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SPECIFICATIONS: Caliber, .380; length, 5 5/8 in.; thickness, 9/10 in.; weight, 21 ounces unloaded; finish, dull black; cartridges, 380 APH (9 m/m Browning Short) rimless automatic standard metal cased or soft pointed. the same cartridge as is used in other American Automatic Pistols of this caliber. Capacity, seven cartridges in the magazine and one additional in chamber.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
233 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Exciting Race on Old Mississippi in 1870.

Steamers Robert E. Lee and Natchez Make History in Stirring Run From New Orleans to St. Louis.

EXCITING.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Dec. 9. The following account of an exciting race on the "Mississippi" in the old days will doubtless prove of interest to your readers:

"Remember '70? Well, yes! People that's been excited about that race of the German liner Deutschland and the Frenchman La Provence across the eastern duck pond perhaps forget about the Lee and the Natchez," said Capt. Wes. Connor to a New Albany (Ind.) paper.

Old "Cap" Wesley Connor, who according to the newspaper reports out of New Albany, has been sort of "lingerer around death's door for about three years, but is still here, peered out in front of him as he did out of the pilot house of the Robert E. Lee 36 years ago when he stuck her nose out into the "Father of Waters" and started her from New Orleans in the greatest race in the history of American "riverin'."

"There she goes, guided by a tiller that obeyed a whisper; had a prow like the beak of an eagle. She split the water between New Orleans and St. Louis quicker than it was ever before or since. And back there was the

Natchez taking our smoke, it is true, but a racer just the same. Remember '70? Huh!"

Thirty-six years ago on the last of June, the wharves and Canal street in New Orleans were crowded with people. At last the question that had taken the place of political and reconstruction debates along the river from New Orleans to St. Louis and up the Ohio from Cairo to Cincinnati was to be settled. Smoke was belching from the smokestacks of the Robert E. Lee and Natchez and their fires were roaring and cracking most unusual. Which would get to St. Louis first—how long would it take? Money piled up "mountain high" in the old Hawkins club room, the great hangout of the river men at New Orleans, showed that there was a division of opinion among them, and that they were willing to back their various opinions.

The Hawkins club betting board only reflected the interest of the Mississippi valley. The fires that lighted the night courses of the racers on both sides of the river from New Orleans to St. Louis, the cannon that thundered salutes from every town and city, the people that gathered along the course, both day and night, to see the racers

pass, and the crowded trains that were run from Cincinnati, New Albany and Louisville to Cairo to see the boats reach that point, all gave but slight indications of the wide-spread interest that centered in that race.

It was especially intense here—the home of Lee. Here she was built, here she was manned—yes, and here she was wrecked—wrecked a quarter of a mile down stream from the Southern railroad station, and within a few feet of where she was built. This was the way the race came about. The Lee was known as "the New Albany boat." She had been built here in 1866 for Capt. John W. Cannon, by Capt. John G. Howard—who died across the river last November—for the trade between St. Louis and New Orleans.

Excited Jealousy.

The Lee had not especially been built for speed but for the straight passenger and freight business. The idea that was pre-eminent in her construction was that she could be easily handled. It did not take more than one or two trips, however, to show that she was much faster than the average steamer on the Mississippi, and her speed soon began to attract attention and to arouse the envy of the owners and managers of opposition boats.

She passed every craft afloat on the river. Finally she became unbearable to Capt. Thos. P. Leathers of New Orleans, who was in command of the principal competing steamboat line in the Mississippi river trade, and who finally declared that he would have a boat built that would swim little circles around the Lee while the latter was under full head of steam.

Leathers was considerable of a blusterer and he aroused the ire of New Albany, the birthplace of the pride of the river, by ridiculing her shipbuilding geniuses. Declaring he wouldn't have a skiff built here, he passed up the river to Cincinnati, where he let the contract for the boat that was to make the Lee's speed look like a canal boat pace. He placed his contract with Perry Thorpe, who added to the fuel that was burning in the proud hearts of New Albany people by declaring that he "would build her fast enough to pass the Lee, or he wouldn't charge a cent."

The Natchez, in due time, was brought into service, and was put into the trade. Both boats had been running on the Mississippi several months and the discussion over which was the faster spread out from centers such as New Albany, New Orleans, Memphis, Natchez, Cairo and St. Louis all over the country. Finally the boats landed in New Orleans together and they were scheduled to leave New Orleans for St. Louis on the afternoon of June 30.

The crowd that flocked to the wharves and filled Canal street was divided in sentiment. Business generally was suspended in and around New Orleans, and besides the crowd that gathered on the wharf and in Canal street thousands flocked to the levees up stream or had gone up the river on excursion boats to see the racers under way.

Interesting Crowds.

Every movement of the muddy water greyhounds was closely watched by the crowd, which divided its cheers for Capt. Cannon and Capt. Leathers and for the pilots, Wesley Connor and James Pell, of the Lee, and Frank M. Cayton and Morgan (Doc) Burnham, of the Natchez, whenever they appeared. Connor was widely known as a man who had started the Shotwell on her trip from New Orleans to New Albany where she beat the Eclipse. Pell was also known as the old pilot of the famous Robert I. Ward. The records show that there was absolutely no excitement on the Lee, while on the contrary, there was more or less nervousness on the Natchez.

Neither boat had any cargo except its fuel, largely made up of pine knots. From the bowsprit of the Lee was iron mule bearing the inscription: "Shoo, fly, don't bother me." The captain of the Natchez also fastened a mule to her bowsprit, with the inscription: "We brush the flies as we go by."

It was shortly before five o'clock when the bells of the engine room of the Lee clanged nervously. Then followed a swift movement on the part

of negro deck hands. The great wheels revolved and at four minutes before five the Lee sprang out into the stream and pointing her nose up the river, started on what proved to be probably the most noted race of any kind in the history of this country up to that time.

Scarcely had the Lee started on her trip when there was another clanging of bells and the crowd of people began crying "Look! Look!" There was the majestic Natchez backing out. Like the Lee, her nose was pointed north in a short time and she began to spill the waters. The start was ideal. It was a race from the first. Two boats plowed past St. Mary's Market—from which point all boats took their time—and the Lee as she passed, fired her gun at precisely four minutes past five. The Natchez boomed her parting salute at precisely seven minutes after five. The two boats passed the excursion steamer as if they had been two points of observation it was discovered that the Natchez had gained eight seconds, and this caused bells of odds on the Natchez being made, though up to this time the Lee had a slight lead as a favorite.

Centre of Attention.

For four days and four nights the country, and especially New Albany, and its centre of attention on the Father of Waters. The excitement along the Mississippi was intense. At all times in the twelve hundred mile dash, people stood on the banks and waved banners and handkerchiefs or built great bonfires and fired cannons. From the time the smoke of the racers could be seen down the river until they passed in Vicksburg, Memphis, Cairo and other cities along the river, and there was no work on the plantations miles from the stream.

At Natchez People Wept.

Of course, at Natchez, the first city on the race course feeling was almost unanimous in favor of the steamer that had been named for the city. The magnificent pair of elk horns had been purchased to be presented by the mayor or to the captain of the steamer when she should win the race with the Lee, which the Natchez people were confident she would do. For weeks the horns were displayed conspicuously on the city wharf and especially displayed to the officers and owners of the Lee.

Natchez was in celebration; the boats were expected to arrive before noon. A band played, cannon were loaded and there was great excitement when the smoke of the approaching racers was seen down in the timber land. The sight was pathetic as the Robert Lee poked her nose into view, and as she went by the wharf boat like a frightened swan, Captain Cannon who stood well forward with a grin on his face, shouted to the wharf master: "Take down those horns!" He was greatly surprised when his order was promptly obeyed.

The people cried, the band did not play and the cannon were not fired. Ah, but it was a race, though. There was the Natchez splitting the water just behind the Lee, though 17 hours had passed since the boats had left New Orleans. According to the official record kept by John Kouns, of the Lee, the Natchez had only fallen behind three minutes in the last 17 hours, the Lee having run to Natchez in 17 hours and 11 minutes, the Natchez in 17 hours and 14 minutes. According to these figures the Lee passed the Natchez at a quarter past ten on the morning of July, and the Natchez at 21 minutes after ten.

At Natchez the famous horns of the Princess were delivered to the leader by a flat boat lying in the stream. The Princess had made the record time from New Orleans to Natchez and her horns had been placed over the wharf with the inscription "Princess time to Natchez, 17 hours 30 minutes. Beat this and take the horns." They had been unclaimed for 15 years but when it was seen that the Lee would beat the time they were sent out in the stream for her to pick up. The Lee's time was 19 minutes better than the Princess.

Vicksburg was the next goal to race for, and the Lee beat the Natchez there, showing a gain in running time of 16 minutes over her rival. It was the end of the first day, the Lee was passing Vicksburg wharf at 18 minutes to six—according to the Kouns record—on the afternoon of July first, and the Natchez passing at three minutes after six. The Lee ran along the upper wharf boat and discharged a few passengers and started off, picking up two coal floats in the river. Coal heavers swarmed over them and they were cast off, minus the coal, in a few minutes. In doing all this the Lee lost only eight minutes. The Natchez tried the same feat but got one of the barges across her bows and she was delayed several minutes. The end of the first full day of the race closed with the race still in the balance but with the Lee 18 minutes in the lead.

The Lee was in Memphis at four minutes after eleven the next night—the night of July 2. In 35 hours since she had left Vicksburg she had begun to show that she was almost a sure winner. She was out of Memphis a minute after she arrived. The Natchez was ten minutes behind. The Natchez cleared for the north at 13 minutes after 12 o'clock and the dash was on for Cairo.

The Lee passed the mouth of the Ohio, three miles from Cairo, at four (Continued on page 13.)

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