

THE PASSING OF GENERAL JACKSON.

By HAYDEN CARRUTH.

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We were plowing along through the muddy water of the river at the rate of speed usual to a steam-boat when they came and sat down close to me—so close that it was impossible not to hear their conversation.

Indeed, they must have known that they were overheard, as the deck was brightly illuminated by the full moon looking down over the fat-topped bluff.

"I suppose things are jogging 'long just about the same 'round Poplar Mound, hey?" said the younger of the two.

"Just 'bout. Not much change. Sarah Ann Smead married Ike Patchley's son last spring.

"How is the old man?"

"Old Patchley? Chipped. Give the bride a calf. Rather more than Sarah Ann expected. I reckon. She's just about counting on that old rattle-trap buggy of his."

"I think, Well, the calf up 'n' got a piece of punkin' stuck in its throat a week ago, and laid down and just died, so she might better a-got the buggy, if one hind wheel is bigger 'n' the other. The old man is just the same. Boun' to stand up with everybody.

"Going to do the right thing if it fits him. Even so, he kept a fighting cock when you lived there or not, but he has late years. That there rooster has been his only relaxation, as you may say. The affection betwixt the old man and that biddy, old, long-legged red game cock was touching to see."

"They was like brothers, so everybody body said. For years, them two wasn't scarcely separated, 'cept nights, and I reckon if the old man could a-kept on a rooster that he'd a flew up every evening alongside of General Jackson. That was the name of 'er."

"General Jackson? He had the longest legs, and so respectable neck. Clean cut as the act of spades and a temper like a buzzsaw. And spurs—well, he just walked wide-legged and revolved one spur round the other spur."

"The old man 'sociated with the rooster so much that he come to walk just like him. Some folks thought he got so towards the last that they kind of resembled each other in their faces, and I reckon, on the whole, that the General did favor the old gent some. You didn't see it in the features so much, but their expressions was similar."

"Well, you know how it was with the old man—boun' to do the right thing and be up on soct'y doings. He heard one day that the new minister was coming, 'n' he just says to his wife that they'd have him to their house to dinner the first Sunday. His idee was to get ahead of old Johnson's folks."

"They'd get ahead on the school teacher and the congressman of the district when he was stumping it, and old Patchley was bound they shouldn't rope in the preacher, too. So when the elder hopped off the stage Patchley made an appointment with him for dinner, come the very next Sunday."

"Saturday morning the old man shouldered his gun and went out after game for next day's dinner. Well, he didn't have no luck—come back without a thing. Come back late, tired out plum beat. Hadn't seen a coon nor a possum, nor even a woodchuck. Had a sprig, nor nothing. Hadn't seen a track of one, nor a hide nor hair nor a feather, nor heard one holler, nor heard no echo of one hollering 'way off somewheres."

"He set his gun down with a heavy heart when he got home. But he warn't the man to throw up his hands and say 'if I die!' He traveled right down to old Doosnik's market and struck the old man for a rooster—credit—you know old Patchley never was very forrehanded. But old Doosnik shook his head."

"The old man offered to take a chunk of ham, or a boiling piece, or a slice of ham, and finally he got down to liver, but Doosnik wouldn't hear of it—said the old man owed too much already. But Patchley didn't give up—couldn't, with that minister just hanging over his head. He went 'round and tackled all his neighbors for a bunk of fresh meat, or a chicken, or something. But he owed 'em all, and he didn't get a thing—nothing but cold shoulder. Then he went home and set down on the end of the leach and bust into tears. His wife come out with the lantern. 'Marian,' says he, 'the 'wuss has come to the wust. Them tears which has wet up the ground all 'round this house, the fust I have shed for forty years—mebbe more. Gimme the ax and that lantern—don't stand there like a graven statue!' Then he took 'em and walked away toward the hen house, where General Jackson was a-roosting all alone in state, he being the only fowl the old man had ever took the trouble to keep."

"When he come back to the house he was more calm. The deed is done, says he. 'I would it had been that doggone preacher's neck instead. He was so worked up that he kind of 'ginted' poetry. 'How old was he, Josh?' asks his wife, beginning to roll up her sleeves. 'He was 5,' answers the old man, 'and never was licked in a fair fight.' 'I think I'd better put him on tonight,' says the old lady; 'that there preacher's jaws don't look to me overly 'pow!'"

"By and by she come back in where the old man was, looking sort of bewildered like. 'Wot is it?' asks he. 'The 'fints,' says she. 'I reckoned to make a pot pie of him, but them 'fints are like trunk hingles.' He was never licked in a fair fight for nine years,' says the old man, 'beginning to himself. 'Cook him whole, like a turkey, stuffed,' he goes on. 'He can lay on his back, with his legs up—though he never done it afore,' and the old gent groaned. 'Yes, I might do that,' says the old lady; 'only trouble is, I ain't got no bands. By and by the old man look into the kitchen and sees the General's legs sticking up out of a pot like young trees just set out. 'I thought you was a-goin' to bake him, Marian,' says the old man. 'So I ain,' answers she; 'but I'm a-goin' to bile him three or four hours fust. You go on to bed.'"

"When the old man got up in the morning he found his wife still in the kitchen feeding the fire, the General's legs sticking out a crack above the oven door. 'I broiled him a spell after biling him,' says she. 'I reckon he's beginning to get tender in spots.' When it was time to go to church the old lady went, but old Patchley stayed at home to mind the fire. It was a sad hour for the old gent, setting there in the shadow of the altar. But he chined up when his wife got back, and when the minister come he was as chipper as ever. 'Welcome to our humble roof, elder,' says he. 'You are just in time. Mrs. Patchley is even now bringing in the dinner. Be seated, elder, and the old man showed the preacher to his place with a great flourish and set down himself at the head of the table. Then he turns a little and calls out in a sort of mollifying voice: 'Marian, dear, fetch in the pullet!' And she come in with the General on a platter, his legs a-waving 'n' spurs a-rattling together like a man playing the bones."

"The old lady put down the General and then sat down herself, and when his legs became still the minister asked a blessing. The old man pretended not to notice that the preacher's wife trembled, and began talking with his regular flourish. 'We hope, elder, that yer fowl of poultry meat,' says he. 'Y-a-e-s,' answered the minister, kind of doubtful like. 'Mrs. Patchley and me set great store by it, goes on the old gent, running his thumb along the edge of the butcher knife. 'Brother Patchley, I ask the breed of the pullet,' says the preacher. 'She was a Mayflower,' says the old man, reaching up and taking hold of a spur as he begun to saw. 'I reckoned she

BATTLE 2,000,000 YEARS AGO

Titanic Death Struggle of Two Ancient Residents of the West.

BIG BONES FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS

Mysterious Story Revealed by Fragments of a Mighty Dinosaur Dug Up from the Plains of Wyoming.

Evidence of a mighty battle which took place 2,000,000 years ago has just been received at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. It was fought between two of the biggest animals that ever lived, one a herbivorous dinosaur (terrible lizard), about ninety feet long and tall enough to wade across the Hudson river at Grant's tomb without wetting his head, and the other a flesh-eating dinosaur, probably twenty-five or thirty feet long and weighing thirty or forty tons.

The details of this battle are as clearly

that if they were made by a bird it must have been gigantic. By a little stretching of the process where an anatomist takes a single bone and builds up a skeleton from it, some scientists attempted from these footprints to suggest the whole external appearance of the bird that made them. Perhaps the process did no harm in the long run, for it stimulated research for this monster bird. This was about 1835. For a few

years the bird gained advocates. In 1847 a few bones were found near upper Milford, Pa., which proved the pre-existence of some very large animal. Later a great upper jaw with teeth evidently from this same animal was found in Prince Edward Island, Canada. In Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Mexico and in other places skeletons or parts of skeletons were found and finally by the old process of putting two and two together it came to be recognized that at one time there must have lived a great reptile-like creature which walked the earth, lived and died and gave up its bones for the enlightenment of posterity. The bird tracks mentioned above had now been discussed for half a century, till one day when the feet of the great reptile were placed out it was suddenly found that they would fit the bird tracks exactly. This connection destroyed an old theory, but it paid for this with new inferences. It strengthened the

concerning their appearance and habits. Among others, Prof. O. C. Marsh of Yale college has done much in restoring the external form of these animals. From a set of bones somewhat incomplete Prof. Marsh made a restoration of a complete skeleton, and a fierce-looking animal it was. I am speaking now of the largest species. But formidable as it was I am afraid Prof. Marsh did not go far enough. A skeleton which we dug up during the last summer was actually much longer than Marsh's computation. Instead of seventy feet, as was supposed, I find the animal really reached a length of probably ninety feet. Quite a monster! Well, look at the pelvis over there by the window. That is not much more than half of it, yet it is larger than four barrels. Here is the femur, or thigh bone, broken into three sections. See if you can lift one of them? Better still, I will have the whole bone put together and you can get some idea of its size."

He called to his assistants and they, with some straining, placed the three sections of the femur together, standing the bone on end. It was as thick as the smokestack of a locomotive, quite as black and about six feet high. The great knob on the end of the bone was it dited into the socket of the pelvis looked like the rolled neck post of a great iron balustrade.

was entombed in rocks of the Bad Lands of Wyoming. It is of the carnivorous variety, of the very species maybe which inflicted the wound in the tail of the herbivorous dinosaur of which I have spoken to you. He had short forelegs, but enormous hind legs and tall. He used his tail to sit upon quite as much as a kangaroo. But he was thirty feet long and much more formidable in proportion. His jaws were powerful and his great pointed teeth were fully six inches long and had serrated edges. He had claws, too, great powerful talons, like those of the hawk or the eagle. A true monster, if ever there was one, and quite able to inflict the great gashes which I found in the back and tail of the other fossil."

How Bones Are Preserved. Concerning the manner in which these great fossil bones are found, dug, transported and mounted, Dr. Wortman said: "Of course, we have some intimate knowledge of the presence of fossils in a community before we start. When we find the precise spot indicated by our information we delve into the rock where the fossil is not exposed by carefully chipping away the exterior until we come upon the fossil itself. The rock in which the dinosaurs are embedded has great trouble in keeping the pieces intact. After cutting all around each section of the fossil, if it is a large one, or around the whole fossil if it is a small one, we encase it in plaster of paris, which holds it together enroute to the laboratory. When

we get it there we go carefully to work chipping away the plaster and gradually exposing the petrified bones. These are often cracked so in every conceivable direction that the divisions of a mosaic are as nothing in comparison. It is what might be called a cubic mosaic, the cracks running through and through the block as well as over the surface, hence it is often necessary to saturate the fossil with some adhesive substance, as it is gradually exposed, to prevent the small pieces falling out and getting lost. Of course, as bone after bone is built up, it is easy for the trained anatomist to fit them to their places in the completed skeleton, for the anatomical plan of the fossil animal was quite in accordance with the plan of the modern animal. How deep did I find these bones? Well, I am often asked that question. I found these dinosaurs about two miles deep. But, luckily for me, the processes of nature in the Bad Lands kept the rocky tombs of the animals within reach. That is, the strata of the Jurassic age ordinarily is about two miles below the present surface of the earth, where the deposition processes for the last 2,000,000 years have been regular. But the conditions surrounding the region of the Bad Lands are such that the strata in which the fossil lay were gradually pushed up and up in the process of mountain-making. Then as erosion took place the strata lying above were worn away, leaving these fossils at the surface. In short, nature did our digging for us."

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LEG BONES OF NEWLY DISCOVERED DINOSAUR WEIGHT 10 TONS

UNEARTHING EVIDENCES OF A BATTLE FOUGHT 2,000,000 YEARS AGO BETWEEN TWO DINOSAURS ONE 30 FEET LONG THE OTHER 30 FEET LONG.

As if it had happened yesterday, and the body of the monstrous victim lies outstretched in Central Park. For Dr. Wortman, who has charge of the museum's field work in paleontology has read the story of the fight in the skeleton which he unearthed and brought to New York, a part of a shipment of two whole carcasses of huge bones.

The fight took place in what is now the state of Wyoming, which was then the shore of a great inland sea which extended in a northerly and southerly direction through the center of the United States. Here among the tropical grass and palms these huge and terrible animals lived and waded, and here those that ate flesh preyed upon those that fed on vegetation, just as the lesser animals do today. When the huge dinosaur, the skeleton of which Dr. Wortman has found, was killed, it sank down in the soft ooze and there, as the sea receded, it slowly petrified and lay for 2,000,000 years.



PELVIS BONE COATED WITH PLASTER PARIS READY FOR TRANSPORTATION

Its eastern shore extended through South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, where the shore line made a great loop just north of the Rio Grande and reached back north again through New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and South Dakota. (Cheyenne, Chadron, Sidney, Oberlin, Kearney, Wichita and other western cities are now situated on land which once was under water. The White and Platte, the North Platte, the Arkansas, the Canadian and other less significant rivers now flow over the raised bed of this old-time sea. In later ages it dried up on the south and part of its northern edge overflowed, getting finally into North Dakota and taking in more of Wyoming. Later still it dried up entirely and the ground became elevated far above what it was. But while it lasted it dominated the character of animal life in its

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BACKBONE OF DINOSAUR SHOWING INJURIES RECEIVED IN BATTLE 2,000,000 YEARS AGO

It was quite tropical and during lower Miocene times its banks fostered many animals which now live around the equator, such as llamas, monkeys, tapirs, the rhinoceros, large peccaries and rodents. At another period its banks harbored the short-limbed rhinoceros, primitive mastodons, three-toed horses, small camels, wolves and saber-toothed tigers. Its aquatic animals were numerous, for its beaches were shallow a long way out. Some Huge Bones. In the mass of fossils obtained from its shores were found the bones of many species of dinosaurs, the animal whose bird-like feet were having attracting attention in the east half a century. Not only were the feet, but the bones of the body were found in such abundance and variety that many interesting facts could be conjectured concerning their appearance and habits.

First Thought to Be Birds. "Some years ago," said Dr. Wortman, "there used to be discovered in Connecticut and in other New England states curious marks in the rocks which were said to have been made by the feet of fossil birds. These footprints were very large and it followed

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