ATMOSPHERIC CHANGES.

The Rarifled Air of the Northwest and Western States.

The Case of Mr. William Cott-He Tells The Public What He Knows From Actual Experience-An Interesting and True Case.

An English writer, narrating his experiences in the Himalayas, naturally has much to say about the rarified atmosphere; and in particular he reports the laughable attempts made by the natives of the region to account for the sisknëss and shortness of breath to which even they are liable beyond a certain altitude. The height at which these effacts of headache and vomiting are obsgreed, varies much, and it is not easy to prace the cause of the irregularities. A greateal depends on the habit of body.

One first notices the difficulty when using some more than ordinary exertion, as running, or walking up hill. In this way, for people who live below six thousand feet, the effects generally come on between eleven and twelve thousand feet. At fourteen thousand feetone is liable to have an attack of shortness of breath even when in repose.

and feet. At fourteen thousand feet one is liable to have an attack of shortness of breath even when in repose.

It is a fact not generally known that the atmosphere of Nebraska and states adjoining is also very rare, this accounts in a measure for the prevalence of that loathsome disease catarrh.

Mr. William Cott, who resides at 2216 Mason street, and is a clerk employed at No. 1167 Harney street, on being interviewed by a reporter on the subject of catarrh says: "I was troubled with catarrh about four years. It commenced with a fresh cold. I had fits of sneezing, with chilly sensations followed by a feverish condition, and my nose was stopped up, although I had a watery discharge from my nostrils continually, until the edges of my nostrils looked red enough to satisfy the most fastidious old toper, and my eyes would be filled with tears. This condition soon lessened, and would cause me but little annoyance, but each new cold made the condition worse, until I had a permanent condition of cold in the head. The discharge was then thicker and changed in color. I could hardly breath through my nose, and the discharge would collect in my throat, which kept me continually hemming and spitting, the slightest change in temperature would effect my condition and stop up first one nostril and than the other. After going to bed, if I laid on my right side my right nostril would stop up, if on my left, my left nostril, and I was compelled to keep my mouth open to get sufficient air, my voice had a muttled character, and kind of "nasa twang." I had a continual pain over my eyes and in the back part of my eyes, my food did not set well on my stomach and my appetite was cangeable, I ate a very light breakfast, due no doubt to my being compelled to hem and spit so much upon arising. I suffered this way until I became discouraged. After trying numerous patent preparations and obtaining no relief, I concluded I would make one more trial. I had been reading about Ir. McCoy and his associates and visited their office in the Ramge



MR. WILLIAM COTT.

Can Catarrh Be Cured? The past age might be called a superstitious one. The present can more properly be called an age of surprises, for many things once classed among the impossibilities. It would be superfluous to enumerate them. But nave we reached the utmost limit? Have we? Physicians who claim to make certain aliments the human body is subject to a special study, and claim to be colle to cure such diseases, are pronounced by other self-satisfied practioners as presumptuons; but does their saying so make it so? The man who can come the nearest to overcoming the seeming impossibilities of others is now all the rage, and well does he or they deserve the success they have labored so hard to attain. Dr. J. Cresap McCoy or his as-ociates do not make claims to anything marvelous, such as raising the dead and giving them new life; neither do they claim to give sight to the blind; but by their new and scientific method of treating catarrh they have cured and do cure catarrh as well as bronchial and throat troubles. They make catarrh a specialty, because it is one of the most prevalent and troublesome diseases that the people of this climate are heir to. Since Dr. McOy and his associates have located in this city they have treated with success hundreds of persons whom other physicians have lold their disease was classed among the incurables. Do they not publish from week to week in the daily papers testimonials from some of their many grateful patients, giving in each case the full name and address of the person making the statement that the doubting and skeptical may call and interview the said people prior to visiting the doctor's offices for consultation. The people advertised as cured are by no means obscure or unknown, but in the majority of cases are citizens well known by the business people and community at large, and it will more than repay any one suffering from catarrhal affection to visit those whose statements are published, or consult with the doctor or his associates at his office.

TRACING THE CONNECTION. Signar Dangers Which Are Made Known Before Consumption Appears.

When catarrh has existed in the head and upper part of the throat for any length of time—the patient living in the district where people are subject to catarrhal affection—and the disease has been left uncured, the catarrh invariably, sometimes slowly, extends down the windpipe and into the bronchial tubes, which tubes convey the air into the different parts of the lungs. The tubes become affected from the swelling and mucus arising from catarrh, and in some instances become plugged up so that the air cannot get in as freely as it should. Shortness of breath follows, and the patient breathes with labor and with difficulty.

In other cases there is a sound of cracking and wheezing inside the chest. At this stage of the disease the breathing is usually more rapid than when in health. The patient also has hot flashes over his body.

The pain which accompanies this condition is of a duil character, felt in the chest, behind the breastbone or under the shoulder blade. The pain may come and go—last a few days and then be absent for several others. The cough that occurs in the first stages of bronchial catarrh is dry, comes at intervals, is backing in character and usually most troublesome in the morning on arising, or going to bed at night, and it may be the first evidence of the disease extending in the lungs.

the lungs.

At first there may be nothing brought up by the cough; then there is a little tough tenacious mucus, which the patient finds great difficulty

mucus, which the patient finds great difficulty in bringing up.

Sometimes there are fits of coughing induced by tough mucous—so violent as to cause vom iting. Later on the mucous that is raised is iound to contain small particles of yellow mat er, which indicates that the small tubes in the lungs are now affected. With this there are often streaks of blood mixed with the mucous. In cases the patient becomes very pale, has fever and expectorates before any cough appears.

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The True Story of Its Discovery and Development.

A STIRRING TALE OF GOLD.

Allen Hulbert's Find in the Big Horn Mountains-The Lost Trail-The Lead Rediscovered - A Sad Sequel.

Fort Keogh, Mont., Correspondence of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Perhaps the most famous, as well as the most mysterious, mine on the continent is the celebrated Lost Cabin Lead. It has been discovered, rediscovered and lost half a dozen times, and at the present writing the exact location of this rich lode is as much a mystery as ever. This mine is one of the magnets that drew Thomas Paige Comstock (Old Pancake) north from the Nevada bonanzas; but he never found the lead, and he came but to find a suicide's death and a pauper's grave awaiting him. He drove pistol ball through his brain near Bozeman, September 27, 1870, and his neglected tomb is now there, without a sign to mark this famous man's last resting place, and almost unknown. The Lost Cabin has grown to be somewhat of a legend, although there can be no doubt that very rich veins of gold are scattered all through the Big Horn range, and among those mountains this much-sought mine is snugly hidden away, and will probably remain so until some lucky prospector stumbles upon it. and so becomes a thrice millionaire in a winkling. That there is gold in the Big Horn mountains can not be ques-tioned. Colors have been found all along the Big, Little Horn and other mountains, and at the mouths of the Big Horn and Rosebud a little industrious panning on the bars will show undoubted signs of auriferous washings. But the treasure vaults of the Big Horn must be closed to prospectors for many years yet, as the Crow Indians are barons, in fee, of all that rich country, and do not propose to part with one inch of their birthright for love nor money until a wise congress legislates on the matter and throws these rich lands-rich in minerals and grasses--open to the industrious white prospector and tarmer, whether the Crows like it or not.

I have seen many descriptions of the Lost Cabin in print, but never yet has the true story been told, or how it got the name of Cabin, nor how such a big thing as a gold mine with a log cabin attachment came to be so utterly and totally lost as never to be found

THE LOST CABIN TRIO. Allen Hulburt,a California stampeder of the 49 epoch, was the man who discovered the mine, built the cabin, lost the mine, and never found it again. He was a quiet, sensible citizen of Janesville, Wis., in 1849, when he caught the California gold fever like a great many others, and so in October of the same year he left home, friends and everything else behind him and journeyed across the plains to the Pacific El Dor-ado. He worked his way north to Oregon, then into what is now Washington, and in the spring of 1863 found himself in Wallawalla without a cent in his pocket.

In company with two other roving spirits, one Jones and one Cox, the trio bought a new prospecting outfit, includvisions in pannier packs, set out over the Mullen trail for an exploring expedition on the eastern slope of the Rockies. After hard trials, and encompassing almost insurmountable difficulties, the little band finally reached the Yellowstone, floated down on a raft to the Big Horn river and made camp on an island in the wildest and most hostile portion of the United States.

The geography of the country was little known in those days. Most of their traveling had to be done in the night time, as the country was full of Indians and therefore not being very able to distinguish the country rounabout as they passed through it at night, the range of mountains that loomed up in front of them one bright morning had neither name or location for them. Into these mountains they hurried, panning and prospecting as they went, and striking better pay the deeper and higher up the gulch they got. At last, coming to a wonderfully rich streak which prospected handsomely, a shaft was sunk to bed-rock, which was only seven feet below, and here was found gold from the grass roots down, panning all the way from 5c to \$1 each trial. These frantic men made up their mind to stay all winter. They had plenty of powder and lead, the country was full of ame, and so, without further delay the little pioneer party began work in dead earnest for a long winter's stay. They whip-sawed lumber, built a dam across the creek, put up the sluice boxes, and sluiced from morning to night while the weather lasted. The average yield was about \$100 to a man until snow began to fly. When the water froze, and mining operations had to be suspended, Cox, Jones and Hulburt had about half a bushel each of bright, sparkling nuggets and gold dust. Now came winter. The time was too valuable while the season lasted to waste it in building operations; but it was now getting late, and the boys industriously whip-sawed lumber and cut logs sufficient to erect a cabin and surround it with a stockade. This was the famous cabin that has since been lost so many times. Hay was cut, too, for the five horses. One had been drowned in the Yellowstone. In the spring, when the water began to run again, the three men were at their sluice-boxes and taking out just as much gold as ever. One day Hulburt sud-denly returned to the cabin for some necessary article, leaving his two com-

rades busily at work.

Scarcety had he gotten out of sight when bang! bang! went a number of rifles, and Cox and Jones lay weltering in their blood. From a tree Hulburt saw the Indians strip, scalp and mutilate his comrades, after which the redskins followed the well-beaten trail up to the cabin and rifled the latter of every single article or thing they wanted. They even attempted to set fire to the famous structure; but the logs were green and would not burn, thus sparing the cel-ebrated building to future discovery. After awhile the Indians left. Hulburt slipped quickly from his perch, gathered together a few necessary articles (the Indians had carried off the horses), packed his knapsack full of gold (bury ing such trasure as he could not carry).
and withou pausing to look around or
even to take a landmark, fled for his

HULBURT'S FLIGHT. His route did not lay back over the old trail he and his two friends had come the year before (the Indians had gone that way | but to the south, in the opposite direction, through a strange, wild, undiscovered country so to speak, over which no white man's foot had

east could be seen a vast stretch of open drairie, while to the west was a lofty range of mountains whose snow-capped peaks pierced the very clouds.

Hoping to strike some trail if he trusted to the open, Hulburt struck boldly out over the prairie, and headed as near as he could judge, for the Platte

crossing of the great transcontinental route to California. After eighteen days he did reach the North Platte river, ninety miles above Fort Laramie, at Reshaw's bridge, and found himself on the old trail which he had passed over, fifteen days before, on his way to California. Here he met the first white people he had seen for nearly two years, except of course, his slain comrades. The country was then on fire over the news from Alder gulch. Rich diggings had been reported on Grasshopper creek and Alder in Montana, and the trend of the gold hunters was now toward the northwest instead of the setting sun, as was the case in 1849. Hulburt met a big stampede coming up the Platte bound for Montan. Without going back to the state or sending any word to his friends, he joined this party of El Dorado hunters, and was soon en-route to the very country he had so anxiously been fleeing from during the previous thirty days. Going along, he told the story of his own wonderful experiences to others, which resulted in a split in the crowd, with him heading a new stampede, in which he came near getting killed for his pains, To show the size of this division, it is only neces-sary to state that Hulburt had no less than 140 wagons at his heels, with something like 550 men, women and children, and all of these crazy people going off on a mad, wild chase after the goose that had laid the golden egg for Hulburt in the first instance. Sufficient is it to say that they never found the

HULBURT'S CLOSE CALL. Hulburt proved a very bad pilot, and fter leading his party everywhere without success til winter came on, he finally and reluctantly confessed that he was lost, and his famous cabin mine along with him. This man, whose word had been law in camp for so many days, was now an outcast and in danger of death by violence. Men and women sprung at him like tigers, crying— "Lynch him; he has lied to us; lynch

Preparations were made for an im-

promptu necktie party, and Hulburt was just about to be strung up, when

the individual in that crazy mob, who had a spark of humanity left in him, stepped over to the doomed man's side drew his revolver. That was enough. Sullen with rage, but cowed by one man's bravery, the lynching bee was postponed and poor wretched Hul-burt's life spared. The Indians started ne war-path about this which made it a very unhealthy country for white people; whereupon the Lost Cabin stampeders hastened westward and scattered through the gulches in and around Virginia City. Hulburt was last seen in Virginia City in the fall of '64, since when the world has lost track of him, although it still remembered his famous though mythical lead. Hundreds saw the gold which Hulburt brought back with him from the Big Horn country, and since then a sort of blind faith has possessed many that the Lost Cabin mine really exists. Bart Beckley, a Colorado miner and chum of Jack McDonald, spent a year of his life searching the Big Horn, Castle and Emigrant mountains for this wonderful lead, but at last he, like the rest, be-came disheartened and gave it up, although his belief in the existence of the mine was stronger at the close of unsuccessful search than when he began Jack McDonald spent many years in the mountain mining camps, during a twelve-month of which he was lost to ing six horses, and with a month's pro- all save himself, somewhere on the southern rlope of the Big Horn range. Suddenly Jack turned up all bustle and excitement' leaving hurriedly for Colorado, but there he was taken sick and died in a cabin on Buckskin creek, where the city of Leadville now stands. Before he breathed his last he called his friend and "pard"—Bart Beckley— to his side, and told him of a lead in far-

> very rich. BART BECKLEY'S BONANZA.
> Years rolled on and Beckley, turning
> the story over and over in his mind finally decided to make an attempt to find this famous mine of McDonald's. He drifted thither among the mountains of the northwest, found himeslf first in the Black Hills, then in the Wood River country, and finally in the New World mining district, near the Big Horn. He recognized Cloud peak, the lofttiest pile in the country, and strange to say from the accurate description given him by his friend, he was enabled to find Mc-Donald's lead, which was half way up the side of the very mountain he was then exploring. But, alas, the dying man was either deceived of else distance lent enchantment to the view, for the supposed gold had turned out to be only copper, which would not have paid the cost of mining it at that lofty attitude and in such rugged country. Beckley confidently thought he was on the trace of the Lost Cabin mine, but his prac-ticed eye told him at a glance that only copper lay before him, and he gave up the chase, returning to Colorado much disheartened and thoroughly disgusted.

away Montana that he believed to be

Not long after Beckley's failure another prospector from the southern mines, named Joe Sweeney, suddenly appeared in the Big Horn mountains, and spent days and days hunting for the lead that seemed to baffle all efforts at discovery. He finally stumbled upon a vein far up near the head of the Big-Horn canyon, which he firmly believed to be an outcropping of the famous lode, if not the mother treasure herself. The news was telegraped by the Associated press giving an account of the discovery, saying that the "Lost Claim lead was found at last." The discovery was twenty-five miles long, 620 feet wide, and where cut by the stream which crossed it, showed a perpendicular depth of sixty feet. Pieces of it were knocked off and sent to McVicker, of Salt Lake, for assay, and in two weeks a report came back showing 41.55 per cent of copper, with a trace of silver. A great lead had been discovered, for 50 per cent of the rock was pure metal; but there was not a sign of gold about it, and therefore it could not be the Lost Cabin. Again unfortunately, this Lost Cabin. Again, unfortunately, this galena lode was on the Crow reservation, which preculded the working of it, no matter how profitable it might be.

JACK NYE'S ADVENTURE. A short time afterward Jack Nye (no relation to William and his cat), a well known Nevada prospector, appeared in the Big Horn country, and was lost to view for several months. All at once he bounced into Bozeman, and startled the natives with the assertion that he had positively discovered the Lost Cabin lead. It was, like Sweeney's find, situ-ated near the headwaters of the Big Horn, where the famous river gushes a torrent down out of the mountains, the stream in question cutting the ledge almost at right angles.

At this point the lode was 250 feet wide, and Nye said it showed up sixty odd feet on the washed faces. He traced the lode across the country for twenty-five miles or more, finding it in places as much as sixty feet wide. Nye wired ever traveled before. After many days, when far away from the camp he arrived at a lofty precipice where to the for the vein which Nye believed to be experience and from what others had

the much-sought for Lost Cabin was neither more nor less than Jeo Sweeney's old discovery. When Nye learned the truth-that another man had found the very same lead before him, and what was more, had given it up as no good, he, too, surrendered in disgust, and went back to Nevada a very badly disappointed man.

UNPARALLELED HARDIHOOD. About this time the Sitting Bull troubles came on, and the country where the Lost Cabin lead was sup-posed to be hid away became alive with hostile Indians. Old Touka-te-tonka (Sitting Bull), with over a thousand odges, had his camp near the junction of the two Horn rivers, on the spot where General Custer afterward found him and met his death. Notwithstanding the frightful dangers and almost certain death awaiting any white man who should have the hardihood to penetrate into the country, three white men did go prospecting up the Big Horn about this time, and made their way safely through the hostile regions (traveling night and resting days), fin-ally reaching the headwaters of the Little Big Horn in safety: Here these Little Big Horn in safety: Here these three venturesome spirits came across a body of ore so large and so rich that they could hardly credit the evidence of their senses. Old miners believe implicitly that all rich veins in a mineral country must be emanations from a backbone or mother lode. Here was unquestionably the mother lode. If the mythical Lost Cabin lead really had an existence, there could be no doubt but existence, there could be no doubt but what these hardy prospectors had ac-tually stumbled upon it, for, from the description given, it was certainly the largest body of rich quartz in the known

A SAD SEQUEL. But listen to the sequel. After work ng until their tools wore out, the brave tellows built a boat with which to de-scend the river, loaded it down with nuggets and rich specimens (burying what they could not carry) and started down stream intending to float by night to the Yellowstone, and thence on by daylight, and night too, until civilization or a settlement was reached. The plan was then to return with sufficient men and supplies to withstand the attacks of the red men and to work the uew mine for all there was in it.

Had they known that the camp which they intended to steal past at midnight was the largest ever gathered together on the North American continent, stretching up and down the river for more than three miles, and containing between 5,000 and 6,000 warriors, it is probable they would have gone the other way and gotten out of the country with all possible haste. Their boat was discovered by an Indian dog whose single yelp set 10,000 other throats barking, and in their hurry to push forward the frail craft was upset in the rapids of the Little Horn, and the poor devils were prisoners. Two of the men were killed instantly, but the third, in the darkness of the night, managed to effect his escape, and after wandering about for days and days without food and with little or no clothing, finally reached a settlement, more dead than alive. He related his experience, ex hibited one or two nuggets of pure vir gin gold in proof of his assertion, but would not give the exact location of the lode. Through his privications, sufferings and ponderings over his immense wealth his mind became unbalanced, and the poor fellow, unhappily, became insane; and afterwards, when the country was opened up and Sitting Bull conquered, it was then too late to return to the lead, for the only survivor who might have pointed out the doorway to untold millions was a babbling, senseless fool. His reason

WALKED IN HIS SLEEP.

How John Callaghan Came to be Arrested for Grand Larceny.

San Francisco Call; When the name of John Callaghan on a charge of grand larceny was called in Police Court 2 yesterday, a well-dressed, quiet-looking, middle-aged man stood up in the dock and pleaded not guilty.

Officer Horton, who made the arrest,

was called, and testified that on Monday night he was called to the lodginghouse at 510 Ellis street to arrest a man who was roaming about the house in a strange manner. With some difficulty, and after he had chased the man about the house for some time, he caught him in the kitchen and arrested him. He was attired in his shirt only, and seemed in a dazed condition and not to realize his surroundings. The officer took him to the police station, and on the complaint of the landlady, charged

him with grand larceny.

Mrs. Helen Grant, the landlady, was then called, and testified that at a late hour on Monday night she was aroused by loud screams from the room of Miss Nellie Porter, one of her lodgers, and on going to her door was nearly knocked down by a man who rushed out in hir shirt-sleeves. She raised an alarm and sent for an officer, and on his taking the man into custody discovered he was the one who had rented a room from her that day. She went into his room when the officer had arrested him, and found a lady's bonnet, a pair of gloves, some stockings, and a lady's gold brooch secreted in the wardrobe, and on making inquiries found that they belonged to Miss Florence Allen, another of her tenants, and for this reason she had Cal-laghan charged with grand larceny. Miss Allen identified the articles as

her own, and said that she had laid them on her bureau before going to bed. Miss Porter testified that she awakened on the night in question by a noise in her room, and saw by the dim light of the hall a man standing at her bureau and apparently brushing his hair before the mirror. She screamed, and the intruder made his escape. She saw him after his arrest, but could not positively identify him, but thought he was the same one.

The defendant was then placed on the stand, and testified substantially as fol-

"My name is John Callaghan and I am a miner. I came to this city on Sunday last and took a room at Mrs. Grant's house. On Monday evening I went to bed about 11 o'clock, and knew nothing further until I was awakened by stumbling over something and heard a man tell me to stop running.
"I found myself in the kitchen with

very few clothes on, and this officer and and the household standing about me and the household standing about me and asking me all sorts of questions. I was so bewildered that I could not explain myself, and then the policeman took me to the lockup. The only explanation I can make of how I got into the kitchen is this: When I was a young man I was subject to fits of somnambulism and have frequently walked. nambulism, and have frequently walked in my sleep during the past few years. "About the things found in my room

I know nothing, and the interval from the time I went to bed to the time I awoke in the kitchen is a blank to me. I suppose the excitement of my journey from the north worked on me, and I got up and acted as these ladies testify." Frank Peterson, an engineer, and William Jennings, a mining expert, both testified that they had known the defendant for a long time and that he was subject to fits of sleep-walking, and would wander about for hours if not awakened. Mr. Jennings had known him for a long time and from his own

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said he considered him a man of excepionally good character.

The air of truth with which the defendant gave his testimony and the statements of the last two witnesses apparently impressed the court with the prisoner's innocence, and the case was dismissed with a warning to the defendant to take precau-tions against scaring people out of their



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