

VOYAGE ON THE BIG MUDDY

Fifty-Eight Days on a Sternwheeler on the Raging Missouri.

BUCKING SANDBARS ON THE WA

Tricks and Games and Jokes Mixed with Indian Scenes Encountered on the Trip—Montana Reminiscences.

Old-timers recall the passing of the steamboat from the Missouri with sincere regret...

"Why, the happiest time of my life was that I spent in coming up the Missouri on a sternwheeler," said one of the pioneers to the correspondent.

"But, then, it was all part of the trip. And, moreover, every sternwheeler steamer on the Missouri river afforded its passengers something similar. Then there was the egg trick. The clerk offers to bet that he can hide a hen egg where the pilot can't find it.

A Consignment of Sioux.

"At Cheyenne agency we took aboard nine Sioux chiefs who, with their interpreter, a white man captured by them when he was kid of 10, were on the way to Washington to treat with the Great Father in regard to the Black Hills.

"Now, did you ever see a wild Indian eat? Well, he's got about as little use for a knife and fork as you'd have for a gold-mounted chopstick. The spoon is his weapon, when he doesn't ply his fingers, and the bigger it is the better.

Social Diversions.

"After that our principal amusements were cards and dancing. The music, in the absence of a piano, was furnished by the negro barber, who was quite a performer on the fiddle.

respectful gravity that was maintained by the New York banker or the Yale graduate—both of whom we had aboard—as he would swing these giggling prairie flowers to their respective corners, or the painful gallantry of the Dakota men while performing similar offices on behalf of the ladies of the boat.

"As for scenery, to be brief, we hadn't any. There was a long stretch of brown prairie on either side of the river, but I couldn't religiously call that scenery. At intervals, particularly in the neighborhood of the Bad Lands, the monotonous waste would be broken by irregular shaped mounds.

"So I incautiously lifted the thong latch and entered the interior of the boat. The selected was dark as the mischief and this notwithstanding a fire was burning within and there was a big hole in the roof. But soon I got accustomed to the gloom. And then I saw something that showed a decided inclination to hurt me.

"Then, too, there was the snipe game. In our case we played it upon the shyest and most sensitive young man aboard. The boat being tied up for the night, we gave the young man a large gunny sack and a candle and then led him out a quarter of a mile from shore.

CLEAN START ON NEW YEAR'S.

A Wanderer Who Didn't Want to Quit a Loser on the Year.

He had been through a world of trouble and his face showed it. His long, black hair was streaked with gray and his mouth had a downward droop that told of fierce struggles in the past.

Boasting Prices.

"About this time, too, the steward advanced the prices of his wares—a ghastly trick of the sternwheeler steamer men. Ale and beer got too expensive to drink and tobacco and cigars went clear out of sight.

THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.

A Twelve and a Half Mile Cut—Beginning of a Great Undertaking. The work of constructing the tunnel through the Simplon has just been inaugurated both on the Italian and Swiss sides.

could such opportunities for bringing about this state of affairs have reasonably existed.

Scenery and Savages.

"At the Montana line we began to have scenery. Off in the distance was a faint line of blue. This marked our first mountain range. The forests began to appear on either bank, with wild bushes curled about the roots of trees. It was almost tropical.

"Now, these Sioux, unlike the Rees and Mandans at Berthold, appeared to have no jobs of their own. They had no bumboats—a tublike affair with its accessory of one paddle—such as could be seen in constant use at Berthold; nor had they so much as a bow and arrow.

LAST OF THE INDIAN FIGHTERS.

"Uncle Jack Farley Has One Hundred Redskins on His Record. The great American Indian fighter, famed in history and dime novel, is rapidly becoming a memory of the past.

TOLD BY THEMSELVES

Each one presents in his own language his own opinions as to the influences, circumstances or events which have led to his success. The realities of life are clothed with as deep an interest as the most stirring recitals of fiction in these accounts of the turning points in great careers.

Andrew Carnegie

The Scotch bobbin-boy, tells in his own words of his early struggle for a livelihood; how he earned his first money, what was his first investment, and how he climbed the first rugged rounds of the ladder of success, which has led him to the head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the world.

Senator Thomas C. Platt

Relates a highly interesting story under the title "How I Came to Go Into Politics," in which he speaks from ripe experience.

Jacob Gould Schurman

The President of Cornell, gives the story of his advancement from the place of grocer's boy in an obscure Nova Scotia town to the head of one of the greatest universities in the country.

Frank Thomson

President of the Pennsylvania railroad, tells the story of his rise from the machine shops of the road to the president's office.

Dr. Lewis A. Sayre

Ex-President of the American Medical Association, tells how his success dates from a difficult operation performed in a new way in an emergency case.

John Claflin

The head of the house of Claflin & Co., the largest dry goods merchants in the world, relates the romantic story of his first success and founding of his house as a rival to A. T. Stewart, then the great merchant prince of America.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

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below. Probably it was 500 sheer feet into the valley, but the distance never feazed him. I stopped half down the path and waited to see what would happen. By and by Bill pulled something out of his right trouser pocket, looked at it hard for a minute, and then threw it far away from him and into the valley. Then he raised his arms above him and I thought he was going to follow, but he didn't. He just stretched himself, threw back his head, yawned and turned around. He glanced when he saw me watching him with eyes that looked no doubt as though they were going to pop out of my head.

"What did you throw over there?" I asked him sharply.

"Fifteen cents," he explained; "a dime and a nickel."

"For heaven's sake what for?" I ejaculated. "Have you got money to throw to the birds?"

"Oh, no," he said, "but that's every cent I had in the world and I thought I'd just make a clean start with the new year."

"Good scheme," remarked one of the hateners. "Couldn't quit looser on the year than, eh?"

"But I did," said the man with the droop. "By the next year I had a big bunch of debts."

One of the few authenticated Indian fighters in California, relates the San Francisco Call, is old Jackson Farley, commonly known as "Uncle Jack," who lives on his ranch high up in the mountains of Mendocino county.

"Uncle Jack has passed his ninety-second birthday and will shortly admit the killing of 100 Indians. Only he will say that he 'killed' them; 'stopped' is his favorite expression—an expression, by the way, that originated with him in the early '60s and subsequently became official vernacular among scouts and cattlemen.

Between the years 1849 and 1855 Uncle Jack was engaged in almost constant warfare with the Indians of Mendocino, Trinity and Humboldt counties. He came to California from Virginia with the early settlers in search of adventure and fortune, and in search of revenge, too, for during the journey across the plains his best friend died from an Indian's arrow and Uncle Jack fell easily into the then common belief that the only good Indian was a dead one.

Trophies galore of the balance of that bloody journey he showed to the Call reporter. Scapels by the dozen, chairs bolted with Indian hide, razor strops of the same gruesome material and countless bows and arrows, tomawks and spears.

With neither wife nor child, only the comradeship of a big mastiff, Uncle Jack arrived here in 1849 and settled down to the business of stock raising on the lonely mountain ranges of Mendocino.

From 1850 to 1858 there were no Indian agencies established, and the advent of a white man was an invitation to the treacherous instincts of the Indian. Murder, arson and cattle and horse stealing ran riot.

Farley went out one morning to inspect his stock and found that twenty-five horses and 100 head of cattle had been stolen and that his favorite saddle horse had been killed and mutilated, its mane and tail hanging defiantly on the gate posts of the corral.

Uncle Jack hastened back to his cabin, where he secured extra ammunition and another brace of sixshooters. Three friendly prospectors with an extra horse were in the neighborhood and they and Uncle Jack set forth in pursuit of the thieves. Reaching a deep canyon, where one of the Bel river tributaries came cascading down the mountain, they were about to water their horses when they were struck by the peculiar color of the water. It was blood red.

This was enough to tell Uncle Jack that the ridges of the white man's cattle up the river and washing the carcasses in the stream.

In a flash he and his companions were riding up the trail, where they soon met a shower of arrows. This was in the day of the muzzle-loading rifle and every one of the return shots had to tell.

Uncle Jack and his friends dismounted and broke for cover. In the shelter of trees and bushes they poured a slow deadly fire on the attacking red men. As fast as the savages could reorganize and surround the whites, the latter would cut gaps in the savage circle. Time after time the Indians were repulsed, their supply of arrows gave out and they beat a retreat.

Uncle Jack recovered only a remnant of his band of cattle and none of the horses, but exactly forty Indians, "good and dead," marked the quantity of his vengeance. This was one of Uncle Jack's most successful days. It soon became historic and was instrumental in securing him a government scoutship when the first Indian post was established in 1856.

THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.

A Twelve and a Half Mile Cut—Beginning of a Great Undertaking.

The work of constructing the tunnel through the Simplon has just been inaugurated both on the Italian and Swiss sides, reports the Little Mail Gazette. It will be the longest in the world, and one of the most important, as it will put the Mediterranean (through the port of Genoa) in direct communication with west and central Switzerland and with central Europe. It is likely to be a great rival of the Mont Cenis and Gotthard tunnels.

The Simplon tunnel will be twelve and one-half miles, while the Mont Cenis is only about eight miles and the St. Gothard a little over nine. The opening of the tunnel on the Swiss side will be near Brienz, at 2,560 meters above sea level, and on the Italian side from the Caltra river, which will give 2,380 horse power.

The hygienic conditions for the benefit of the great number of workmen to be employed are practically perfect. Each man, before being engaged, will be required to "pass a doctor," and there will be periodical examinations to insure that no one is suffering from contagious disease. The huts of the employes will also be carefully inspected, with a view to their proper sanitation. Each man engaged will be provided with a special dress in working hours, after which he will be obliged to take a bath. Thus it is hoped that perfect health of the operating staff will be secured.

Lake Front Controversy.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 29.—Negotiations for a settlement out of court of the famous Cleveland lake front controversy between this city and five railroad companies are pending and it is believed an agreement will be reached within a few days. The case scheduled to come up for trial in the United States circuit court next Wednesday. Millions of dollars worth of property fronting on the lake is involved in the matter.