

OKLAHOMA IS INHABITED.

THE WAITING THOUSANDS CROSS THE LINE.

And the Vacant Prairies of the New State Teem With People—Scenes and Incidents of the Opening.

The future historian of the State of Oklahoma, in search of material for his work, will find in the records of the early period of the commonwealth full of striking episodes and picturesque incidents. Foremost among these in importance and historical interest will be the events of April 22, 1889. That day is destined to live long in the memory of the people who witnessed the birth of the new State. It was a conspicuous landmark, too, in the annals of the whole country. Never before in the history of the United States have 10,000 people sat patiently around a piece of land, awaiting for months, years even, the day upon which they should receive permission to take possession. Never before have so many people rushed simultaneously upon a given center. Never before has there been so little land to be distributed among so many people. Never was the difference so marked between supply and demand. Why, according to a most moderate estimate, at least from 5,000 to 6,000 people camped in Guthrie alone. An equal number congregated at Oklahoma City. Scarcely less can be the number of those who went to Kingfisher. These include the merchants, the professional men, the speculators, as a rule. By far the greater number are the actual settlers. They cannot number much less than 12,000. Half that many crossed the railroad bridge at the Salt Fork of the Arkansas River the day before the territory was opened up, and it is conceded that far larger crowds were awaiting the opening day at Furlong on the southern border of Oklahoma, then.

This does not take into account boomers who entered by other but less popular trails. Altogether, however, it seems a low estimate which gives 25,000 as the number to which Oklahoma gave shelter on that memorable April night. Was there ever such sudden



THE FIRST TO REACH THE HILL.

infux of population in the days of the California gold fever, or during the greatest excitement of the discovery of oil in the fields of Pennsylvania? No; the case seems unique, the experiment a new one. It is not likely ever to be repeated, certainly not on such a scale.

Punctually at noon a trumpeter sounded the "dinner call." It was the signal agreed upon for the start. Immediately there went up shouts and cheers. A hundred pistols discharging their contents into the air but faintly echoed the joy, the enthusiasm, the feeling of relief in the part of the crowd that the supreme moment had arrived at last. Away dashed the horsemen in mad gallop, lashing their horses as if life depended upon reaching the hill yonder. They were followed closely by buggies, buckboards, and road wagons, and the rear was brought up by the heavy drays, all lashing up that steep incline. Clouds of dust obscured the foreground. Through it at times those who remained behind, caught glimpses of their friends as they galloped away.

"There he is," cries an old woman, clapping her hands, "there, do you see, on the white mare, there he goes."

The white mare is the first to disappear behind the crest of the hill. A second only, and another rider is lost in the little cloud of dust raised by the rider on the white horse.

"Oh, he can't beat our white mare," proudly explains the old woman. It is her son, the only child, who rides the mare.

"Good luck to that son of yours" is the wish of the bystanders, as the old woman slowly climbs into her canvas-covered wagon, picks up the reins and urges the team of sleepy mules to strain and haul the creaking old wagon out of the rut, and drag it with



EN ROUTE—CROSSING THE CANADIAN RIVER.

deliberation up the hill to follow the others. The mad race continues. They are all good horses, and they are all mounted by fearless riders. They jump the boulders and breakneck speed, all the time urging their animals with lash and spur. Here one is overtaken, there one stumbles and falls; but it is for a moment only that he is delayed. Up he pulls the beast, and away he goes again. Five minutes after the giving of the signal not a single rider is to be seen on the north side of the hill.

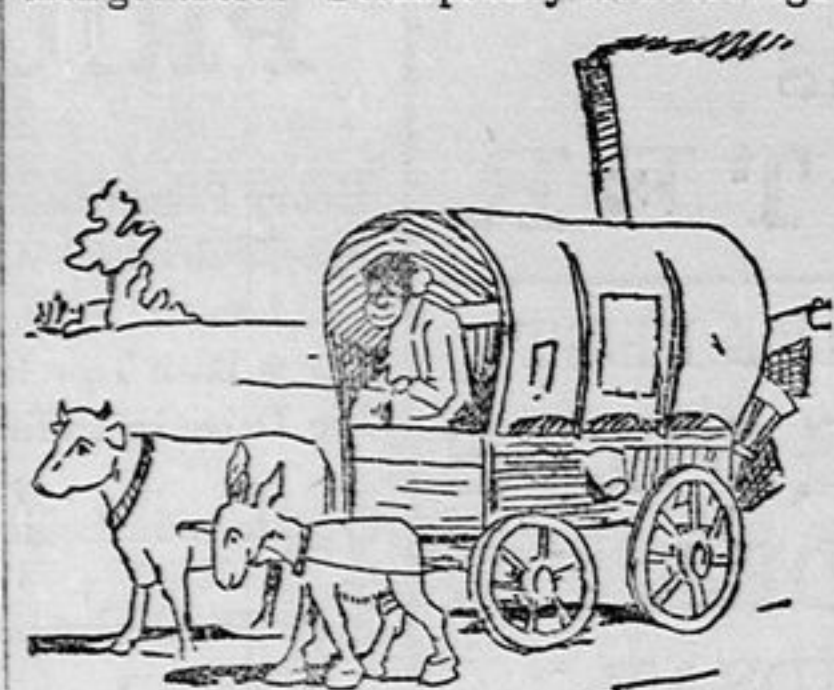
In the meantime the wagons were rumberling at good speed up the hill, their owners in many instances having no saddled horses, and depending upon luck in securing good land. There was no idea of keeping to the road any longer. From behind bushes, out of the ground as it were, wagon after wagon made its appearance. With the sun as

west only guide, they dashed across the prairie, up that stony hill, and disappeared in every direction to the interior of Oklahoma.

On the railroad track, when the signal for the start was given, stood a lot of men. They had neither wagons nor horses, but they were determined to settle in Oklahoma all the same. Shouldering their small bundles, they struck out boldly on foot. Half

an hour afterward the spot which only a short time before had echoed the noise and bustle of 4,000 people was quiet and lonely again as the desert, and in the distance, toward the north, could be seen the outlines of dust raised by the rapidly moving troop of cavalry under command of Lieutenant Waite. At 1 o'clock there dashed past this spot a train of ten cars, each filled to its extreme capacity with a motley crowd of humanity. They stood in the cars closely packed together, on the platforms and on the steps, on the tops of the cars, on the engine on the tender, everywhere. Stopping for a moment at the border to take up a few newspaper correspondents, it was off again toward Guthrie.

Guthrie was reached at 2 o'clock. On the way, horsemen and wagons were seen dashing across the country in every direction. Here and there a man was seen driving his stakes and turning the sod. This was an hour only after noon, and at least twelve miles beyond the border. How did these men get there? Perhaps they broke through



A NEGRO HAYOUT.

the lines in the night, or they were some of the old Payne boomers, who have been hitting in the woods of Oklahoma for a year or more. In either event they were there contrary to law. But the worst offenders against the law were met with at Guthrie. When the train arrived there, it found the land adjoining the station staked out and at least 500 people occupying it. These people had had a meeting in the morning, had adopted a town map, had decided upon the names of two streets, one running north and south to be named Harrison-ave., in honor of the President, the other Mumford-ave., in honor of the Editor of "The Kansas City Times," which has for many years made the cause of Oklahoma and the boomers its own. The crowd which jumped from the train long before it had stopped, and rushed wildly up the hill with stakes and flags and axes in their hands, ready to locate their claims, found not only corner lots, but whole streets and sections of the future capital of the Territory of Oklahoma occupied by people who had by some means or other secured an entry to Oklahoma.

"The Oklahoma News," published at Guthrie, though printed still in Winfield, Kan., was sold to a few curiosity and relic hunters from the top of a grocery box. Photographers were busy in every direction, being discharged by each succeeding train. The houses erected are as yet only "tents," but they spring up, like mushrooms, in a few hours. When the sunset, at least 900 tents covered the hillside and the plain beyond, and a thousand people probably without any covering except their blankets, and nothing to lie upon except the ground. Up to the present time the citizens of Guthrie have had no opportunity to discuss the propriety of building an opera house, but a circus is already on its way and the construction of a big hotel, the next best thing to an opera house in the West, is understood to be in contemplation.

The general good behavior of the Kansas boomers has been marked. Under very trying circumstances, they have carried themselves with a restraint and a self-possession at variance with the absurdly sensational statements which have found their way into print from time to time, and which seem to imply that the boomers from Kansas were disorderly and dangerous. On the contrary they have born themselves good-humoredly and without violation of the law.

The sights and scenes incidental to the opening were picturesque, striking and not lacking in humor through which a touch of pathos sometimes showed. One old-fashioned "prairie schooner," that had evidently been on the move constantly during the past quarter of a century, drifted through Kansas City en route for the promised land. It had the usual complement of three or four scrawny dogs, a big rooster, two or three kittens, several dirty faced children, and a lauk couple representing the head of the family. It was an Oklahoma outfit, a duplicate of the "Pikes Peak or bust," aggregation that was picked off by Indians not a score of years ago. The old man looked as if it was already a case of genuine "bust" with him, so far as money was concerned, and the semi-humorous inscription printed upon either side of the "schooner" indicated he was not a stranger to the leading attractions of some of the Western States. In fact he had evidently tried them all and got the worst of it each time. These were the words, printed in large black letters, that pedestrians read:

- "Chinch Baged in Illinois, Cicloaned in Nebraska, White capped in Indiana, Bald knobbed in Missouri, Prohibited in Kansas, Oklahoma or bust."

Paper Collars.

The caprices of fashion order many changes in men's apparel, but it is almost safe to say that the return to popularity of the once all-prevailing paper collar is about as probable as the return by the nineteenth century youth to the powdered wigs, cocked hats and knickerbockers of their colonial predecessors. And yet a decade and a half ago the paper collar, with its usual foundation and its glossy veneer, was almost universally worn. It is now, stated, as a reminder of the one-time popularity of this collar, that between the years 1860 and 1870 over 1,000,000 of the collars were sold daily. The extent of yearly sales of these collars nowadays amount to about 250,000. It is scarcely necessary to add that the paper collar still reigns supreme in the backwoods, and that the circulation of this article of apparel is merely confined to the

country places. It is difficult to persuade oneself that this collar was once the dear particular "fad" of the young and old men of fashion throughout the country. It was first introduced to the favorable notice of the public by a well-known New Yorker, a young man about town who had the courage of his convictions and his taste. The "dudes" of that day were as quick then as they are now to "catch on" to a good thing, and the paper collar entered upon its long career of popularity.—N. Y. Tribune.

An Unfortunate Child.

"Please give me a penny, sir. My mother is dead and we've got nothing to eat." "How long has your mother been dead, little girl?" "She died long before I was born, sir." "Poor child! Here's a quarter for you."

ODDS AND ENDS.

A German peasant has been detected in tapping a telegraph wire to cure his rheumatism.

A man tried to raise money in Americus, Ga., the other day by mortgaging a twenty-three-year-old mule.

It is said of a certain cranky clergyman in Ohio that he always has either a row or a revival in his church.

Cycling has become the rage in parts of Spain, and large numbers of machines are being shipped to Barcelona.

The Bishop of Gibraltar is considering whether he shall sanction the establishment of an English church at Monte Carlo.

Of the total area of California about one-third is susceptible of sufficient cultivation to sustain a moderately dense population without the aid of irrigation.

A Pennsylvania judge who has tried several hundred divorce cases says the chief cause of divorces is the lack of money to keep a family comfortable.

Two young ladies of Pike county, Georgia, have rented a farm, off which they are supporting themselves and an invalid mother, besides laying up money.

London has an electric omnibus. It carries twelve, and it is said that it can be guided with accuracy and ease by any man with intelligence enough to drive horses.

A new process has been patented by means of which beer can be preserved in casks and shipped to hot climates without danger of alteration or decomposition.

A verdict rendered in the Court of Assizes of the Seine has just been set aside and a new trial ordered because the foreman of the jury spelled the word majority with a "g."

A Neahkora young man who took a young lady's sleigh riding and made her walk home from the country because she displeased him, was fined twenty dollars and sentenced to spend twenty days in jail.

A mule owned in Jersey City performed the remarkable feat recently of walking across a railroad bridge which spans the Hackensack river. The bridge is trestle work, with a space of about four inches between each tie.

A Los Angeles paper says that in helping her husband on his farm at San Joaquin, Mrs. T. N. Meale plowed and sowed over 100 acres of wheat, taking care of her own four-horse team, and she is a "city raised" woman, too.

Philip Armour, the king of pork-packers, is estimated to be worth \$50,000,000, and is growing richer every day. He lives in a modest house on Prairie avenue in Chicago, and is at his desk every morning before the clock strikes seven.

A strong fire-proof room has been constructed outside Hawarden Castle, and in this will eventually be deposited an enormous mass of correspondence extended over the whole of Mr. Gladstone's public life, and consisting of upward of 60,000 letters.

There is said to be no falling off in the love for Burns in Scotland. Dinners, concerts and club meetings held in more than fifty towns and villages in Scotland at the recent Burns anniversary showed the warmth of the national feeling.

Last year the Pope received from "Peter's Pence" \$1,500,000; from interest on capital invested abroad, \$300,000, and from other sources about \$100,000—besides \$400,000 in cash jubilee gifts. His total disbursements aggregated about \$1,700,000.

The Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of Queen Victoria, is the latest recruit to the bicyclist, and his wife, Princess Louise, is also the possessor of a safety machine, and contemplates accompanying her husband on some of his early morning spins.

Thirteen miles from Cheyenne is what is said to be the largest horse farm in the world. There are 120,000 acres of land, where roam 5000 horses, which require the constant attention of 65 men. One hundred miles of wire fence keeps the animals in bounds.

A sheriff in Georgia actually attached a railroad train by running a chain through one of the wheels of the engine, and fastening it to the track. After a while he was convinced that he had no right to stop the United States mails and the train was allowed to proceed.

Ex-Congressman Walter A. Wood, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., drives the most gorgeous turnout in Washington. The wheels of his horse are of a bright red, the normal horses are covered by gold-mounted harness, and their driver is gorgeous in light livery with gold buttons.

In a suburb of Louisville, Ky., known as California, a two-story brick building belonging to a woman who lived out of town was recently stolen piecemeal from the lot on which it stood, and everything except the foundation carried away. The house contained eight rooms, and cost about \$2500.

London is to have "luncheon cars." Each car is to carry about with it a cook, together with cooking apparatus and a good supply of the necessary raw material, and to prevent the charge of obstruction or anything of the kind, the public will be invited to enter the vehicles and take their cheap luncheon en route, so to speak.

A New Jersey bird dog went into a room where a parrot was at liberty, when he stopped and pointed. The bird approached, looked the dog square in the eye, and said, "You're a rascal!" The dog was so surprised at hearing a bird speak that he dropped his tail, wheeled and ran away, and from that day to this he has never been known to point a bird.

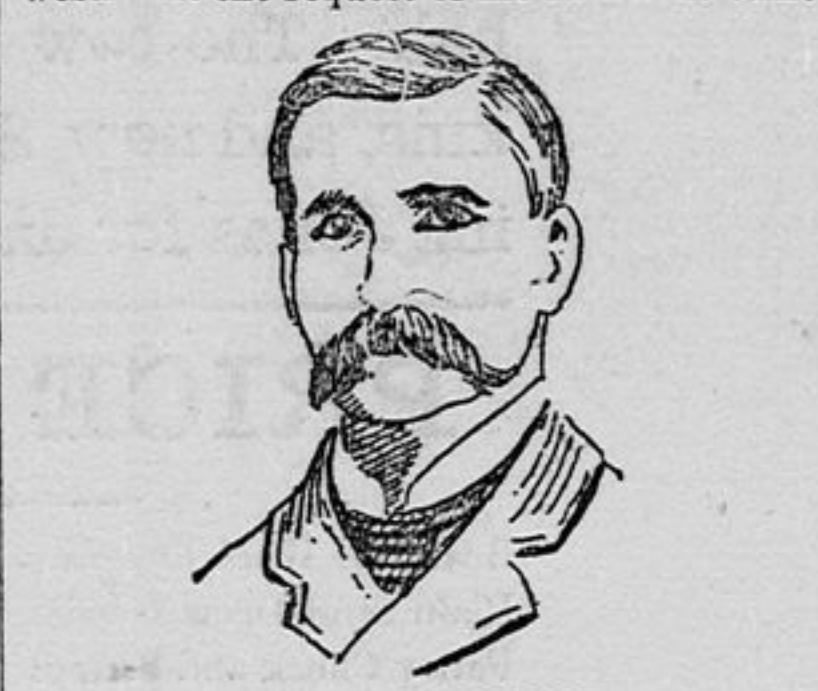
A new use for beer bottles is suggested in the Forest, of Swainboro, Ga., which says that Mr. L. L. McKemore has "purchased 1500 beer bottles to have his wife's flower yard laid off with. He says his wife is now arranging them and that they are very pretty. Mr. McKemore has a very pretty country home, and has displayed wonderful taste. Home should be made cheerful and attractive."

THE MEGANTIC OUTLAW.

DONALD MORRISON WHO WAS RECENTLY CAPTURED IN QUEBEC.

The History of a Dispute Which Culminated in Bloodshed and Which has Engaged the Attention of the Montreal Police for Months.

Donald Morrison, the megantic outlaw who was recently captured near Springhill, Que., through the instrumentality of Detective McMahon of the Montreal police force, is described as a blonde, so fair that at a little distance his hair and mustache seem gray. The history of his case is interesting reading. The events which culminated in the shooting of Lucius N. Warren by Morrison, originated years ago in a dispute about the Morrison farm which culminated in 1883, at which time Morrison was in the Northwest. At the request of his father he came

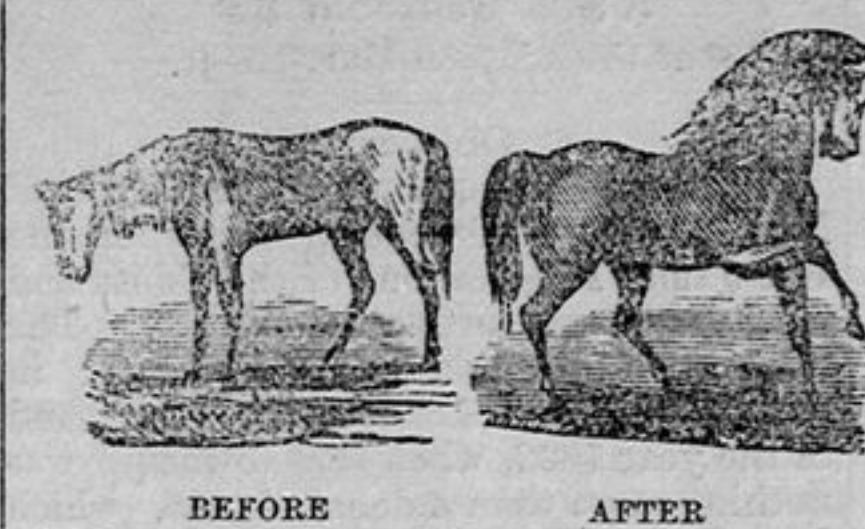


DONALD MORRISON.

home and found quite a considerable debt against the farm. This he succeeded in paying off, and after remaining nearly two years he wished to go away again. He offered to resign all claim on the farm if his father would pay him \$400, but the old man, unable to raise the amount, said he would give him \$100. Certain parties having tried to influence the father so that he might not make any arrangements to pay Donald for the money and labor he had invested, the latter took action against his father for \$900, and as he did not appear in court the case went by default. Donald's lawyer wrote the old man, demanding payment of the \$900, and the latter being shown to Major McAuley he offered to take a mortgage on the property for \$1100. There was at the time a mortgage on the farm held by Murdoch Morrison, Donald's brother. It was originally for some five hundred odd dollars, but Donald had reduced it to three hundred. When the other mortgage was taken by McAuley he paid off this one of \$300, gave \$400 in cash and a promissory note for the balance of \$400. On the margin of the note it was stated that the amount of the new mortgage of \$1100. It turned out that the note did not bear interest as agreed upon, and Morrison, when he learned this, applied to the court, asking that the mortgage be set aside as fraudulent, as he was afraid he would not receive the \$900 he claimed. The case was put into the hands of a Sherbrooke lawyer, but before it was decided Morrison put up the farm at auction, and it was sold in September, 1886. McAuley was the purchaser, but he offered to let the Morrisons have the property back, if they paid the amount he had given and the costs incurred. This they refused to do, and as the farm was of little use to McAuley, he sold it to a French Canadian named Duquette.

Disputes of one kind and another arose, Morrison advising Duquette to leave the place or there would be trouble, while McAuley told him to stay and not to bother about Morrison, whom the major said he could get put in goal for his throat. Shortly after this episode some one fired into the house Duquette was living in, and later on the homestead and buildings were set on fire. Morrison being suspected as the incendiary, a warrant was issued for his arrest and was given to a man named Lucius N. Warren. Morrison indignantly denied the charge of arson, and, it is said, threatened to shoot any one who attempted his arrest. Warren, on the other hand, declared he would serve the warrant and capture Morrison dead or alive. The consequence was that when they met some time afterwards in the village of Lake Megantic, each of them recognized that he had to deal with a desperate character. Accounts differ greatly as to what occurred at the meeting, but the following is as far as can be learned, the most accurate: Warren accosted Morrison on the street and said he had some business to transact with him. Morrison refused to listen to him and told him to keep out of the way. This was continued for some time, until Warren, exasperated at the other's conduct, drew his revolver from his pocket. In the opinion of some he intended to shoot, while others think it was merely to compel Morrison to go with him that he produced his weapon. Morrison apparently inclined to the former opinion, for no sooner did he see Warren's movement than he whipped out his own revolver and "dropped" the unfortunate man. Now that he is a prisoner the question as to whether he or Warren was to blame will be decided before the courts of justice.

Development of Coal in Canada. It is well known to geologists that in many parts of western Canada there are extensive coal deposits, the successful working of which must be of great importance in the development of the imperial traffic through the Dominion and on the Pacific. A large block of land, in which are thick and extensive seams of anthracite coal, has lately been worked by a Canadian company (the Canadian Anthracite Coal Company, Limited), in the Cascade district of the Bow River Pass, and with excellent results. This land covers the croppings of the veins, which dip from 32° to 60° in the side of the mountains, which rise from 500 feet or 600 feet, to 2,000 feet above the croppings. A tunnel 209 feet long has been driven, and this is 45 feet above the water level and cuts through 22 seams of coal. Three of these seams are being worked. The overlying seam measures about 9 feet, of which 7 feet are coal; the middle seam has from 3 feet to 3 feet 6 inches of clean hard coal; and the underlying seam is about 5 feet 8 inches, with 10 inches of slate near the centre of the seam. These are the only seams as yet practically tested, but from them about 15,000 tons of coal have been taken and shipped to the Pacific coast. The coal has been taken to San Francisco, where it has been graded as No. 1 free-burning white-ash anthracite. As yet the work which the local Canadian company have been able to do has been more of a prospecting character than mining for the market, and so an endeavor is being made to open up the whole of this extensive coal-field by the employment of British capital.—London Times.



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