EDITORIAL SHEET.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 19, 1871. OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1895—SIXTEEN PAGES. SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

MILLIONS IN MOONSHINE

Illicit Still Worm Turns a Handsome Trick on Uncle Sam.

CONTRABAND BOOZE A MONEY MAKER

Mountain Dew Jugged in the Large Cities as Well as in the South—Stories of Famous Stills and Crooked Distillers.

(Copyright, 1895, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

This is the first of a series of letters which I propose to write showing some of the curious ways in which Uncle Sam is robbed. He does one of the biggest businesses in the world. His ordinary expenditures have for years been between $300,000,000 and $400,000,000 annually. He has on hand here today in Washington, in the shape of bonds, bank notes and bullion, more than $800,000,000, and the gold and silver coin stacked up in the treasury cellars weighs 5,000 tons. The sums in which he deals are big enough to tempt the wildest dreams of criminal avarice, and thousands of men are plotting how they can in some way break in and carry away a part of the pile. This money is surrounded, however, both by day and by night by trusty watchmen, whose revolvers are always ready. The strongest of wrought iron and of welded steel inclose his bags of gold and silver, and the heavy doors which form the entrances to his vaults have time locks which defy the most expert of burglars. The ordinary thief has little chance here. The checks on the treasury are legion and the theft money stolen from the government is slipped out in other ways. And yet there is no doubt but that vast sums are stolen. Uncle Sam's receipts amount to almost a million dollars a day, and he undoubtedly loses millions of dollars in one way or another every year.

MILLIONS IN MOONSHINE.

Take the matter of the whisky tax. Since its increase to $1.10 a gallon moonshine stills have been springing up like weeds in all parts of the country. They have flourished for years in the mountains of the south, but they are now beginning to sprout up in the big cities of the north. Within the past few weeks a number of illicit stills have been discovered in New York and Philadelphia. The business is being carried on by Polish Jews in attics and cellars. They are making whisky from black strap molasses, for which they pay in bulk about 4 cents per gallon. It probably costs them less than 25 cents to make a gallon of whisky, and their profits are from 400 to 500 per cent.

This business is entirely different from that of the moonshiners. Colonel W. W. Colquitt, the chief of the special agents of the Treasury department, has given me the details, and I have before me the drawing of one of these northern whisky stills, which has just been received by the Treasury department. The still was captured only a few days ago in one of the big cities of the east. It is of the sort used in Russia, and it consists of two galvanized iron boxes or barrels, with fire boxes beneath them. The molasses is mixed with water and is fermented into a kind of sugar beer. It is then put into these boilers and cooked into a vapor. This is conducted through pipes into a second still, and cold water from the city water works acts as the condenser. The sugar beer after two distillations comes out in the shape of whisky, and as such it is ready for the market. Such a still costs but a few dollars. It makes practically no smell, and it can be put up in any room where there are water works. The only ways that the treasury detectives can know of its existence are through the selling of the whisky and the purchasing of the molasses and yeast. A large amount of yeast has to be used to ferment the beer, and the yeast factories of all the big eastern cities are now being watched by treasury detectives. Every one who buys much yeast has to give an account of himself, and all suspicious purchasers are carefully shadowed.

The whisky robbers use all kinds of means to escape the detectives. A week or so ago one of the treasury agents saw a Jew buy a large bundle of yeast. He took it from the factory and walked off with it under his arm. The detective followed. He saw the yeast given to another man, who carried it through several alleys and gave it to a third man, who took it into a cellar. About fifteen minutes later this man came out with what seemed to be four base ball clubs wrapped in brown paper in his arms. This was the yeast, which he had molded up in this way to avoid suspicion. As he walked off the detective followed him, and he finally traced him to an attic where some Polish Jews had a distillery, which was making many gallons of whisky a day.

WHISKY IN MILK CANS.

Another of the stills was discovered only a few weeks ago, which was being operated under the disguise of a dairy. This was located just outside of Brooklyn. The whisky robber had bought the dairy. He had on hand about 100 cows, and he had his regular milk route, which was mostly confined to the saloons of Brooklyn and New York. The revenue spies knew that there was a large amount of illicit whisky on the market. They could not trace it until they noted that some of the saloons seemed to be getting large quantities of milk. One day they followed the milkman and they found the still. At least half of his cans had been filled with whisky, which was delivered to the saloons, while the milk went to his ordinary customers. In capturing the still the revenue agents took charge of the dairy and confiscated the cows on the part of Uncle Sam.

The increase of illicit distilling in the southern mountains during the past year is enormous. The stills are scattered through the mountain districts of every southern state, and the revenue department has never had its hands so full as now. The commissioner of internal revenue tells me that the agents have never been so well organized, and they have never done so good work as they are now doing. Colonel Colquitt, the chief of this branch, was for years in the field as a special agent. He has the moonshine districts mapped out, and there is a black list at the Treasury department containing the names of the suspected characters. Congress has set aside $50,000 a year for the pay of spies and hired informers, and Uncle Sam is now spending, all told, about $500,000 annually to put down the business. Still there are more stills now than ever before. The outlook is that there will be nearly 2,000 wiped out during the coming year, and the number destroyed last month was 164. It is hard to estimate the loss which Uncle Sam sustains from these moonshine stills. A few days ago a wagon load of whisky, containing 100 gallons of liquor, was captured near Greenville, S. C. The tax on this alone would have been $110. Suppose the 2,000 stills which will be captured this year to continue in operation. It is a small still which will not produce five gallons of whisky daily. These 2,000 stills would produce 10,000 gallons a day, on which the tax would be $11,000. Eleven thousand dollars a day is more than $4,000,000 per year. This will be the saving in revenue by the breaking up of these stills. There are, however, in all probability, hundreds which are never discovered and the loss is incalculable.

HOW THE MOONSHINERS WORK.

I asked Colonel Colquitt to give me some idea of the moonshine stills of the south. He replied: "They are rude affairs, and the average still does not cost more than $50. It usually consists of two barrels, one of which contains a coil of copper pipe connected with a boiler on the top of an oven, like a bake oven, near by. In the other barrel the mash is kept. This mash is made of cornmeal. It is fermented into a kind of beer. This beer is put into the boiler, and as it gets warm it rises in vapor into the pipe and flows off into the coil. Cold water from a mountain stream is kept running through the barrel over the coil, and as it falls upon it it condenses the vapor into liquor. The whisky has to be distilled twice before it is ready for use. It costs only a few cents a gallon, and it requires no capital to speak of to make it. The mountaineers bring their corn to the still and trade it for whisky. They receive a gallon of whisky for a bushel of corn. The moonshiner can make three gallons out of every bushel, and he has two gallons of clear profit. This he sells to his fellow mountaineers at $1 per gallon. So you see the profits are large. When we discover a still we chop it in pieces. If we find a wagon load of whisky we break the barrels and let the liquor run out upon the ground. We locate the still by means of spies, and the revenue agents have a standing price of $10 for each still that is pointed out to them. Ten dollars is a great deal of money in the southern mountains, and sooner or later the moonshiner is bound to have some one inform on him. The business is very dangerous, however. Now and then the moonshiners fight the revenue officers, and the man who follows them takes his life in his hands. I have been shot at a number of times, but so far have escaped being hit.

The moonshiners hate the spies worse than they do us. They will kill them if they can discover them. Still, some of our informers continue their work for years and they are not discovered. Some follow the business because they wish to wipe it out rather than for the money. One of the most remarkable informers I ever knew was a guide named Roper. The moonshiners suspected him. They caught him, carried him to a well and threw him in. This well was fifty-five feet deep, and after he had reached the bottom they began to fire upon him. He was hit twice in the head by their bullets. He remained three days in that well without food, and when we got him out he was almost dead from starvation and loss of blood. He recovered, however, and is alive today.

THE NOTORIOUS REDMOND.

"Who is the most notorious moonshiner you have on the records of the Treasury department, Colonel Colquitt?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied the chief of the revenue agents. "One man who has had a great deal of newspaper notoriety was a fellow named Redmond, who operated in the South Carolina mountains. He had been making moonshine whisky and had had quite a career when a newspaper reporter spent a week with him at one of his stills in the mountains. Redmond had killed two men, and he claimed to have done a great deal more. He gave this man the story of his adventures, and this was published in the Charleston newspapers. This seemed to set Redmond crazy. He committed the most daring acts after that to get his name in the newspapers. He was finally caught and sent to prison. I do not know whether he is alive today or not."

"The average moonshiner," continued Colonel Colquitt, "does not think his business is wrong. He argues that every man has the right to sell what he makes as long as he does not steal or trample upon the rights of others. He has the sympathy of the mountaineers, and today our greatest trouble is to get the courts of the south to deal out justice to this class of criminals."

THE GREAT SIMMS TRAGEDY.

"Who was the most curious moonshiner you ever had to deal with, Colonel Colquitt?" said I.

"One of the queerest," replied the chief, "was old Bob Simms, who lived near Bladon Springs, not far from Mobile. Simms was a religious fanatic, and he had a large number of followers. His people looked upon him as a kind of a savior and a prophet. They had gathered about him and he had established a colony of his believers. He had a peculiar religion, one of the tenets of which was that all men had equal rights, and that no one could equitably prevent another from doing what he pleased. He said that the law of the land was the 'devil's law,' and that no respect ought to paid to it. It was this devil's law that taxed whisky. The law of God, which he (Simms) laid down, provided that a man could make and sell what he pleased, and Simms said he had a perfect right to make whisky out of his corn, and that God would protect him. He defied the government; he built his still out in plain sight in front of his cabin, and had a wide road running up to it. When we sent a warrant for his arrest he took it from the hands of the deputy who served it, tore it up and spat in the deputy's face. There were a number of men with Simms at this time, and the deputy did not dare to arrest him. We then sent a posse after him. Simms saw that our force was greater than his, and he was taken. He refused to walk to jail, however. He said we might carry him, but he would not go of his own accord. Upon this he was picked up, put into a cart and taken to Bladon Springs. This is a sort of summer resort, much frequented by the citizens of Alabama. It has no good jail facilities and Simms was put into an outhouse and guarded during the day, preparatory to carrying him elsewhere. He was handcuffed. He showed no dispcsition to be ugly, however, and when dinner time came our revenue agents went into the dining room of the hotel, leaving Simms in the charge of only one officer. It was dark, the people were eating when three men rushed to the cottage, shot the officer in charge, killed a doctor who had called in at the time to see Simms, and allowed Simms to escape. The men who did the shooting were Simms' two brothers and his son, Bailly Simms. One of the brothers was shot as he ran away and the son of the old man was also killed."

FROM PROPHET TO DEMON.

"Bob Simms, however, got away," Colonel Colquitt continued. "He took to the woods and lived there for some time. But he soon began to commit such outrages that the people rose up against him and he was lynched. Before his arrest by the government he had modeled his life on the bible and he tried to follow out some of its teachings, especially so in one place, where it says: 'If a man strike you on the right cheek you must turn the other to him and let him smite you on that.' His arrest and the death of his son changed his nature. He went in for revenge and vengeance against all who were against him. Everything that was angelic in his nature turned to gall. He became a very demon and there was nothing too mean and cruel for him to do. The act which capped the climax was the killing of a merchant who in times past had been a friend of his. After his escape Simms' house, with his goods in it, was comparatively unprotected. The merchant had a bill against him, and, without process of law he went to Simms' house and took a wagon load of his furniture to satisfy this bill. He was told at the time that he was doing a dangerous thing, but he laughed and suggested that Simms' religious nature would not permit him to retaliate. He was much mistaken. As soon as the matter was reported to Simms he became enraged. He took a band of his followers and one dark night surrounded the merchant's house. He then set fire to it and as the merchant's wife and children ran out to escape the flames he fired upon them and killed them. This created a great sensation.

"A lynching party was organized. They surrounded Simms and his followers, and he, finally seeing that he was bound to be overpowered, told them that if they would choose twenty-five men and allow him to choose twenty-five men who would assure him that he would have a fair trial and be a guard for him he would give himself up. This was agreed to and Simms threw down his arms and came out. The fifty men surrounded him, but they only pretended to protect him. In reality they gave him up to the mob and within an hour afterward he, with four of his followers, were hanged.

"Simms' defense of himself," Colonel Colquitt went on, "was very brave. He had his party in his house, and near this was a little shed, which prevented the lynchers from surrounding him. If this could be burned it would enable them to close in around him and capture the house. One of the lynchers slipped up and set fire to it. Simms came out with a water bucket, and, without regard to the bullets which were flying about him, and protected to some extent by his friends in the house, who were firing to keep back the lynchers, he put out the fire."

HOW ONE STILL WAS CAPTURED.

During my talk with Colonel Colquitt one of the most famous of the special revenue agents came in from the field. This was Colonel Chapman, who has been connected with the detective service of the department for twenty years, and who is now operating in the mountains of Georgia and Alabama. His whole life has been one of fighting. He was a lieutenant colonel under Mosby during the late civil war and had five horses killed under him at that time. He has been battered up a number of times by the moonshiners, but has never been dangerously wounded. At one time he was shot through the wrist, and he showed me today the scar which marked the spot where the ball went through. "We were capturing a still," said he, "in the Alabama mountains. Our posse had surrounded the men when one of them fired at me, and the ball struck me in the left wrist. My hand was hanging at my side, and I thought at first that I had knocked my crazy bone against a tree. A moment later it felt as though a red hot iron was being run through my wrist, and I knew that I had been shot. The man after shooting me ran. I aimed at him with my pistol and sent a ball flying after him. I am a good shot, but in some way or other I missed him.

"The circumstances of capturing that still were rather curious," Colonel Chapman went on. "I had three men with me, and we were riding along the road when we met a wagon loaded with barrels of whisky. We came upon the man at a turn of the corner, and seized the whisky in the name of the government. We chopped up the barrels and let it run out on the ground. The men who owned it were very angry. We concluded to follow the trail of the wagon and see if we could not find the still. We did so, and about a mile or so away we surprised the men at work. Three of them started to run, and one got behind a tree and blazed away at me. The men in charge of the wagon also ran. I did not dare to get on my horse and go after them, for I was not sure of one of the men who was with me, and our guide had deserted us on the capturing of the wagon. The result was we destroyed this still and then went on to others."

Frank G. Carpenter

TENNYSON'S DEATH.

Written for The Bee.

The Laureate sank beneath the tide of dreams
In that calm hour when through the silent skies
Come angels in their snowy-winged guise
For hearts aweary of the noonday dreams.

The Laureate sank—but turned his charmed gaze
In full souled inspiration to the east,
And mused, perchance, on being so released
Just as the moon rose through the autumn haze.

How he had loved the soft October night,
Full many a dream was dreamed in just such way;
And sadly lost its beauty with the day
When all its softened shadows saw the light.

He of the earnest meditative heart
Had been a dreamer since his earliest days
When all the world had worn Byronic ways
And every one had voice and grief apart.

And when his favored poet lay in death
"Byron is dead" was writ upon the sand
And on great oaks he carved it with his hand,
And murmured it all day beneath his breath.

Men always felt as he did half conceal
A grief which was too noble for the pen,
Though ever and anon they saw again
The deeps that called to deeps in some appeal.

Ah, if the songs the poets have not sung,
But only felt in their great hearts as mute,
Were known to men, the murmuring dulcet flute
Were tuneless with the magic music flung.

The Laureate sank—and death so softly swept
Its sable pinions o'er the moonlit bed,
They hardly knew his heart was stilled and dead,
And by his side their lonely vigil kept.

Omaha. KATHRYN RUSH.

RELIGIOUS.

Archbishop Chapelle will be formally invested with the pallium at the cathedral in Santa Fe, N. M., on October 17, by Cardinal Gibbons.

In twenty-five years the Presbyterian women of the parent Woman's Board have raised $2,690,956, and have 163 missionaries and 1,100 native readers and teachers now in the field.

Joseph Cook affirms that nine-tenths of the contributions to missions come from one-tenth of the members of our churches.

John Wesley's private library is included in a collection which William Deering has given to the Garrett Biblical institute of Evanston, Ill.

Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, nearly 70, and a famous Nutmeg state cleric, took a fourteen-mile spin on his bicycle from Norwich to New London Monday.

The Waldensians in Italy are having a remarkable revival of religious life all through their congregations, with almost daily meetings in many districts of their parishes.

Orders have been sent to London for 5,000 bibles, 5,000 hymn books, and 5,000 catechisms, to be sold in the Fiji islands. The Fiji islanders gave nearly $25,000 to foreign missions last year.

Rev. John Jasper of the Sixth Mount Zion church, Richmond, who is strongly of the opinion that the "sun do move," can get a gait on himself. It is said that he has a record of baptizing 300 persons in two hours.

Seven hundred and eleven female missionaries are at work in India. During the last two years these visited 40,513 heathen families and instructed 62,414 heathen girls in the different mission schools.

Mrs. Bertha Welch of San Francisco has given more than $150,000 in the last four years to St. Ignatius church in that city. Her charities outside of the church are numerous.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

A middle-aged lady one day calling on a friend was much amused at a little girl, aged 4 years, who, after prattling to her for some time, asked:

"How old are 'oo, dear?"

The lady, much taken back at the question, replied:

"How old should you think I am?"

"Well," said the little girl, after several moments of thought, "'oo's rather crumpled, me finks 'oo must be a hundred!"

Sunday School Teacher (to little girl)—Do you say your prayers every night before going to bed?

Little Girl (promptly)—No, ma'am.

Sunday School Teacher—Are you not afraid to go to sleep without asking God to watch over you during the darkness?

Little Girl—No, ma'am, I'm not afraid, 'cause I sleep in the middle.

"Willie," said the boy's father, "you have been about as bad a boy as you know how, I'm afraid."

"Well, there's one thing you ought to give me credit for, anyhow," was the contrite reply.

"What is that?"

"I haven't run away from school lately."

"Papa, I know what I'm going to buy for your next birthday." "Well, what?" "A nice, painted shaving mug." "But I've got a fine one now." "O, I've just broken that."

"Hi, Jimmy, wot's de matter?"
"Back's blistered."
"Swimmin' or lickin'?"
"Both."

"Sugar," remarked Johnny, as he lifted several lumps to his open face, "has reached the top notch, and a drop may be expected."

FRIENDSHIPS.

Written for The Bee.

The fresh, sweet buds entwined 'mid fair, soft curls,
Through night of pleasure worn,
Myrtle and jasmine, orange flower and rose,
Fall withered by the morn.

But simple immortelles for loved ones twined
With many a tear and sigh,
The biting frost and rain and summer winds,
And winter snows defy.

Thus gilded friendships, born of pleasure brief,
Fade when joy's scenes have passed;
But homelier chains by pain and sorrow linked,
Through checkered years shall last.

Omaha. —J. LAWLER.

A GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

How a Revolutionary Hero Helped to Take Fort Ticonderoga.

(Copyright, 1895, by T. C. Harbaugh.)

Across the lake from old Fort Ticonderoga, held by the British at the time of our story, lived the Bemans, on one of those neat little farms one meets today in northern Vermont.

They were well-to-do, patriotic people, who now and then got news from what was called the "outside world," and much of this news came through the garrison in the old fort.

Nathan, the boy of the household, was a lad who loved outdoor sport and who nearly every day rowed across the lake and spent some time on the play ground of the fort with the boys whose fathers were members of the garrison.

One night in May, after a day's sport in the fort, Nathan Beman came back and after telling his father all the current gossip in the outpost, climbed the ladder that led to the cosy little attic, where he slept next to the roof.

He soon forgot the events of the day in a deep slumber and the first intimation he had that any one was near him was a tugging at his shoulder.

"Get up, boy," said a voice and Nathan in the light of a sputtering candle beheld the face of his mother.

In an instant the Shoreham boy was sitting bolt upright in bed and even before he spoke his wondering eyes were asking his mother what had happened.

"You are wanted in the room below. We believe that the patriots have come to surprise the fort across the lake."

"To surprise Fort Ticonderoga?"

Nathan sprang from his bed and dressed as rapidly as possible, while his mother went down to tell his father that he would be down as soon as possible.

"Who has come to try to take the fort?" the Shoreham boy asked himself. "It seems to me that it must be a courageous man

Your father tells me you know all about the fort.

who would attempt to do such a thing, but I will take a look at him."

"This is my boy," said Farmer Beman, as Nathan left the last round of the ladder and presented himself in the light of the candle to his father and a good-looking, smooth-faced man, who was dressed in uniform and wore a sword.

Nathan knew that he had never seen the officer before, though he had heard that the colonies had rebelled, and that the battle of Lexington had been fought.

In another moment the officer was looking at the Green Mountain boy, and Nathan noted that he had keen, piercing eyes, which, at times, he thought, could be as gentle as his own mother's.

"Your father tells me that you know all about the fort across the lake," said the soldier.

The lad glanced at his father.

"I have told the gentleman that you make frequent visits to the fort," said the farmer, "therefore, you need not fear to answer him truthfully."

Thus encouraged, the boy told the officer of his trips to the fort, and added that he knew a good deal about it, as he had had the freedom of the place for months.

It had occurred to Nathan that this was the officer who had come to surprise the fort and to wrest it from the British.

"I am Colonel Ethan Allen," said the soldier. "I am here at the head of a lot of Green Mountain boys, and we want to know how to get into the fort."

"Oh," cried Nathan, his eyes dilating, "you are going to try to take Ticonderoga, are you?"

"We are going to take it, my boy; that's what we are here for, and it occurs to me that you can do your country a good turn by becoming my guide."

Nathan at that moment caught his mother's eye.

"I'll go if mother says so," said he. "I do know all about the fort, and I think I could show you how to get into it."

"Your mother's heart is with the cause of liberty," spoke up the father. "I am willing to speak for her, and Nathan will go with you, Colonel Allen."

"That I will. Are you ready to go now?"

"At once. My men are outside, and we will get to work as soon as possible, for we must surprise the British lion at night, if at all."

The Shoreham boy took his hat from the wooden peg and turned to the officer.

"We will cross the lake in boats, of which I have procured a small number," continued Ethan Allen, when he and Nathan had left the farmhouse. "You know where the best landing place is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. I have played up and down before the fort so long that I guess I could take you anywhere."

It was a night which promised to help the little band of patriots to success, for but few stars shone, and now and then these were hidden by clouds.

Ethan Allan and his Green Mountain boys had marched a long distance for the purpose of striking a strong blow against the king's forces.

Old Ticonderoga was an important post, in which great quantities of firearms and ammunition were stored, and these were just the things needed badly by the patriots at the opening of their long struggle for freedom.

Along with Colonel Allen was another officer destined at another day to cover his name with obloquy, but at that time he was an ardent patriot, and English gold had not yet connected his name with the great treason of West Point.

Owing to the lack of boats, the little force which Allen had brought for the surprise had to be divided, and the crossing was so slow that but eighty-odd were enabled to cross when it was time to do the work by a quick surprise or see the whole expedition fail.

Nathan Beman had guided the first boat across the lake, and stood on the shore near the grim old fort waiting for the signal to march.

Allen and Arnold held a short council, and they were watched by the Shoreham lad, while he wondered what they were saying, under the watchful stars.

"Come, now. We are ready for the work," said a voice at the boy's elbow, and Nathan looked up into the firm face of the Vermont colonel.

"Show us the way to the sally port."

Eager to have a hand in what promised to be an exciting affair, Nathan Beman sprang away and saw the two officers close at his heels.

"You will make no mistake, boy," said Arnold, somewhat sternly.

"How can I, when I know every inch of ground, sir?" was the reply as they pushed on.

Not far behind the three came a line of dark figures, and each man carrying a fixed bayonet, showed above it a face resolute and full of fire.

"There it is, sir," said Nathan, pointing to the gate of the fort. "That is the sally port, and if you will look close you will see the sentry."

"I see him, boy."

In another instant the soldier on guard saw loom up before him the stalwart figure of a continental colonel, and before he could sound an alarm he was a prisoner.

Another sentinel, who broke away, made for the barracks, where he intended to rouse the sleeping garrison, and Nathan, for a moment beside himself with excitement, cried out:

"It will take the men a minute to open their eyes, and you ought to get to the barracks doors as soon as possible."

Away went the patriots toward the spot designated by the farmer boy and in a little while their muskets were beating in the storm doors.

As the doors fell the white-faced garrison made its appearance and fell into the hands of the resolute Americans.

"Where's the commander?" cried Ethan Allen, clutching Nathan's arm. "Do you know the way to his quarters?"

"I know where he is," was the response. "We will find him with Mme. Delaplace."

"All right. To the commander's quarters, then."

Nathan sprang to the stairway that led to Colonel Delaplace's sleeping room, and the next minute the heavy sword of Colonel Allen was thundering at the door.

"He will break in the door with his sword. How strong and determined the American colonel is," thought Nathan.

Presently there came from the room beyond a sound of feet and the door was opened.

There stood Colonel Delaplace, white as a sheet, and behind him his young and frightened wife.

The American colonel and the British commander were old friends and the wonder of the latter may be imagined as he looked into the face of a friend—but an enemy also—at the door of Fort Ticonderoga at that hour.

"What is wanted?" asked Colonel Delaplace.

"I demand the surrender of Ticonderoga," was the reply.

Mme. Delaplace uttered a short cry and her gaze fell upon Nathan Beman.

"By whose authority?"

Then Ethan Allen uttered that sentence which has rendered him famous from that eventful night in May, 1775:

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

It would never do for a simple colonel in the king's army to question such authority as that.

He knew Ethan Allen. He knew that he was a fearless man and that he must back such words by as good lot of bayonets as ever caught the glimmer of stars.

In a few moments the surrender of the fort had been made and Benedict Arnold was taking an inventory of articles secured by the bold enterprise.

There were hundreds of cannon, barrels of powder, stacks of muskets, heaps of pork, and, in short, just the very things which the men of Lexington needed.

It was daylight when a boat pulled across the lake and landed Nathan Beman on the Vermont side.

He had parted with Colonel Allen at the gate of the fort and the big, rough hand of the American commander had rested for a moment upon his shoulder.

"I don't see how we could have got along without you," said Ethan Allen. "I don't think the country will forget the boy who let us into Fort Ticonderoga. Tell your mother that I am sending you home safely and she and Shoreham should be proud of you."

Nathan blushed to the temples and passed to the boat amid the glowering looks of some of the red-coated prisoners, who felt that he had been an important factor in the capture of the stronghold.

Back once more among the scenes of Shoreham, the farmer boy became a little hero.

He heard his name mentioned far and wide.

For years to come he was known as "the Ticonderoga boy," and long after the war the title clung to him tenaciously.

To have his name linked with one of the

In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental congress.

first victories of Ethan Allen was glory enough, and when he died at the age of 90, long after the exciting adventures of that May night, he had seen the confederacy of American freedom increase from thirteen states to thirty and the population of the country from 3,000,000 of people to 20,000,000.

But never did he forget how, a boy, he led the Green Mountain boys into Fort Ticonderoga and helped to win a bloodless victory, which did so much to inspire the colonies with continued resistance.

PANTHER AND BOY.

Desperate Encounter with a Wildcat in a Lonely Cabin.

(Copyright, 1895, by Maurice Thompson.)

Philip Gore was the son of Thomas Gore, whose name is found in the list of early settlers on the upper waters of Pearl river. As earl yas 1809 the Gore cabin, which was better than most pioneer houses, had become well known to travelers and Indian traders, and for some years it was the only place in that lonely region where a night's lodging could be had, or, in case of accident, the rude assistance of a man who could do almost anything, from mending a wagon to dressing a broken leg or arm.

Philip was the only child and when he was 15 his mother died. A year later his father went to a distant settlement in search of another wife, leaving the youth to keep house meantime, and his parting words were:

"Now, Phil, be particular to keep old Tiger (that was the dog's name) in the house with you of nights. He'll wake you up if anybody or anything comes around."

It may seem scarcely credible to us, living as we do now, that a boy barely 16 would be willing to stay alone (save the companionship of a dog) in an isolated cabin, far away from any other human habitation, surrounded by forests infested with hungry wild beasts and open to the will of the savage wild men, but in fact it was nothing uncommon in those days, and Philip thought it no hardship. Indeed, he doubtless rather liked it. With a gun and plenty of ammunition, all the provisions he needed and Tiger, the big dog, for company, he could see no cause for complaint.

In mid-February the weather is rarely cold in Mississippi, but Mr. Gore had not been gone twenty-four hours when a norther began to blow, bringing frost, rain and then an inch of snow, the temperature falling below the freezing point. Philip could scarcely keep the cabin comfortable, for the icy wind sang through every crack in the rude walls. To make things worse, a sudden blast blew the stick-and-dirt chimney down, so that it was almost impossible to keep a fire on the wide clay hearth.

But Philip and Tiger were of a happy disposition; they took the situation with philosophic amiability, and went about their usual duties and pastimes as became brave and hardy pioneers, until one night they were violently disturbed by an uninvited and very disagreeable visitor.

It happened that Philip was up in the loft of the cabin getting some bed covers that had been stowed away there. His ascent had been made by a row of pegs set in the wall, and he was just ready to go down again

Using cold steel.

when Tiger, the dog, rushed out through the doorway, growling savagely, and began a fight with some animal, which quickly got the better of him and drove him howling back into the room. Nor was this the end. Right after the poor dog in rushed a full-grown panther. Philip knew what it was almost at the first glance, for on the hearth a bit of fat pine wood flamed brightly, giving a strong light which filled the room. This was about an hour after nightfall and out of doors it was pitch dark. The panther leaped upon the poor dog and killed him in short order. Philip, crouching in the little loft, felt a chill of awful fear run through his blood. His situation was, indeed, apparently hopeless, for his gun was in the rack over the door; he dared not descend and yet he knew that at one bound the panther would reach the loft. It was, in fact, already glaring upward at him, evidently preparing to leap.

Even in this extremity of danger, Philip felt a pang of sympathy and sorrow, seeing poor, faithful Tiger stretched on the floor, bleeding and gasping his last. But there was no time for grief or regret; the panther, an enormous brute, thoroughly enraged by the dog's attack and rendered ravenous by a smack of blood, was in no mood to delay his murderous work.

Philip, like nearly all the pioneer boys, had the bump of resistance largely developed, and although he saw no possible way of helping himself, he could not tamely give up and die without a struggle. His mind was clear as a silver bell and his thoughts flashed upon every method of defense known to the backwoods people in moments of terrible emergency. Instinctively he groped for something with which he might at least hit his assailant one blow, if but a light and ineffectual tap. And quick as a flash he remembered that his father's broadaxe was sticking behind a rafter near at hand. He sprang and clutched this heavy implement just as the panther came up through the air and landed with its forelegs upon the floor of the loft with a mighty crash and scramble and a cry, half growl, half scream, peculiarly blood-curdling.

If you have ever seen an old-fashioned broadaxe, with its wide blade and short, lopsided helve, you know what an awkward weapon it is. Made to hew timber with, it serves that turn admirably, but it would not be chosen by any reasonable person as suitable to a rough and tumble fight with a panther. Philip, however, did not take time to consider his newly found weapon, but used it forthwith and furiously.

There was not room in that part of the loft to stand upright; Philip had to rest on his knees and the huge beast when it reached the landing, quickly wriggled to its feet. With all his might Philip swung the axe and it hit with a solid whack which told that the blade had cut well. So heavy was the blow that the panther went tumbling down to the floor below, snarling savagely. And, worst of all, the axe flew out of Philip's hand and fell also, leaving him without a weapon, while back to the loft leaped the wounded and terribly furious beast, now really more dangerous than ever.

It seems to me that no finer instance of courage, will power and presence of mind can be found in history than is afforded by Philip Gore's act at the moment of the panther's return to the loft. The exigency required instantaneous strategic movement and the boy was equal to the demand, for as the panther sprang up he leaped down and unintentionally the two met in midair. The collision was as violent as unexpected, but Philip, although dashed backward into a corner of the room, did not lose his presence of mind. He fell to the floor and at the same time scrambled to the broadaxe, and seizing it with both hands once more swung it vigorously against his antagonist. This time the wide, keen blade cut open the side of the panther's head, smashing the bone and putting out an eye. Again and again Philip struck, laying into the blows all the energy called up by the desperate situation. What seems most wonderful is the fact that not a scratch did the boy receive and he killed the panther, fairly chopping it to pieces after he had sufficiently crippled it.

In a quaint letter written long afterward by Philip is the following passage, which I copy from a sheet of foolscap yellow with age:

"And that paynter wayed at leest three hundred powns and that brodax never was no count no more, sheres I broke the age off on the paynter'shed when I hit it over tho i."

The letter was written to Philip's half brother, who was afterward killed in the fight at Vicksburg.

Innocence and Wit.

Memphis Scimitar: "Laura," said the young lady's mother, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you had the gas turned rather low last evening."

"It was solely for economy, mamma," the maiden answered.

"There is no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure."

"Well, that lessens the waist, doesn't it, mamma, dear?" replied the artless girl.

THE QUAINT DANISH CAPITAL

Glimpses of Life in Copenhagen by Day and Night.

GOSSIPING GROUPS OF IDLERS AND OGLERS

A Conservative City, Conspicuous for Narrow Streets, Horse Cars, Beggars and Easy-Going People—Activity at Night.

COPENHAGEN, July 12.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—The first thing I noticed in Copenhagen was the narrowness of the streets; the second, the low buildings, and the third, the horribly knobby but wonderfully clean pavement. Of course, Copenhagen is a very old city, which accounts for the narrowness of the streets, and the newer streets, especially the boulevards laid out where the embankments used to be, are quite wide enough. But the business part of the city consists of a criss-cross of narrow, crooked streets, the main street, Ostergade (East street), being barely wide enough for two wagons to pass each other. Indeed, no wagons of the laboring variety are allowed there and not alone do the crowds fill the narrow sidewalks, but people walk in the middle of the street, dodging the few carriages. With regard to this point, it seems to me that, even compared with Omaha, there are very, very few vehicles on the streets of Copenhagen, and people are painfully careful in the matter of crossing streets; yet hardly a day passes without some accident by being run over. The drivers are not exactly considerate, either. They merely shout their "Varske" ("Look out"), and even the small boys who push the two-wheeled delivery carts don't budge an inch, but leave you to get out of their way as well and quickly as you can, giving you the choice between crawling under and jumping over.

And yet people are never in a hurry. You never, as at home, see men and women rushing down the street, utterly oblivious of anything and everything save the distant object of their haste. Oh, no, they never hurry. Even the business men have time for a chat on the corner with a friend or a look at a pretty girl. The fact is that while the streets of American cities are places of business, and no more, here they are public promenades. People go to take a walk on the main streets just to "look at people." For it must be admitted the good Copenhageners are extremely fond of

"LOOKING AT PEOPLE."

In the cafe windows, especially those of the two noteworthy places, "Heaven" and "Hell," each on its corner of "Kobmagergade," you see at all hours dozens of gentlemen, reading their papers and drinking their coffee, while scrutinizing and criticizing the passers by, especially the fair ones. How on earth they get time for this idling I don't know, but one thing is certain, that whatever their station in life the Danes as a rule find a great deal of time for pleasure and idleness. As for Ostergade, it is at certain hours of the day filled to overflowing with foot passengers, at least half of whom are out for their promenade. University students in their white caps, pretty girls in velvet and chiffon, martial officers with well waxed mustaches, noted actresses, the handsome, fat actors whom all the young girls adore, foreign tourists, especially Germans, navy officers and sailors from all quarters of the globe, all mingle in a fast moving stream which seems ready to burst the narrow thoroughfare. And everybody seems to be bowing to everybody else. Apropos, one of the things I first noticed was the extreme politeness shown in the greeting. Instead of the hat being merely "tipped," if raised at all from the head, as at home, the gentlemen's hats almost swept the ground as they politely bow their head. Of course, it looks delightfully courteous, and at first one is charmed to see the gentlemen just as polite toward one of their own sex as to the fair ones, but after awhile you are disgusted at the rules that prescribe the pitiable, well-known old gentlemen's walking almost literally bare-headed through the streets, as is a fact in the smaller towns where everybody knows you. I used to wonder why people used handkerchiefs the size of small sheets, but I understand it now. Yes, the Europeans are oppressively polite, though they say the Danes are considered by the other nations as perfect boors. As for the Swedes, they are disgusting, I think. If you enter a shop in Sweden and in Denmark, too, for that matter you are bowed in and bowed out, and "thank you" 'd and "if you please" 'd and "good-day" 'ed until you feel positively ashamed of yourself.

THE MARKET PLACES.

There are no bootblacks in the streets, and no peddlers. Maybe that is why the streets are so quiet. And instead of our famous newsboys are seen only a few old women and ruby-nosed male individuals, who hold out their papers in a timid, humble sort of way. And other old women and men push two-wheeled carts with eels, shrimps, herrings and the like. Old women play an important part in the street life of Copenhagen. They sell violets, lilies of the valley and roses at the corners. And if you wish to see a colony of old women just take a look at "Amagertoro." There one cannot complain of silence, for the shouting is deafening. Most are venders of vegetables, who are allowed in the market until 4 o'clock. These come from Amager, a small island connected with the city by bridges, and are strikingly picturesque in their half Dutch costumes. I am told that they are descendants of a colony of Dutch farmers called to Denmark many generations ago to teach the Danes gardening. Decidedly unpicturesque are the "fish women," with their coarse shoes, short petticoats and extensive vocabulary. They shout to the customers, and scold each other, and once in a while have a pleasant little tussle with a rival. Besides vegetables and fish you can buy flowers, cut and potted, and bouquets of dried grasses, colored purple and yellow and blue. A hard life it must be, trudging a long distance in the morning with heavy baskets or carts, standing all the forenoon in the glaring sun and having still a long way home when the four strokes from the church tower bid them depart.

THE HORSE CAR REIGNS.

The street cars are still very primitive. Not one electric or cable line exists; all are horse cars. Some omnibuses run between the south end and the city, huge, lumbering affairs with seats on the top for smokers. The cars stop at certain stations and you pay 10 ore, or about 2½ cents, for a trip from one station