At the Rainbow's End

By JACK LONDON.

I.

It was for two reasons that Montana Kid discarded his "chaps" and Mexican spurs and shook the dust of the Idaho ranges from his feet. In the first place, the encroachments of a steady, sober and sternly moral civilization had destroyed the primeval status of the western cattle ranges, and refined society turned the cold eye of disfavor upon him and his ilk. In the second place, in one of its cyclopedian moments the race had arisen and shoved back its frontier several thousand miles. Thus with unconscious foresight did mature society make room for its adolescent members. True the new territory was mostly barren, but its several hundred thousand square miles of frigidity at least gave breathing space to those who else would have suffocated at home.

Montana Kid was such a one. Heading for the seacoast with a haste several sheriffs' posses might possibly have explained, and with more nerve than coin of the realm, he succeeded in shipping from a Puget sound port and managed to survive the contingent miseries of steerage seasickness and steerage grub. He was rather sallow and drawn, but still his own indomitable self, when he landed on the Dyea one day in the spring of the year. Between the cost of dogs, grub and outfits, and the customs exactions of the two clashing governments, it speedily penetrated to his understanding that the northland was anything save a poor man's mecca. So he cast about him in search of quick harvests. Between the beach and the passes were scattered many thousands of passionate pilgrims. These pilgrims Montana Kid proceeded to farm. At first he dealt faro in a pine board gambling shack, but disagreeable necessity forced him to drop a sudden period into a man's life and to move on up trail. Then he effected a corner in horseshoe nails, and they circulated at par with legal tender, four to the dollar, till an unexpected consignment of a hundred barrels or so broke the market and forced him to disgorge his stock at a loss. After that he located at Sheep Camp, organized the professional packers and jumped the freight 10 cents a pound in a single day. In token of their gratitude the packers patronized his faro and roulette layouts and were mulcted cheerfully of their earnings. But his commercialism was of too lusty a growth to be long endured, so they rushed him one night, burned his shanty, divided the bank and headed him up the trail with empty pockets.

Ill-luck was his running mate. He engaged with responsible parties to run whisky across the line by way of precarious and unknown trails, lost his Indian guides and had the very first outfit confiscated by the mounted police. Numerous other misfortunes tended to make him bitter of heart and wanton of action, and he celebrated his arrival at Lake Bennett by terrorizing the camp for twenty straight hours. Then a miners' meeting took him in hand and commanded him to make himself scarce. He had a wholesome respect for such assemblages and he obyed in such haste that he inadvertently removed himself at the tail-end of another man's dog team. This was equivalent to horse stealing in a more mellow clime, so he hit only the high places across Bennett and down Tagish, and made his first camp a full hundred miles to the north.

Now it happened that the break of spring was at hand, and many of the principal citizens of Dawson were traveling south on the last ice. These he met and talked with, noted their names and possessions and passed on. He had a good memory, also a air imagination; nor was veracity one of his virtues.

II.

Dawson, always eager for news, beheld Montana Kid's sled heading down the Yukon and went out on the ice to meet him. No, he hadn't any newspapers; didn't know whether Durrant was hanged yet, nor who had won the Thanksgiving game; hadn't heard whether the United States and Spain had gone to fighting; didn't know who Dreyfus was; but O'Brien? Hadn't they heard? O'Brien, why he was drowned in the White Horse; Sitka Charley the only one of the party who escaped. Joe Ladue? Both legs frozen and amputated at the Five Fingers. And Jack Dalton? Blown up on the Sea Lion with all hands. And Bettles? Wrecked on the Carthagina in Seymour Narrows—twenty survivors out of 300. And Swiftwater Bill? Gone through the rotten ice of Lake LeBarge with six female members of the opera troupe he was convoying. Governor Walsh? Lost with all hands and eight sleds on the Thirty-Mile. Devereaux? Who was Devereaux? O, the courier! Shot by Indians on Lake Marsh.

So it went. The word was passed along. Men shouldered it to ask after friends and partners, and in turn were shouldered, but too stunned for blasphemy. By the time Montana Kid gained the bank he was surrounded by several hundred fur-clad miners. When he passed the barracks he was the center of a procession. At the opera house he was the nucleus of an excited mob, each member struggling for a chance to ask after some absent comrade. On every side he was being invited to drink. Never before had the Klondike thus opened its arms to a che-cha-qua. All Dawson was humming. Such a series of catastrophes had never occurred in its history. Every man of note who had gone south in the spring had been wiped out. The cabins vomited forth their occupants. Wild-eyed men hurried down from the creeks and gulches to seek out this man who had told a tale of such disaster. The Russian half breed wife of Bettles sought the fireplace, inconsolable and rocked back and forth and ever and anon flung white wood ashes upon her raven hair. The flag at the barracks flopped dismally at half-mast. Dawson mourned its dead.

Why Montana Kid did this thing no man may know. Nor beyond the fact that the truth was not in him, can explanation be haphazarded. But for five whole days he plunged the land in wailing and sorrow, and for five whole days he was the only man in the Klondike. The country gave him its best of bed and board. The saloons granted him the freedom of their bars. Men sought him continuously. The high officials bowed down to him for further information and he was feasted at the barracks by Constantine and his brother officers. And then one day Devereaux, the government courier, halted his tired dogs before the gold commissioner's office. Dead? Who said so? Give him a moose steak and he'd show them how dead he was. Why, Governor Walsh was in camp on the Little Salmon and O'Brien coming in on the first water. Dead? Give him a moose steak and he'd show them.

And forthwith Dawson hummed. The barracks' flag rose to the masthead, and Bettles' wife washed herself and put on clean raiment. The community subtly signified its desire that Montana Kid obliterate himself from the landscape. And Montana Kid obliterated—as usual, at the tail-end of some one else's dog team. Dawson rejoiced when he headed down the Yukon, and wished him godspeed to the ultimate destination of the case-hardened sinner. After that the owner of the dogs bestirred himself, made complaint to Constantine, and from him received the loan of a policeman.

III.

With Circle City in prospect and the last ice crumbling under his runners, Montana Kid took advantage of the lengthening days and traveled his dogs late and early. Further, he had but little doubt that the owner of the dogs in question had taken his trail, and, he wished to make American territory before the river broke. But by the afternoon of the third day it became evident that he had lost in his race with spring. The Yukon was growling and straining at its fetters. Long detours became necessary, for the trail had begun to fall through into swift current beneath, while the ice, in constant unrest, was thundering apart in great gaping fissures. Through these and through countless airholes, the water began to sweep across the surface of the ice, and by the time he pulled into a woodchopper's cabin on the point of an island, the dogs were being rushed off their feet and were swimming more often than not. He was greeted sourly by the two residents, but he unharnessed and proceeded to cook up.

Donald and Davie were fair specimens of frontier inefficients. Canadian-born, city-bred Scots, in a foolish moment they had resigned their counting-house desks, drawn upon their savings, and gone Klondiking. And now they were feeling the rough edge of the country. Them, grubless, spiritless, and with a dust for home in their hearts, the P. C. Company had staked to cut wood for its steamers, with the promise at the end of a passage home. Disregarding the possibilities of the ice-run, they had fittingly demonstrated their inefficiency by their choice of the island on which they located. Montana Kid, though possessing little knowledge of the break up of a great river, looked around him dubiously, and cast yearning glances at the distant bank where the towering bluffs promised immunity from all the ice of the Northland.

After feeding himself and dogs he lighted his pipe and strolled out to get a better idea of the situation. The island, like all its river brethren, stood higher at the upper end, and it was here that Donald and Davy had built their cabin and piled many cords of wood. The far shore was a full mile away, while between the island and the near shore lay a back channel perhaps a hundred yards across. At first sight of this Montana Kid was tempted to take his dogs and escape to the mainland, but on closer inspection he discovered a rapid current flooding on top. Below the river twisted sharply to the west, and in this turn its breast was studded by a maze of tiny islands.

"That's where she'll jam," he remarked to himself.

Half a dozen sleds, evidently bound up stream to Dawson, were splashing through the chill water to the tail of the island. Travel on the river was passing from the precarious to the impossible, and it was nip and tuck with them till they gained the island and came up the path of the woodchoppers toward the cabin. One of them, snow blind, towed helplessly at the rear of a sled. Husky young fellows they were, rough-garmented and trail worn, yet Montana Kid had met the breed before and knew at once that it was not his kind.

"Hello! How's things up Dawson way?" queried the foremost, passing his eye over Donald and Davy and settling it upon the Kid.

A first meeting in the wilderness is not characterized by formality. The talk quickly became general, and the news of the upper and lower countries was swapped equitably back and forth. But the little the newcomers had was soon over with, for they had wintered at Minook, a thousand miles below, where nothing was doing. Montana Kid, however, was fresh from Salt Water, and they annexed him while they pitched camp, swamping him with questions concerning the outside, from which they had been cut off for a twelvemonth.

A shrieking split, suddenly lifting itself above the general uproar on the river, drew everybody to the bank. The surface water had increased in depth, and the ice, assailed from above and below, was struggling to tear itself from the grip of the shores. Fissures reverberated into life before their eyes, and the air was filled with multitudinous crackling, crisp and sharp, like the sound that goes up on a clear day from the firing line.

From up the river two men were racing a dog team toward them on an uncovered stretch of ice. But even as they looked the pair struck the water and began to flounder through. Behind, where their feet had sped the moment before, the ice broke up and turned turtle. Through this opening the river rushed out upon them to their waists, burying the sled and swinging the dogs off at right angles in a drowning tangle. But the men stopped their flight to give the animals a fighting chance, and they groped hurriedly in the cold confusion, slashing at the detaining traces with their sheath knives. Then they fought their way to the bank through swirling water and grinding ice, where, foremost in leaping to the rescue among the jarring fragments, was the Kid.

"Why, blime me, if it ain't Montana Kid!" exclaimed one of the men whom the Kid was just placing upon his feet at the top of the bank. He wore the scarlet tunic of the mounted police and jocularly raised his right hand in salute.

"Got a warrant for you, Kid," he continued, drawing a bedraggled paper from his breast pocket. "An' I 'ope as you'll come along peaceable."

Montana Kid looked at the chaotic river and shrugged his shoulders, and the policeman, following his glance, smiled.

"Where are the dogs?" his companion asked.

"Gentlemen," interrupted the policeman, "this 'ere mate o' mine is Jack Sutherland, owner of Twenty-Two Eldorado——"

"Not Sutherland of '92?" broke in the snow-blinded Minook man, groping feebly toward him.

"The same." Sutherland gripped his hand. "And you?"

"Oh, I'm after your time, but I remember you in my freshman year—you were doing P. G. work then. Boys," he called, turning half about, "this is Sutherland, Jack Sutherland, erstwhile fullback on the 'Varsity. Come up, you gold chasers, and fall upon him! Sutherland, this is Greenwich—played quarter two seasons back."

"Yes, I read of the game." Sutherland said, shaking hands. "And I remember that big run of yours for the first touchdown."

Greenwich flushed darkly under his tanned skin and awkwardly made room for another.

"And here's Matthews—Berkeley man. And we've got some eastern cracks knocking about, too. Come up, you Princeton men! Come up! This is Sutherland, Jack Sutherland!"

Then they fell upon him heavily, carried him into camp and supplied him with dry clothes and numerous mugs of black tea.

Donald and Davy, overlooked, had retired to their nightly game of crib. Montana Kid followed them with the policeman.

"Here, get into some dry togs," he said, pulling them from out his scanty kit. "Guess you'll have to bunk with me, too."

"Well, I say, you're a good 'un," the policeman remarked, as he pulled on the other man's socks. "Sorry I've got to take you back to Dawson, but I only 'ope they won't be 'ard on you."

"Not so fast." The Kid smiled curiously. "We ain't under way yet. When I go I'm going down river, and I guess the chances are you'll go along."

"Not if I know myself—"

"Come outside and I'll show you, then. These damn fools," thrusting a thumb over his shoulder at the two Scots, "played smash when they located here. Fill your pipe first—this is pretty good plug—and enjoy yourself while you can. You haven't many smokes before you."

The policemen went with him wonderingly, while Donald and Davy, having overheard, dropped their cards and followed. The Minock men noticed Montana Kid pointing now up the river, now down, and came over.

"What's up?" Sutherland demanded.

"Nothing much." Nonchalance sat well upon the Kid. "Just a case of raising hell and putting a chunk under. See that bend down there? That's where she'll jam millions of tons of ice. Then she'll jam in the bends up above, millions of tons. Upper jam breaks first, lower jam holds, pouf!" He dramatically swept the island with his hand. "Millions of tons," he added reflectively.

"And what of the woodpiles?" Davy questioned.

The Kid repeated his sweeping gesture, and Davy wailed, "The labor of months! It canna be! Na, na, lad, it canna be. I doot not it's a jowk. Ay, say that it is," he appealed.

But when the Kid laughed harshly and turned on his heel, Davy flung himself upon the piles and began frantically to toss the cordwood back from the bank.

"Lend a hand, Donald!" he cried. "Can ye no lend a hand? 'Tis the labor of months and the passage home!"

Donald caught him by the arm and shook him, but he tore free. "Did ye no hear, man? Millions of tons and the island shall be sweepit clean."

"Straighten yersel' up, man," said Donald. "It's a bit fashed ye are."

But Davy fell upon the cordwood. Donald stalked back to the cabin, buckled on his money belt and Davy's and went out to the point of the island where the ground was highest and where a huge pine towered above its fellows.

The men before the cabin heard the ringing of his axe and smiled. Greenwich returned from across the island with the word that they were penned in. It was impossible to cross the back channel. The blind Minook man began to sing, and the rest joined in with:

Wonder if it's true?
Does it seem so to you?
Seems to me he's lying—
O, I wonder if it's true.

"It's ay sinfu'," Davy moaned, lifting his head and watching them dance in the slanting rays of the sun. "And my guid wood a going to waste."

O, I wonder if it's true?

was flaunted back.

The noise of the river ceased suddenly. A strange calm wrapped about them. The ice had ripped from the shores and was floating higher on the surface of the river, which was rising. Up it came, swift and silent, for twenty feet, till the huge cakes rubbed softly against the crest of the bank. The tail of the island, being lower, was overrun. Then, without effort, the white flood started down stream. But the sound increased with the momentum, and soon the whole island was shaking and quivering with the shock of the grinding bergs. Under pressure the mighty cakes, weighing hundreds of tons, were shot into the air like peas. The frigid anarchy increased its riot and the men had to shout into one another's ears to be heard. Occasionally the racket from the back channel could be heard above the tumult.

The island shuddered with the impact of an enormous cake which drove in squarely upon its point. It ripped a score of pines out by the roots, then swinging around and over, lifted its muddy base from the bottom of the river and bore down upon the cabin, slicing the bank and trees away like a gigantic knife. It seemed barely to graze the corner of the cabin, but the cribbed logs tilted up like matches and the structure, like a toy house, fell backward in ruin.

"The labor of months! The labor of months and the passage home!" Davy wailed, while Montana Kid and the policeman dragged him backward from the woodpiles.

"You'll 'ave plenty o' hopportunity all in good time for yer passage 'ome," the policeman growled, clouting him alongside the head and sending him flying into safety.

Donald, from the top of the pine, saw the devastating berg sweep away the cordwood and disappear down stream. As though satisfied with this damage, the ice-flood quickly dropped to its old level and began to slacken its pace. The noise likewise eased down, and the others could hear Donald shouting from his eyrie to look down stream. As forecast, the jam had come among the islands in the bend, and the ice was piling up in a great barrier which stretched from shore to shore. The river came to a standstill, and the water, finding no outlet, began to rise. It rushed up till the island was awash, the men splashing around up to their knees, and the dogs swimming to the ruins of the cabin. At this stage it abruptly became stationary, with no perceptible rise or fall.

Montana Kid shook his head. "It's jammed above, and no more's coming down."

"And the gamble is, which jam will break first," Sutherland added.

"Exactly," the Kid affirmed. "If the upper jam breaks first we haven't a chance. Nothing will stand before it."

The Minook men turned away in silence, but soon "Rumsky Ho" floated upon the quiet air, to be followed by "The Orange and the Black." Room was made in the circle for Montana Kid and the policeman, and they quickly caught the ringing rhythm of the choruses as they drifted on from song to song.

"O, Donald, will ye no lend a hand?" Davy sobbed at the foot of the tree into which his comrade had climbed. "O' Donald, man, will ye no lend a hand?" he sobbed again, his hands bleeding from vain attempts to scale the slippery trunk.

But Donald had fixed his gaze up river, and now his voice rang out, vibrant with fear:

"God Almighty, here she comes!"

Standing kneedeep in the icy water, the Minook men, with Montana Kid and the policeman, gripped hands and raised their voices in the terrible "Battle Hymn of the Republic." But the words were drowned in the advancing roar.

And to Donald was vouchsafed a sight such as no man may see and live. A great wall of white flung upon the island. Trees, dogs, men, were blotted out, as though the hand of God had wiped the face of nature clean. This much he saw, then swayed an instant longer in his lofty perch and hurled far out into the frozen hell.

May Transport War Material.

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, Oct. 24.—The Commercio of this city today publishes the text of a secret treaty, said to have been received from London, and signed at Bogota, Colombia, on January 18 between Colombia and Chili, granting perpetual free transit for Chilian war material across the isthmus of Panama.

Good Boxing Exhibition.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., Oct. 24.—Art Sims and Willie Fitzgerald gave one of the best boxing exhibitions ever seen in this city when they fought twenty rounds to a draw last night. The men weighed in at the ringside at 98 pounds. In the early rounds Fitzgerald showed up better than his opponent, but after the tenth round Sims braced up and finished strong.

The residence of Patrick Garbey, 920 South Thirteenth street, caught fire at 11:30 o'clock yesterday from a defective flue. The flames were extinguished by the department, with very little damage done.

AFFAIRS AT SOUTH OMAHA

Movement on Foot to Close Up Areaways on Downtown Buildings.

CENSUS BUREAU AFTER INFORMATION

City Compelled to Borrow a Little Money to Meet Interest Payments Due in New York November 1.

Several owners of buildings in the business portion of the city are considering the advisability of covering up area ways. These area ways are either used for light to basement rooms or for egress and exit. As very few basements are rented here at the present time which need an outside opening the closing of these areas has been suggested by the fire department. In this the agents of insurance companies heartily concur. While no definite promises have been made it has been intimated to several owners of buildings that if the openings were closed there might be a slight reduction in the insurance premium.

Area ways, especially on the buildings fronting on downtown streets, are nearly always filled with litter. Even with the best of care papers and rubbish of various kinds will blow into these places and thus cause an accumulation of inflammable articles. A lighted cigar or a cigaret often causes a slight fire in these area ways, hence the move on the part of the property owners, the city officials and the insurance companies to close as many as possible.

Government Wants Figures.

L. G. Powers, chief statistician of the census bureau at Washington, has written to the city officials here asking for data in relation to the affairs of the city. What the government wants to know is the general bonded debt, the district debt, the condition of the sinking fund and the resources of the city. In addition the valuation and levies for years past are asked for. This data is to be compiled along with a report soon to be issued by the census department. City Treasurer Howe and City Clerk Shrigley are now engaged in filling out the necessary blanks for the statistical department.

November Maturities.

On November 1 there will be due at the state fiscal agency in New York City the sum of $8,000. Of this sum $5,000 is due for interest. As there is a little falling off in the payment of taxes in some of the grading districts it will be necessary for the city to borrow $600 to meet the full payment. This, however, is a small matter and can doubtless be arranged by the mayor, treasurer and finance committee without difficulty. The money to meet the entire claim will go forward so as to be at the fiscal agency on November 1.

Roberts Rules Prevail.

Roberts' Rules of Order will prevail in the city council hereafter. A number of copies have been secured by the mayor and members of the city council and the city clerk is reading up. For some years past there has been a lack of discipline in the council, not through the want of knowledge, but pure neglect on the part of the members. Now it has been determined that everything shall be done in proper fashion and the Roberts' rules of order will prevail. In this connection it is probable that the rules of the council may be revised to conform more closely to Roberts' rules.

Bids Received Today.

President Bruce McCulloch of the South Omaha library board stated last evening that bids would be received by the board this afternoon for the erection of the proposed Carnegie library building. The president stated that it might be possible that the opening of the bids might be deferred for a time, but that all bids would be received and filed. Up to the present time Mr. Carnegie has not forwarded his check for the proposed library building.

Teamsters Issue Schedule.

Yesterday afternoon Team Drivers' International union No. 420 issued a schedule to employers of teams. This move has been in contemplation for some time and consequently when the printed schedule was presented it was no surprise to employers. The schedule calls for a specific amount for hauling and carrying coal and also for the handling of building material. It was asserted last night by employers that there was little if any difference in the schedule presented and that being paid at the present time.

Magic City Gossip.

Attorney H. B. Fleharty of this city is in Idaho looking after business matters.

Stephen Allie returned yesterday from a month's visit with friends at Atchison, Kan.

Mrs. William Kerr is reported to be gaining in strength after a protracted illness.

Mrs. B. E. Wilcox returned last evening from a few days' stay with friends at Fremont, Neb.

T. J. Alexander, a stock inspector at the yards, has returned from a trip to Washington, D. C.

George Paul is back from the east, where he spent several weeks with friends. Mr. Paul is greatly improved in health.

M. A. Dillon is back from a southern trip. He has not improved greatly in health and contemplates another trip.

J. M. Bradley of Idaho Springs, Colo., is here for a few days, the guest of George W. Masson. Mr. Bradley is the president of the Blue Ribbon Mining and Milling company.

T. J. Donegan, foreman of the car department of the Missouri Pacific railroad, with headquarters at Kansas City, is here for a few days looking after railroad matters pertaining to his department.

TORPEDO BOATS TO MANEUVER

Secretary Moody Calls Them to Newport Next Summer for Practice.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 24.—Secretary of the Navy Moody, who witnessed the maneuvers of the torpedo boat flotilla in Narragansett bay a few months ago, has decided to issue orders for the reassembling of all torpedo craft here next summer.

A series of drills in every branch of tactics known to this class will be held and it is expected that at least twenty boats will be present.

Cowboy Contest at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 24.—Today's matinee at the annual horse show at convention hall was made up principally of a broncho-busting contest, in which twenty-two cowboys from the west competed for a $500 cash prize. One of the biggest audiences of the week was present. One of the sensations of the show was the winning by Limestone Bell, owned by O. D. Woodward of Kansas City, of the high school event from Glorious Whirling Prince, the great $5,000 chestnut horse owned by Thomas W. Lawson of Boston. There were several other noted horses in the ring besides the Lawson horse, which took the yellow ribbon.

To Protect German Interests.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—A protest has been filed by the Venezuelan government with the German legation in Caracas against the visit to the Orinoco river of the German gunboat Panther, the vessel which sank the Haytien rebel gunboat Crete-a-Pierrot. In reply to the protest the German legation declared that the blockade is not only ineffective, but never existed and that the kaiser's government intends to protect German interests in Venezuela.

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.

GOOD SAMARITAN IS WANTED

Criminal Court Judge Disposed to Give Colored Lad a Show.

BLACK BOY'S CONFEDERATE GOES FREE

Reform School Will Be Home of Young Arthur Adams Unless Some One Will Stand Sponsor for Him.

Is there in Omaha or elsewhere any good Samaritan who would rather be sponsor for a colored boy than see him go to the reform school? If any such there be, they should negotiate with Judge Baxter of the criminal bench, district court, who finds himself with quite a problem on his hands. Two boys charged with conspiracy in crime have been before him and the white boy has been permitted to go because he has a father to look after him and be responsible for him. The colored boy has neither father nor mother and must be five years in confinement unless someone else will interest himself in the waif's behalf.

The night of July 15 last the shop of Joseph Batt on Eleventh street was entered and from it removed certain sweets that are dear to the hearts of those who, being young, fear neither dyspepsia nor diabetes. Harry Tannebaum, aged 18, and Arthur Adams, of the same tender years, were ferreted out and held on the charge of burglary.

White Boy is Fortunate.

Tannebaum, the white member of the duo, has a father and the father appeared in the court late Thursday afternoon with the boy, by arrangement with the county attorney. The parent was anxious to save his boy from long confinement if possible and was willing to guarantee his future good behavior. Judge Baxter reviewed the facts in the case and decided that the lad might become a better man and have better chances if left with the father than if sent to the reformatory. Accordingly he gave the boy into the parent's keeping with the stipulation that the former would be instantly recalled to face the court if found misbehaving in future. The court further admonished the lad to walk in the path that leads to fame and good jobs and spoke very plainly to the father concerning his duty as a parent to better look after his erring progeny.

That fixed matters for the white lad, but it left the dark one with the double ache of bearing punishment while his conspirator remains at large, free to improve any opportunities that may come to him. Judge Baxter realized the situation and was anxious that the boys should share alike.

"Now, you have your father come up here, too," he said, turning to the colored boy.

"My fathah's dead, judge," said the lad, with a tremor in his voice.

"Well, your mother. Is she here?"

"My mothah's dead, too, sah. I ain't got no kin folks nowhere in this world I guess, 'cept my aunt in Jefferson City, Missouah."

The court suggested to the boy's colored attorney that he open negotiations with the distant relative, and implied that the boy would be sent to her if she would assume responsibility for his future guidance. The attorney seemed disinclined to take the trouble and the judge passed the matter for the time being.

The lad has found a friend in a new quarter, however. "Ab" Travis, the colored janitor of the court room, heard the recital and carried the tale to Rev. Schaffer, pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal church at Eighteenth and Webster streets, and yesterday the divine called on the judge. As a result a letter has gone to Jefferson City in the faint hope that its answer may be such as will justify the court in giving the boy into his aunt's keeping, under such provisions as were imposed upon Tannebaum.

The colored boy states that Tannebaum was the more active of the two offenders, having entered the building for the candy, while he (Adams) retained his seat on a convenient store box as sentinel. Later they feasted together on the plunder.

FIRE RECORD.

Sporting Goods Destroyed.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Fire early today destroyed a stock of sporting goods in the warerooms of R. H. Ingersoll & Co., at 163-165 Washington street. Two firemen were overcome by smoke and were carried to a hospital. A dozen men carrying a line of hose were confronted by flames which suddenly burst through the doors on the third floor. They were compelled to throw themselves down a stairway in order to escape. Several sustained minor injuries. Loss on building and stock is estimated at $50,000.

NEW MAP OF GRAND CANYON.

To Be Published After Results of Resurvey Are Prepared.

The demand from scientists and tourists for an accurate and detailed map of the famous canyon of the Colorado in Arizona has led to a resurvey of this unique region by the United States geological survey, under the charge of Francois E. Murthes, topographer. The Grand canyon, formerly reached only by stage route over a desert country, has recently been made accessible by a branch line of the Santa Fe route from Williams, and during the one year that this road has been in operation the canyon has been visited by thousands of tourists. In the magnificence of its proportions and the grandeur of its scenic attractions the canyon bids fair to rival both the Yellowstone park and the Yosemite valley.

The United States geological survey expects to publish a series of atlas sheets covering the entire extent of the Grand canyon proper and considerable areas of the high plateaus on either side. The first of these sheets, to be known as the Bright Angel, is nearly completed and will be available to the public some time next summer. It includes almost all of the scenery visible from the Bright Angel hotel, familiar to every visitor. The Colorado river traverses from east to west the quadrangle represented by this sheet and divides it almost symmetrically. The new map will be on a scale of one mile to the inch and the contour interval will be fifty feet. It will show every pinnacle, spur and gully in its true proportions, and each line of cliffs and terraces may be traced along the canyon walls.

The dimensions of the Grand canyon have been the subject of much discussion ever since it was first explored. It may, therefore, be of interest to give some figures taken from this new survey. The average width from rim to rim does not exceed ten miles throughout the kaibab, or widest section of the canyon, and frequently narrows down to eight miles. The river does not occupy the middle of the gigantic trough, but flows at a distance varying between one and three miles from the south side. Practically all of the magnificently sculptured pinnacles and mesas (the so-called temples) lie north of the river, and at distances of from five to seven miles from the viewpoints usually visited by tourists. The depth of the Grand canyon, in one way, has been overstated, in another understated. Measured from the south rim the total depth is considerably less than a mile. From the rim at the Bright Angel hotel, where the altitude is 6,866 feet above sea level, to the highwater mark of the river at foot of the tourist trail, the drop is 4,430 feet. The highest point on the south rim at the Grand View hotel is 7,496 feet, about 4,900 feet above the river. From the north side, however, the drop to the water level averages considerably over a mile, and in many places even exceeds 6,000 feet. It may be stated in a general way that the north rim is from 1,000 to 1,200 feet higher than the south, thus producing that high, even sky line so striking in all views obtainable by the tourist. The figures here given are based on spirit levels run in connection with the map work. They are the first that have ever been run to the bottom of the chasm, and the high standard of accuracy maintained throughout will cause them to be considered authoritative and final.

THIS IS APPLE JACK YEAR.

Stills Working Overtime on Real New Jersey Lightning.

After a drought of apple whisky which has lasted two years, relates the New York Sun, this season promises to bring forth a large quantity of the famous Jersey lightning. The apples are piling into the distilleries in this county faster than they can be used, and quantities of the fruit are going to waste.

The storms of the summer and early fall have swept the orchards clean of apples, and thousands of bushels have been gathered from the ground. The farmers rush this second-class fruit to the stills, some of which are working night and day in order to save the accumulation of raw material.

The largest apple whisky distillery in the world is at Johnsenburg, in the northern part of the county. It is owned by a man named Jones, who has been in the business more than fifty years. When he started half a century ago there were small distilleries all over New Jersey, and especially in Warren, Morris, Sussex and Hunterdon counties. Now there are less than a dozen in all that territory and less than two dozen in the state. Fifty years ago the distilled extract of apples could be bought in any grocery store for 10 cents a gallon. Now it brings $4 a gallon, and the real article is hard to get.

The best applejack is made in Morris county, one distillery at Succasunna having a trade that is world-wide. A press clipping bureau keeps the proprietor informed of all towns in every part of the country voting "no license." As soon as he learns of a prohibition town he publishes an advertisement in the newspapers of that town offering his goods in plain packages. The scheme has brought his riches. Last year this distiller was compelled to appeal to others in the business to help him fill his orders. His plant is working twenty-four hours a day.

Apple whisky is still drunk extensively all through northern New Jersey.

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