

## GRANT'S WHITE MOUNTAIN RIDE.

Eleven Miles Over a Rough Road in Less than an Hour.

In St. Nicholas George B. Smith tells of a remarkable ride once made by General Grant, from the village of Bethlehem to the Profile House in the White Mountains. The driver was Edward Cox, and Mr. Smith describes the ride as follows:

When, about seven o'clock of that calm August evening, the Presidential party stepped out of the Sinclair House, General Grant's trained eye, sweeping over the team with the glance of a connoisseur, at once recognized its excellence. Walking quickly to the driver's side, he said to Cox, "If you have no objections, I will get up there with you." "It is pretty rough riding up here, General," was the reply. "I can stand it if you can," said Grant, as he climbed to the place and settled himself. The President was dressed in high silk hat, black suit, and a long linen duster covering as much of his clothing as possible. The others of the party adjusted themselves in the big, heavy wagon according to their ideas of comfort, and all was ready. Sixteen people were in that vehicle, including Mr. Cox.

The driver tightened the reins with a "whist" and with a spring, in perfect unison, the noble animals were off for the Profile. The telegraph operator at the St. Clair sat with his finger on the key, looking out of the window and watching for the moment of the start. A message at once flashed over the wire to the Profile House, saying that they had gone, and the time was noted. It was precisely seven o'clock.

At the Profile a large company had gathered in the office, waiting for the arrival. Among them were several stage drivers, who with becoming gravity gave various opinions, as sages and oracles of profoundity in road knowledge, and fully discussed the situation. It was known that Cox intended to break all records if he could; but it was the unanimous expression of the drivers, knowing every foot of the road as they did, that "Ed" could not make the drive in less than two hours, and a portion of them thought he had better make it two and a half, as the last three miles were right up into the mountain, with a steep grade all the way into Franconia Notch. But that he could make the eleven miles in less than two hours was not believed for a moment.

Those of our readers who have visited this famous hotel, the Profile will remember Echo Lake, and the little cannon kept there to wake the echoes. This beautiful sheet of water, famous far and near for its echoes and their many repetitions, is about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, and the Presidential party had to pass it to get to the house. It had been arranged that when they drove by the gunner should fire the cannon, to announce the fact to the house. At the hotel we were listening for the signal gun, chatting, discussing the event, and passing the time as best we could, when—bang! went the gun. The echo-maker had spoken. We looked at the clock hanging in the office. It was not believed it was the President. "It cannot be!" Look at the time! "Some mistake has been made!" Such were the expressions heard on all sides.

The proprietor hurried a bell-boy to the lake, to ascertain why the gun was fired before the time. But it was the expected party. In what seemed an incredibly short time we heard the tramping of the flying steeds, and the rattle of the chariot; and in another moment they swept around the corner of the house into plain view.

Never will I forget the scene, as they swung into the large circular space before the building. Ed Cox stood up on the foot-board, with teeth set, eyes blazing, and every rein drawn tight in his hands. General Grant sat beside him, holding his hat on with one hand, the other grasping the seat. The eight horses were on the full run, with mouths wide open, ears back flat to their heads, and nostrils distended. They were covered with sweat and foam, yet all under perfect control of the magician on the box. As they made the circle and drew up in front of the hotel, Cox threw his weight on the brake and stopped at once. He had made the drive in precisely fifty-eight minutes.

## Silk Producing Fish.

A queer little shell fish known as the piana lives in the Mediterranean and has the curious power of spinning a viscid silk, which is made in Sicily into a regular fabric. This silk is spun by the shell fish in the first place for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place and then glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them. The material, when gathered—which is done at low tide—is washed in soap and water, dried and straightened, one pound of the coarse filament yielding three ounces of the fine thread, which, when spun, is of a lovely Golden-brown color.

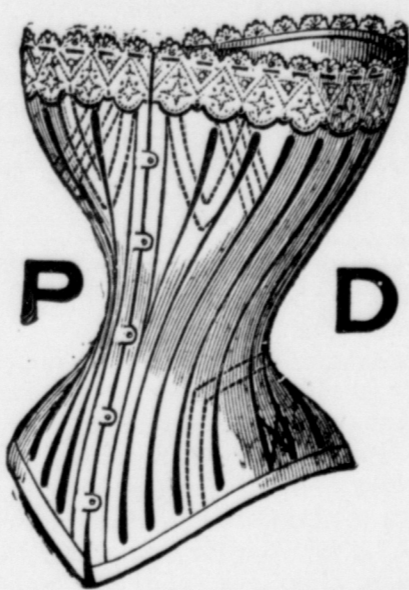
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## SHOOTING A MAN.

A Superintendent's Reasons for Pursuing Peace Policy in Strike Times.

There was a strike on at the mine and three or four of the younger men in authority were for taking the most aggressive course and meeting the strikers in the same spirit they were measuring to the owners. But the superintendent of the mine argued for a policy of peace.

"Let me tell you a story," he said as they sat around the dim and dingy lamp in the office of the works at midnight waiting for anything to turn up that might turn up, and at such times there is no telling what the next event on the card will be. "It may not be the pleasantest surroundings for a story," he said, "but it will prove the point I wish to make just as well and give you young fellows something else to think about. I am now 62 years old, and when I was 21 I had just graduated in a course of civil engineering and had been sent to Mexico to take charge of a silver mine owned by my father and uncle. I had two or three Americans and an Englishman and a German as assistants, and we felt that we could handle whatever might be presented, and we understood that we were going into a bad country far from civilization. I remember that part of it pleased me, for I was very fresh, as they say nowadays, and was eager to tackle the Mexican in his lair and show him how a free American citizen would engrave his ideas upon an ignorant populace, or words to that effect.

"We got to the place all right, and we soon had a force of men at work, but we did not make any money. The trouble was that we were so removed from transportation that we could not get our stuff to mill after we got it out of the mine. Then we had an almost constant fight on with a gang of brigands that infested the country. These gave us so much annoyance and destroyed so much of our property that I at last organized the best of my twenty-five miners into a home guard with muskets, and every day the German drilled them until they were a very creditable lot of soldiers, and I was proud of them. This made the brigands a bit more careful, for my army was solemnly sworn to shoot a brigand on sight, and they had banged away at them on several occasions or at least had so reported to me.

"The leader of the robbers was named Jose Calixto, or Greaser Ho, as we called him, and he was a bad man from Bitter Creek and had his tyrant heel on the neck of everybody in that community except the few of us who were foreigners. Us he tried to scare out; but I was fresh and sassy, as I said and I sent word to the Greaser at last that if I ever caught him at any of his tricks I would try him by court-martial and shoot him. It was rather taking the law in my own hands, but it was no worse than our lynch law in the states, so I didn't worry.

"About two weeks after this order went forth, and we were mighty blue around the mines, for they were really petering out, he sailed in and burned down our stable and office, both cheap structures, but no less to be protected, and we gave him a chase over the mountain and captured him. The German did the work, and he came very near shooting one of our men before he got the Greaser, but he got him. We carried him back in triumph, and the next day we had a court-martial called together consisting of the foreigners exclusively, and in two hours sentence of death had been passed on Jose Calixto by myself as Judge Advocate chief mogul. There were grumblings among the natives against the decision, but the preparations for his shooting at daybreak next day went ahead, and early the next morning we marched our shooting party of ten out to the spot selected, with Jose in the middle blindfolded. The priest had been with him all night, and two of my soldiers had been on guard. There were no civil authorities in our camp, so we were not bothered.

"I confess that when the prisoner stood before me with his hands tied behind him and his eyes blindfolded, and not twenty paces in front of him my shooting squad of ten men with their guns ready waiting for the command to fire, I would gladly have retired from my position and let justice be meted out by somebody else. Then, when the prisoner asked to have the blindfold removed and the priest took it from his eyes and he looked at me and smiled mockingly, I wondered I wouldn't worry a great deal more over this affair than the poor devil of a Greaser I was making an example of. However, this was scarcely the time for such thoughts, and I nerved myself and thought of desperate diseases requiring desperate remedies and other palatable maxims as a tonic.

"Well, the time came, and with a word to my men to fire at the bandit's heart, I gave the command, and as the ten guns exploded almost simultaneously, for my soldiers were really well trained, the body of Jose Calixto sprang into the air and

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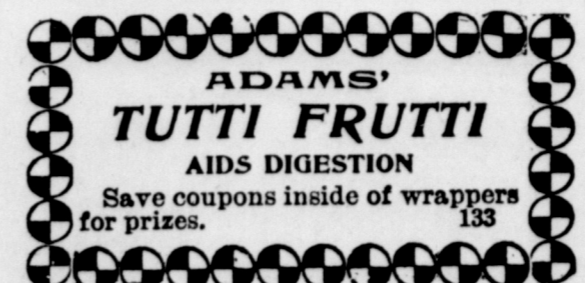
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fell flat upon the ground, writhing there in such a disagreeable fashion that I could not stand to look at it, and, turning the command over to the sergeant of the squad and leaving the funeral to the care of the priest, I went back to the shack we had improvised for an office feeling very decidedly as if I would like to be home in the great State of New York, three miles from the town of Schenectady and three thousand from the whole Mexican gang.

"They had a big funeral over the dead brigand, and that night to the beating of tomtoms and other lugubrious music that made death seem more terrible than anything else on earth in any form, they had a procession with dismal-looking torches which marched up the mountain side and over the pass to meet a deputation from Jose's late command who were to join the visiting procession as near to my domain as they dared come. It was 10 o'clock as the straggling lights of that gruesome procession disappeared far up the mountain like sick stars dying out of a misty sky, and when I went back into the shack I was feeling ten times worse than ever.

"Ten days later I was sitting in my room one night at 10 o'clock, with the windows opening out in the garden spread to get all the air that was going, when I was startled by the sudden entrance of a man in the native dress with a cloak thrown over his face. It was known that I occupied my apartments alone, each of my companions having a separate bungalow, but this night and for two or three, the German had been stopping with me as the snakes had got bad in his place, and at the moment of the stranger's appearance he was lying on a couch just outside the window in the shadow trying to keep cool. As I turned to ask the intruder what he wanted and why he had come in that guise, he threw his cloak aside, and there before me stood Jose Calixto, smiling at me as he had smiled that morning when I gave the command to fire.

"You were not expecting me my friend," he said in Spanish, and with that I shrieked and fell out of my chair.

"When I recovered consciousness the German, with a cut on his arm, was dashing water on me and Jose was bundled up in the corner gagged and tied and bloody. The fight had been sharp and soon over, for Jose had not looked for an attack in the rear and particularly from the powerful German, who had jumped at my yell in time to interfere with any projects Jose might have had with reference to me as an offset to what I have tried to do for him a few days before.

"In explanation I may say that what got me down was the sudden sense that a ghost had appeared before me, and being very nervous over my part in the whole affair, Jose's unexpected call on me was more than my overstrained nerves could bear for it must not be forgotten that I was very little more than a boy. What might have happened if the German had not been present can be guessed at.

"The rest of it was soon told. Jose and our miners had combined against us and when the shooting time came my soldiers had only made believe they were shooting to kill, for there were no ball cartridges in their guns, and Jose's death and the funeral, and all the rest of it, was merely a trick to fool us so as to take us unawares and rob us of several thousand dollars in gold that we had discovered in the mountains at an old mine long ago shut up. It was not the intention to work it that way, but the chances made it possible, and they, or Jose, rather, had wit enough to fix up the scheme. The priest was the only honest one in the lot and they fooled him as well as us, and he left when we did for his own safety. As for ourselves, we gave the thing up as a bad job, concluded to leave, taking Jose along hostage for our safe conduct by his gang of thieves to the nearest large city, where we were to let him go. We packed our belongings on a lot of mules, with the gold dust that we found put in our medicine bottles, and came away with flags flying and guns twined on Jose's back, in case any of his friends felt like changing their minds. Now, if any of you young bloods want to do violence you can do it on your own responsibility, but I want it understood that I don't fight that way any more."

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## Why Johnny Kicked.

"Oh, no. There ain't any favorite in the family," soliloquized Johnny; "oh no. If I bite my finger nails I catch it over the knuckles; but the baby can eat his whole foot and they think it is clever."

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