to the ceaseless exertions of the Deputy Farini, are to be abolished. This stair case leads to the grand criminal court, and the others to various other courts among which the large saloon of the grand civil court deserves to be mentioned as one of the most spacious halls in Naples. It as well as the others was

decorated with frescoes in 1770, but all In the prisons there is one part called San Lazzaro, which is devoted to the detention of chiefs of the camorra name of camorrista is never denied by a prisoner, who generally declares himself such when arrested. But a man will never falsely proclaim himself a camor rista, for he would not dare to enter among the true members, as they would him pay dearly for his presump tion. The compressa chiefs under deten tion often amount to one hundred, and from fifteen to twenty inhabit one room Their appearance is audacious and an mated, they speak with assurance, and look you straight in the face. They show a certain superiority to external condi tions, and give evidence of possessing qualities that might be turned to good Very different is the aspect of the pris oners in the common prisons, where you find hundreds of persons-abject down-hearted, vile, with stupid or fero cious physiognomies, the true product of misery. In these prisons the contagion of moral and physical vice spreads rapidly. When Fr. Curei once obtained permission to visit these prisoners he found them half naked, and in the chamber there were thirty of the most abject in a state of abso lute nudity. He remonstrated with the authorities, who in consequence provide fifteen pairs of trousers and fifteen jack ets for the thirty men, and the Jesuits were obliged to supply the rest state of things was afterward altered, but still the Castel Capuana retained too many traces of what had once ruled there. It is a traditionally corrupt prison, in which dirt and infamy seem to ooze from the very walls; where the well disposed, having once got so low as to become an inmate, grows vicious and the vicious grows worse. Among the eriminals are mixed the lower grades of camorristi, who rob and ill-use their companions, and spread their influence within and without the walls Close by are the other prisons of San Francisco, Santa Maria, and Agnone, and the low district of Porta Capuana, forming a very nucleus of crime. prisoners often manage to correspone with the people in the streets, and by this means with each other. A correspond ent of the Piccolo relates that about year ago he was an officer of the guar in Castel Campuna. The orders were most severe, for every evening there was danger of evasion or of communication with the external world on the part of the prisoners. Very often groups of malefactors and bad women, the inhab-

from certain contagion and death. In abolishing the prisons in Capuana the government is taking a great step towards improving that quar ter of the town, for a prison seems mys teriously to attract malefactors to its neighborhood. The courts of justice, too, will gain in quiet and deceney, and no longer be disturbed by the cries of prisonpenetrating their precincts. will no longer be a sense of the possibility of rebellion close by that has so ofter hindered the serene course of justice. The whole palace, which still retains traces of its former rustic grace, will also benefit by the change, and might be re-stored to something of its former dignity and beauty. The abolition of the prisons will be a real gain to the city, and it is to e hoped, will be followed by that of the other prisons in the neighborhood. the erection of new and model ones far-

itants of the low quarters of Nantes, would assemble outside the walls, and

away. From within issued songs of hatred and revenge, and signal cries that were heard and understood by those outside, in spite of the vigilance of the sentries. During the cholera epidemic

of 1884 the prisoners of Caster Capuana became infected; there was a species of

rebellion, and the prisoners thrust their

hands through the bars of their windows

and be sought the people to release then

the sentinels were obliged to drive

SULLIVAN'S GREAT ALBUM vel-having come together from the Isle of France to Copenhagen, formed the

of Men Whom IIa The Portraits Has Met.

A Terrible Warning to Would-to Fighters Who Aspire to Knock Out the Champion.

The great John L. Sullivan loves peace as the small boy loves pie, and he will be out of his way to secure quietness and rest. But when he is aroused he is a bad man to fool with. Mr. Sallivan is usually very much aroused when he is engaged in one of his battles, and a stable filled with mules is nothing compared to his powerful right arm at such a time.

One of the champion's most cherished possessions is a large album, which is completely filled with pictures. They are not, as the sentimental reader who does not know John L. very well might imagine, the photographs of former sweethearts. On the contrary, the book contains the pictures of foothardy men who have stood up before the champion for one or more rounds and have had their original features quickly transformed by a blow from Mr. Sulävan e

When John L was traveling with the minstrel combination last season he encountered a would-be champion at almost every small town which the show visited. The local pugilist was invariably auxious to increase his reputation by standing be fore Sullivan for a few rounds, and he was always accommodated. It is the pic-tures of these deluded mortals that Mr. Sullivan gloats over, and exhibits to his admiring friends as proof of his wonderful prowess.

A typical picture is that of a big black south in Seranton, Pa. Several years of pounding on an anvil had given him muscle like the Atlantic cable, and in local circles he was looked upon as a marvel. He appeared before the champion one night, looking confident and full of tight, In just sixteen seconds Mr. Sullivan had struck him fourteen times on the noses and when he revived, which was some time next day that feature of his phys-iognomy looked as if a 1,000-pound safe had fallen upon it from the top of a ten-story building. The blacksmith returned to his anvil. He is not so pretty as he was, but he knows more now.

Then there was the strong boy of Adrian, Mich., who told all his friends that Sullivan was a much over-rated pugilist. So confident was the strong boy of his ability to down the champion that he purchased half the seats in the house and presented them to his friends with an invitation to come around and see him knock out the big

The result broke off the engagement between the strong boy and his best girl. She said she never could marry a who carried one eye up in the middle of his forehead and allowed the other to hang around his left ear. He tried to explain that Mr. Sullivan had lut him unawares, but his best girl said that she witnessed the light and that the champion had merely played with him.

During the champion's triumphal tour he encountered the wicked barber at Goshen, Ind. The tonsorial artist stood six feet high and had the reputation of being able to knock down a cow by a tap with his list. His friends were so confident they advised Sullivan to buy a coffin before he was killed, as he could probably make better terms with the undertaker by a personal visit. In the first round the champion only

played with the barber, and the hopes of the latter's friends went up like the price of ice in summer. But in the second round Sullivan led out and hit the barber a blow on the jaw that almost sent the tonsorial artist's mouth around to the He is able to converse now only by means of a slate, and the most popular man among the barber's customers is John L Sullivan.

Then there was the giant farmer of Coiumbus, O. He did all the work com monly performed by horses on a farm, and weighed 200 pounds. He went at the champion with a rush, but was quickly sent to grass by a rattling tor-nado of blows. The giant's face now resembles a nutmeg grater. It is covered with lumps, some of them as big as an egg and he has permanently retired from the prize ring. Sullivan has become tired of knocking

out local fighters, and on his next tour he will exhibit his album as a warning to ambitious small fry.

How the Mexicans and Americans Twice Averted Trouble.

Chicago Herald: "Speaking of the Cutting case, and the row down on the Mexican border," said a man from Las Vegas, New Mexico, who is at McCoy's, "it is the silliest thing in the world to talk about war over such a cause. The idea of the United States and Mexico going to war over a fellow like Cutting! Do you remember the case of Juan Cortinas in 1856? Cortinas was a Mexican bandit and a robber. He held nominally a commission as colonel in the Mexican army, but he was actually at the head of 300 guerillas or cutthroats. He came over into Texas in 1856 and stole cattle, murdered 'Los Gringos' wherever could find them, and devastated his whole line of march. Was that made a cause of war? No. Governor Ripford, of Texas, raised a regiment of rangers, went after Cortinas, and as by that time the thing had got internationally warm, Preident Pierce sent Colonel R. E. Lee, of the second cavalry, with a few com-panies, to see fair play; but the duty of driving Cortinas scross the border was left to the rangers. They did it. The two governments never got into even a serious correspondence about it. Cortinas was an outlaw, and he only had to be hunted down by the police. He was driven away to be encountered again ten years later. The same means were taken to drive him off, and, if I remember aright, a company of Texans then got hold of him. I need say no more. Cortinas did not bother anybody any longer, and the Mexican government seif was full of applause. Do you re-member what was known as the Salt Pond war, only ten years ago, in 1876? At the little town of Ysletta, on the Rio Grande, now a station on the Southern Pacific road, a number of Mexicans were arrested for cattle stealing and put in jail. In a week or so, and while the grand jury was investigating—all peaceably—an armed body of Mexicans crossed the river, assaulted the jail, released the prisoners, wounded the American sheriff and one of his deputies, and, after raiding the town and stealing all they could took the released prisoners and the plunder over to the Mexican side. Hubbard, now minister to Japan, was then governor of Texas, and he made a furious protest to Secretary Fish, but it never amounted to anything. There was a long diplomatic correspondence which fired everybody out, and by the time it was ended the border was again quiet. Hence I say a mere local border troube can magnified cause for war. Texas, the country directly affected, can take care of herself. Precedent gives her the right to organize her rangers, and the treaty of Guadulupe Hidalgo only requires that the United States government shall see fair play. That has been the mode of procedure for thirty years and is not likely to be changed now. Governor Ireland is entirely right in his assump-tion of the right to take care of the troubles himself. There is no need to

make an international conflict out of it.