

FETERMAN MASSACRE DAY

Omaha Veteran of Indian Wars in West Recalls Bloody Event.

S. S. PETERS TELLS OF FIGHT

Forty-third Anniversary of a Horrible Revenge Taken on United States Troops by Indians Under Red Cloud.

"With the passing of the years and our own approach to the inevitable beyond, I can not feel that we, the few survivors of the events of forty-three and forty-two years ago, should be permitted to contribute the story of our participation in great events of those days rather than to submit to the inaccuracies of modern historians and romantics, such as Dr. C. T. Brady, whose narratives are derived from the reports of interested parties, relative to the story of the Sioux Indian wars of 1862-3, in which Red Cloud, the recently deceased Sioux Indian chief, was so potent a factor," said S. S. Peters, an active participant in all those events.

"I have hitherto refrained from commenting upon these affairs because I knew that the Brady, Custer, Huston and the narratives were accepted as historical facts, because there was no one who had the audacity to controvert them. I have, however, been surprised to find that my estimate of Red Cloud is confirmed in by those versatile historians. This estimate I gave of him twenty-five years ago.

"What I wish now to elaborate upon is the climax of Red Cloud's great career. It is an opportune moment to do so, in that December 21, 1869, was the forty-third anniversary of that tragic event. It appears to me with the keenest sorrow and anguish, because on that day I happened to be one of the first ones that saw the mutilated bodies of my brothers, comrades and friends lying in a bloody group on the massacre ground that ended all for Colonel W. F. Fetterman and his eighty-two comrades, the blood still oozing from their ghastly wounds, their bodies still warm from the life blood that coursed through their veins but an hour before.

"There is so much to say and to tell of this affair, that I can not begin with the event itself. I was still suffering from a severe wound received at the hand of Red Cloud and his party six months before, almost a year (July 30, 1869), at Crazy Woman's fork of Powder river, the first of the set engagements between Red Cloud and the whites and which affair the alleged historians of that epoch dismiss with but a line; but in those days wounds did not count.

Story of the Massacre.

"But, to the story of the massacre of Fetterman's command, that fatal morning of December 21, 1869, was as follows: "From the moment of the establishment of the post of Fort Phil Kearney, in July, 1868, at the forks of the Big and Little Piney creeks, in Wyoming, garrisoned by five companies of the Eighteenth Infantry and one of the Second Cavalry, this command of less than 200 men was constantly beset by Red Cloud and his bands of Brule and Ogalaia Sioux, numbering more than 2,000 hostiles.

"Fuel and building material were obtained under constant fire from the Indians from the foothills of the Big Horn mountains. Wood train camps were established on the mountain road, a few miles from the incomplected fort, which had to be stockaded for protection from the Indians.

"The attacks on the wood trains were of such frequent occurrence that but little attention was paid to them except to buy the necessary supplies, and to keep the trains moving on their way to the fort.

"About half a mile east of the fort, at the top of a high hill, we had established a picket post that overlooked the country to the west and south. This hill arose abruptly from the Little Piney.

"On the morning of December 21 the picket at Signal Hill, fifteen or twenty of the wood train was attacked as usual by Indians, the train corralled and the escort fighting. This was about 11 o'clock and the train was moving toward the timber. Almost immediately a few Indians appeared on one or two of the surrounding heights, a party of fifteen or twenty of them being the Big Piney trail, which crossed the fort, where the Bosman trail crossed in its ascent of the Lodge Trail ridge.

Four Score Men to Relief.

"A detail of eighty-one men, with two officers, under command of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel W. F. Fetterman, at once volunteered to go to the relief of the wood train.

"Colonel Fetterman moved off rapidly to the right of the wood road, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the Indians then attacking the wood train. As he advanced across the Big Piney to the west, a few Indians appeared in his front and on his flanks, and he was obliged to retreat about a mile beyond the ridge range, and then advanced beyond Lodge Trail Ridge. When Fetterman was on Lodge Trail Ridge, the picket signaled the fact that the Indians had retreated from the wood train, and the train had been in corral and moved on toward the timber.

"The wood train made the round trip, and was not again disturbed that day.

"At about fifteen minutes before 12 o'clock Colonel Fetterman's command had reached the crest of Lodge Trail Ridge. Without regard to orders, for reasons that the silence of Colonel Fetterman now prevents me from giving, but with the command in a few moments the disorganized, being seized the ridge, still moving west, flying shortly thereafter commencing, and increased in rapidity till in about fifteen minutes and at about 12 o'clock m. it was a continuous and rapid fire of musketry, plainly audible at the fort. As soon as the firing became intense, the commanding officer ordered Captain T. E. Ten Eyck with forty-three men, being all the men available for duty in the fort, and two wagons with ammunition, to join Colonel Fetterman immediately. He moved out and advanced rapidly toward the point from which the sound of firing proceeded.

"The sound of firing continuing to be heard during this advance, diminishing in rapidity and number of shots till we reached a high summit adjacent to Lodge Trail Ridge, overlooking the battlefield, at about a quarter before 1.

"Captain Ten Eyck sent a courier back, as soon as he reached the summit commanding a view of the battlefield, that the Panu Creek valley was full of Indians; that he could see nothing of Colonel Fetterman's party, and requested that a howitzer should be sent to him. The howitzer was not sent. The Indians, who at first beckoned us to come down, now commenced retreating, and Captain Ten Eyck advancing to a point where the Indians had been standing in a circle, found the dead naked bodies of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman, Captain Brown and the entire command of Fetterman.

At this point there were no indications of a severe struggle. All the bodies

Plea of the Overworked Phrases

Some Expressions Beg Consideration at Hands of Writers, Setting Up that They Have Been Pressed Into Usage Far Beyond Their Capacity and Asking Rest They Have Earned by Long Service

THIS is the communication which the musical editor did not know whether he would print or not. Usually the musical editor does not print all his correspondents; if he did it would be very interesting, sometimes.

But this one deserves consideration. The cause is just. There is no doubt whatsoever that something should be done. It runs as follows: "To the Music Editor of The Bee: Knowing full well that no appeal has ever been made in The Bee in vain, when a principle of justice was at stake, we, the undersigned, desire to make known to you, our resolution and our unanimous opinion that we are not being given the consideration to which we are entitled. We have been worked overtime, and we are weary unto death. While others have been reposing in indolent ease we, the undersigned, have been working day and night, without any chance to rest or to recuperate ourselves for the terrible struggle of existence which we are waging. Usually, we are not complaining about wages, but we do want and we think that we are entitled to have shorter hours. Trusting that you will do what you can for us and help us with your influence, and knowing that if you will suggest this to the musical editors of the country, there may be a chance for us to remain alive for a fair period of years to come.

- We are, your truly, "TECHNIQUE," "CHARMING," "EFFECTIVE," "INTERPRETATION," "MEZZA VOICE," "LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC," "EXQUISITE," "PLEASANT MANNER," "FINE TASTE," "EXECUTION," "COLORFUL," "SPECIALLY COMMENDED," "TEMPO AND TEMPLE," "RARE QUALITY," "BEAUTIFUL TONE," "SUPERB RENDERING," "DELIGHTFUL," "WENT WILD," and others.

It is but fair that The Bee should say a word in behalf of these unfortunate and overworked members of the republic of letters. It is true that they are overworked. They should be retired with honor and on full pay.

As a matter of fact what have they specially to do with a musical performance? Technique is a nice word to use when you don't know just what to say. It is like saying "brilliant" in connection with a picture. You cannot make any mistake about that. Always use "values." It means so much. But don't ever ask anyone what he really means by "values." It might be awkward.

Technique has been handed around awfully much. It is used with reference to agility, and the word itself implies that it should be used with regard to tone-color and not tone-agility.

We will not mention the case of the "Superb rendering." As has been said before in this column, it is suggestive of the hard pull—an eminently respectable effect, but it is not to be placed upon the piano.

But, why enlarge further? The case is clear. The snow is falling and the cars are crowded, and it is time to go home. Next year we may have something to say. A Happy New Year!

THOMAS J. KELLY.

Fifteen hundred seats will be offered at 50 cents apiece on the occasion of the Schumann-Heink concert, January 8th. Much interest is manifested in this event and the above prices certainly compete with what we hear of "European privileges." Miss Hopper further announces that she will present Dr. Willner at the Young Men's Christian association auditorium on Tuesday evening, January 12th.

lay in a space not exceeding two acres in extent.

Colonel Carrington's Account.

"I quote from the official report of Colonel K. B. Carrington the culminating features of the massacre, as follows: "The road of the Little Piney, where the final stand took place was strewn with broken arrows, spear-heads, scalp poles and arrows shafts of spears. The arrows that were spent harmlessly, from all directions, show that the command was suddenly overwhelmed, surrounded and cut off while in retreat. Now an officer or man survived! A few bodies were found at the north end of the divide over which the road runs just beyond Lodge Trail Ridge.

"Nearly all were heaped near four rocks at the point nearest the fort, these rocks, enclosing a space about six feet square, having been the last refuge for defence. Here were also a few unspended rounds of Spencer cartridge.

"Colonel Fetterman and Captain Brown had each a revolver shot in the left temple. As Brown always declared that he would reserve a shot for himself, as a last resort, so I am convinced that these two brave men fell, each by the other's hand, rather than undergo the slow torture inflicted upon others.

"Lieutenant Grummond's body was on the road between the two extremes, with a few others.

"The officers who fell believed that no Indian force could overwhelm that number of troops well held in hand.

"This terrible massacre bore marks of great valor, and has demonstrated the force and character of the foe, but no value could have saved them.

"Pools of blood on the road and sloping sides of the narrow divide showed where Indians bled fatally, but their bodies were carried off. I counted sixty-five such pools in the space of one and one-half miles. I saw the body of Lieutenant Grummond's body. Eleven American horses and nine Indian ponies were on the road or near the line of bodies; others, crippled, were in the valleys.

"At the northwest or farther point, fifteen two rocks and apparently where they were found, the bodies of the valiant soldiers, their danger, I found citizens James S. Wheatley and Isaac Fisher of Blue Springs, Neb., who with "Henry rifles," fell inevitably, but fell, one having 106 arrows in his naked body.

Critical Jobs.

Beauty is only skin deep, but some women are deeper than they look. Some young men, in courtship, are as tickle as a last year's ham-bone pup.

Tell a girl she has a musical laugh and she will sing for the rest of her life. All the world may love a lover, but it takes to buy wedding presents for him. When an old man has a goose of herself, it's a pretty good sign she is no chicken.

Don't place too much confidence in appearances. Many a man with a red nose has a white heart. It takes a lot of nerve for a fellow to propose to a girl, but he should save some of it for later emergencies.—New York Times.

apply to musical presentations. It means "Made out." That is, the person made his way out, or "came out" all right. It is applied to a great many things, and when one does not have much to say, either for or against, and wants to say it nicely.

"Interpretation" has a good right to object to its being obliged to work overtime and to work in the place of others who could do the work just as well and better. Interpretation has to go to work lots of times, when the one who should be set to the task is Translation. When you translate, you merely "carry something across" from one language to another. You take a sentence out of German and put it into English. But when you interpret, that is more. Many musical people are merely and only "translating," when they think that they are "interpreting."

"Mezza Voce" is usually applied indiscriminately to those soft tones which die into sweet softness. The writer has heard a people rave over the mezza voce effects of a singer, when one of the most conspicuous things about his or her singing, was an utter absence of real mezza voce. This word cannot be explained in print. It requires the living voice.

"Exquisite." Here is a word that is driven hard. From the maker to the dreamer, and from the florid to the glover, and from exquisite pleasure to exquisite torture, it has been passed and repeated without mercy. Think of applying the same poor unfortunate word to the letters of a South African in the Congo by a merciless brute of a man-shaped demon, and then to the gentle odour of a fragrant violet.

"Pleasing manner." That is a phrase which should be invalidated here "for good and all." It is one of those mildly meaningless, meant-no-harm, gentle Annie phrases which sound well, applied to a white kitten with pinkish eyes, and a bow of very pale blue ribbon around its neck.

"Fine taste" is so suggestive of the coffee urn or the cobwebbed bottle of the key-guarded corner of the wine cellar that it is justified in asking to be excused from the music room. "Second movement with fine flavor," he says, "this number with a remarkably fine aroma."

"Specially commended" is very reminiscent of the grocery store, or the breakfast food, or the summer hotel. "Her saccharine effects are to be specially commended." Why not recommend her to the hospital?

"Rare quality." Oh, how thoughtful to use this in connection with a musical affair. Does it mean that it was not well enough done? It is suggestive of the Club or Porterhouse Steak and the succulent Spanish Mutton Chop. "I have it rare, please," means that one does not want it "well done." It originally meant "thin." Could it be possible that critics have known this when they have used the word in describing some tone quality?

"Colorature." There is another wrongly used word. It is used with reference to agility, and the word itself implies that it should be used with regard to tone-color and not tone-agility.

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LAST EXPOSE RECALLS OTHERS

Brooklyn Scandal Revives Memories of Shady Ways of Insurance Examiners Away from Home.

The remarkable disclosures concerning the manner in which former officials of the New York state insurance department secured large loans from the Phoenix fire insurance company of that city, has provided the most sensational scandal that has developed in insurance affairs since the investigation by the Armstrong committee of 1905 laid bare the waste and extravagance in the management of the three great life insurance companies of that city.

The specific disclosures in the Phoenix case have been loans aggregating \$30,000 made to the late James F. Pierce while he was superintendent of insurance in 1903 and 1904; advances of \$100,000 to Isaac Vanderpool while he was chief examiner of the insurance department, between 1899 and 1904; borrowings of \$25,000 or more by Robert H. Hunter, who was Lou Payn's special lieutenant, while that politician had charge of the insurance department during the Black administration, and while Hunter was the first deputy superintendent of insurance in that state; and advances of \$50,000 to William K. Buckley, who was for several years the third deputy superintendent engaged with the work at Albany.

Hunter has explained that the advances to him were made by George P. Sheldon, president of the company, personally. But the books show that the loans were carried by the company. Sheldon was indicted this week for misappropriation of the company's funds.

"Junketing Tours" for Examiners.

For years it has been a favorite practice for the insurance officials of western states to take junketing tours east in the winter for the purpose of examining various New York insurance companies. These men used to represent the type of intelligence which is ordinarily seen at a conference of Tammany hall leaders.

This devious politician came on a few years ago for the purpose of looking up the affairs of a great wall street fire insurance company, spent three days inspecting its books and walked away with a \$200 fee. In addition he received about \$2 a day for expenses, and since the same sort of performance was gone through with several different companies, his expense item probably netted him nearly \$1,000 for the trip. It happened to be a great foreign insurance company that he was investigating at that time, and the manager of the concern, an underwriter of international reputation, stated up the situation by saying that he would not employ the services of such a man for \$10 a week. But they cost the company nearly \$10 an hour.

This instance, however, was no worse than that of another western insurance commissioner who took a journey of several hundred miles in order to tell the most expert underwriters in the world how to manage their companies. This man, too, was of a low political order, and had about as much knowledge of insurance affairs as a junior clerk in one of the fire offices ordinarily acquires after a month's acquaintance with the business. He made demands upon one of the life companies in a way which showed plainly that he intended to resign his license to do business in his state unless they complied with "certain requirements." His demand consisted chiefly in letting him do sufficient work to earn a thousand dollar fee. The officers knew full well that the undertak-

ing was useless and would not help the company or its policy holders one whit, but the fact that they had a man of an unsavory reputation to deal with made them compromise with him upon a basis which furnished the westerner with luxurious hotel accommodations for a week and sent him away with \$500 Christmas money, as a fee. But this was not all. The official managed to work in a friendly attorney on the deal also, so that the legal end of the transaction probably cost the company \$250 more.

Investigation of Many Devils.

But the historic incident of all time must be what insurance men now reminiscence refer to as the "Investigation of Many Devils." The story of that junketing tour has never been fully told, but those in touch with the situation say that the aggregate expense bills for one great life insurance company alone totaled up \$55,000. It happened only a few years ago—not so long before the Armstrong committee began its inquiry—but its picturesque incidents will always be recounted whenever insurance officials discuss the scandals of the past.

It consisted of a joint examination by many commissioners, some of whom were highly respectable men with perfectly honest intentions. Several did their work well and charged reasonable fees. Others are said to have lived a year on what they made in those few weeks. They represented departments of various states which had contributed an enormous volume of business to the New York companies, both fire and life. These men hit upon the novel idea of having a joint junketing tour of several months' duration, with their own pet clerks in charge, and everybody earning in his life before that he ever earned in his life before.

They began on one of the life companies that made a specialty of availing its volume of new business at "any odd expense rate," in order to show a vast increase over the business of the previous year. The result was that most of the new business cost them in commissions 75 to 90 per cent of the entire first year's premiums. The unscrupulous politicians saw that such reckless expenditure for new business indicated a willingness on the part of the management to pay almost any fee for the sake of being let alone. On reaching the company's office here the examiners held a conference with the officers and told them plainly what they proposed to do and what information they sought. All the work was gone over, and the officers soon found that the undertaking meant for the company the largest expense bill ever sent in by an examining force. A compromise was effected, but not before some of the officials had been promised large fortunes, a sum-total of good money that would make almost any man go wild with joy. Somewhere, but who knows where? What collector, all unconscious of the royal prize was millions in his grip, millions he, perchance, will never even try to find.

It is a hundred years and five since from Rhone to Rhine, from Alps to Pyrenees, the millions named Napoleon emperor for evermore. The great Corsican, thus elevated to the crowning heights of power, was, of course, compelled to leave a coinage without delay, and he did it on his new incomparable scale. Among the coins which Napoleon had minted were some millions of 5-franc pieces, and the emperor determined that he would popularize these coins in an extraordinary way.

In one of the 5-franc pieces, folded in a tiny size, was inclosed a note, signed by the great Napoleon, and promising the sum of 5,000,000 francs—\$1,000,000 in American money—to the finder of that particular coin. The Napoleonic note is not a legend or a myth. It is shown by the archives of France that the emperor prepared and signed that note, and that it was then inclosed in a 5-franc coin, which was promptly mixed with the immense number freshly minted and ready for distribution.

Thus the note of the great Napoleon went out into the world—and what became of it? Naturally, those coins were in great demand—everybody who changed a large piece demanded the new 5-franc coin in ex-

change. Everybody who got one, as a rule, probed and dug and sounded the metal, in eager search for the hidden note. The Rothschilds, it is asserted, had agents for years gathering those coins all over France and even in the French colonies. But the years went on, Napoleon grew great and faded, new kings ruled in France—and the Corsican's note did not appear.

Popular tradition in Europe has it that the Rothschilds finally got the note and cashed it, quietly and with ostentation. The writer has been told by scions of the family that this is an error—that the coin containing the fortune never came into the possession of the mighty financiers. Another European tradition says that Alexander of Russia, after the allies took Paris, found the coin; that he placed the note in the imperial treasure vault of St. Petersburg, and that the Romanoffs have kept it ever since, letting the interest accumulate, and each new czar agrees never to cash the note until Russia shall be in deadly need.

This legend, too, is probably erroneous. Russia has needed money badly a great many times since 1814, and that note would have been cashed long since had the Romanoffs ever found it.

Despite the fact that Napoleon's note, at simple interest, is worth \$7,300,000 now, while the writer is not a good enough banker to estimate its gigantic value at compound interest, the French government stands ready to pay the debt upon demand. Napoleon's plighted word is a sacred trust to the French nation, and the man who brings Napoleon's note can have the money without a murmur. Who, then, has the note? Who is in position to enrich himself "beyond the dreams of avarice?"

French authorities and numismatists declare that there are not, in all probability, more than 2,500 of Napoleon's 5-franc pieces left in the world today. Of these probably 90 per cent are in the private collections of Napoleonic students. Somewhere among these collections, in every probability, the great fortune rests, hidden between the sheets of metal, a mine of wealth to its discoverer, but destined, perchance, never to be found.—New York Telegraph.

SEARCH YOUR VEST POCKETS

Some One Has a French Five-Franc Piece Which is Worth \$7,300,000.

Somewhere in this wide world, possibly in the collection of some numismatist, possibly in the drawer kept by some lover of the great Napoleon, there is a mighty fortune, a sum-total of good money that would make almost any man go wild with joy. Somewhere, but who knows where? What collector, all unconscious of the royal prize was millions in his grip, millions he, perchance, will never even try to find.

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BIG PERCENTAGE OF WASTE

Coal Consumed by Locomotives and the Quantity Lost in Action.

One-fifth of all the coal mined in the United States in 1908 was burned in railroad locomotives at a cost to the roads of \$178,000,000, according to a report submitted to the geological survey.

The figures look large, but their principal significance lies in the argument which their analysis makes for the conservation of natural resources. Prof. W. F. M. Goss, dean of the University of Illinois, who conducted the experiments, reports that of the 30,000,000 tons of coal the railroads used in 1908 10,000,000 tons are lost through the heat in the gases discharged from the stacks of the locomotives, 5,000,000 tons through radiation, leakage of steam and water, 2,500,000 tons through unconsumed fuel in the ashes and 750,000 tons through the incomplete combustion of the gases. Moreover, 18,000,000 tons are consumed in starting fires, in moving the locomotives to their trains, in backing trains into or out of sidings and in keeping locomotives hot while standing.—Van Norden's Magazine.

The fact that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is pleasant to take has made it a favorite with mothers everywhere.

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