

The Gloucester Jockey

"And, while we're splicing on the subject of the Dick Turpin tracks that used to be, let us not let little old Gloucester-by-the-Delaware slide by without a remark or so," said the man with the mildewed countenance and the outstanding ears, who stands on the Sixth avenue corner and directs the passing players to the poolroom's changed address.

"Gloucester—member?—was the across-From-Philadelphia track that 'Duke' Thompson used to handle when the game was in the hands of guns, peterns, second-story workers, dips and that kind. All you had to do to get to Gloucester from Philly was to dig six cents for a round-trip ferry ticket.

"If you were shy the three cents and only bought for the ride one way, it was you to make a try to ride on the Delaware waters for the return trip or sleep on the high side of a Gloucester hedge until the next day—for there was never any chance to, for you to cop the money at Gloucester—never the least teeny bit of a chance.

"Gloucester was so raw that we used to play 'em down there to lose. To lose—I'm telling you right. While the 1 to 4 baby was on his way to the post, we used to give each other 2 to 1 that he wouldn't be in the money and the gazob taking this end never made less than expenses.

"At Gloucester, if a horse was bound to win and, refused to be pinched back by his boy, the boy 'ud fall off in the stretch and take a chance on being stamped to death by the bunch coming along behind. I never played 'em at a track where the color-wearing boys needed the money worse than they did at Gloucester.

"There was one little ring boy down there, about 27 years of age, who required the coin so bad that he got into the habit of going after it with a pitchfork and a dog-catcher's net. His idea was to get all the money in the world cornered, and then dish it out to the losers at premium rates. He was a great jockey—one of the best that ever shook poker dice at weighing-out time in a jockeys' dress tent—and of course, that made his game all the stronger. He could take a horse out of the shafts of a hardware delivery wagon and nurse him home at 200 to 1 or write your own ticket, and he could, on the other hand, choke to death a 1 to 15 thing that the owner had mortgaged the old manor house upon. He had the goods, and all hands knew it, and that's the reason that they all went after his game when they needed something extremely fancy in their business.

"He was hard to buy. You'd say, '\$200 for this,' and he'd chew a blade of grass and gaze dreamily at the blue sky. Then you'd hunch it along to \$300 for the job, and he'd reach over and pluck a straw out of the bale and look the other way.

"Then you'd mention \$400, just to see how he took it, and he'd say that he had a date with his wife in Camden to buy a hat. Then you'd indicate \$500 as your outside figure, and he yawn and tell you that, really, you ought to be running a sweat shop, where wages were low.

"Finally, you'd name the figure that you actually meant to cough up for the job and he'd tell you that you could split the difference and make it half as much again, or get somebody else to do your navigating. When it came to that, you always fell to his wiles and dug his price. But he had his day, like all the rest of 'em, when he was too good.

"A man who owned a few, a friend of mine, had a horse that he had named Juggler. Juggler was a sure enough race horse. He could run fast. At any time he went after it, at any distance, with any kind of weight up to a bale of hay, he knew how to get home.

"The Gloucester bunch got into the habit of ducking and playing all around Juggler for place and third when Juggler put on the colors. Juggler was right on any sort of track, like old Blitzen at the 'Gut.' Snow, hail, rain, mud or fast—there wasn't any kind of going in which Juggler couldn't place to the front.

"Well, one day, after Juggler had won a 2-to-5 race in a dog loue, the man who owned him buced. The man who owned Juggler hadn't bet a cent to the race, having gone to the bad playing the other ones, and he came to with his grief.

"I've got Juggler in for Thursday," he said, "and, of course, he'll be the short-priced one. The bunch he's got to meet is a little bit better than he's run with down here, but he'll walk in, anyhow, unless an arrangement or so is made."

"Uh-huh," said I. "Ask me a hard one. You know the boy, don't you?"

"Well," said Juggler's owner, "you do the talking, then. That boy

thinks I'm a syncopated millionaire, and he'll wait everything I've got."

"So it was up to me. I saw the weazen-face that same evening. Said I:

"This is one of your for \$500. All you've got to do is to get to nodding in the stretch and choke Juggler to death, or nearly. How about?"

"Ten moments later I had undertaken to pay him \$1,000 in advance for the little piece of work.

"The only way," I said to the boy, then, "that you can beat Juggler is to wear him out before the race. If you don't do that he'll run to win, and cop the dough. What I want you to do is to take him out of his stall about a quarter past 8 tomorrow morning and ride him all the way to Camden and back at a dead swing. Then at post time he'll be tired. Are you there?"

"I'll kill him," responded the weazen-faced person, and then I thought the business was about right.

"All that my pal, the owner of Juggler and I had to do was to play the second choice, a mutt that figured 500 per cent. above the rest of 'em with Juggler out, and then ride over to Philadelphia and make Chestnut-street look like a sartorial shambles.

"However, we were not doing a blind stunt, and so we got a couple of stablemen to see to it that this keen jock really ran Juggler on the boulevard at dawn's early light. I don't mind telling you right now—what we didn't know ourselves until later—that both of these rubbers went right to sleep in their little white trundle beds instead of seeing to it that Juggler had his quick exercise, and that when his swift boy that had undertaken the job brought Juggler out for the long spin he only took the horse down the road for about two blocks of darkness, and then sat down and looked at the fading Milky Way for a couple of hours. Then he brought Juggler back to the barn, and when daylight slipped along he did a whole lot of business with the folks that wanted Juggler to win at any old price.

"Yes, Juggler won—by about a quarter of a mile. The boy who needed it so bad had piped us out through the sewer system, and I am free to say that when we returned to Philadelphia and, at Green's, stopped to gaze into each other's maps, we did not cherish that boy any more.

"Far be it from me," remarked Juggler's owner to me, "to entertain any ill will toward so promising a young person, but if I don't have him hung out to dry before I'm seven days older, my life won't be worth \$2.35 to me, nor am I humming any swan song."

"So Juggler's owner once more entrusted me with the job, and once more I repaired unto the place of conference with this bright young rider of races.

"Little man," said I to him, "we know that you couldn't hold Juggler, and that he got away from you. But we want you to try again. Fetch him home tomorrow. You'll be in right and with the best of the betting—but we can see now, that it's so much easier to fetch him home that that's the only way he's going to be ridden in the future."

"Fifteen hundred was about what he thought he could do the job for, and I told him that he'd have a ticket of that size to stick into his right bootleg before parading Juggler to the post.

"Just seventeen minutes before 'Boots and Saddles' went for the race in which Juggler was to walk home on the bit, I went to Stovepipe Dick Blundell, the black man that used to make a penny book for men of his tribe at Gloucester in those days, and had him write me a ticket with a carpenter's pencil—1,500 to 500—Juggler was as 1 to 3 in the betting. I took this ticket to the paddock and slipped it to the weazen-charted midget who had the leg up on Juggler. He slipped the ticket into his boot.

"Juggler walks," said he, and then I went into the ring and stood a tap on Juggler, as did Juggler's owner.

"Well, that's about sufficient to get the curtain down. Juggler came home all alone, and his owner and I got away with enough of the saffron papers to build two or three Gloucester grandstands—but when that strong-armed jock had shifted into his multi and gone after Stovepipe Dick to get his \$2,000, and when the Afro-American stoolman gave him the boot and referred him to us—Juggler's owner and I were standing by to study the jock's misery—in support of the contention that the 1,500 to 500 transaction was a matter of pennies instead of keopecks—he looked as if he'd been accidentally nailed up in the steam room of a Russian bath for about three weeks.

Killed by a Bull.

Sonora, April 26.—Victor Rocca, a prominent young Italian of this city, was gored and dragged to death by an angry bull about 10 o'clock this morning near the Catholic cemetery. Rocca was trimming trees in a field where the bull was kept. No one was present save the victim of the enraged beast, but a wood-chopper, a quarter of a mile away, heard the agonizing calls of Rocca for help. Hastening to succor the one in distress he emerged from the forest and in the open field saw the angry bull pawing the ground and fiercely eyeing the prostrate form of a man near by. Other laborers in the vicinity came upon the scene. The animal was driven away, and when assistance reached Rocca he gasped once or twice and died.

The bull had attacked Rocca seventy-five yards from where his body was found. At the first lunge evidently Rocca was struck in the right ribs, as all of them were stove in. For protection he grabbed a rope on the animal's horns and was dragged over the rocks, only releasing his hold when his neck was broken. The bull was considered a pet and belonged to Rev. P. Guerin, rector of St. Patrick's church, in this city.

Cown Sold at Auction.

"Sold of Emil Freier for \$57.29." With these words County Clerk Fred Mann of Kankakee county disposed of the village of Tracy to cancel a tax indebtedness of \$20 and costs. Mr. Freier is a carpenter who has an ambition to start a cooperative colony.

"It will be a good place for me to go when I get out of a job," he said to the county clerk. "I'll borrow money, build a few houses and start a colony."

"Suppose that the property is redeemed?" suggested Mr. Mann.

"Redeemed? I get a clear title, don't I? I've paid the money."

"Sure, but the original owner has a certain length of time in which to redeem it."

Mr. Freier was disgusted, but what could he do? Four days later Walter Lawless appeared at the county clerk's office to redeem the property. It originally had belonged to him. His 200-acre farm adjoins it on the east.

"Do you suppose I'd let that land go for \$57?" he inquired of Mr. Mann. "It's worth \$75 an acre."

"Why didn't you pay the taxes, then?"

Mr. Lawless didn't say, but it cost him considerable more than \$57.29 to secure a clear title.

Ten years ago the village of Tracy was a thriving settlement, covering an area of thirty acres. Deserted when the vein of coal that was its sole excuse gave out, the village houses rotted and furnished lumber and fuel to neighboring farmers for years. Sold for taxes, the town site passed into the hands of a carpenter, who disposed of it a few days thereafter to the farmer whose land it adjoins. Next year corn fields will obliterate the last traces of a town where several hundred people formerly toiled and lived.

Trace the Kankakee and Seneca branch of the Big Four Railroad, ride out northwest from Kankakee on a go-as-you-please mixed train, and at the end of about twenty miles you come to the town of Essex. Hire a rig at an exorbitant rate and drive west for a couple of miles until you strike an unused coal road that is marked Illinois Central on the map. Then go south for a quarter of a mile on a highway that has not been disturbed by wheel for years. Looking sharply about you now, you can see traces of a former town. It is the site of the abandoned Tracy. There are no imposing ruins, such as one might encounter in the valley of the Nile or in the grand canon of the Colorado. This is a deserted mining town and deserted mining towns in this country are of a superlatively evanescent character.

Doubly melancholy is the forgotten hamlet shrouded in the deep snow. It is like the neglected grave of a first wife—supplanted for the more lively, younger town of Clarke City, one mile further south, on the coal road that has been mentioned.

Here, it is easy to see, was once a wide street, and on both sides at intervals are found excavations where rude cellars existed. Mansions were not found in Tracy. Remains of a former foundation, robbed of its best dimension stone, show where a house of some pretensions stood. Perhaps there the superintendent lived. A dilapidated fence, overlooked by kindling wood gatherers must have at one time guarded a kitchen garden from wandering and unscrupulous cows.

The most conspicuous feature of

the gloomy landscape is a huge hill of stack, many times larger than the dust heap that Dickens describes in "Our Mutual Friend." It is near the mouth of the abandoned mine, and will stand there till some ingenious American discovers a process for converting what is now considered waste material into building blocks and paving brick. Then the owner will be in a position to buy more land and raise more corn.

Any buildings standing? Yes, one 8x10 foot shanty with earthen floor. In it are the charred remnants of a hunter's fire and bits of fur that need no Sherlock Holmes to assist in conveying the information that sportsmen linger here to satisfy hunger by dining on one of the rabbits whose tracks are so numerous in this depressing place. Henry David Thoreau, hermit though he was, would not have remained an hour in this lonely cabin, and Cowper, despite his plaintive sighing for a "lodge in some vast wilderness," would have taken a look at the place and fled, nor cast one "long lingering look behind." No living thing there, save crows, and they finding nothing to tempt their voracious appetites, flying circuitously westward, cawing impatiently, "Com on, com on, com on!"

Ten years ago there was a different scene. Perhaps 100 homes, modest structures such as miners occupy—stood in orderly rows. Bustling activity everywhere. Coal trains pulling into town and departing, laden with fuel for distant parts of the state. Red-checked, bare-armed, lusty women hanging the clothes out to wash or gossiping at the doors of their houses. Miners everywhere, their light-hearted laughter sweet music for weary miners trudging homeward with grimy faces and empty lunch boxes. The chug-chug of the engines scarcely ever ceasing, with shrill whistles at intervals, indicating that the ponderous thing of iron and steel was doing its best.

The miners are an interesting class, as former Sheriffs of Kankakee county can tell. It is said they made whiskey in their cellars and more than once blind pigs were raided, but always too late, for the village, standing just half a mile from the Grundy county line, enabled illicit distillers to find an easy haven of refuge from Kankakee officers. Tracy being unincorporated could not secure a license, but the miner must have his dram when he emerged from the pit with dust-caked throat.

One day there was a conference between the brown-corduroy mine superintendent and the alert president of the Illinois Coal Company. "Veins giving out," said the superintendent, then added in response to a question, "Nope, nothing to be gained by operating any longer."

So, one day, the cage made its last ascent to the top of the long shaft of mine No. 3. Engine and machinery were loaded on cars and shipped to Clarke City. The company's store was denuded of its stock. Most of the buildings were moved away. The miners came no more to Tracy. They were glad to move to the larger and more lively town of Clark City—such of them as remained in the employ of the company. Tracey's streets became grass grown. The village was left to the crows and rabbits.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In His Cabin Under Snow.

Imprisoned in a snowdrift and cut off from communication with any living creature, Joshua Fielding, an aged mountaineer, awaits the arrival of the two rescue parties that have been sent from Huntington to reach the head of the canon before his scanty store of provisions is exhausted and he succumbs to cold and hunger.

Ten days ago Robert Reynolds, the companion of Fielding, left the lonely shanty at the head of Huntington canon to bring back a new stock of provisions. The store which he had taken with them when first leaving this city was nearly exhausted, and one of the men was obliged to make the trip to the village. Reynolds, who is younger, and far more active, undertook the trip, and started on his perilous journey through the drifts on his way to Huntington, thirty-five miles distant.

A blinding blizzard was raging and swirling snow beat against the struggling man. When he left the cabin the snow had reached a depth of five feet on the level, and from twenty-five to thirty feet in the drifts. The heaviest storm in years was raging, and the snow heaped higher. He was able to finally reach Huntington after eighty hours of buffeting with the storm and told the condition of the old man.

Meanwhile Fielding is hedged in by a wall of snow on each side of the cabin. He was left provisions enough to last for ten days, and the stock by frugal management would have kept him alive until yesterday.

The first rescuing party was sent out from Huntington last Wednesday. It was composed of five young men, well equipped with snow shoes and provisions enough to keep the party for ten days. They started from the mouth of the canon with teams, hoping to travel in that way for a distance of ten or twelve miles, when they will leave the horses and continue the journey on foot. The trip will be made on leaving the teams only by night on account of the thawing snow and the difficulty of using the snowshoes during the day. It was expected when they left that the party would reach the head of the canon by Friday night for Saturday morning at the latest.

On reading the story of the predicament of his father, Horace Fielding, who lives in Pocatello, at once made the trip to Huntington and organized another rescuing party to attempt the trip to the head of the canon. He reached that place Thursday night and headed the second expedition Friday morning. This party is equipped in a similar manner to the one which had a few days the start, and a race is on between the two to reach the old man before he dies of starvation and of cold. Neither of the parties is expected to return to Huntington before Wednesday of this week and no news of the old man's condition can be learned before that time.

The severest blizzard of years is raging in the canon and the snow is now estimated to be far deeper than when Reynolds left the cabin. It has fallen steadily since that time. William Howard of Huntington was in the city yesterday and declared that the rescuing parties will have great difficulty and will undergo great danger before they arrive at the head of the canon to relieve the danger of Fielding.—Salt Lake Herald, April 15

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FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1902

Stro

A short time ago the attention to the people are ne... and in con... ment he gave... of Cinc... time he has re... requests for mor... lady writes... your ancient hist... ing than any... ruck."

It is such encour... here that has prom... to once more de... archives and make a... lighten his many r... may no longer g... through the darkness... hand with ignor... story.

In his last revelat... made casual mention... Remus. The latter... by his brother's... hired by Romulus

DURING THE G... COPPED A SA... But it matters n... die. He is do... This last stat... ed to cast-glo... Remus died 753... his case B. C. d... ash Columbia... Romulus founde... which must have... mining camp for... its citizens were... naps, a few dan... even in those day... may be taken... free, they dance... thought them beer... marrying them... said.

"Not on your t... Then it was th... one of the near... history. In a... ship lived a ra... Sabines whose