

## WHEN A PILOT WAS KING.

Story of a Great Steamboat Race on the Mississippi.

"The Girardeau's hittin' a good lick to-night."

"Huh! Twelve miles an hour at the best. And down stream at that. They don't make boats to run these days."

A long train of freight cars crawled noisily along the crest of the stone levee. The man who had referred to the steamer turned and looked fiercely at the snoring locomotive.

"What's the use?" he asked, indicating the remorseless rival of the river.

"None on earth," returned the other.

"But in its day the Robert E. Lee was the swiftest thing that ever cut through the 'daddy waters.' Ah! There was a boat! Six high-pressure boilers, triple steel engines, a tiller that obeyed a whispser and a prow like an eagle! Nothing that moved could throw smoke on her deck!"

Two ancient mariners were standing just outside the engine-room of the Sidney street ferry Florence. The subject was introduced by the passage of the steamer Cape Girardeau on her southern trip. The first speaker was Oliver G. Richey, head engineer of the Florence. The second man was Captain Jesse T. Jamison, aged 74, retired river man. Captain Jamison was chief pilot on the Robert E. Lee from Cairo to St. Louis in her spectacular race

St. Louis we could look down the bend and see the Natchez' smoke filling the air like the battle of Waterloo. The river then between Cairo and St. L. comprised about 200 miles of the toughest piloting you ever saw around these parts anywhere. There wasn't a light house from end to end of the run and there were snags, bars and overhanging trees enough to discourage a pilgrim ghost. Jim Pell and West Conners, who had steered all the way out of New Orleans, were as tickled as schoolboys to see us. You see they had only studied the river to Louisville and were sent down by rail to take the racer into the terminal.

"Captain William Holliday of Cairo had telegraph orders from Memphis to meet the Lee at Bird's point, at the mouth of the Ohio, with a couple of barges of coal. A tug was attached to each barge and the fuel supply was unloaded on each side of the big steamer on the fly. The Louisville passengers had to walk the gangplank on to the jumpin coal flats. It was a bit interestin' for the ladies, who regarded it as very ungallant, but the Lee didn't have time to be polite that day.

"I never saw two barges emptied quicker. The coal heavers swarmed over them like ants and the coal melted away almost while the passengers and baggage were being rushed across the planks.

"That was on the morning of the 3d.

"That was the Fourth of July?" remarked the engineer.

"The Fourth of July, 1870," replied the pilot, solemnly.

"On a celebration day a man's eyesight ain't always good."

"I didn't have a drop that day!" said the steersman, indignantly.

"No! Well, let's liquidate now. The Lee was a good boat—a bully good boat. Here's to her memory. And here's to the Natchez—the peer of 'em all!"

The race between the Lee and the Natchez from New Orleans to St. Louis created the most intense excitement in the Mississippi Valley. Bonfires blazed from the river banks by night and cannon thundered by day along the entire course.

The boats were apparently well matched and the rivalry had been keen for a long time. At last it happened both were scheduled to leave New Orleans at the same time and their captains agreed on a race to St. Louis.

The following paragraph is from Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi."

The steamer left the wharf of the southern city at 4:55 p. m. June 30, 1870. The Lee arrived in St. Louis at 11:25 a. m., July 4, three days, eighteen hours and fourteen minutes out of New Orleans, six hours and thirty-six minutes ahead of the Natchez. The officers of the Natchez claimed seven hours and one minute stoppage on account of fog and for repairing machinery. The Lee was commanded by Captain John W. Cananon and the Natchez was in charge of that veteran southern boatman, Captain Thomas P. Leathers.

It's a little singular that the result of the race never changed the minds of the Natchez's friends as to her capabilities. They sturdily insisted that she could beat the Lee in a walk if she had "a fair show."

Captains Cannon and Leathers and Pilot Enoch King are dead. Jamison, King's comrade in the Lee's wheelhouse from Cairo to St. Louis, lives at 3750 Easton avenue, this city. Both Jamison and Richey run the river when Mark Twain was a pilot and author, with whom they were well acquainted.—St. Louis correspondence Chicago Chronicle.

### SECRETARY ROOT'S HOME.

Attractive Mansion in the Quiet, Cultured Village of Clinton.

The visitor to Clinton, N. Y., who climbs the hill which leads to the far-famed Hamilton College, passes many delightful homes. There are no great mansions, no pretentious edifices which bespeak large wealth, but the residences are attractive in their architecture, some of them are spacious and all have the outward appearance of unusual comfort and culture within. Half hidden among trees and surrounded by closely trimmed lawns, they suggest themselves as retreats of poets and lovers of nature. Any one of a dozen of them would excite envy in one accustomed to good things. These are the homes, for the most part, of tutors in the college further up the hill.

It is amid such environment that the home of Elihu Root, Secretary of State, is to be found. Hither he comes when the strain of great burdens demands a bit of relief and here, amid the scenes of his boyhood, he is rejuvenated.



HOME OF ELIHU ROOT.

Within a stone's throw of this place he was born. It is an atmosphere of beauty, but it is also an atmosphere of work, and it is from this that he drew that "joy of the working" which keeps him so steadily employed and which causes him to be regarded as a marvel among public men. The surroundings of youth were calculated to make him a lover of nature, but his bent was for mathematics and devotion to the exact sciences, though heredity should have relieved this by an affection for outdoors. The splendor of the Onondaga hills and the Oriskany valley was not wholly lost upon him, however, even amid the busy scenes of a metropolis throbbing with varied activities and the charm of a capital where intellect is supreme, and thus it was that in the years of his greatest achievements he returned to Clinton and purchased an estate which adjoins the old homestead. Here he has a fine farm and here, with his family, he spends as much time as he can spare from his official and professional duties.

### Hard Hit.

"I first struck this town," said the Alderman, "ten years ago."

"And it was a blow," continued the reformer, "from which the town has never recovered."—Cleveland Leader.

Of course, it's the proper thing for a man to have a backbone, but he should remember that it is jointed.

# EX-GOVERNOR OF OREGON

Makes Use of His Family Pe-ru-na in For Colds



CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON

Peruna is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Peruna as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every state in the Union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Peruna is the catarrh remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well nigh universal. Peruna is the best safeguard known.

### A Letter From the Ex-Governor of Oregon.

The ex-governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Peruna. He keeps it continually in the house. In a letter to Dr. Hartman, he says:

State of Oregon, Executive Department.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Peruna medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly, W. M. Lord.

It will be noticed that the governor says he has not had occasion to use Peruna for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1906.

### Fish that Change Color.

Among the curious observations made by students at the Bermuda Biological Station is that some of the inhabitants of the water there are able to imitate the color of the rocks and reefs among which they swim. The common fish called the grouper possess this power. Its chromatic variability runs through a considerable range of colors. A specimen of the octopus vulgaris, after jerking an oar from the hand of an inquisitive naturalist, escaped pursuit by its ability to imitate the exact shade of any brown or gray neck on which it rested.

### A Ligit Remedy.

A quack doctor, whose treatment had evidently led to the death of his patient, was examined sternly by the coroner.

"What did you give the poor fellow?" asked the coroner.

"Inecacuanha, sir."

"You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," said the coroner.

"Well, sir, that's just what I was going to give him when he died."

### A New One Needed.

Mr. Nagget—A man is as old as he feels, they say, and I assure you your extravagant ideas make me feel—

Mrs. Nagget—And a woman is as old as she looks. But, thank goodness, I can never be as old as this bonnet of mine looks.—Philadelphia Press.

Don't make indifferent pastry and expect your children to be healthy.

### According to Instructions

A British officer, in his expense list on government service, put down: "Porter, twopence."

The officer was requested to report to the war office and receive the following explanation:

"While executing public duty refreshments are not chargeable to the nation."

"The item does not represent refreshments," replied the officer, "but a fee to a carrier."

"You should have said portorage," was then explained to him.

When the officer had occasion to take a hansom, remembering instructions, he wrote in his account:

"Cabbage, 2 shillings."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Good Advice to a Tramp.

The autumn night was chill. There was a hint of frost in the air. The tramp's collar was turned up and his nose blue with cold.

"I have here 9 cents," he said. "If you will give me one more penny, sir, I can get a bed all to myself."

"No, I can't do that," said the stranger. "But I advise you to ask the gentleman you are to sleep with for an additional penny. He should give it to you gladly."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Baltic sea has more wrecks than any other place in the world, the average being one wreck a day the year round.



THE RIVER STEAMER ROBERT E. LEE.

with the Natchez, July 3-4, 1870. He is sturdily built, alert, eagle-eyed—a typical riverman of the old days. His initial appearance in a wheelhouse was made on the Sallie West in 1845. He quit the river eight years ago because of an injury received on land.

Richey is a tall, smooth-shaven man, whose 68 years hang lightly on his stalwart frame. He has absorbed health from the American Nile, by way of the marine engine room, for fifty-three years. Every old engineer, pilot and captain on the lower Mississippi is a thumb-marked book to these gray veterans.

There was a clash of small bells in the center of the room and Richey jumped to the polished wheel that sends the steam into the Florence's cylinders. The big wheel astern began making catarracts and snow showers as the ferry's nose bumped against the current.

"If the Natchez people had put John Bennett in the engine room," said Richey, after he had things going right to make the crossing, "you folks couldn't kept in sight of the Natchez' stern lights. Bennett could have got more out of her engines than the build-ers believed was in them. There wasn't his equal on the river at any time, but he was as fretful as a mud turtle in a fryin' pan. Guess that's why they didn't take him along."

"Andy Pauly was all right," said the old pilot, "and he knew his machinery like a good little boy does his Sunday school lesson, but he didn't like to take chances. He was careful."

"That's just what beat 'em. When a man takes a hand in a boat race he wants to keep movin' and leave the consequences to Providence."

"You bet; we'd 'a' run that fog if we'd 'a' known Uncle Charon was waitin' for us midway," said Jamison grimly. "When it began dropping down on us as we shot by Davil's Island, Enoch—my pard in the wheel-house, Enoch King—turned to me and said:

"'We'll cut right through it, Jesse?'"

"'Of course,' I said.

"You could have knocked me down with the wing of a butterfly when I heard the other fellows had tied up. They had been holding on like a bulldog to a book agent clear up to Cairo, and when Enoch and I were wafted out into midstream on a coal scow to hunt easy water for the Robert L. into

Enoch and I never saw a bed until noon the next day. The fog shook hands with us at Devil's Island. We supposed as a matter of course the Natchez would tackle it, and we never thought of doing anything else. At that stage of the game a blowup wouldn't have been worse than to have trailed in behind.

"The uncertainty of that night turned my hair gray. We hadn't a ghost of an idea where the other boat was and dreaded every moment that we'd hear her plowing through the gloom ahead of us."

"That's what you'd 'a' heard if J. Bennett had been there," said Richey, as he looked out the side window to see how close they were getting to the St. Clair wharf. "He'd a made you ducks look like roustabouts on a sand flat. Jack was an engineer, a born engineer, but he was the crosslest man I ever saw. When he got in dead earnest his room was hot enough to run the engines without the boilers."

"Andy Pauly, wasn't slow," insisted the other steersman, "but he was safe. Still, we thought he'd run that fog and we kept a-goin' upstream, cuttin' the current in long, oblique slices same's if the devil was chasin' us. We were drawing six feet and kept the leads-men on the for'cas'le all through the night. When the fog lifted toward mornin' and there wasn't any Natchez in sight we began to breathe. The old boat was keepin' up her gait beautifully and we knew nothing that wades could beat us into St. Louie."

"The Natchez was the best boat," said Richey, as he closed down the steam in obedience to the excitement of the bells.

"Why didn't she beat then?"

"I told you why."

"Humph! Guess you think the engineer's the whole thing."

"He is in a boat race."

"Much racing he could do if we didn't hunt easy water for him. About fifteen miles below town we sighted a fleet of steamers and tugs that had come down to meet us. There was the Harry Johnson, the Eagles and every crack boat that happened to be at the St. Louis wharf at the time. Before we got back up the river with every one of them they turned around and headed back up the river with every ounce of steam they could carry. We beat 'em to town—everyone of 'em—so far we lost sight of 'em."

# BLOOD POISON THE BLACK FLAG

The black flag is an emblem of horror and dread. When it is hoisted by an army, the order has gone forth that "no quarter" will be given, everything must be destroyed. Helpless women and children, as well as opposing soldiers, meet the same fate, and a trail of desolation, suffering and death is left behind. Contagious Blood Poison is the black flag of the great army of disease. This vile disorder is known as the blackest and most hideous of all human afflictions, overthrowing its victims and crushing out the life. It is no respecter of persons; no matter how pure the blood may be or how innocently the disease is contracted, when this awful virus enters the circulation the hideous, hateful and humiliating symptoms begin to appear, and the sufferer feels that his very presence is polluting and contaminating. Usually the first sign of the disease is a little sore or ulcer, but as the blood becomes more deeply poisoned the severer symptoms are manifested, the mouth and throat ulcerate, the glands in the groins swell, a red rash breaks out on the body, the hair and eyebrows come out, and often the body is covered with copper-colored spots, pustular eruptions and sores. In its worst stages the disease affects the nerves, attacks the bones and sometimes causes tumors to form on the brain, producing insanity and death. Not only those who contract the poison suffer, but unless the virus is driven from the blood the awful taint is handed down to offspring, and they are its innocent victims. Blood Poison is indeed a "black flag." Mercury and Potash, so often used, never can cure the trouble. These minerals merely drive the symptoms away for awhile and shut the disease up in the system, and when they are left off it returns worse than before. This treatment not only fails to cure blood poison but eats out the delicate lining of the stomach and bowels, produces chronic dyspepsia, loosens the teeth and frequently causes mercurial rheumatism to add to the patient's suffering. S. S. S., the great vegetable medicine, is the conqueror of this vile disease. It goes down to the very root of the trouble and cures by cleansing the blood of every particle of the poison. S. S. S. does not hide or cover up anything but clears the entire circulation of the virus and puts the system in good healthy condition. It cures safely as well as certainly, because there is not a particle of mineral in it. We offer a reward of \$1,000.00 for proof that S. S. S. is not purely vegetable. When the blood is purified and strengthened with this great remedy the symptoms all pass away and no sign of the disease is ever seen again; nor is there left the least trace to be handed down to posterity. Special book with instructions for self-treatment and any medical advice desired will be sent without charge to all who write.

# S.S.S.

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