

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

## CALEB RHOADS'S ADIOS.

BYD AT THE RIGHT TIME, SAVED HIM AN EASY LIVING.

He Had a Productive Secret That His Neighbors Determined to Find Out and He Accommodated Them to a Certain Point, at Which Point This Story Ends.

In the face of the well-established fact that the earth is full of gold and the other fact that the Uintah Indian reservation is about to be thrown open to prospectors and others, this story of Smith's will be of interest. You may not find the mine, but you can't fail to find Smith of Utah. No doubt you will find him at the railway station wherever and whenever you leave there are Youngs in Utah.

"I've read your story of the Peso-la-ki mine," said Smith. "It's a good story, but I know a better one, because it's the story of a better mine. Caleb Rhoads a rich Mormon, formerly Bishop of Price, could tell you more, but he won't. Some people who had money offered the Bishop \$10,000 to tell them, and he refused.

"Forty years ago," continued Smith of Utah, "Caleb Rhoads and his brother found a placer in the Uintah reservation, but the Indians found to the Rhoadses and had trouble with them.

"The prospect was a rich one, and the two brothers concluded to fight for it. It was so rich in gold that they could shake enough yellow metal out of a single pan of dirt to fill the bowl of an ordinary co's pipe.

"Well, the Indians came and saw and killed Caleb's brother and crippled Caleb. It was almost a miracle that he escaped. As it was he brought away enough flint and lead to sink a raft, all comfortably cached in Caleb's hide. He is a stayer, is the same Caleb Rhoads, and he went back the following summer and brought out a goodly bag of dust.

"He continued to go every summer for years and years, and his neighbors marvelled at the easy life he led, and some of them offered to be company for him, but the wily Caleb wouldn't have it. Finally they made up a jackpot and offered to buy a share in these annual sojourns, but they were not for sale. At length, when four decades had passed away and Caleb had grown rich with little or no exertion, some of his neighbors determined to follow the prospector into the hills. Caleb heard of it and made his friends welcome, but refused to be responsible for the followers.

"If you get lost," said he, "you'll have yourselves to blame for I shan't hunt you out."

"Well, they all agreed to keep up with the prospector, and arrangements were accordingly made for a long journey. Caleb gave out the day and date upon which he would vamoise, but no one would believe him. For a week they watched his house as terriers watch a rat-hole, and Caleb slept through it all like an innocent babe. Finally, when the last night came, the men who were to go with the prospector where so sure that he would steal away that they had their horses saddled and ready all night. To their great surprise Caleb never stirred until daylight, when he started his men out to 'call' his neighbors, who were to accompany him. That made the men feel so mean that they outdid one another in helping the prospector to pack. One of the party suggested that Caleb might be luring them out for the purpose of losing them, and gave it as his opinion that they might better keep watch the first night, but the others only laughed at him.

"He can't lose me," said one of the young men, and so they ceased to be suspicious of Caleb.

"In order, as he said to reach a favorite camp ground, they were obliged to travel far into the night, and when they had finally camped, and had supper, Caleb kept them up for hours telling them wonderful tales of the wild country to which he would lead them. When at last they rolled up in their blankets the weary men slept soundly until Caleb called them to get breakfast. He apologized for having to get them out so early, but they must make thirty-five miles that day, across an arm of the desert before they could find water, which in that country is only to be found in rock basins or tanks, as the cowboys call them. All the day long the four men and eight horses trailed across the arm of this shipless sea, without food or water for themselves or their animals.

"What with their all-night watch at Price, followed by a hard day's work and

a short sleep, they were heart-sick and saddle-sore long before the fringe of pine that marked the place of water came in sight. By the middle of the afternoon the foothills seemed to be within rifle range of them. When the sun went down the hills began to retire, as it were, and finally melted away in the darkness. The horses were tired, and the pack horses had to be urged on constantly, and now went along doggedly, holding their dusty noses close to the sand. Presently the moon came out of the desert, a little way behind them, and shone on the evergreen trees that garnished the foothills. Now they came to a little stream, not more than a foot wide, that ran across the trail.

"The famished horses stopped short. Caleb, dismounting, scooped up a handful of water, tasted it, and shouted to the men to push on. The water was poisoned with alkali. When at last they found water the men were utterly done out. It was with difficulty that Caleb persuaded them to cook some supper, for they were all for sleeping, hungry as they were. The good captain cheered them with the assurance that they would have no more such work. They were in God's country now, he told them, where water and game could be found in abundance.

"To-morrow," said Caleb, "you can go as you please for I assure you that I am not fond of these forced marches."

"That night, when they had finished supper, a couple of Indians came up to the fire and begged, or rather demanded, food. They were inclined to be ugly, so the white men fed them, but they refused to go away. They wanted tobacco, which was given them, and then they asked for whiskey. They could not have whiskey, Caleb told them. "Me know how get whisk," said an ugly savage, tapping the rifle that rested in the hollow of his arm. Now the young men who had come out to fathom the mysteries of the old Mormon's wealth grew suddenly homesick. To the surprise and amazement of his companions, Caleb rose deliberately, walked over to the savage, and began to kick him out of the camp. What surprised them still more was that the Indian made no show of resistance, but went his way.

"This little incident put away any fear that might otherwise have broken the much needed rest of the weary voyagers, and in a little while they were sleeping like dead men. But Caleb could not sleep. Not because he had any fear of the Indians, but he could not afford it. Shortly after midnight he untied his two horses and led them away. When out of sight and hearing of the camp he stopped, opened his paniers, and took out eight ready-made moccasins. He put one on each of the weary feet that went with his two horses and stole softly away. In the course of an hour he found water and camped, but he made no fire. As soon as it was light he set out on his journey, the muffled feet of his horses making little or no noise, and leaving tracks in the sand on the selva of the desert that looked like Indian tracks going the other way.

"The young men slept until the sun was up, and when they awoke looked very foolish. They found the tracks of Caleb's horses, and, without stopping to make coffee, took the trail. In an hour they lost it on a barren sweep of sandstone, and they never found it again. When they had grown weary of the search they halted for breakfast.

"Like hundreds of others they had acquired that beastly American habit of drinking before breakfast, and now when they sought the jog they found a note from their late leader. It was neatly folded and had one corner caught playfully in the mouth of the jug and held there by the cork.

It was a very brief message, no date and no signature, but it was pithy and to the point. Only one of the men had seen it, and now his companions called to him to read it. One of the men had paused with the brown jug thrown above his curved elbow, his hands on the handle and his mouth stealing to the mouth of the jug as the mouth of a Mexican maiden glides to the kiss of her caballero. At the very moment when the man was about to read aloud the old Bishop's message, a half dozen Indians jumped into the camp. One of them took the jug gently from the bewildered prospector, smelled it and took a drink.

"A very large man, who was extremely dirty, ugly, pockmarked, and generally unhandsome, kicked the Indian and reached for the jug. Before drinking he kicked the Indian again and swore in a blend-

"It went right to the sore spot," is what a young man lately said of his first dose of SHORT'S DYSPEPTICURE. Better still, a few more doses cured his indigestion.

ing of Spanish, Indian and English. Manifestly this was the leader.

"By the time this important individual had quenched his thirst a dozen Indians had come into camp. They ate all they could find, drank all the whiskey, and signed to the white men to get up. When they were mounted the pock-marked man tapped his rifle and said, 'Vamo.'"

"The three men, thoroughly frightened, reigned their horses down the gulch.

"When they had left the foothills far behind them and felt the sun hot on the back of their necks, one of them asked the man who had Caleb's letter to read it. 'Listen, then,' said the man, who was riding in front, and he held up the sheet of white paper, and read, 'Adios.'"

## A NOBLE FOE.

His Dying Breath Spent in Saving the Life of a Wounded Enemy.

"Among the numerous instances of remarkable endurance and wonderful vitality of wounded soldiers that I had knowledge of during the late war," said a former hospital attendant, "I recall none so remarkable as that of John Peters. At the battle of Ball's Bluff he was a member of the Forty-second New York Regiment. He was badly wounded in the hip, and he fell on the field. While he lay there another ball fractured his right knee joint. Utterly helpless, he was trampled beneath the feet of the contesting soldiers until the close of the engagement, and was then taken a prisoner, to Richmond. He remained there four months, when he was exchanged and sent with other wounded to the Philadelphia hospital. I was an attendant there. Peters' wounds had been so carelessly attended to that he was worse off, if anything, than when he was first wounded. We did the best we could for him, but he was in such shape when able to leave the hospital that he was discharged from the service as permanently disabled.

"Some months afterward I was transferred to a hospital at Washington, and was there when the battle of Chancellorsville was fought. Two weeks after that engagement a number of soldiers who had been wounded there were transferred from the hospital at Acquia Creek to the Washington Hospital. Among the most desperately and apparently hopelessly wounded of these I was amazed to discover John Peters, the soldier who had left the Philadelphia hospital to pass off as a life-long cripple. When he was at last able to tell his story I was still more amazed. After being discharged from the service as permanently disabled, he had placed himself in charge of a noted surgeon of that day, and after some months was made almost as sound as he ever was. At any rate, he was able to re-enlist, which he did in the 115th Pennsylvania, and became Orderly Sergeant of his company. At Chancellorsville he was shot in the right thigh, the bullet causing a compound fracture, and almost at the same moment a Minie ball struck him in the left hip and lodged there against the bone. He fell, and attempted to rise. As he raised his head he was hit by a flying piece of shell, which fractured his skull and knocked him senseless.

"When Peters regained consciousness his regiment had taken another position, and he lay there between two raking fires, bullets, cannon balls, and shells whizzing over him for hours, until at last he managed to drag himself a few yards away to the bank of a stream where there were bushes. Grasping a bush, he pulled himself over the bank and let himself down into the water, waist deep, which relieved his pain. Our troops retreated soon after that, and the Confederate Army swept by where Peters hung. After it had passed Peters endeavored to draw himself out of the stream to the bank, in hope that he might be picked up, but he found that the bush to which he clung, while sufficient to support him as he crouched in the water, was not stiff enough to bear his weight in efforts to pull himself up on the bank. There was a bush just below him evidently strong enough to enable him to accomplish his purpose, but it was out of his reach, and if he released his hold on the bush that was supporting him to make the attempt to reach the stronger one, he knew he would drop helpless in the stream and down.

"While he was thus facing death he saw a movement on the bank, and the next moment on the bank, and the next moment an emaciated face with a death-like pallor on it appeared over the edge. It was the unmistakable face of a badly wounded Confederate soldier, who was dragging himself to the water. The sunken eyes fell on Peters, and the owner of them must have comprehended instantly Peters' peril, for he dragged his body forward, and placing

both hands on the bush that Peters longed for, bent it down toward his helpless foe and gasped:

"Huy! Yank! Grab it!"

"The bush dipped so close to Peters that he summoned all the little strength he had left, let go the bush he was holding on, and grabbed at the other one. He caught it. It withstood his weight, and, after a long and painful struggle, he pulled himself by it to the top of the bank. As soon as he could recover breath enough he turned to the wounded Confederate, who lay quiet on the bank, to thank him for his kindness. The man was dead. His dying breath was spent in saving the life of a foe.

"Two days Peter dragged himself about that bloody field of battle before succor reached him. He had been reported dead in the list. He was sent to the Acquia Creek hospital, but eleven days passed before his wounds were dressed. His case being decided to be hopeless he was sent to the hospital at Washington. He was there a month, during which it was expected hourly that he would die, so desperate was his case. But he did not die, and I heard subsequently, having quit the hospital service, that he had been discharged from the hospital so much restored in health that he was preparing for a third enlistment. Whether he did enter the service again I never knew."

## PHONE AFFECTS HEARING.

Strange Affection of Central Station Operators.

A special factor in the capacity of a telephone operator is found to be the absence of any difference between the right and left ear in acuteness of hearing. It appears that in Germany the telephones are arranged with a double receiver, each ear of the operator in the station being provided with one of these, so that the sound is delivered equally in each ear, and thus there is no varying result, as both ears become equally acute. The plan adopted at the Chicago Telephone Exchange consists in having the operators change the receiver from one ear to the other three or four times a day, a method which brings rest to the operator; the presumption in this case is very natural, namely, that if and ear were used exclusively by the operator, in time there would be so distinct a difference in the acuteness of hearing between the left and right sides that the operator would be practically incapacitated for a change—there would be an abnormal development of one side at the expense of the other. As to the electrical effects involved, the Times-Herald, of Chicago, quotes the very competent testimony of Dr. E. T. Dickerman, an ear specialist, that he has never known a person to be injuriously affected by the use of the instrument; it is little if anything more than a gentle mass of the membrane of the ear, and in numerous cases produces a beneficial effect.

## LITTLE CONVENIENCES.

Order in Minor Details Stamps the Well-Regulated Home.

Sometimes it is a very little thing that will give the impression of a well-ordered home a systematic mistress. I was calling at a house the other day, said a society man recently, and as I found the lady I wished to see out, and had a message to deliver, I asked the maid, after vainly fumbling in my pocket for a pencil, if she would get me one.

I expected, from my experience on a similar occasion, a wait of several minutes while she hunted it up; to my surprise, however, she promptly presented me with a neat little pad, to which a sharply pointed pencil was attached, and which was evidently kept on the hall table for just such emergencies.

It was a simple detail, if you will, but

one which stamped that house forever in my mind as being well regulated in every department and presided over by a thoughtful woman.

I had occasion to notice the contrast when stopping at another house to leave the same message. It was an invitation from my sister for a little theatre party she was organizing when a similar need presented itself. "Please wait a moment," said the Abigail, in answer to my request. "I will look for one," and leaving me in the hall she dashed into the drawing room, tumbled at a smart-looking writing table, covered with silver paraphernalia, and after failing to find what she wanted, she disappeared within an inner room, evidently a library. Emerging again, apparently unsuccessful, and exclaiming apologetically, "There ought to be pencil somewhere; I will go and ask Miss Mary for one," she ran upstairs.

In the meantime whispered voices, and a rapidly withdrawn head over the balusters moaned that wait in the hall most disagreeable; and the whole gave a distinctly bad impression of the general management of that home. New York Sun.

## Maternal Instinct.

Madame Cavaignac, in her 'Memoirs of an Unknown,' gives her readers many glimpses of Murat while he was playing at royalty in Naples, and tells many anecdotes illustrating the different traits of his character, the most predominant of which was his great love for his family.

Madame Cavaignac relates a conversation which took place one morning in the royal palace. Murat was speaking of his mother in terms of the liveliest affection. In spite of his vanity and love of pomp, which equalled his passion for rank and power, he was always faithful in his devotion to the old woman who had for years kept a small inn in one of the small provinces of France. The king and marshal, Murat, was describing a visit he had paid to his old mother.

He had gone to her, it seems, after receiving some new dignity from the emperor, in order to recount his triumphs to her, and to describe to her the pomp and ceremony of the occasion.

The old woman listened in silence, and then said with a sigh, "Yes, they'll put so much on the donkey's back that he will be crushed by the weight of his load!"

Maternal instinct made her prophetic.

## Remedy for Sunburn.

An excellent remedy for sunburn, as well as chapped hands, consists of one ounce citric acid, two ounces of rosewater and two ounces of glycerine. This preparation is especially valuable to counteract the irritating effect on the skin of strong alkali soaps, such as are used in washing dishes and for other household purposes. There are women whose dainty, well-kept hands tell no tale of the household drudgery which is their lot at home. This preparation of citric acid and glycerine is their secret. They use it as soon as the household duties are done.

A little care will keep the hands soft and white, and a little attention will keep the nails well rounded and polished. Such refined attention to the personal appearance reveals a cultured and not a shallow mind.

## Indications on Her Face.

"Jimpson is cute. He's renovating his house now, and it isn't costing him much of anything."

"How does he work it?"

"He's made his wife believe that she's an artist. So he just buys the paint, and his wife puts it on herself."

"She looks as though she did."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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# Best. Rest. Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: The best—and the rest. The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit; that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.