

A BOY AGAINST A FLEET.

He Was a Hero from Heel to Crown and Outwitted the British.

By MAURICE THOMPSON.

Late in the month of December, 1778, Thomas Inis and his son, Rose, then about 16 years old, were on one of the small marsh islands which lie in the frith of the Savannah river. Savannah was then a small town, held by the American army of patriots and the war of the revolution was in full progress throughout the colonies.



From the information furnished me it does not appear what Mr. Inis and Rose were doing on the marsh; but they had a sailboat anchored in a creek, and for some reason Mr. Inis took the boat and returned in it to Savannah, leaving his son alone on the island until he should come back.

It seems that Rose had some provisions and a gun, wherefore I infer it was wild fowl shooting that had tempted the twin down the river. At all events, Rose was left alone and his father had been gone scarcely an hour when a large English vessel, tall masted and heavily armed, appeared in a broad bayou or creek a mile from the island. It was one of a strong fleet come to attack Savannah.

IT WAS NOW WORK FOR DEAR LIFE.

Little later there came a small, sloop-rigged open boat, containing a British officer and five men, which anchored almost exactly where his own boat had lain when his father took it.

A very short range. Two hundred yards could not be accurately shot over with them and already the swift little boat was a good hundred yards out and flying down the creek to the broad arm of the river nearby.

Meanwhile the British party had made a swift survey of the little beach near the boat. Apparently the officer was not quite satisfied. He had, perhaps, seen the tracks made by Mr. Inis and Rose, and was taking precautions by carefully reconnoitering. Rose quickly foresaw that he would be tracked up and found. As his danger grew, however, his spirit and wit increased apace.

There is a one-armed veteran in the Treasury department, relates a correspondent of the New York Sun, who had an experience during the war of the rebellion which may interest some of the heroes of the war of 1861. His arm was cut off close to the shoulder. "Couldn't your arm have been saved," I asked him, "if modern surgical methods had been known thirty-five years ago?"

With but a moment's consideration he seized his gun and ran straight for the sailboat. As he sped along he stooped as much as he could, in order to hide behind clumps of palmetto and patches of tall marsh grass. The alert soldiers soon saw him, however, and the one nearest him yelled to him to stop. Instead of obeying the order Rose doubled his efforts to reach the boat.

At the top of the last flight (the first flight from the street) they stumbled and I slipped off the stretcher and rolled down to the ground floor. I was still unconscious and the men placed me on the stretcher again. A surgeon who happened to return to the building to look for some forgotten articles stopped the men to take a look at the corpse. He asked them where they were going with me. They replied that they were taking me out to bury me. He said, "Wait a minute; I believe that man is alive."

I recovered, and it was weeks before I could articulate. It never occurred to this veteran to complain or to make a fuss. Such things were of common occurrence in the rush of great events were forgotten. If anything of the kind had happened in the Spanish-American war and the yellow journals had heard of it they would have filled pages with the "horror."

SHERMAN AS A GALLANT.

He Lived Up to the Reputation Grant Forged Him.

"General, I never understood how it was you came to gain the reputation of the Great American Beau; won't you enlighten us?" The question tickled him, relate a writer in the Chautauquan. The steamed face dissolved into wrinkles, and, after laughing in his silent way for a minute or two, he said: "Well, now, you will be surprised when I tell you that the whole thing was the work of General Grant, but it's a fact. Just after the war closed Grant asked me to take a ride with him to Washington behind a horse he had just bought, and of which he was very fond. As we spun down the avenue I said: 'See here, Grant, now that the piping times of peace have come, we must choose a fall.'"

"What are you driving at, Sherman?" he asked. "I mean to say that if we don't fix upon something, the public will do it for us, and it may not be pleasant." "Well, it is pretty generally known that I am fond of horses; I suppose that will answer for me. What have you in mind?" "I told him I had fixed upon nothing as yet, but would try to do so. Meanwhile I asked for his help. He said he would be glad to serve me." "Now, what do you suppose Grant did?" asked Sherman, with pretended indignation.

"Why, he made straight for the newspaper correspondents and told them I had formed the resolution to devote the rest of my life to extrating the name of a gallant for all the young ladies in the country. At the same time he intimated to the newspaper men that he would take it as a personal favor if they would do what they could to spread the name of the hero. He was sure I would appreciate the kindness." "Well, those correspondents didn't need any urging. The whole thing was heralded from one end of the country to the other, my first knowledge coming from the papers themselves. I saw through the whole thing, though Grant tried to play innocent. Ah, he was a sly wag, but," added Sherman, "I forgive him, and I find the work of trying to live up to the reputation he made for me the most delightful pursuit of my life."

COCAINE TOO DANGEROUS.

Dentist and Doctors Talk of Dropping the Use of Cocaine.

There seems little doubt that the death-knell of cocaine—at least, for anesthetic purposes—has been sounded. Dentists of the better class, says the New York Press, are deprecating its use, except most sparingly; indeed, positive alarm is felt by the profession over some of the results of its use, which for so long has been regarded as perfectly safe.

Its qualities have never been thoroughly understood. Its use as a stimulant by the Indians of Peru and Bolivia was known, but only recently has the attention of scientists been called to its ultimate effect upon its devotees in those countries. Its use relieves them of the feelings of fatigue and hunger, and nerves them for mountain climbing, but the habit enslaves its victim, undermining and, eventually, wrecking his constitution.

In this country the most deplorable result of administration of cocaine has been the number of persons who, having used it as a medicine, became addicted to its use as a narcotic. Those who still cling to the drug are taking every precaution to prevent this possibility. Injection into the tissues of the gums has been abandoned altogether; the doses, too, have been greatly reduced. The injection is now made by electricity, the great danger having been from infection with a needle or with saturated cotton, which allowed the patient to swallow the solution. This has frequently caused paralysis—countless cases of which can be observed among patients of the dental schools. A young woman who washed her nose with only 4 per cent solution, died in a few hours from the effects.

MATTERHORN OF AMERICA.

Another Account of the First Successful Ascent of the Grand Teton.

STORY OF AUDITOR OWENS OF OHIO.

Old Glory Planted on the Topmost Peak, 12,800 Feet Above Sea Level—Experiences of Two Mountaineer Climbers.

Hon. William O. Owens, state auditor of Wyoming, contributes to the New York Herald a graphic account of the first successful ascent of the Grand Teton, made by a party of mountaineer climbers, of which he was a member. Mr. Owens' account adds much to the details heretofore published in The Bee, and is of special interest to the people of the west. It is as follows: The renowned peak bearing the title of the Grand Teton is twenty miles south of Yellowstone park and twelve miles within the boundaries of Wyoming. By its awful reach heavenward it dominates the entire Teton range, completely dwarfing a host of other peaks, which rise from the Gros Ventre and neighboring ranges.

On the eastern side it rises from the valley to a height of 7,500 feet in altitude in three miles of distance. On the west it rises abruptly 5,000 feet, in a distance of slightly over a mile. Extensive preparations were made for the ascent and August 5 selected as the date for the drive from Market Lake, the nearest railway station, to reach Menor's Ferry in Jackson's Hole, the outfitting point for our trip. Menor's is on Snake river, seven miles southeast of the peak, and our luggage from this point was conveyed by pack animals.

We left the ferry August 10 and reached timber line at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Here we made permanent camp at 9,000 feet above the sea and the party did me the honor of naming our quarters Camp Owens. At 5 o'clock the pack animals were driven from our bivouac in a cool cluster of firs and headed directly for the "saddle" joining the Grand and Middle Teton. Our course lay northwest, over rugged granite slopes and frightful steep canyon walls and at length, brought us to the foot of the main slope, which leads up to the saddle.

Passing a Great Glacier. An abrupt rise of 1,000 feet from the bottom of the canyon and we encountered the largest glacier on the peak. Along the north edge of this splendid ice sheet we picked our way over a gentle slope, passing on our right scores of lateral moraines and the characteristic roche moutonnée of all glacial formations.

Leaving the glacier, we now began the ascent of the steep snow slope on the east side of the Saddle and after a hard and toe climb of 900 feet over a 35-degree slope reached its crest at an altitude of 11,700 feet. We stood directly on the crest of the highest point of the mountain, just west of the peak, and turning to our right, proceeded northwesterly over the steep and rugged comb of the Saddle, following precisely the path of Messrs. Stevenson and Langford in their unsuccessful attempt of 1872.

Leaving the Saddle, we now encountered the most difficult part of the ascent, a steeply abrupt rise of one of 45 or 50 degrees. However, there was neither snow nor ice to delay us and our progress, all things considered, was quite rapid. An extremely tedious ascent of 1,600 feet from the Saddle landed us at the snowfield. Prof. A. D. Wilson of the United States Geological Survey. It is a circular enclosure of granite slabs set on end and is seven feet in diameter and perhaps three feet high. It is built on the highest point of a granite rock, the top of the bottom is a deposit of fine dust of two to six inches deep and as there is no soil on the west side of the peak for fully 5,000 feet this deposit must be disintegrated granite, whence the great age of the enclosure may be readily inferred. It certainly exceeds a hundred years and may even be three times that age or more.

Wall of Naked Granite. From this enclosure the wall of the Grand Teton could be seen to the very summit, being only 800 feet to the east. It is all but vertical and seemed entirely inaccessible. Nothing but naked granite, ice and snow, 600 feet and seemingly without hold for foot or hand. We proceeded to the base of this wall and began a critical and systematic examination to find, if possible, a niche or crevice which would lead us to the summit. We tried the icy gorge which seemed to promise so much in any attempt of our party, but were completely repulsed, as before.

Passing northward we discovered a narrow ledge or shelf formed by several immense blocks of granite which had become partially detached from the main wall and which overhung the granite crevice. It was a time and then only by lying flat on the stomach and using the toes and abdominal muscles as the propelling power. Sheer down from this shelf falls the canyon wall, 5,000 feet.

We now stood at the bottom of a crevice which seemed to lead toward the summit, and by hard work we ascended fifty feet to its head, to find ourselves face to face with another climb more difficult than the first. There were four in the party, however, and, having an abundance of rope, we passed the second crevice without accident.

Death in a Single Mistake. The slope of this granite wall is from sixty to seventy degrees, and it is a climb of unusual difficulty and danger. The entire six hundred feet is smooth, glassy granite, overhanging the grand canyon, and about the climber slip at any stage of its ascent nothing but the bottom of that awful depth would stop his descent. It is a rock climb, pure and simple, the only snow and ice being that which lodges in the crevices, for the slope itself is too steep and smooth to hold it.

Climbing this west face, we finally reached a point 100 feet below the summit, and, turning to the south, passed around to the east side, skirting the immense snow field on the southeast face of the peak. The slopes coming up from that direction are very steep and slippery, and the snow field would launch a man with a single bound full half a mile to the bench which borders the canyon.

We passed the snow in safety and all danger was over. An easy climb of a few feet confronted us and, almost running up at the slope at a p. m., we stepped upon the topmost rock of the mighty Teton, 12,800 feet above the sea. No a stone was turned. No semblance of a monument. Not the slightest shadow of a record of previous ascent. Everything just as nature left it. The actual summit is a comb of granite, twenty-seven feet northeast and southwest,

with a maximum thickness of fourteen feet, by far the greater portion having a breadth much less than a horse's back.

We chiseled our names in the granite and placed the Rocky Mountain club's colors to wave where flag never waved before. Two days later the banner and our stone monument on the summit were seen by Mr. T. M. Bannan of the United States geological survey, now operating in Jackson's Hole, and within four days the monument was seen repeatedly through field glasses by numerous settlers in the valley.

In a Warm Temperature. At 5 o'clock, on the summit, I observed the temperature to be 65 degrees Fahrenheit, extraordinarily warm for such a great altitude. Returning, we reached the Saddle at sundown, and after a night tramp across the mountains reached camp shortly before midnight.

The ascending party comprised Rev. Frank S. Spalding of Erie, Pa.; John Shive and Frank Peterson of Jackson, Wyo., and the writer.

As far as records go seven previous attempts had been made to scale the Teton, and all had ended in failure. Of the various parties which have tried the peak there is but one, which claims to have reached the top, and as the question of first ascent must be settled now, I am constrained to mention this particular expedition at greater length than would otherwise be warranted.

The party referred to is that of Stevenson and Langford of the United States geological survey, the attempt having been made in July, 1872.

They came in from the west, crossed the mountain at the southwest base of the peak, climbed to the Saddle and turned north up the granite hallway which leads to the enclosure on a pinnacle 800 feet west of the Grand Teton and fully 500 feet below it. Their path from the Saddle to the enclosure was practically identical with that of my own party.

After examining the enclosure they descended eastward, as anyone must do who desires to climb the peak, and, as near as can be judged from their accounts of the alleged ascent, struck the icy niche through which the writer made his attempt last year. The base of this crevice is about 650 feet below the summit and 150 feet below the enclosure. Passage through it, however, is impossible. And right here, beyond question, Messrs. Stevenson and Langford abandoned the climb.

Notwithstanding the failure it was given out that the top had been reached and was so published in the official reports of the geological survey. Mr. Langford also published an account of his alleged ascent in Scribner's Magazine of June, 1873.

Much as I dislike to provoke a controversy on this point I am compelled by a sense of duty and obligation to myself and companions to make the clean cut statement that our party was the first to reach the summit of the peak.

I have in my possession unimpeachable evidence that Langford and Stevenson did not reach the summit of the Grand Teton. This testimony consists of the affidavit of Thomas Cooper of this city, who was Hayden's chief packer for years and who is personally acquainted with Mr. Langford and Mr. Stevenson during his lifetime; a personal report from Henry Gannett, chief geographer, United States Geological survey; a sworn statement of the governor of Wyoming and Mr. Langford's own written statements in his magazine article.

Thomas Cooper swears that Stevenson admitted to him that he and Langford failed to reach the summit, but "got so near they called it the top." Mr. Henry Gannett (I quote from his signed letter to me) says: "The Grand Teton has, to my knowledge, been climbed twice, although in neither case did the parties reach the extreme summit. The first is probably the one to which you refer, composed of Messrs. Langford and Stevenson, in 1872. The second was composed of Mr. A. D. Wilson and assistant in 1878. Both these parties went up this crevice and turned to the left, and so reached a point which is about 200 feet distant from the main summit and about fifty feet below it."

Here is the whole proposition in a nutshell, the only discrepancy being the distance below the summit. It was 500 instead of fifty feet.

Mr. Gannett says they did not reach the exact summit and this tallies beautifully with Stevenson's admission to Cooper. And this is amply sufficient for all purposes. In the Scribner article, Mr. Langford describes his alleged route up the peak, and, having reached a point 125 feet below the summit, says: "Above the ice belt over which we had made such a perilous ascent we saw, in the debris, the fresh track of the American marten, the mountain sheep, etc."

If there were no other evidence in the world on this question that one statement would convict. If Captain Langford had actually made that "perilous ascent" his wildest dream or freak of imagination could not have drawn that statement from him. It is too absurd to discuss. A cat might

crawl up that slope, but the mountain sheep would stop 600 or 700 feet below. The last and very convincing proof that these gentlemen did not reach the summit lies in the fact that we found not a shadow of a mound or other evidence of man's having been there before.

Every mountaineer will appreciate the value of this fact and for Mr. Langford to say that he and his party devoted several days to preparing for this trip, passed through all the perils of life and limb described in his article, reached the summit of America's grandest peak and then ran away without leaving some little evidence of his visit, is altogether too ridiculous to dwell upon. I will leave it for the world to judge.

At last the Grand Teton has been scaled and Old Glory has waved from its summit. History of fifty years tells of repeated attempts and failures, but not until 1898 was this peerless peak's lofty brow sullied by the foot of man.

It is a matchless mountain and from the mountaineer's standpoint there is not a peak in the United States that can be classed with it. There are higher ones, but none so rugged and isolated as the Grand Teton. It has been aptly designated the Matterhorn of America.

TREES WHICH DRAW LIGHTNING.

Select Beeches for Shelter During a Thunderstorm and Avoid Oaks.

The National Weather bureau has been asked to investigate the question why some kinds of trees are more frequently struck by lightning than others. Apart from the importance of this subject from other points of view, says the Globe-Democrat, it demands attention primarily as a matter of saving human life. Many people, particularly farmers and those who work in the fields exposed to thunder storms, will work until the storm is almost upon them, and then run to the nearest tree for shelter.

If the tree is an oak, and the charged thunder clouds are moving toward it with high electric potential the person or persons under the tree are in the line of strain, and all unconsciously are contributing to the establishment of a path for the lightning discharge through themselves. On the other hand, if the tree selected for shelter happens to be a beech tree, there is some reason to believe that it will afford safety as well as protection, though the reason why is not at present made clear. It is known that the oak is relatively the most frequently and the beech the least frequently struck.

Based on the somewhat loose collection of figures on the subject heretofore available

It is estimated that in the matter of relative attraction of lightning, if the beech is represented by 1, the pine stands at 15, trees collectively rank about 40 and oak 54. The trees struck are not necessarily the highest or the most prominent. Oak trees have been struck twice in the same place on successive days. Trees have been struck before rain began and split, and trees have been struck during rain and only scorched. It is suggested that the division of forestry and division of vegetable pathology shall combine with the weather bureau in an exhaustive investigation of this subject, and that those familiar with forests in their respective neighborhoods will tender their experience as to the relative frequency of lightning strokes on different kinds of trees. But before any statement is made as to the danger of standing under certain trees during thunder storms, the more general questions of the effect of lightning upon trees will have to be gone into. Such a study will describe the co-operation of statisticians, physicians and vegetable pathologists.

Quay Held for Trial.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 5.—United States Senator Quay, Richard R. Quay and Charles H. McKee of Pittsburg were this afternoon held in \$5,000 bail each to answer at a grand jury's court the charge of using the state funds deposited in the People's bank for their individual profit.

Some soaps do but little harm.

Advertisement for Wool Soap featuring an illustration of a woman and child. Text: "Some soaps do but little harm. Some do much harm. There is one soap that does no harm. It won't shrink wool—won't harm fine laces—won't injure the skin. Make any test you will. There is absolute-ly no harmfulness in WOOL SOAP."

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