

PERKINS' RIDE

And the Way It Ruined His Veracity.

"Get Perkins Here or Kill Him."

How the Randall Democrats Were Compelled to Lie—The Humor of Mr. Landon.

I have traveled over the Alps when we started on wheels in Italy, were put on runners at the monasteries of St. Bernard and the next day came tumbling down into the wheatfields of Switzerland and the Rhone. Then I have lurked through Japan and wheelbarrowed in China. But the most exciting trip of my life was taken in our own country, out in Iowa. It was one of the coldest nights of a cold winter. I lectured for the college at Osage City, northeast from Cedar Rapids, one night, and the next night I was to be at Grinnell college, near Des Moines. I had to ride down through the central part of Iowa, on the old Iowa Central road. To do this I was compelled to drive thirty miles across the prairie, from Osage City to Mason City, in order to strike a 5 o'clock morning train for Grinnell.

Thirty miles over the prairie in a northwest storm, with the thermometer at minus zero, was a test of strength, nerve and body color. But we made the trip. Once our sleigh tipped over, and our blankets and robes blew away. It was a hurricane, and even hot soapstone took to the wind. Once we got to circling around on that thirty-mile prairie, and the driver threw up his frozen hands and screamed:

"We're lost!"

"But the stars came out, and we whirled around toward the north star and struggled on."

In the gray of the morning with what joy we saw the straggling lights of the little station of Mason City, new place of 8,000 people! I remember well how I rolled out of the sleigh and tottered up to the station door. It was all dark within. I knew the morning train hadn't come yet. We had won, but oh, with what cost!

Knocking on the door, then pounding louder, the agent finally opened it.

"Has the 5 o'clock train come south to Grinnell?" I asked, with tremulous voice.

"What?"

"Has the train come south?"

"He looked at me in amazement and said:

"Gone, man! Gone? Why, she went last September. She is a summer train. But, and he looked kindly at me, 'she will go again in June. If you must go on her, you can sit around here in the depot and wait.'"

What did I do?

Why, I went right over to a log hotel and went to bed, and sleep smothered my sorrows.

Sleep! Sleep!

At 10 o'clock I crawled over to the depot and opened the wires on President J. B. Grinnell, of the Iowa Central. This, by the way, was the original man whom Grinnell told of '83. West. Grinnell went west, and he was he who founded the city of Grinnell, where I was to lecture. He built the college there. The railroad, the town, the college and the lecture course were all his. And I threw myself into his arms with this telegram:

"Please give me an engine. Get me to Grinnell tonight!"

"Any engine needing repairs at Mason City? If so, send Perkins down," came over the wire from Grinnell.

"No. 6 wants a new firebox," went the answer.

"O. K. Send 6 with Perkins. Get him here or kill him," replied Grinnell. In 30 minutes we were off. We went pounding over the old iron rails between Ackley and Marshalltown, and how we roared! Villages became spots of maroon paint. Telegraph poles blurred like wagon spokes in the sun.

We blew the whistle, but the train beat the sound into Marshalltown, and the agent came out and looked the wrong way. We had passed the town, and the whistle was still behind.

Well, we got to Grinnell and struck the audience of which I was the President. Grinnell hadn't told them about the ride. The audience thought I came on a regular train or drove over from the next station. When I tried to tell them about my ride, they only laughed. They didn't believe me. Alas! that was the day that I lost my reputation for veracity, and all these years I have struggled to get it back. I am a veystrymann now and a money of the Young Men's Christian association, but nothing will get back my lost veracity, except perhaps this open confession, now for the first time made.

When I asked the venerable President Grinnell years afterward how he came to telegraph, "Get Perkins to Grinnell or kill him," he said:

"Well, my son, you tell this featured and left hand of mine, that I was running for congress then, and I didn't have any record to run on. All I had done was to condemn land for right of way and kill immigrants on our train on the cars. The young men of the town came to his eyes—'but it occurred to me if you could be killed on our train then, and the people should find it out, why, I would be nominated and unanimously elected.'"

Then he added, with a long sigh, "Your coming and the lecture you delivered settled me for the people—I was d-e-f-e-a-t-e-d!"—Eli Perkins in Magazine of Travel.

"Do you meet many democrats on your travels?" Mr. Landon was asked the other day.

"No, not any Wilson democrats, but there are still Randall democrats. The free trade Wilson, Cleveland democrats are completely squelched."

"What do the Randall democrats say?" we asked.

"They accuse the Wilson free-traders of drawing the party into a false position. 'Why,' said Judge Lane, of Iowa, whom I met the other day on the cars, 'the young sentimental fools of our democratic party put us old fellows in a false position. They made us tariff destroyers. They gave the republicans a choice of positions and then made us assault them. We didn't have any policy. The republicans had the field and they chose the right side. They chose Randall's protective tariff policy, and all we had to do was to go on and fight a policy that we knew right. We couldn't do anything but just lie and—'

"You surprise me, Judge," I interrupted. "Do you mean that democratic speakers intentionally lied?"

"Why, yes, they had to. They had to assault the truthful and patriotic position chosen by the republicans. We said the tariff had nothing to do with wages, when common sense told

us that with free trade our wages would be as low as German wages with the freight added. We said with free trade we would lay our coats cheaper, when we knew those coats would have to come from Germany and our tailors would have to work for their wages or march with Coxey's army. Oh, how we lied about it!" and the judge heaved a long sigh.

"What other lies did you tell, Judge?" I asked.

"Why, we told the boys we'd have a big banquet when we knew every time we bought silk or tin or cloth in Europe that they would have our money and we would have empty boxes. May God forgive me," said the judge, "we strangled this lie with his list. If I didn't tell an audience at Ottumwa that with free trade we would gain the markets of the world, and I knew we couldn't send a hat or a yard of cloth to pay it, we had their wages—less the freight. And just think what hollow mockery it was to praise that 3-cent foreign market when we knew that to sell a cent's worth of goods in Europe we would have to open the bars and let the paupers of Europe swoop down on our home market, which, according to the census reports was \$11,000,000,000 a year. I say, was, for heaven's sake, what I am, with half the mills idle. Wages don't have anything to do with the tariff, hey?" said the judge.

"The fact is," continued the judge, "we democrats have got to get into a position where we don't have to lie to get in power. We have got to get right onto that protective tariff which made us such splendid prosperity until we were soiled in and spoiled it, and which made us prosperous. You hear Judge Lane, a protective tariff democrat—your hear me?"

A POPULAR STORY SPOILED.

The visit of the Wisconsin state commission to this city to finally fix the positions of their troops at the battle of Chickamauga in preparation for the erection of monuments, has brought to light the real facts as to the capture of Jefferson Davis. The head of the confederacy has always been represented as dressed when taken prisoner in woman's clothes and the enormous hoop skirts then worn. Reiziger-General Henry Harnden, then lieutenant-colonel of the First Wisconsin cavalry, is present as a member of the commission, and denies the little story of Mason City, though now a white-haired veteran of 73, grows indignant whenever he talks of what he terms the gross exaggerations of a very natural action by Mr. Davis in relating the story, he said:

"May 6, 1862, I was specially detailed from Macon with 150 picked men of the First Wisconsin cavalry, the only command then armed with Spencer repeating-carbines, by General James H. Wilson to undertake and capture Jefferson Davis, who was making his way in the path of Breckinridge and Benjamin Smith, via Florida to Cuba. Our course described a circle, and we were overtaken by Colonel Pritchard, who was sent out two days later with the First Michigan cavalry. The latter pushed ahead during the night, as news of the situation toward the camp before his troops left, but we came upon them before daylight May 10th. They fired upon us in the dark. We repelled and drove them back, and capturing a Michigan cavalryman, I discovered we were fighting our own soldiers. Two of Colonel Pritchard's men were killed and a number wounded. Davis was unharmed with a party of forty or fifty about six rods in front of the skirmishing lines, just over a little swamp and was asleep at the time, but was awakened by the first firing, and dressing quickly stepped over the door of his tent. He did so as a private of the First Michigan cavalry. The capture took place in a forest of pine trees near Irwinville, Irwin county, Ga., where Mr. Davis with his small party had pitched their tents. The party consisted of Mr. Davis and Mr. Renzan, Colonel Harnden, his private secretary, Mrs. Davis and her sister, and a few unarmed soldiers. The larger fighting force, and the confederate army, were not far from the scene. Davis appeared very pettish and blamed his wife in my presence for delaying him. She was on the way to her home in Mississippi, and Mr. Davis' separation from General Basil Duke's cavalry escort and the delay cost him his liberty. The other prisoners except the chief were paroled. The fallen chieftain, as he then appeared, was a tall, thin, featured and nervous, but as a light-colored gentleman in any crowd, while he was dressed modestly but unusually well for the time."

FIVE ACRES TO THE HUNDRED HOGS.

Talk about not being able to raise pork in Oregon for want of corn when all the more expert growers of the East in the corn regions are abandoning corn or using very little. Here is what one of the best authorities in Missouri says. It is President Evans of the Mo. Hort. society, writing to the Rural World of St. Louis, he says:

"For twenty-nine years I have raised my hogs on artichoke potatoes. I have new forty-eight hogs for market. They were put on two acres of artichoke last fall and except during the short freezing spell had not one grain of other food. They are roasting in the artichoke yet. In Oct. 27, I raised a hundred head on eight acres. I sold them in the spring for pork. It was an open winter and they never had a grain of other food. I could not farm and raise hogs without artichoke potatoes. Five acres according to this will feed one hundred hogs from October till April. We believe that a little chopped wheat during the last month will make more pork. Here is an experience of twenty-nine years. This proves that on a few acres, not over ten, a man can make an independent living by the most easy and pleasant methods conceivable. Say three acres in artichokes for fifty hogs. The animals take care of themselves, and return at four cents four hundred dollars. A few good chickens, a couple of good cows, with a small garden, and there you have abundant living. You will be almost sure to have more money at the end of five years than the man of a great farm who has tilled and milled and farmed and sold and lost it all, and then for assistance. One bad year put him on the brink of insolvency. Meanwhile he has had no enjoyment of life. O for the little farm well tilled. The little wife well willed."

GHOSTLY EXPERIENCE

Tale of a Man Who Was Buried Alive.

The Awful Sensation of Sepulture.

A Kansas Man Saved by Disputations Doctors Who Wrangled over the Dissecting Table.

To be buried alive while sorrowing friends are standing about the open grave, and then come to life in a dissecting room, is the actual experience of George Hayward, an Independence Jeweler. Although years have elapsed since he was lowered gently into his grave, the memory of the horror when the undertaker screwed down the lid of his coffin, shutting out the sunlight, and the sensation he felt as he was lowered into the grave, while the mourners stood about the open grave, and then came to life in a dissecting room, is the actual experience of George Hayward, an Independence Jeweler. Although years have elapsed since he was lowered gently into his grave, the memory of the horror when the undertaker screwed down the lid of his coffin, shutting out the sunlight, and the sensation he felt as he was lowered into the grave, while the mourners stood about the open grave, and then came to life in a dissecting room, is the actual experience of George Hayward, an Independence Jeweler. 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