

# MYSTERY OF HALF A CENTURY CLEARED

D. W. SMALL, A WELL-KNOWN COOS BAY MAN LEARNS OF THE FATE OF A RELATIVE.

A mystery of fifty-three years duration was cleared this week when D. W. Small accidentally noticed an article in the National Tribune regarding John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry. In the article, the fate of a young man named Cook who aided in it. Just prior to the Civil War, Wallace Cook, a cousin of Mr. Small, left his home in New York. Nothing direct was ever heard from him although it had been indirectly reported that he had joined John Brown's band. Mr. Small and his relatives tried for years to find out what became of young Cook who was a favorite with them, having spent much time with Mr. Small's family at Holton, Me. He was about the same age as D. W. Small.

Here is the article which graphically tells the fate of the young man: Editor National Tribune: There were two articles published in the National Tribune within the year—one by a resident of Hagerstown, Md., and the other by a resident of Charlestown, W. Va.—describing the John Brown raid. I enjoyed reading those articles very much, but at best they were only sidelights on the great tragedy.

As it happened, I was present at Harper's Ferry at the time that John Brown was captured. I was a boy at the time—16 years of age—and was employed as a tow-boy on the canalboat William T. Hamilton, plying between Williamsport, Md., and Georgetown, D. C.

On the evening of Oct. 17, 1859, there was a cordon of Virginia State troops thrown around Harper's Ferry to prevent Brown and his men from getting away. Our boat was held up during the night inside that line, and was not allowed to proceed until next morning at 6 o'clock.

The morning of Oct. 18 was one of those beautiful, crisp, bright mornings peculiar to that beautiful country, and we drifted along lazily down toward Harper's Ferry, not knowing what to expect. As we approached the Harper's Ferry lock I noticed considerable commotion over in the town.

Viewed From the Canal. Our boat was known as a night-and-day boat; that is, we had two teams, one aboard and one other on the towpath. The teams were changed every six hours at 1 o'clock and 7 o'clock. It was now 7 o'clock a. m. and my team was put on board. After tying the team up I ran out and got behind a little brick house which stood between the lock and the river and which was occupied by the lock-keeper. I peeped around the corner and witnessed the whole show. Any one acquainted with the situation knows that it was like looking down on the stage of a theater.

I saw the marines under command of Col. Robert E. Lee form for the attack on the engine house, where Brown and his men had taken refuge. They secured a long ladder, perhaps 20 feet or more in length, and a file of men on each side took hold of the rungs of the ladder and then made a rush for the door of the engine house. The door gave way at the first impact, and there was pretty lively shooting afterwards for about three to five minutes.

Nearly all of Brown's men ran, or at least tried to run, for the Maryland shore. Brown himself made no attempt to get away, but stood and fought until he fell, badly wounded in the head. There were several men killed. There were three men killed in the Potomac River. One of them had reached dry land when he fell; another went down in deep water not far from the Virginia shore, and the other fell among the rocks some distance from the Maryland shore.

Two Killed in the River. I heard at the time that there were two men killed in the Sheppard's River, trying to escape over into Loudoun County. There was also one man killed on the railroad platform. The Mayor of the town

and the railroad agent were killed before the attack on the engine house began. A young man named Luke Quinn, a member of the Marine Corps, lost his life in the melee.

After it was all over I stood there almost paralyzed and had to be called sharply to my duties. I don't think it was fear, because there was nothing to cause fear. It must have been a feeling of horror at beholding the awful spectacle. It made such an impression on my youthful mind at the time that I have never forgotten the smallest detail of that awful tragedy.

One of Brown's men (Cook), escaped to the Maryland side of the river and climbed the almost perpendicular cliff opposite Harper's Ferry. When he had nearly reached the top of Maryland heights he lost his hold on something and fell back about 30 feet. Everybody who saw him thought he was doomed and would be dashed to pieces at the foot of the cliff, but he succeeded in grasping branches, which steadied him, and he remained his climb to safety—safety for the time being.

He was evidently pretty well shaken up, for his progress was very slow, especially considering the inducements offered from the Virginia side of the river to accelerate his speed. They were taking pot-shots at him almost as fast as they could load and fire.

Hunger Captured One. He got to the top of the Blue Ridge, however, and took his weary way with an injured leg towards Pennsylvania. After several days had elapsed he thought surely he must be in Pennsylvania. He was nearly famished for food and drink. He saw a little village down on the western side of the mountain and took the risk of going down there. The town was the little town of Smithburg, in Washington County, Maryland, about two and a half miles south of Mason and Dixon's line. People were on the lookout for him, and, of course, he was arrested and turned over to the Virginia authorities. He was executed with the rest at Charlestown.

On the evening of the 17th, when we were halted above Harper's Ferry, the air was full of the wildest rumors as to who or what the force was that was causing the trouble at Harper's Ferry. One story was to the effect that a Russian man-of-war had landed some troops below Alexandria, marched across the country and captured the arsenal. The next morning we learned that it was old Bill Smith and his gang, otherwise John Brown and his men.

Brown for Smith, as he was known throughout the neighborhood, leased a poor (tooth) farm a few miles up the road toward Sharpshurg, known as the Kennedy farm. They let it be known in the neighborhood that they were going to mine for copper in the Blue Ridge. There was an old schoolhouse on the place, and this they used as a storehouse for mining tools, or, in other words, the crude weapons with which they intended to arm the slaves.

The people around there looked upon the whole outfit with a degree of suspicion, because there were never any women seen about the place. The events of the morning of October 18 proved that John Brown, of Ossawatimie, had no confidence in the ability of a woman to keep a secret.

The above is a statement of facts and incidents which came under my own observation. Of course I do not undertake to describe how each individual of Brown's men met his fate, but every one of them lost his life, either in the river, in the engine house and its vicinity, or on the scaffold. All told there were 22 of them—17 whites and five negroes.—M. Duggally, Sergeant 1st Md. Cav., Charlotte, N. C.

# ALASKAN IS ALLOWED BAD

Wealthy Alaskan in Whose Case D. L. Rood Is Witness Granted Bail.

L. Rood Is Witness Granted Bail.

The following Juneau dispatch will be of interest here as D. L. Rood of Marshfield, is to be a witness in the noted murder case, he having been located in Alaska when it occurred: "Joseph MacDonald, a wealthy mining operator of Guanajuato, Mexico, who was arrested last December and brought to Juneau to stand trial on a charge of murder in the first degree, for having killed N. C. Jones, a mission worker, when MacDonald was superintendent of the Treadwell mine, in 1902, was admitted to \$50,000 bail by United States District Judge Peter D. Overfield today. Judge Thomas R. Lyon denied MacDonald bail six weeks ago but MacDonald's attorneys renewed their application and asked that another judge hear the motion. Judge Overfield arrived from Valdez last night for this purpose and fixed bail at \$50,000, after an all-day hearing. The trial was set for July 8.

"MacDonald is alleged to have murdered Jones because the missionary insisted that MacDonald should close the mine on Sunday, if he wished to avoid the wrath of God. A coroner's jury exonerated MacDonald, who soon left Alaska, going to Guanajuato, where he became general manager of the Consolidated Mining and Milling company. He is well known in Idaho, where he formerly operated a mine.

## THE OLD TIMES.

(By Berton Braley.)

I guess I'm old-foggy—that's how I feel—  
But I don't seem to long for an automobile,  
I know it's convenient and handy and fast  
And relegates driving-nags back to the past,  
But still I would rather—I'm free to declare—  
Be snug in a buggy behind a bay mare.

When I was a youngster and drove with my dad,  
A chubby bay mare was the steed that we had,  
She was slow as a snail, but remarkably kind,  
And she'd jog pretty well when I sat up behind;  
And the kids in the village would see me and stare  
As I drove by in state with that chubby bay mare.

And then came the courting days—ah, they were sweet—  
When someone I loved used to share in the seat,  
And I told the old story that's always the same,  
And deep in her eyes was an answering flame,  
And a kiss sealed the compact we made then and there,  
And the sound of it started the gentle bay mare.

Still, still, that same sweetheart goes riding with me  
Behind a bay mare that is plump as can be,  
And the autos may come and the autos may go,  
But we'll stick to our equipage ancient and slow,  
And when to the churchyard our bodies you bear  
Let the steed for the task be a chubby bay mare!

New STYLES IN PHOTOS at QUATERMASS STUDIO, 244 Front.

## A Worker Appreciates This.

Wm. Norris, a resident of Florence, Oregon, says: "For the last 14 years my kidneys and bladder incapacitated me for all work. About eight months ago I began using Foley Kidney Pills, and they have done what other medicines failed to do, and now I am feeling fine. I recommend Foley Kidney Pills." Owl Prescription Pharmacy, Frank D. Colan, Opposite Chandler Hotel, Phone 74.

## CLEAN CHIMNEYS NOW.

It is required by ordinance of the City of Marshfield that chimneys be cleaned and kept in repairs to avoid the danger and damage of fire loss. In keeping with this ordinance, the people are requested at this time to have chimneys cleaned and repaired. By order of J. W. CARTER, Marshal. ANNOUNCEMENT. I am prepared to clean and repair chimneys on short notice. Phone 258. A. B. SARGENT. Leave orders at Blanco Cigar Store. Phone 78.

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And we are offering four lots there on a corner, at \$200 each. This is decidedly cheaper than anything else in the neighborhood. Anybody who knows will tell you this. I. S. KAUFMAN & CO.

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## THE POPULAR NEWS TELEPHONE.

New extensions and improvements have lately been made in Budapest, Hungary, in the "news telephone" system, which has already been in operation for several years and which is a tremendously popular affair. It seems that in that city by the payment of 25 as a yearly rate a citizen is entitled to receive all the news of the day by telephone. The program starts in the morning and lasts until evening, in the course of which time you are made acquainted with all the latest happenings of both local and foreign interest.

At 9 in the morning the daily service begins. A buzzer announces the correct time so loud that you can hear it in the next room. One hour and a half later the program of all the day's events is given. You are not likely to miss anything exciting that is going on because you haven't heard about it or because you have forgotten it for the time being.

At noon you are informed of all the parliamentary news and anything of unexpected local or foreign importance. An hour later quotations are given from different exchanges, foreign as well as local. Two o'clock brings more topics of general interest. Three o'clock you receive the weather forecast and all personal items of social interest. Again at 4 you are given the court news, and then from 4:30 to 8 you can listen to music in the different amusement gardens.

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## WASTED TIME.

"So brief this little mortal span through which we're daily shifting; a few short years to work and plan, then other scenes are shifting. A little time to dream and do, a little while to ponder, then comes the call to me and you to pitch our tents up yonder; a little joy, a little pain, a few bright cupfuls, a little loss, a little gain, and then good bye to troubles. So brief this life in which we dwell, the days so swift and fleeting; it's almost time to say farewell before we're through with greeting. And yet, the way some people act, so shy of all endeavor, you'd think they had their wagons packed to journey on forever; they idle half their time away, the other half they grumble, because the world won't let them play and lark them with its rumbles. So much to do, so brief the time, you'd think that folks would hustle to do their chosen work sublime with heart and mind and muscle. Our days go sliding by so fast we scarce have time to taste them; they're drifting out into the past—yet how we lose and waste them."

## A MEAN DISPOSITION.

"Allow me to congratulate you."  
"What for?"  
"Oh, for just anything—the sunshine, the blue skies, the fact that you ate up and about. Isn't that something?"  
"No?"  
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