

PERSONAL RELICS OF THE FAMOUS EXPLORER, WILLIAM CLARK

INTERESTING ARTICLES PRESERVED BY HIS FAMILY ON EXHIBIT AT THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL

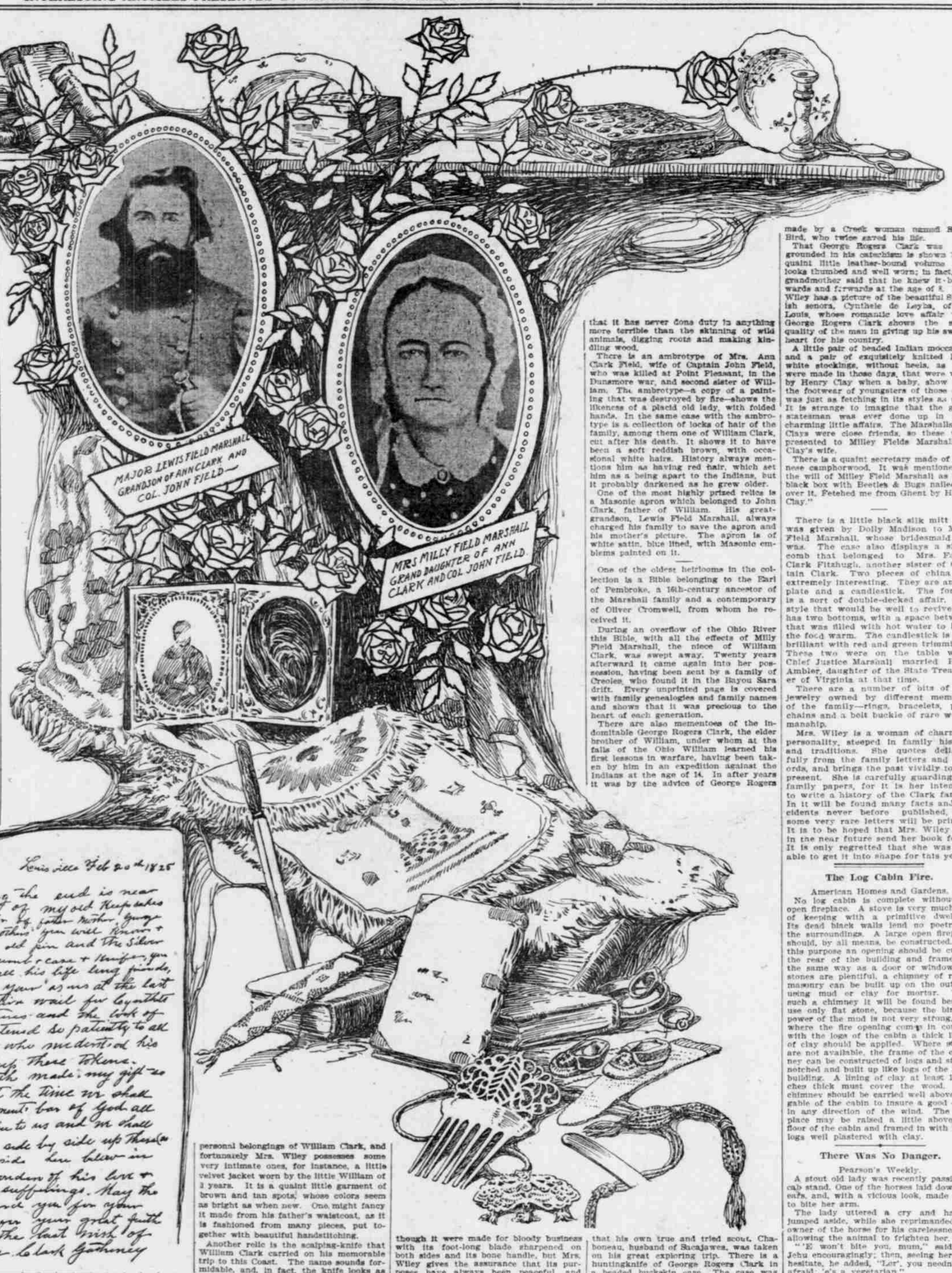
ASIDE from the unveiling of the Sausajewa monument by the women of Oregon there has been little sentiment shown toward the centralizing idea of the Fair. To be sure our indebtedness to Lewis and Clark has been embodied in the name of our Fair, and the orators of occasions have sung their praises, but the world success has been the dominant one. Success being such a plant word in this case has meant good financial returns and wide advertising; so it was pleasant to the lover of sentiment to be able this last week to step aside for a day and come in close relationship with the descendants of our heroes and hear from them the veneration with which they hold their great ancestors, and to hear many little details of family history that have never been printed. Last week having been set aside as Clark's day, as many of the family as possible gathered together to commemorate his memory. They were loyal in traditions and sentiment.

It was particularly interesting to come across the relics of the bygone Clarks, and doubly so those that were the personal property of William Clark.

In the Oregon building, within the last week there has been placed a glass case containing a collection of Clark heirlooms. These are the property of Mrs. S. L. Wiley, of Fresno, Cal., who is representing the eight counties of the San Joaquin Valley in the California building. Mrs. Wiley claims the distinction of being a descendant of the Clark family. Her line of descent is not direct from William Clark, but she is his great-grand-niece, his sister, Ann Clark, being her great-grandmother. In fact, Mrs. Wiley's genealogy runs through the bluest blood, for on her father's side she is the great-granddaughter of Chief Justice Marshall, her maiden name having been Mary Louise Marshall.

Her collection of heirlooms has great value. She has spent years in collecting them from other members of the family, so that now she has practically the greater portion known to exist. Among the relics are found wills, letters, diaries, bits of jewelry, pictures, ambrotypes, books, a few pieces of china, knives, baby garments, a Masonic apron and many other precious trifles. As the Clarks, Lewises, Marshalls and Fields were closely related by marriage, many of the relics belonged to them.

One is naturally more interested in the



that it has never done duty in anything more terrible than the skinning of wild animals, glazing roots and making kindling wood.

There is an ambrotype of Mrs. Ann Clark Field, wife of Captain John Field, who was killed at Point Pleasant, in the Danmore war, and second sister of William Clark. The ambrotype is a copy of a painting that was destroyed by fire—shows the likeness of a placid old lady, with folded hands. In the same case with the ambrotype is a collection of locks of hair of the family, among them one of William Clark, cut after his death. It shows it to have been a soft reddish brown, with occasional white hairs. History always mentions him as having red hair, which act as a being apart to the Indians, but it probably darkened as he grew older.

One of the most highly prized relics is a Masonic apron which belonged to John Clark, father of William. His great-grandson, Lewis Field Marshall, always charged his family to save the apron and his mother's picture. The apron is of white satin, blue lined, with Masonic emblems painted on it.

One of the oldest heirlooms in the collection is a Bible belonging to the Earl of Pembroke, a 16th-century ancestor of the Marshall family, and a contemporary of Oliver Cromwell, from whom he received it. During an overflow of the Ohio River this Bible, with all the effects of Milly Field Marshall, the niece of William Clark, was swept away. Twenty years afterward it came again into her possession, having been sent by a family of Creoles who found it in the Bayou Sara drift. Every unprinted page is covered with family genealogies and family names and shows that it was precious to the heart of each generation.

There are also mementoes of the indomitable George Rogers Clark, the elder brother of William, under whom at the fall of the Ohio William learned his first lessons in warfare, having been taken by him in an expedition against the Indians at the age of 14. In after years it was by the advice of George Rogers

made by a Creek woman named Snow Bird, who twice saved his life.

That George Rogers Clark was well grounded in his osteology is shown by a quaint little leather-bound volume that looks thumbed and well worn; in fact, his grandmother said that she knew it backwards and forwards at the age of 5. Mrs. Wiley has a picture of the beautiful Spanish senora, Cynthie de Leiza, of St. Louis, whose romantic love affair with George Rogers Clark shows the stern quality of his character, as they were made in those days, that were worn by Henry Clay when a baby, show that the footstep of youngsters of those days was just as fetching in its styles as now. It is strange to imagine that the great statesman was ever done up in such charming little affairs. The Marshalls and Clarks were close friends, as these were presented to Milly Field Marshall by Clark's wife.

There is a quaint secretary made of Chinese camphor wood. It was mentioned in the will of Milly Field Marshall as "my black box probably as a strong name called all over it. Fetched me from Ghent by Henry Clay."

There is a little black silk mitt that was given by Dolly Madison to Milly Field Marshall, whose bridesmaid she was. The case also displays a silver comb that belonged to Mrs. Fauny Clark Fitching, another sister of Captain Clark. Two pieces of china are extremely interesting. They are an old plate and a candlestick. The former is a sort of double-decked affair, of a style that would be well to revive. It is a red bottom, with a space between that was filled with hot water to keep the food warm. The candlestick is still brilliant with red and green trimmings.

These two were on the table when Chief Justice Marshall married Polly Ambler, daughter of the State Treasurer of Virginia at that time. There are a number of bits of old jewelry owned by different members of the family. These include a watch, chains and a belt buckle of rare workmanship.

Mrs. Wiley is a woman of charming personality, steeped in family history and traditions. She quotes delightfully from the family letters and records, and brings the past vividly to the present. She is carefully guarding the family papers, for it is her intention to write a history of the Clark family. In it will be found many facts and incidents never before published, and some very rare letters will be printed. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Wiley will in the near future send her book forth. It is only regretted that she was unable to get it into shape for this year.

The Log Cabin Fire.

American Homes and Gardens. No log cabin is complete without an open fireplace. A stove is very much out of keeping with a primitive dwelling. Its dead black walls lend no poetry to the surroundings. A large open fireplace should, by all means, be constructed. For this purpose an opening should be cut in the rear of the building and framed in the same way as a door or window. If stones are plentiful, a chimney of rustic masonry can be built up on the outside, using mud or clay for mortar. With such a chimney it will be found best to use only flat stone, because the binding power of the mud is not very strong, and allowing the opening open to the outside with the logs of the cabin a thick lining of clay should be applied. Where stones are not available, the frame of the chimney can be constructed of rough-hewn, notched and built up like logs of the main building. A lining of clay at least 12 inches thick must cover the wood. The chimney should be carried well above the roof of the cabin to insure good draft in any direction of the wind. The fireplace may be raised a little above the floor of the cabin and framed in with large logs well plastered with clay.

There Was No Danger.

Pearson's Weekly. A stout old lady was recently passing a cab stand. One of the horses laid down its ears, and with a vicious look, made as if to bite her. The lady uttered a cry and hastily jumped aside, while she reproached the owner of the horse for his carelessness in allowing the animal to frighten a party. "It won't bite you, mum," said the Jehu encouragingly, then, seeing her still hesitate, he added, "Lor, you needn't be afraid, 'e's a vegetarian."

My Dear Milly  
Louisville Feb 20 1825  
Feeling the end is near  
I send you a part of my old keepsakes  
My picture with the hair of my mother, George  
Rogers, Jonathan and the other you will know  
Keep for my sake. My old pin and the silver  
brooch, George Rogers' comb, case + hairpin, you  
know he took but of all his life long friends,  
you who had him as your father at the last  
and heard his pleasant rail for Cynthia  
should have her picture and the lock of  
her hair, you who listened so patiently to all  
his longings Milly, who succeeded his  
last will always keep these tokens.  
Let want of heart keep them. My gift to  
small Milly, against the time you shall  
appear before the judgment bar of God, all  
things will be made plain to us and we shall  
understand as we stand side by side up there  
we have fought side by side here below in  
the wilderness, the wisdom of his love  
the reasons for our sufferings. May the  
blessed spirit reward you for your  
many loving deeds, for your great faith  
in his promise, is the best wish of  
your friend, Ann to lack gathering

personal belongings of William Clark, and fortunately Mrs. Wiley possesses some very intimate ones, for instance, a little velvet jacket worn by the little William of 3 years. It is a quaint little garment of brown and tan spots, whose colors seem as bright as when new. One might fancy that when he came to read it he was afraid of it; it was too serious, too gushy, too sentimental—the House might take it for earnest.

We ought to have carried out our monument scheme, we could have managed it without any great difficulty, and Elmira would now be the most celebrated town in the universe.

Very recently I began to build a book in which one of the minor characters touched incidentally upon a project for a monument to Adam, and how the Tribune has come upon a trace of the forgotten feat of 30 years ago. Apparently mental telegraphy is still in business. It is odd; but the freaks of mental telegraphy are usually odd.

Two Big Lairs. An Irish soldier wanted to get a furlough and trumped up a story that his wife was very sick and had written him to come home. The Captain knew some of Pat's tricks, so he said to him that he had received a letter from the lady and that she told him not to let Pat come home, as he got drunk, broke up the furniture and mistreated her shamefully.

Pat saluted and started to leave the room, but on reaching the door turned and said: "Sir, may I speak to you—not as an officer—but as man to man?"

"Yes, Pat, what is it?"

"Well, sir, what I'm after sayin' is this," remarked Pat, going close to the Captain and lowering his voice, "that you and I are two of the most illigant lars that the Lord ever made. I'm not a married man."

Evidence of Advancing Political Reform

Noted Danish Editor Sees a Silver Lining to the Cloud Now Hanging Over Norway.

CHRISTIANIA, July 12.—Valdemar Vedel, editor of *Tilskueren*, a Danish monthly magazine of high standing, writes as follows: "It seems as if the start of a new century has once again rejuvenated Europe. First we had the change towards popular self-administration here in Denmark; then comes the tremendous shaking up of the great Russia colossus and the adventurous, victorious march of new-born Japan, a performance of morality in statecraft such as history has never seen before."

"And then all of a sudden on a beautiful Summer day we receive a dispatch that Norway has discharged her King, discontinued the union, declared herself of full age, with power to dispose of the present and the future. It is impossible to remain blind towards the connection between the battle of Mukden, the destruction of the Russian 'Armada,' and then this cool and collected decision by the Storting. If this great monster of a Russian leopord, whose shadow eclipsed the sun and sent a withering frost over all European advancement, could suddenly be melted down to nothing by the Japanese 'rising sun,' why then not try to throw a treasure old treaty document into the stove and provide her own Consuls and even a King of her own for Norway? We are again able to take a breathing spell in Europe and shift about a little each by himself. And this first breath of relief, this first straightening of the stiff limbs, was first observed amongst the snow-clad hills of Norway. Where is the next move to happen? There is already great ferment in Hungary."

"There has been an open and above-board invitation, not to foreign governments for intervention, but for all foreign peoples to seek correct information, and then judge who is at fault and who is in the right."

"And the public opinion of Europe does not care for the treaty of Kiel or the convention of Moss or any other old worm-eaten, dusty parchment. All the old paper documents and all the agreements built upon them by lawyers and historians are swept aside like stuff not pertaining to the case. If public opinion is with Norway in this undertaking it is because we believe her right according to old treaties and documents from a century back. No. And this is the most hopeful symptom of our advancing political ripeness. We have gotten away from the old-fashioned and time-honored imagination that a people's right or lack of right to do for itself must be or can possibly be dictated by a document 100 years old, no matter how many seals have been printed thereon or how many sacred pledges were given by the signers."

"There are very few to be found now who believe that Bjornson's, Nansen's and Enderup's people of today must be bound by what Falson or Motzfeldt signed in 1814 or 1815."

"The faith in constitutions, treaties, programmes and agreements, the belief that a small gathering of mere men by composing a collection of paragraphs and then putting their signatures to it, can bind their successors for all eternity—this is altogether a faith which has been buried in the 19th century."

"If the individual cannot be tied for life by contracts such as confirmation and marriage, memberships in lodges or even money debts—if a man is prohibited from trying his property by testaments for an indefinite period—how much less then should a growing and developing nation be fettered by an old, dusty document? Consider how many a party has arisen a state under changed conditions, considers itself bound by promises and programmes made ten years ago, and how little the nation has been able to do in a far stronger degree than the cry of treason if a party changes its programme. A nation has obligations as well as a person, but it is not the kind, generally speaking, which adhere to a piece of paper or can be formulated in paragraphs. Norway, by acting as she is now doing, is true to the obligations imposed on her by the Edovoldsmen in 1814 in a far stronger degree than if she anxiously peeped into her old documents and ledgers at every breath before acting."

Norway's Legal Basis.

"In addition to this, Norway has a legal base for her act which is solid as rock and no argument will convince the world to the contrary."

"In her manner of getting rid of her King, Norway has set an example for the world for all time to come, only it's not so awful easy to execute, but it is as general and as simple as Columbus' invention with the egg. A constitution King can only act through his responsible Ministers; at the moment when he cannot provide himself with responsible Ministers—and King Oscar has himself declared his own bankruptcy in this respect—he has put himself out of action, has ceased to reign. Any and every citi-

Fifth Wheel for an Automobile

Scientific American.

AN automobile has been designed to be propelled by a Jrumlike fifth wheel, arranged under the center of the vehicle to run in bearings on two hinged arms, which project downward at a slight inclination and are drawn forward by tension springs. The idea of these springs is that they tend to hold the wheel against the ground and increase its tractive power. This tension is under the control of the operator when the machine is traversing a bad road. On any other than a very bad road it is entirely automatic. When the engine turns the drivewheel, and the vehicle is hard to start, owing to a bad road or an obstruction in front of the wheels, the drivewheel will take practically the entire weight of the vehicle on itself, thus increasing its traction and relieving the other wheels of any considerable weight. The drivewheel is made hollow and used as a muffler, or, when a steam engine is used for power, it can be both the muffler and water gear. This simple fifth-wheel is entirely automatic. It is a solid rear axle, and also renders unnecessary the use of rubber tires on commercial vehicles. It has two side disks, between which are bolted fixed plates of the front end, which are practically indestructible and which, on granite or stone pavement, will not slip, as this metal will hold on stones when the weight is all upon a single driving wheel. These plates are readily removable and can be replaced in winter by toothed plates for use on ice or snow. When the machine is running on soft sand or mud it is driven through the sand, but on any ordinary road side disks do the driving. The vehicle has a 4x4 four-cylinder, horizontal gasoline motor, placed at the front. The transmission is from the engine to a countershaft, and from the countershaft to the driving wheel by means of a chain. A gear transmission can be used, and is found preferable with heavier machines. The ability of this little machine is shown by the fact that it hauled two tons each without a load, but with the wheels of one of them locked so as to slip. It was necessary to place two men on the rear of the machine to keep it from being lifted off the ground, and every time the machine was started, the front end would be lifted automatically, and afterward rest but lightly on the ground.

The inventor of this machine, George T. Glover, of Chicago, states that this principle can be applied to nearly every commercial automobile, which can be made not only to propel themselves successfully, but also to haul heavy loads. He has under construction tracks of 16 to 200 horse power, the latter being fitted with 12-cylinder engines and being designed for the purpose of hauling a train of stone-laden wagons.

The fact that the fifth-wheel automobile carries practically all the weight on its driving wheel, which has a tendency to raise the machine and get under the load when the power is applied, makes it possible to use this principle under conditions where the ordinary method of propulsion by the rear wheels has been found wanting on account of insufficient traction. Such a machine can, therefore, be used on ploughed fields or muddy roads, and should be found invaluable to the farmer for haulage work about the farm, as well as for drawing his produce to market. The fact that this system of propulsion has been in successful use for several years on a huge snow locomotive, thus demonstrating its entire practicability, should make it apparent to all that it is a step in the right direction towards the perfection of commercial vehicles.

The Heroic Rich.

Chicago News.

Eventually we may expect to hear that somebody has consented to an appalling sacrifice of personal ambition to become President.

Mark Twain's Monument to Father Adam

The Great American Humorist Explains Why a Big Scheme He Suggested Failed to Materialize.

(Mark Twain in Harper's Weekly.) SMOKE has revealed to the New York Tribune that I once suggested to the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y., that we get up a monument to Adam, and that Mr. Beecher favored the project. There is more to it than that. The matter started as a joke, but it came somewhat near to materializing.

It is long ago—39 years. Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man" had been in print five or six years, and the storm of indignation raised by it was still raging in pulpits and periodicals. In tracing the genesis of the human race back to its sources Mr. Darwin had left Adam out altogether. We had monkeys and "missing links" and plenty of other kinds of ancestors, but no Adam. Jesting with Mr. Beecher and other friends in Elmira, I said there seemed to be a likelihood that the world would discard Adam and accept the monkey, and that in course of time Adam's very name would be forgotten in the earth; therefore this calamity ought to be averted; a monument would accomplish this, and Elmira ought not to waste this honorable opportunity to do Adam a favor and herself a credit.

Then the unexpected happened. Two bankers came forward and took hold of the matter—not for fun, not for sentiment, but because they saw in the monument certain commercial advantages for the town. The project had seemed gently humorous before—it was more than that now, with this stern business gravity injected into it. The bankers discussed the monument

with me. We met several times. They proposed an indestructible memorial, to cost \$25,000. The insane oddity of a monument set up in a village to preserve a name that would outlast the hills and the rocks without any such help would advertise Elmira to the ends of the earth—and draw custom. It would be the only monument on the planet to Adam, and in the matter of interest and impressiveness could never have a rival until somebody should set up a monument to the Milky Way.

People would come from every corner of the globe and stop off to look at it; no tour of the world would be complete that left out Adam's monument. Elmira would be a Mecca; there would be pilgrim ships at pilgrim rates, pilgrim specials on the Continent's railways; libraries would be written about the monument, every tourist would knock it, models of it would be for sale everywhere in the earth; its form would become as familiar as the figure of Napoleon.

One of the bankers subscribed \$5000, and I think the other one subscribed half as much, but I do not remember with certainty now whether that was the figure or not. We got designs made—some of them came from Paris. In the beginning—as a detail of the project when it was as yet a joke—I had framed a humble and beseeching and perfect petition to Congress, begging the Government to build the monument, as a testimony of the great Republic's gratitude to the Father of the Human Race as a token of her loyalty to him in this dark day of his humiliation, when his old children were doubting him and deserting him. It seemed to me that this petition

ought to be presented now—it would be widely and feelingly abused and ridiculed and cursed, and would advertise our scheme and make our ground-floor stock go off briskly. So I sent it to General Joseph R. Hawley, who was then in the House, and he said he would present it. But he did not do it. I think he explained that when he came to read it he was afraid of it; it was too serious, too gushy, too sentimental—the House might take it for earnest.

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