

WALKING BOSS IN A SWALLOW TAIL.

BY CY WARMAN.

(Copyright, 1897, by Cy Warman.) Italian laborers object to being called "Dagos" just as the Irish section men dislike the name of "Jerries" and yet the section man always says "the Dagos" and the Italian laborer, as soon as he can give an imitation of English, says "Dama ze Jar," and he means it. The Italians are fairly good workers, but hard to herd. They are given to the use of red liquor and profanity, and delight in the fuss of firearms and the clatter of long knives. Out of innate "cussedness" an Italian, shoveling snow, will hold the right of way until your pilot almost touches him and you put your engine over, slide her wheels, miss her jacket and make an enemy of your fireman, then he will step aside. If you happen to hit him or spoon him up on the point of a pilot plow, the whole mob will be upon you. Before they got the rotary snow machine, when the road was new, they used to go to the track clear with a pilot plow that was just as wide as a coach. By and by, when the road got bigger, they bought some new sleepers that were wider and longer than the old ones, and they gouged into the walls in the snow cuts and stuck fast.

To avoid this the company built a new plow, that was wider still than the new sleepers. Now, the "Dagos" has their own called, used to cut out little pockets in the snow, hide in them, and yell into the ears of the engineers who were falling down the hill, blinded by the flying snow, and unable to stop

his coat, and in the meantime the frate Italian struck him down by the pick handle.

For a space the doctor, who came up to see Terrance, thought the head he had would kill him, but Terrance got well. When he could sit up in his cot he would look out of his tent door and "damn the Dagos."

One day little Sam McMurtie, the engineer in charge of the work, was shaking out a dress suit to wear to the ball in Gunnison. It was a new suit that had come up from Denver and Sam tried it on.

"Sam," said Terrance, "What, Terrance?" said Sam. "Are yez a friend o' mine?" "I am that."

"This s'v me that coat." "Will you wear it?" "I'll wear it."

"After the ball?" "After the ball," said Terrance, and he nodded his head as a resolute man does when he has made up his mind that a thing is a thing.

It was almost a month after the fight that Terrance got up one Monday morning and declared his intention to go to work. When he had dressed up to his vest he took down the swallow-tail coat that Sam McMurtie had given him, wreking a \$5 dress suit to do it, and put it on. He then took a pair of pistols, put one in either hip pocket and backed up to McMurtie's mirror, as a woman does dressing for church. He twisted his shoulders, threw up his arms, leaned forward and back, but never for a moment did the tail of the

which was compulsory upon them in slavery, it became necessary to look for labor elsewhere. The British Indian authorities required such guarantees as to the coolies to leave India that only the richest planters could afford to secure this kind of help. The poorer planters who had not abandoned their plantations turned to the coolies of the Pacific and Chinese were brought in, also Arabs, natives of Annam, and even negroes from the Senegal. The coolies, without exception, are industrious and willing to work. The labor of the sugar and coffee plantations is mainly performed by them, but they are found in every department of industry, many of them settling down after their term of contract has expired and becoming a part of the colony. They keep up the customs of the countries to which they belong, and wear the same fashion of dress, that of the Indian women being especially picturesque. These coolies wear a great deal of jewelry, consisting of armlets and anklets of gold, necklaces of coins, finger rings in great abundance, and many of them wear nose jewels. The Indian coolies are for the most part handsome of face and shapely of figure.

INTERESTING OLD BOOK.

Denver Collector Secures a Volume Printed 128 Years Ago.

Denver News: Edward H. Pierce, a Denver collector, has recently secured a tiny book of over 300 pages, illustrated, stained with the age of 128 years. The title bears the following: "The Peerage of England. A complete view of the several orders of nobility, their descents, marriages, issue and relations; their creations, armorial bearings, crests, supporters, mottoes, chief seats and the high offices they possess; so methodized as to display whatever is truly useful in this instructive and amusing branch of knowledge. Together with an introduction showing the high and illustrious extraction of our most gracious sovereign; also the arms of all the lords, spiritual and temporal; three useful plates teaching the art of heraldry, etc., etc., etc."

But few Englishmen can today tell in what regard the relations, etc., of the English peerage are "amusing." However, that knowledge in ye olden time may have had its humor. The author is "Mr. Kimber," and the "second edition, carefully corrected," was published in London in 1769. After a page which bears the faded signature of William Adams, comes the "editor's advertisement." He says:

"The editor, considering the manifest utility of a manual of this kind, can have no reason to apologize for its publication; being convinced it is calculated to recommend itself to all who desire, with facility, to be acquainted with the families and arms of the nobles; who, if we consider them justly, have eclipsed all the nobility of Europe, by their many illustrious actions in peace and war—and by the struggles they have maintained for the support of our excellent constitution, our laws and liberties. Be this as it may, however, it is well known how necessary it is for the man of business and the gentleman to be acquainted with the names and arms of the nobles in the following pages, wherein a method is pursued hitherto never attempted, which will convert a subject, dry in itself, into a perfect amusement."

There are many pages devoted to engravings of crests of the "first, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth houses," arms of 24 dukes, 8 earls, 13 viscounts, 83 barons, 24 bishops, 12 peeresses and those of the archbishops of Canterbury and York. The account of the pedigree of "the most high, most mighty and most excellent prince, George William Frederick, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, duke of Brunswick Lunenburg, elector of Hanover, arch-treasurer and prince of the sacred Roman empire, etc., etc.," is elaborated and begins with the death of Azo the First in 970. Full histories of all the princes, dukes, earls, viscounts, archbishops and bishops, barons, peeresses, etc., are given. That of Dr. Frederick Cornwallis, lord archbishop of Canterbury, "primate of all England," a lord of the privy council, president of the "Sons of the Clergy" and of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," is thus tersely set forth: "He was consecrated bishop of Litchfield and Coventry in 1746, in the room of Dr. Smallbrooke, deceased, and translated to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury on August 12, 1768, in the room of Dr. Thomas Secker, deceased."

NEGROES OF SURINAM.

They Have Their Republic in South American Forests.

Surinam Gold Fields: Among the inhabitants of Surinam, not the least interesting are the bush negroes, or, as the Surinam Dutch call them, "bosch" negroes. These negroes are the descendants of the maroons or runaway slaves of the old time. They live in the woods of the interior, and may be said to be the acridualists of the colony. The first migration to the woods by these negroes was made in 1655. In that year the Portuguese Jews of the Surinam valley, when the tax-gatherers came around, sent their negro slaves into the woods to avoid paying taxes for them, expecting that, after the departure of the revenue agents, the negroes would return. But they did not. They remained in the forest, established themselves there, and received constant accessions to their numbers from the runaway slaves of the settlements and the neighboring islands. After the emancipation act of 1863, they received large accessions from the negro population of Barbadoes. They have had many conflicts with the government of the colony during their history. In the assertion of their freedom and independence, and have always maintained both. One of their great leaders was the famous Boni, who, in 1772, led his bands up to the very walls of Paramaribo. They have had independent republics, and have generally held themselves to be independent of the colonial laws. They are, however, a peaceable people, mild and unlike the aborigines—temperamentally cultivate rice and other products, which they dispose of to the colonists. They are also the wood-cutters of the colony, and construct the canals, streams and canals the products of the forests to Paramaribo. They are fairly industrious; they have no religion, their only object of worship being the calabash or cotton tree, which is sometimes found rising in majestic and solitary grandeur in the clearings, having been spared by the ax because of the veneration in which it is held. Offerings of fowls, yams and manioc are often found beneath the calbas, the propitiatory gift of the bushmen. The Moravian missionaries have labored hard to bring the bush negroes into the fold of Christianity, but without success.

A large proportion of the population is composed of coolies, hill coolies from the hill lands of India, south of the great bend of the river Ganges, and coolies from Java and China. The coolies were introduced after the emancipation of the slaves, to take the place of the latter on the plantations. The British were the first to introduce this element of labor, their own slaves having been emancipated in 1838. When the emancipation went into effect in Surinam, and the plantation negroes declined to longer perform the labor

made in 1876 by Professor Bryce. This was certainly not the least memorable, for his companions became exhausted, and were obliged to halt, while he made his way up for rather more than four hours quite alone. Fortunately, of the two routes by which the summit generally has been reached—the north-western and southeastern—he had selected the latter, where the snow is less steep and is not so likely to make much step-cutting necessary. The ascent has been repeated several times since then, but the climb is unduly long and toilsome, and the cold may be, as it has been on this occasion, a serious danger.

We do not yet know whether Professor Stoeber became exhausted or whether the party were caught in a storm. Alpine climbers know that the cold can be a formidable foe, even on a bright day, on the upper part of Mount Blanc, and the sad fate of travelers who were lost in the mists and died of exhaustion is still among recent memories. But Ararat is considerably higher than Mount Blanc, for its summit only just falls short of 17,000 feet, and the severity of the cold is doubtless increased by the fact that its rocks on the upper part offer hardly any shelter and the whole mountain is remarkably isolated. It crowns the Armenian plateau, rising from the plain of the Aras, about 3,000 feet above sea level, a huge, almost solitary, elongated mass, which culminates in two peaks. Little Ararat, rather more than 12,800 feet high, and the vast domed Great Ararat. Both these—indeed, the whole mass—are of volcanic origin, but no trace of a crater remains. The summit is a dome of snow, but the last rocks which crop out are indubitably volcanic, reddish and grayish scoria, in fact, lava or ash is met with everywhere during the ascent. The materials, so far as they have been examined, do not exhibit any great variety. They belong to a species of rock which is named andesite by geologists, because it abounds in the South American chain. Doubtless the desire of studying this remarkable mass, and the hope of enjoying a marvelous panorama, prompted the ascent—undertaken, perhaps, a little too late in the year—which has ended so disastrously.

MAKING READY FOR A RUN.

A Locomotive Is Almost as Carefully Groomed as a Race Horse.

St. Nicholas Magazine: The engineer comes down to his post of duty nearly an hour before his train is scheduled to leave. All night long in the round house the engine has been carefully watched; a wiper has spent the whole night rubbing down the panting, shorting iron horse, until every rod and cylinder shines like gold or silver; the banked fire has been kept going, so that a little steam has been always in the boxes; and before he left at night the fireman put everything in perfect order inside the cab. The fireman appears first in the morning, and inspects every part. All the bearings are then oiled, and the oil cups are filled with oil. Next, the engine is run out of the round house and tested. Fifteen min-

TYPE OF A PARISIAN BEAUTY.



utes before the time to start the engine is coupled to the train, and the steam and air brakes are tested.

No race horse was ever brought to his post better fitted for running the course than is the locomotive of the fast express. In addition to the tests already made, a mechanic goes from

wheel to wheel, and upon every one strikes a sharp, resounding blow to ascertain if the wheel and axle are sound. Nuts and bolts are examined. The engineer and fireman are held responsible for the perfect condition of the engine and cars before the start is made.

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Tulu Lulu chewing gum is all the rage.

Gray's Laxative Pellets cure constipation.



The men marveled much at his strange attire, but they were awed nevertheless.

short of a mile. So when High Henry Brandenburg came sauntering down the hill one afternoon, the Italians who were waiting until he was close upon them, and then put themselves in the niches in the wall. One of the gang, a short, fat fellow, stayed upon the track until High Henry pulled the whistle, and then made a dive for his hole. His big boot being balled with snow, slipped and he was not able to get in to clear, and the plow, being extra wide, gathered him up and put him over the telegraph poles and down the mountain in about 15 feet of snow, and he went to the bottom. The rest stood back in their niches, the wide plow thinned off the snow, and the surplus snow in on top of the Italians, and left the face of the two walls smooth and white. It was with difficulty that some of the men fought out, and belated the others. "Dama ze Jar," said the men, when they are all out, for Terrance Murphy, the walking boss, was laughing in his hand.

"Where is Anton?" demanded one of the Italians, and Terrance pointed with his thumb toward the bottom of the gully. A half hour later they brought the darning Italian out as good as new, but they refused to work another lick that day. Terrance threatened, but it was of no use, the men went swearing to their huts. That night, being Saturday, they got very drunk and came up to the water tank to flag the rotary plow, which they knew would be coming up the hill ahead of 22. They were armed with clubs and stones, that could be seen, and knives and revolvers that could not be seen. Terrance Murphy saw them gathering about the tank, where 22 would stop for water, and guessed the cause of it. With the help of his book he put a push car, with a handbrake, on the track, and slid down the mountain to the nearest telegraph office. He flagged High Henry and told him what was on his mind. Henry was for stopping and fighting the things out with the agent's rifle and a 45 that he carried in the box, for he had a heap of sand. Also he had orders to run to the top of the hill "regardless," and he never had an order that he failed to fill. Finally, he agreed not to stop, but as he came near the tank where the Italians stood in line on either side of the track, he opened the cylinder cocks, so that the steam, coming out on the cold air, blinded the men. He also opened the overflow from the injector, on his side, and the fireman took the hot water hose with which he wet the coal, and then they ran for the snow brigade.

Being cocksure the engine would stop, some of the men stood on the track beyond the tank and got off barely in time to save their lives. The stream of hot water—hot enough to scald, but not to scald—hit the men in the face and soaked them in the neck, and sent them in confusion down the dump. High Henry, from the coal tank thumped them with lumps of coal, and scattered them from the right of way.

That was the end of the first trouble at Shavanna, but with a gang like that full of fight and freewater, there was sure to be more.

When spring came the company began to cut off the corners and fill in the curves, in order to straighten out the track, for at that time there were not three straight rails together on the hill.

It was good to have something for Terrance and his braves to do in the summer, so as to have them when the snow came again; so now they went to work to straighten the track. Things went fairly smooth until Kelly came down with his Jerries, who had nothing to do above, but you can't fix Ireland and Italy.

One of Kelly's men and this same Anton who fooled with the snowplow man hit the Italian properly enough as an Irishman should hit, with his fist; whereupon Anton pulled a carving knife from his high boot and began carving Jerry. Then all the Jerries joined, and there was a fight. Eight Irishmen and 50 Italians, one of the latter with a long knife, could put up a jolly row in short order. They fought with picks, rocks, crowbars, clubs and spades. Nobody could tell how the fight would end, for the Irish fight well with clubs, but Terrance, hearing the rumpus, came out of his tent with two guns, fired a few concluding shots over the heads of the rowdies and ended the row.

About the time the walking boss began to breathe easy, Antonio, watching his chance, rushed to the foreman with a pick handle, for the foreman had Antonio's knife away.

Terrance tugged at his six-shooter that had gotten tangled in the tail of

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WARM



WINTER ULSTERS.

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WARM



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