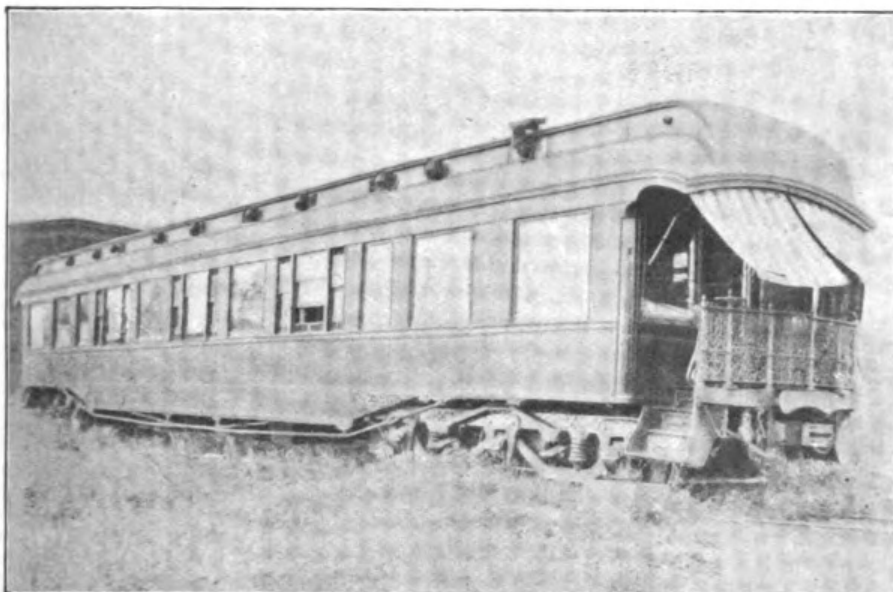


## Some Wonders from the West.

### IX.—THE AMAZING ROMANCE OF A RAILWAY-CAR.



THE PALATIAL CARRIAGE IN WHICH MR. AND MRS. DUDLEY ARE LIVING IN POVERTY.  
*From a Photograph.*

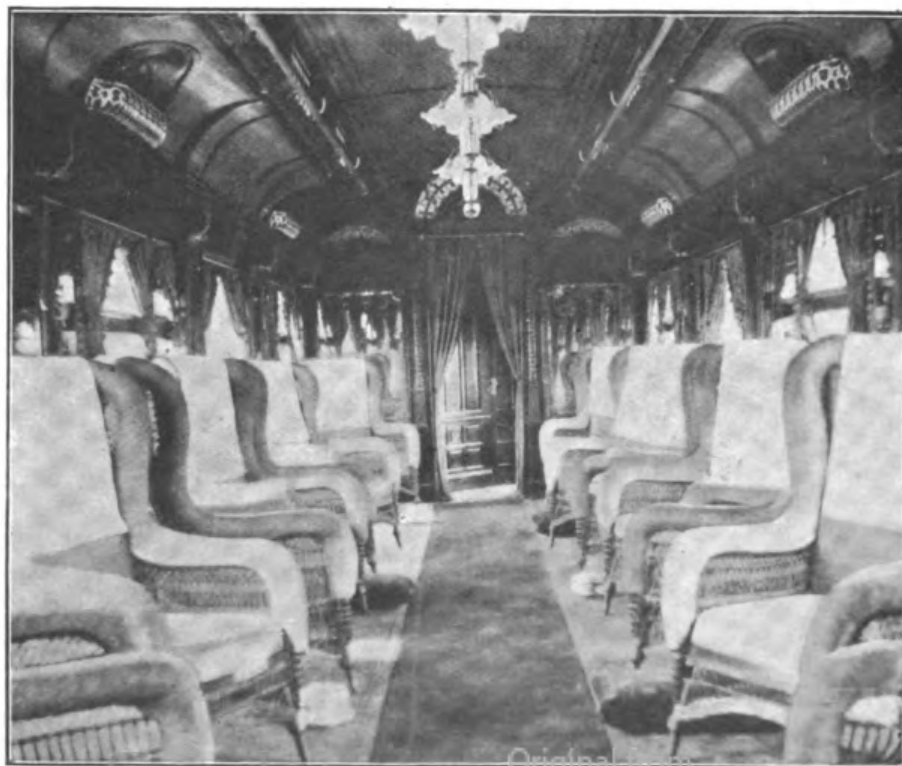


UST outside of Springfield, Massachusetts, in the little suburb of Brightwood, on an abandoned grass-grown side track, lies a large palace-car, bearing the name "Boston."

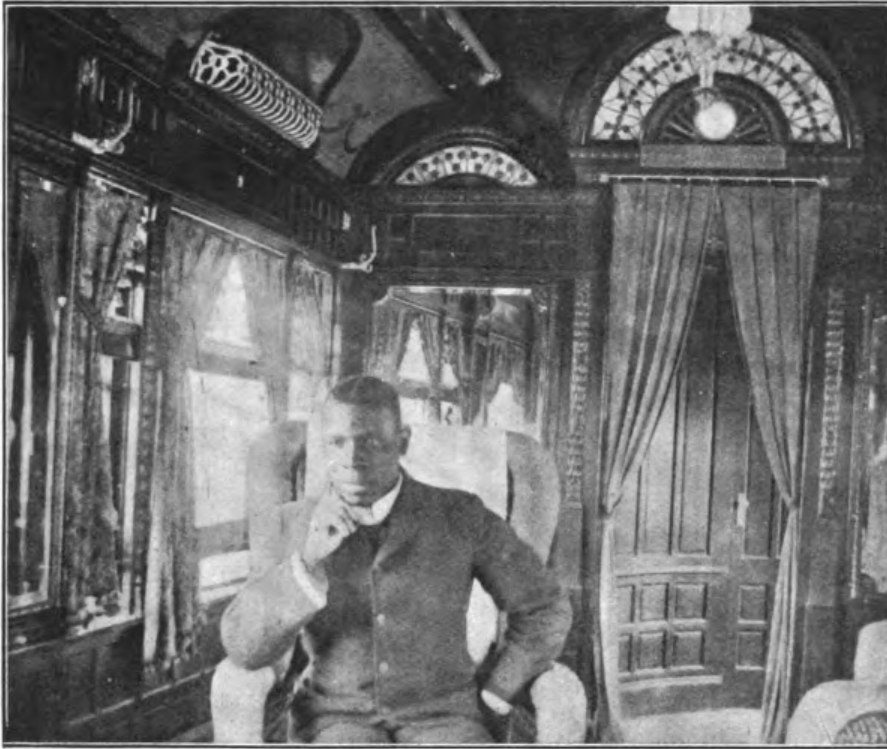
Everything about the exterior of the coach indicates that it has been carefully looked after. The brass handles are free of the least suggestion of tarnish, the large bevelled glass windows have been cleaned and polished to the traditional clearness of crystal, and not a single scratch mars the paint on the woodwork. Crossing the portal and entering the interior the appearance of the car is calculated to make even the most travel-hardened visitor stare with amazement.

On every side are evidences of the most opulent

luxury and unlimited wealth. The curtains are of damask, of silk, of satin, and the richest cardinal velvet. The woodwork is of the most expensive inlaid mahogany and ebony. Great, capacious reclining chairs, upholstered in the finest leather, are scattered over the car, and in the background is a handsome library, filled with expensive and rare books in the richest and most artistic bindings. On a small table, evidently set for dinner, is a service of valuable solid silver, delicate hand-painted china, and exquisite French cut-glass, every piece of which must be worth almost its weight in gold. The tablecloth and napkins are made of Irish linen of the snowiest whiteness, and every detail, every-



THE SITTING-ROOM OF THE CARRIAGE. *[Photograph.]*



From a]

ALLAN DUDLEY.

[Photograph.

thing about the car, is characterized by the most refined elegance, a magnificence only obtainable at the cost of a prodigal outlay of cash.

"Who, then, is the occupant of this car?" is the natural inquiry of the visitor. "What Croesus spends his time in this palace on wheels, rolling rapidly over the country, with all the comforts and luxuries of the most splendidly-appointed hotel at his disposal? Who is the plutocrat, the man of millions, the wealthy magnate, who is master of all this splendour?"

The answer to this question discloses a state of affairs more peculiar than any which novelist ever pictured—a real romance of real life—the story of how a

menial, a humble servant, became master of a residence worth sixty thousand dollars—of starvation in the midst of plenty, of gaunt poverty reigning supreme in the surroundings worthy the home of a multi-millionaire.

Allan Dudley, a negro, and his wife are the only occupants of this sumptuous car. It is their only home, and for almost two years they have known no other.

Yet Dudley is only a porter. His salary is sixty-five dollars a month.

He has no other income, and even this modest competence has not been paid for the past two years. Never was a better instance of the irony of fate than this negro's present condition.

Although they live in a sixty-thousand-dollar residence, have in their keeping silver



From a]

MRS. DUDLEY.

[Photograph.

plate worth a small fortune, china ware, cut-glass, linen, etc., Dudley and his wife live in utter destitution, and once or twice have only escaped starvation by begging food from kind-hearted neighbours.

Even with its residents out of question, there is a remarkable story in the "Boston" itself; a startling exemplification of the old adage, "To what base uses may we come at last."

It is a magnificently built and furnished coach. At one end is the porter's bedroom, used in the day for an observation-room. Besides this are large lavatories for men and for women. A linen cupboard contains 1,500 pieces of the best linen, and a wine cupboard is stored with every design of wine service. In the middle of the car is the parlour by day and the berth-room by night. By day it is a regular parlour-chair car, with appliances for its quick conversion into a dining-car. At each of the ten tables which may be set up is a service of thirty pieces of solid silver ware. At night, ten berths on each side of the car are raised up from what is called in railroad parlance the "belly" under the flooring. There is sleeping accommodation for forty persons. All the berths are magnificently fitted, and are more roomy than those of a usual Pullman. At the other end of the car are a writing-desk and library. Besides this, there is a steam-heated apparatus in a small room, cupboards for all purposes, and a kitchen perfectly fitted with the best china ware.

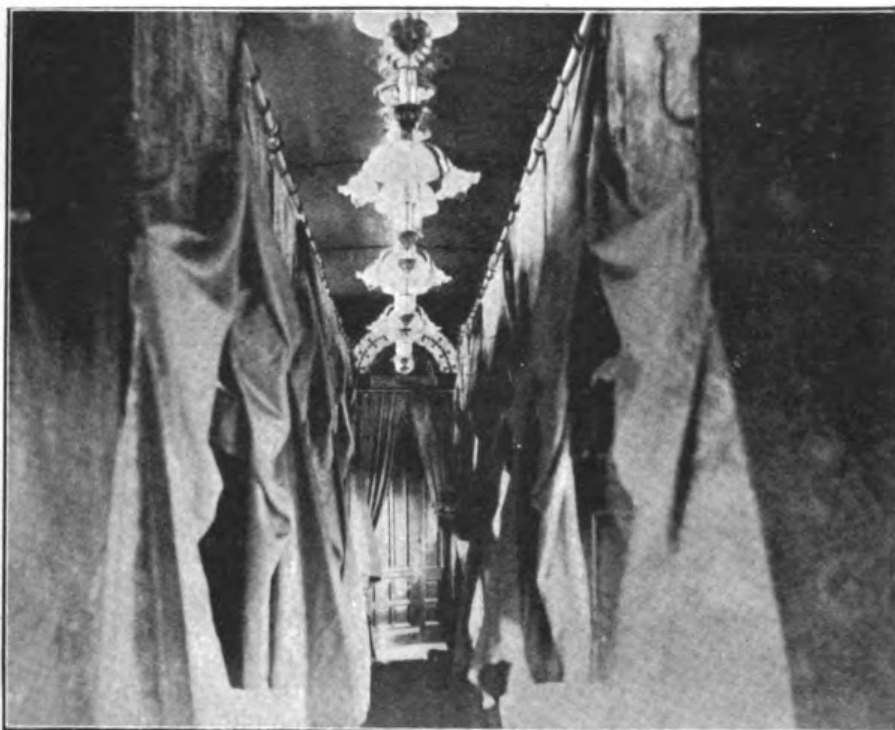
When built eleven years ago this splendid car was acclaimed a marvel, and experts freely predicted that it would completely revolutionize railroad travel.

It is conceded to be the finest piece of rolling-stock ever constructed, and while only valued at sixty thousand dollars, the total expenses of building, altering and

reconstructing, arranging the patents, and all preliminaries, aggregate fully one hundred thousand dollars.

The car was invented by a Bostonian, named Denham, and its peculiarity was that it was so arranged as to form a combination palace-car, dining-car, observation train, and sleeper.

Built originally to illustrate the value of this new principle, the "Jeannette," as it was first called, travelled all over the United States, as well as Canada, Mexico, and



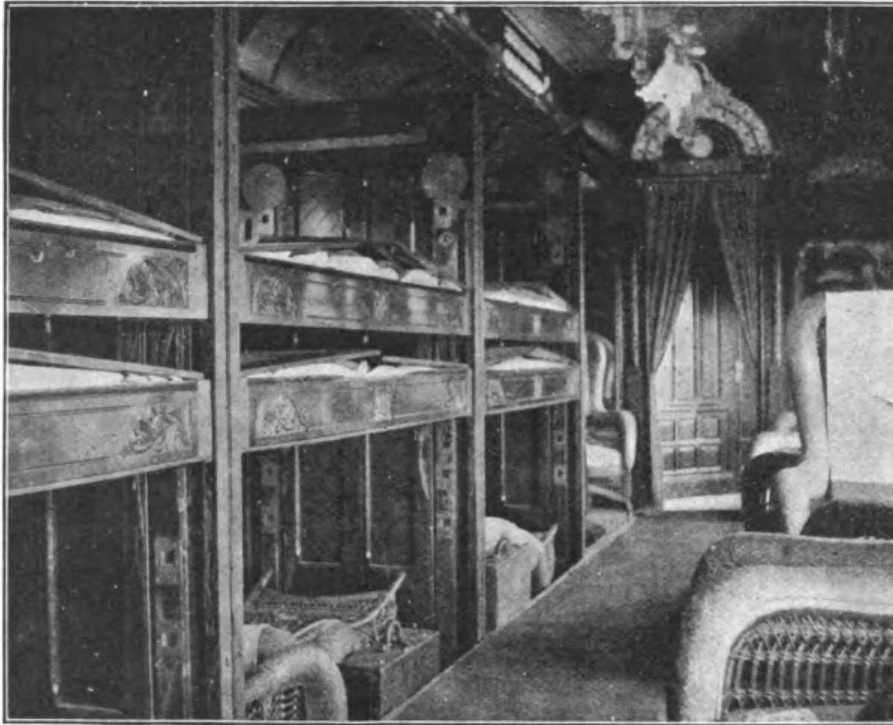
From a]

THE SLEEPING-ROOM OF THE CARRIAGE.

[Photograph.

Central America, and the ingenuity of its construction, the economy of space, and the splendour of its appointments created a veritable furore.

Men of millions, railroad presidents, financiers, bankers, and brokers were lavishly entertained within its walls. The Imperial Governor-General of Canada, Lord Aberdeen, was among the most enthusiastic of the distinguished guests. Everything indicated the speedy adoption of the new car all over the country, and several orders were actually received, but, unfortunately, the enormous outlay necessary to launch the enterprise had severely drained the resources of the operating company, and in a short time its affairs became seriously involved. Creditors were pressing, debts accumulating, and finally the Harris Palatial Car Co., as the first owners called themselves, had to sell out at forced



From a

SOME OF THE LUXURIOUS BERTHS.

[Photograph.

sale, and only realized ten thousand dollars for the "Jeannette."

The purchasers immediately formed a new company, the American Palace Car Co. The car was rebuilt and improved at an outlay of forty thousand dollars, re-named the "Boston," and once again sent out for exhibition.

Under the first management, during the memorable tour, Allan Dudley had been porter, and the new company retained his services at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month. Dudley was a useful man, who could not only discharge the duties of porter, but, through his thorough understanding of the mechanism of the car, was able to assist in its display.

The second trip was but a repetition of the first. Everywhere the car was admired, and would undoubtedly have come into use but for the prejudice engendered by pending patent litigation. The fatality which had pursued the car under the first *régime* came as a legacy to the new concern, and its affairs were soon as hopelessly tangled as those of its predecessor.

The financial troubles finally reached a climax January 15th, 1899, when the car was sent to the Wason Company at Brightwood for repairs. Since that time it has remained in their possession on a side-track, the owners being unable to raise the thirteen hundred dollars due for repairs.

Six lawyers are now in Springfield representing various creditors of the company, and so thoroughly are matters involved that it will probably be years before a settlement can be reached and the ultimate fate of the car decided.

The stockholders cannot obtain possession of their property without a complete settlement. They cannot move it from the yards until the Wason Company is paid thirteen hundred dollars due for repairs,

and the moment they satisfy this claim attachments will be served by all the other creditors.

This is how it happens that the magnificent car lies abandoned in Brightwood, and that the former porter and his wife are living in a sixty-thousand-dollar home.

Throughout all the vicissitudes of the company the Dudleys have remained loyal. The porter now has the distinction of being the American Palace Car Company's only employé, and although he has not received any salary for two years he has stuck bravely to his post and protected the car and its valuable fittings against burglars.

The instant the "Boston" became a prisoner in the yard the company seemed suddenly to forget that such a person as Dudley existed. From time to time he has written the most appealing letters, setting forth his destitute condition and begging for a portion of the overdue salary. In reply he has received polite acknowledgments, expressions of recognition of his faithfulness, but never any money. Dudley is therefore virtually a prisoner on the handsomely appointed coach. In various ways, with the assistance of Brightwood people, he has eked out a precarious living. He does not take a regular situation, because that would entail legal surrender of the present position, and he might never be able to collect his bill. It is only his careful watch of the car which has already prevented

heavy loss from thieves, who have made three attempts to break in and steal the valuables.

Both husband and wife go constantly armed in order to repel such attacks. In spite of his poor treatment Dudley has discharged his trust with a fidelity almost unparalleled. In his possession and entirely subject to his order he has had several thousand dollars' worth of movable chattels, which could readily have been turned into money. These include 400 pieces of solid silver plate, 900 pieces of exquisite hand-painted china, 300 pieces of the best French cut-glass, 1,500 pieces of the finest table and bed-linen, to say nothing of the books, expensive copper cooking utensils, and other equipments of the

car; yet in spite of all his privations he has never yielded to the natural temptation, and can account for every article the company delivered into his care.

Dudley is a man out of the ordinary, an exceptionally clever negro. Born in Ohio, he received a good education and uses excellent English. He is a fine-looking man, and bears some resemblance to Booker T. Washington, the noted negro educator. His wife is white, a Canadian. Dudley met her in Ottawa in 1897, and they were married by a Methodist minister in Springfield.

When Dudley succeeds in collecting the overdue salary they intend removing to Ottawa to take up their permanent residence near Mrs. Dudley's people.

### X.—HOW REDSKINS ACTED "HIAWATHA."

BY FREDERICK T. C. LANGDON.

LONGFELLOW'S beautiful poem, "Hiawatha," has been born again. After these many years since the American bard first gave the world of literature the charming

after novel is being put upon the stage, if the Fates have ever consented to work together so picturesquely and harmoniously. It is doubtful, too, if any drama, in recent



CHIEF KABAOSA AND HIS SQUAW, WHO TOOK THE PARTS OF HIAWATHA'S FATHER AND MOTHER.  
From a Photograph.

redskin love-story it has been dramatized, and, stranger than all else, dramatized by the Indians of the Ojibway tribe whence the legend came.

It is doubtful, even in this era when novel

years at least, has been presented by actors in whose veins coursed the blood of those who gave the story birth.

To lovers of the best in literature there comes a strong sense of the eternal fitness of

things in this unique and weird performance. Most touching of all, however, and delightfully in keeping with the sentiment of the occasion, was the fact that among the spectators at the production of the drama were the poet's daughters, Miss Alice Longfellow and Mrs. J. G. Thorpe, as well as eight or ten more distant relatives.

The presentation of "Hiawatha" by the Indians was given on the 25th of August last at Kensington Point, two miles from Desbarates, Canada, in the very heart of the Ojibway land. Kensington Point is one of the daintiest garden spots in Nature. Rock-ribbed, tree-crowned, shrub-fringed, it juts into a northern arm of Lake Huron towards the setting sun. Tiny wooded islands dot the bay, and through them and beyond stretches the lake itself, seemingly as boundless as the ocean.

The stage whereon "Hiawatha" was performed stood near the water's edge at the foot of a gentle slope sparsely grown with rugged trees and covered with a fabric of brown pine-needles entangled in the soft green grasses of the forest. This stage was erected about the base of a woodland giant, whose spreading arms threw a benedictory shadow over the redskin actors underneath. Here and there in the forest aisles were scattered wigwags, and beyond the platform, just where the placid waters kiss a narrow, glimmering ribbon of shore, a fleet of birch

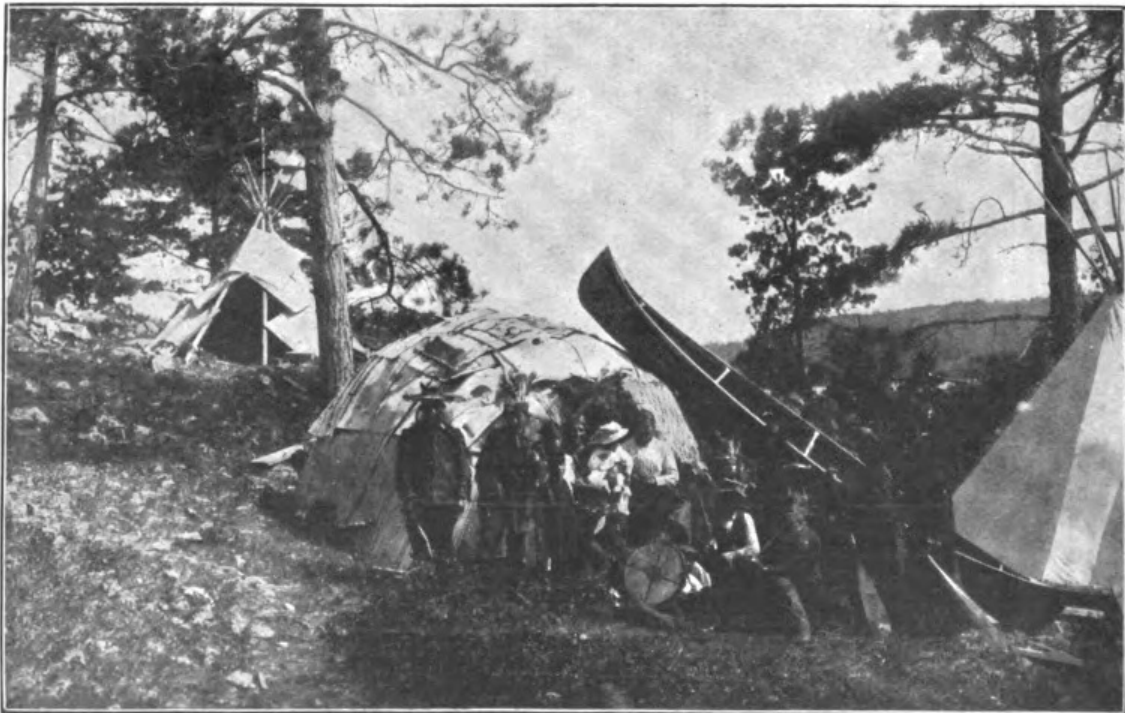
canoes grated nervously on the sand. The town of Desbarates occupies a central position in the land of the Ojibways, which extends from Marquette, Michigan, on the west, to the Ottawa River some miles to the eastward.

That "Hiawatha" might be dramatized was the suggestion of Mr. F. O. Armstrong, of Montreal. He is an ethnologist of considerable note, and it seemed to him that nothing could be more unique than to stage the poem and to train as actors the direct descendants of the Indians who furnished the basis for the story. Mr. Armstrong laid his plans before Mr. F. M. West, a Boston artist and a lover of Indian tradition, and Mr. West received the proposition very enthusiastically.

There were weary weeks of instruction before the participants approached success, but as the days went by perfection grew.

About seventy-five Indians participated in the drama, but of this number only a few played prominent rôles. In the beginning the actors seemed more or less embarrassed by the presence of the Longfellows, but as the play progressed the embarrassment was lost in genuine enthusiasm.

In the initial scene representatives from the tribes of every Indian nation assembled upon the platform in council of war. Almost hideous they were in their stripes of crimson war-paint, their garments of buckskin, and their armament. They approached the plat-



From a

SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.

HIAWATHA IS ON THE LEFT.

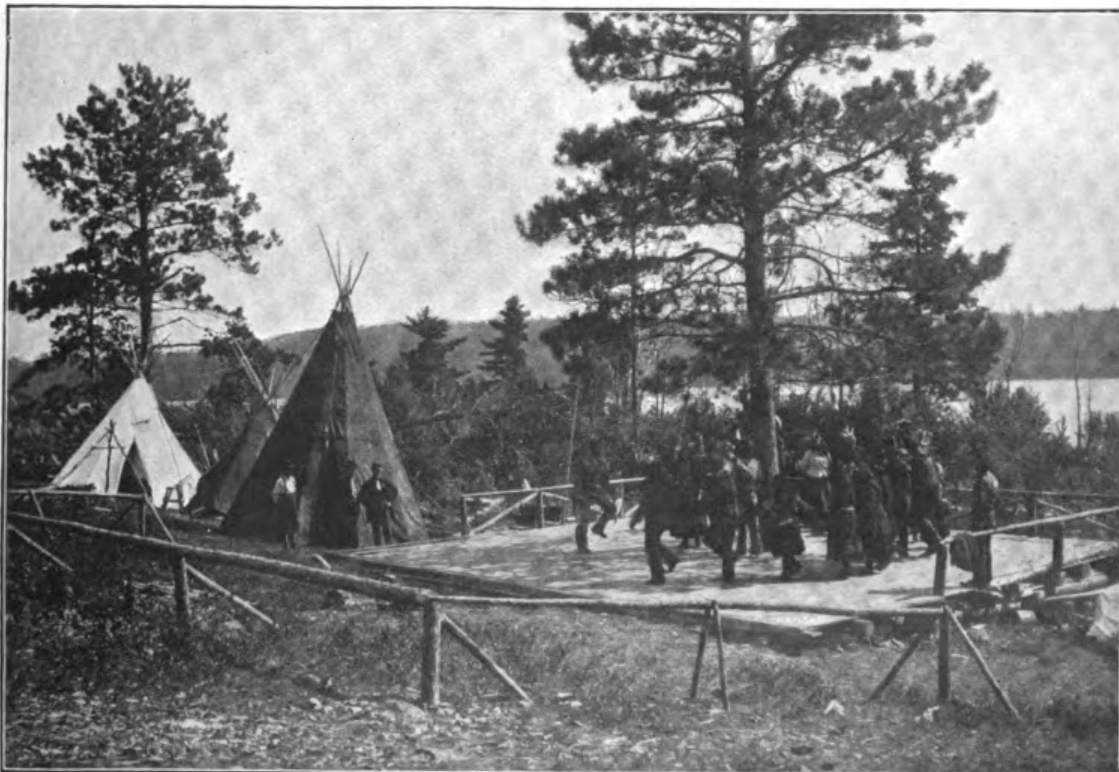
[Photograph.

form with that stealth and stolidity which history has long attributed to the redskin. Once there they formed a circle about the massive tree-trunk and engaged in an animated discussion.

Some twenty Indians participated in the council. Having indulged in a universal war-dance the delegates were addressed by Gitchie Manitou, the Great Spirit, who had caused the meeting to be summoned. He pleaded that peace might descend upon the tribes there represented, and so earnest and heartfelt were his words that at the close the Indians forthwith arose, and as one man stole down the slope to the edge of the lake, where they washed the war-paint away.

art of shooting. A group of his companions watched the proceedings keenly and showed approval, when Hiawatha hit the mark, by clapping their hands and emitting guttural grunts of pleasure. The scene was rather short, but it was a pretty representation of a pretty incident in the poem.

Hiawatha had grown to maturer years in the picture which followed. Meantime, he had made a journey to the distant Rocky Mountains and, returned, was engaged in describing to his tribesmen the incidents in his travels. He spoke of Minnehaha, the aged arrow-maker's daughter, and told of his intention to return again to the wigwam of her father in the days not far away. Hiawatha



From a]

THE DANCE AT HIAWATHA'S WEDDING.

[Photograph.

Having in such a manner sworn allegiance to the bond, the Indian file wound back again to the platform and squatted down to smoke the pipe of peace. One after another drew from the smouldering bowl a puff of significant vapour, blew it forth again, and passed the brierwood to his neighbour. Then the Indians left their places in preparation for the following scene.

Here young Hiawatha made his entrance. A lad some eight or nine years old took the part of the hero. With old Nokomis standing near, the boy first set arrow to bow-string and received his initial instructions in the

mapped out his journey with bits of charcoal on parchments of birch, and pictured his adventures mutely with rude illustrations.

In the next scene Hiawatha was setting out on his second journey to the arrow-maker's tent. The old man's wigwam stood in one of the forest paths a few yards distant from the stage. This distance Hiawatha travelled, and having thus crossed the mountains safely he arrived once more at the home of his loved one. Minnehaha, "Laughing Water," stood near by in the doorway, and there the young brave told his tale of love and devotion, and there he wooed and won

his redskin bride. Light and life and novelty brightened the wooing of the maiden, and the picture was one of the most charming of all.

The wedding feast was celebrated afterwards in a manner almost startling. The strange, fantastic dances, doubly weird because of the participants, added greatly to the strength of the drama. First of all came the wedding-dance itself, a bit of terpsichorean revelry at once unique in conception and remarkable in execution. An aged squaw with an ugly-looking tomahawk zealously guarded a group of Indian maidens from the

kneeling in a light canoe of birch. The Indians caught sight of the stranger and went immediately to greet him. He was taken to a wigwam near the water and offered refreshments, after which he went to the assembled tribesmen on the platform and addressed them in the Ojibway tongue.

This scene was followed by the most charming of all. It was the climax of the drama, the last farewell of Hiawatha and his departure.

The sun was sinking to sleep down the western sky, and the shadows of the pine trees crept, almost imperceptibly, up the



From a]

HIAWATHA, MINNEHAHA, AND THE OLD CHIEF.

[Photograph.

youthful warriors who would carry them away. One by one, however, the girls were stolen, despite the old woman's vigilant care and her ever-ready blows.

The Deer dance followed. This was significant of plenty for Hiawatha and Minnehaha. It may most aptly be described as a fast and furious Indian hornpipe. The Snake dance, intended to appease the evil spirits, was succeeded by the Gambling dance, a creation both strange and startling.

In their dances the Ojibways scarcely lift their feet from the floor. They seem rather to glide about with an undulating motion which makes the watcher almost dizzy.

In the following scene an English clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Clark, took the part of the missionary. He came suddenly into view from around the rock-strewn point,

grassy hillside. The islands on the thither shore were growing indistinct. Afternoon was melting into night.

Hiawatha walked forth from his companions, and told them boldly that he must go away. He spoke of the long miles of travel before him, and of his absence about to begin. Then, taking his paddle, he descended the slope, stepped into his canoe, and waving a last farewell, glided down the dying pathway of the sunshine.

Fixed, erect, immovable, he stood in the birchen craft as a statue on its pedestal, and with every moment the ribbon of sand receded more and more :—

Westward, westward, Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

#### XI.—MR. MEESE'S MARRIAGE SOCIETY.

THE strangest society in the United States, the Meese Matrimonial Association, is now preparing for its great annual reunion, and within a few days Auburn, Indiana, United

States of America, will be the scene of this peculiar celebration.

The society is composed exclusively of couples who have been married by the vener-



able Rev. W. L. Meese. Its membership amounts to about six hundred, and it is constantly increasing.

Pastor Meese founded this association, which is the only one of its kind in existence, and the idea was entirely original with him.

He can, perhaps, show a longer list of couples whom he has united than any other rector in the United States, and, proud of his record as a marrying parson, he conceived the novel idea of holding annual reunions, in which the happily married pairs might meet and be entertained. The reunion which took place in 1899 was a decided success, many of the men and a few of the women giving humorous and serious impromptu addresses on "How to be Happy though Married," or like subjects.

are always some music lovers and some musicians among the number, we will have instrumental and vocal selections. Undoubtedly some of the couples will have matters of importance to tell us, and so the entertainment feature will go smoothly and pleasantly.

"More important still, and a part of the day which is looked for expectantly, is the social. It is then that the real fun commences and the true object of the Matrimonial Society is carried out. Old friends who have not met since, perhaps, last year's reunion get together and talk over old times, reminiscences are exchanged, and a general good feeling is established. It is amusing to listen to some of the anecdotes which are related by the older couples, and



From a]

MR. MEESE'S MARRIAGE SOCIETY.

[Photograph.

Mr. Meese said in discussing his work recently, "Judge C. A. Barnes, of Bryan, Ohio, a skilled orator, gave an entertaining address in 1899 on the subject, 'Is Marriage a Failure?' and after he had finished what proved to be an amusing speech, the question was left open to the three hundred couples, and a lively debate ensued, in which much good-humoured banter was exchanged, but which ended in the question being decided in favour of the negative, all agreeing that marriage was not a failure.

"This meeting of the Matrimonial Association was so successful that all voted to hold another reunion in 1900. This we expect to do. Notices have already been sent out, and I have received several hundreds of letters of acceptance, and expect as many more before the time of the celebration.

"Several well-known speakers will deliver addresses on subjects of interest, and as there

the experiences of the younger ones are equally funny.

"It is an excellent opportunity for character-study, but that is aside from the question. I like to have the friends, the making of whose lives I have had a finger in, about me, and I believe the young as well as the old derive benefit from the meetings. Many practical suggestions are given by experienced housekeepers to the young wives just entering upon married life.

"The father of five or six children, too, can frequently give good advice to the young bridegroom who has just commenced to learn that life has its ups and downs.

"It is at the big dinner, though, that my several hundred friends begin to reap the benefit of the gathering. After all, there is nothing like a good dinner to make people become friendly, and over the viands which have been prepared by skilled hands many

pathetic stories, nearly all of which have a humorous side, are told of the failures of the first few months of housekeeping, and the sting which these queer mishaps oftentimes leaves is laughed away at the big reunion dinner.

"I have had couples nearing the three-score years and ten mark come to me after the meeting to express their thanks for the event which has seemed to lift the weight of years off their lives. Yes, I think that I can confidently say that from every point my Matrimonial Association has been a decided

success, and I expect these reunions to bear fruit long after I am dead."

Mr. Meese was born in Ohio, where he worked on the Ohio Canal until 1855, when he moved to De Kalb County, Indiana. In 1872 he was elected by the Republican party as sheriff, and in 1874 he was re-elected by that party to the same office. For many years he has been a respected and successful pastor in De Kalb County, and his Matrimonial Society has united him more closely than ever to the people.

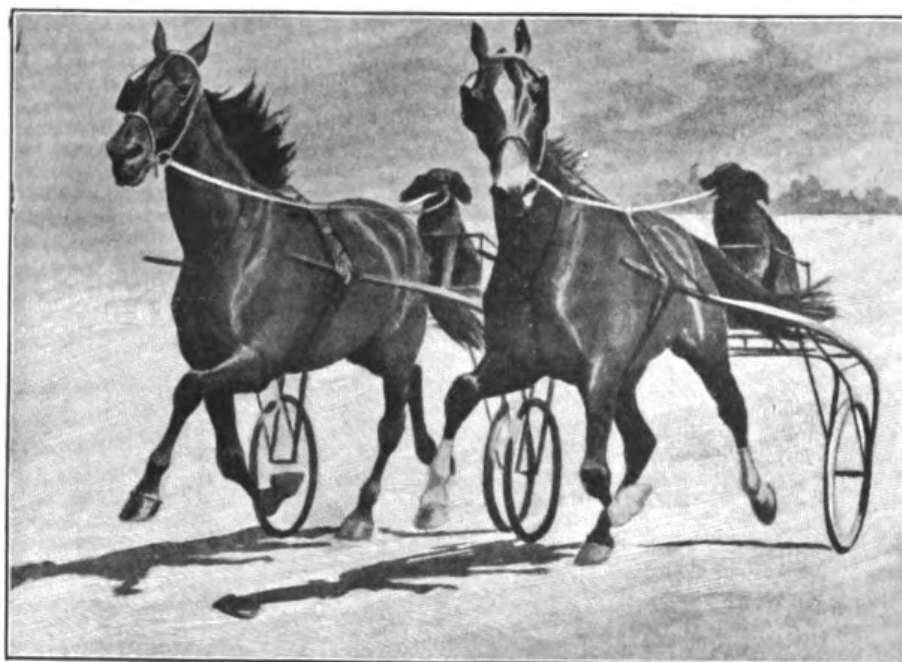
## XII.—A NOVELTY ON THE RACE-COURSE.

BY M. F. TOLER.

THE fairs of the United States, large and small, make their exhibitions more attractive by adding special features to the usual racing and agricultural programmes, such as diving elks and horses, trotting dogs and ostriches. The accompanying picture represents two racing mares, Humming Bird and Nan Wilkes, with dog-drivers. This novelty

where the dogs dismount, take the lead-straps with their teeth, and lead their charges back to head-quarters. As the crowds cheer their approval the canine drivers evince an almost human appreciation of the applause, and wag their tails as if thanking the spectators for the ovation.

Nan Wilkes and Humming Bird are



NAN WILKES AND HUMMING-BIRD DRIVEN BY REX AND MAX.  
From a Photograph.

appears on the race-course, each horse being led by its respective dog-driver, Rex and Max. Arriving at the stand they mount their sulkies without assistance, and, reins in mouth, proceed to jog back to the starting flag, when, at the sound of the bell, they turn and come down the course in racehorse style. Another tap of the bell brings them back to the stand,

chestnuts in colour, equally matched as to gait and speed, rarely making a mistake, and they finish closely at a high rate of speed. The dogs are brown spaniels, and exceedingly intelligent in every way. The outfit belongs to Mr. Fred Spoerhase, of New Ulm, Minnesota, and is decorated very tastefully, the attendants wearing handsome uniforms.

## XIII.—WORTH TWICE HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

THE most valuable cat in the world belongs to Mrs. Charles Weed, of Bound Brook, New Jersey. It is a superb French Angora, and five thousand dollars would not suffice to buy him.

Napoleon the First is the name of the famous cat, and, being worth double his weight in gold, appropriately enough Napoleon's silken coat is of the richest golden hue.

The five-thousand-dollar beauty occupies luxurious apartments, which would not have disgraced the famous Emperor himself, and unlike that great soldier this Napoleon has never felt the stings of defeat, having easily outclassed all his brothers and sisters at the many shows in which he has participated.

Mrs. Weed is very much attached to "Nap," and said, while exhibiting him recently: "I have had a number of valuable cats, but none which have won the laurels of Napoleon. He is a remarkably easy cat to get along with, too, and is as proud of his medals as any veteran. Although large he is well proportioned, and unlike so many petted cats has not an idle bone in his body; indeed, he is as good a ratter as any ordinary cat who can't trace his lineage back along a line of royalty.



THE MOST VALUABLE CAT IN THE WORLD.  
From a Photo. by Harding, Brooklyn.

"Nap's worst fault is jealousy. He will sulk for hours at a time and refuse to be comforted if I caress or fondle another puss, and frequently if I devote my attention to the stranger for any length of time Napoleon will cry to go out, and when the door is opened will leave the room with his head held proudly erect and without deigning to give so much as a glance in my direction. I have known him to remain away from home for a whole day when I offended him in this manner.

"Napoleon is very easily fed, and although he will eat a great variety of food, his principal diet is milk, oatmeal, and a little meat. The latter I cut in very small pieces for him or else leave on the bone, and I only give him this luxury at noon.

"In the summer he will eat potatoes and beans if well seasoned and buttered.

"He has been exhibited at many large shows and has always won the first prize given to Angoras, for his beauty, intelligence, and size.

"I have been offered five thousand dollars for him, double his weight in gold, but I wouldn't part with Nap for any amount of money."