

GOUGH'S LAST WORDS.

THEY WERE: "YOUNG MAN, MAKE YOUR RECORD CLEAN."

He Knew How to Reform Drunkards Because He Himself Was a Reformed Drunkard—Eight Thousand Six Hundred Lectures.

[Special Correspondence.]

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 24.—Here on Saturday last was laid to rest the body of John B. Gough. There is one very remarkable incident connected with this sudden taking off. Early in the season he had an engagement to lecture in the Frankford Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, but was obliged to give it up on account of ill health. Another date was made for him, that of Monday night, Feb. 15. He arrived at the church on time and began his lecture on "Peculiar People." But he seldom spoke on any subject without sooner or later touching on the topic which was ever nearest his heart—temperance.



JOHN B. GOUGH.

On this night, after speaking not quite three-quarters of an hour, he glided into a talk on the deadly effects of drunkenness. He was never more fiery, never more eloquent. He gesticulated abundantly, and threw all the dramatic power of his nature into his words. His audience was magnetized and thrilled as seldom in their lives. He adjured young men with all the intensity of his soul to abjure the serpent of alcohol. He raised his tones, and in a fervid, powerful voice exclaimed:

"YOUNG MAN, MAKE YOUR RECORD CLEAN."

Immediately after it was observed that he threw his arms into the air, and that his head dropped upon his chest. He was always intensely dramatic, and the audience thought this was more gesticulation. Some were even still deceived when the orator fell forward upon the platform. But he did not rise. Some of those present lifted him and carried him to a sofa. There was intense excitement among the overwrought audience then. A physician present came forward, examined him, and said that Mr. Gough was stricken with apoplexy. His left side was suddenly paralyzed. He lingered two days, unconscious, and died. Death came to him in the way that all warriors who fight the good fight would choose—suddenly, in battle, with his armor on. But the last message he left his fellow man is strangely significant. When he uttered the words his feet were already upon the borders of the invisible country.

"Young man, keep your record clean."

It is John B. Gough's message from the other world.

His history is familiar to almost every child in America. He had been lecturing on temperance as far back as many of us can remember, so long, indeed, it almost seemed that like Tennyson's brook, he had been going on forever. Yet we find that he was only 68 years of age—not so very old, after all, in these times when people live to be 110. But he had spoken in public more times than any other man living, probably than any other man dead. In one year he lectured 386 times, 21 times more than there were days. In all he had delivered at the time of his death about 8,600 lectures, and had traveled half a million miles. It is not too much to say either that he permanently reformed hundreds if not thousands of drunkards. He did this all the more effectually because he was a reformed drunkard himself. Those cold, rigid purists with a turnip in their breasts instead of a heart, who sit calmly back and lecture the drunkard on the enormous sin of inebriety, little know the molten fire of craving that consumes his soul. But John B. Gough knew how it was himself. The snakes, the scorpions and the burning-eyed demons of delirium tremens had lashed him in the midnight watches. His final escape from alcohol is one of the most magnificent triumphs of the human will on record, if it is indeed simply that, and not also a power outside of and beyond himself.

John B. Gough seems to have been raised up to do a great work. He himself always felt it to be so. His gifts and the money they brought him were alike used for the good of his fellow man. His birth was English, his origin so poor and humble that when he was 12 years old his father apprenticed him to a family coming to America. He sent the boy away from him and across the water, in the hope that in the new world he might rise above the poverty and lowliness from which there was no hope that he could emerge in the old. Poor people cannot afford to have feelings.

He worked on a farm at first; then became a bookbinder in a Methodist publishing house. He was of a warm, genial nature, with marvelous dramatic talent. He never had more than the rudiments of an education. The power he possessed came wholly by nature. He sunk, in youth, to the lowest depths of degradation. He was discharged from one situation after another. He married, but lost his wife and infant child by death. It was said that his drunkenness partly caused the death of his girl wife. He felt as if it was so, and drank deeper to drown the sting of it. A Quaker, Mr. Stratton, found him reeling crazy drunk through the streets of this city in 1842, and induced him to go to a temperance meeting and sign the pledge. After that came a terrific struggle of a week to keep the pledge. The struggle nearly killed him. He came out of it weak as an infant, but he triumphed. Shortly afterwards he began lecturing. The chapter of his autobiography in which he described the horrors of that week is almost blood chilling. He had a power of language which put things with the vividness of a lightning flash. He went to lecture in England on temperance early in his career, and the students of Oxford university hissed and egged him, so unpopular was his cause in the land of porter and brown stout.

Once after signing the pledge he relapsed, but only for a short time. An English writer says it is mainly to John B. Gough that the United States owes its comparative freedom from drunkenness. He lectured over forty years, and never overcame his stage fright. He always wanted to run

away the first moment when he faced an audience. This feeling grew on him of late years. He never wrote out a lecture or made a note of his speeches beforehand. A neighbor of his told me last fall that Gough was a poor man. His charity was as large as his earnings. He had a beautiful country home near here. He was much beloved by his neighbors. The principal treasure of his home was a very fine collection of the art works of George Cruikshank, the teetotalist painter and friend of Gough. Among those whom Gough's bounty supported in recent years were the widow and children of Mr. Stratton, the good Quaker who reclaimed him from inebriety. It is good to leave such a record as his behind one.

ELIZA ARCHARD.

Sam Small, the Evangelist.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 24.—Sam Small, his wife and four children have been in this city for a week. The head of the family has come to assist Sam Jones in waging war on the devil, and if they do not break up some long standing friendships between Chicagoans and the evil one it is not because they are not painting him black enough. The career and style of the Rev. Sam Jones is familiar to most readers, but it is in no way more interesting than that of his associate.

Sam Small comes from an old and honored Louisiana family, was born in New Orleans, and received his education in the best colleges of this country. He is not yet 35 years old, but has had an eventful career. Journalism was his first choice as a profession, and he wrote many original and forcible articles that drew attention from all quarters. As a stenographer and penman he is proficient, and has reported some of the most noted trials in the south. He was successively

SAM SMALL.

private secretary to Gen. Robert Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens and Gen. Joseph E. Brown. Like many other clever writers, Sam became fond of spending his time in convivial company, and was frequently unfitted for work by long periods of drunkenness, which were often of a desperate character. When once started on a spree he would not stop until nature could no longer stand the strain, and he would then become completely prostrated. During these times of recuperation he wrote the verses and negro sketches of "Old Si," that have made him familiar everywhere to newspaper readers. His speech is singularly smooth, polished and entertaining, and he possesses in a very marked degree the natural eloquence of the educated southerner. He was in constant demand in political contests, and often when in a maudlin condition would astonish his hearers by the brilliancy of thought and aptness of expression. Once, when in Washington with a delegation, he was so overcome by dissipation at a banquet as to fall asleep. He was nudged by a friend, who said: "Come, Sam, they are waiting for you to speak." "What about?" inquired Sam, in a drowsy sort of way. Being told the subject, he rose and braced himself against a corner of the table and delivered such a breezy and graceful speech that it was voted the success of the evening.

His conversion and reformation are the most remarkable things in his career. One night he suddenly left his dissolute companions and went home, never again to be seen in their company. It was done with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, and for a long time his former comrades did not know what had become of him. He had stopped his course of debauchery as though struck dead in the midst of a feast. He is now an inveterate cigarette smoker, and defends the habit.

It is remarked by any one who listens to Small that he is a wonderfully gifted off-hand speaker. It took him some little time to accustom himself to the applause with which our audiences greet his remarks. Their religious fervor does not prevent them from knowing a good thing when they hear it, and then showing their appreciation.

FRANK BELL.

HARVESTING ICE.

An Industry of This Century—How the Crystal Cakes Are Gathered.

The gathering and storing of ice is a Yankee invention. It was Frederick Tudor who thought of it, and could he have known at the same time the amount of highway robbery in the shape of everlasting ice bills he was bringing on our modern civilization he likely would have buried the idea at once; or had he known the amount of this pressed material that is consumed annually over the bars of our land or in the deadly ice cream, his name would be associated with that of the inventor of whisky itself in the memories of our people. But the inventor believed he was devising a scheme that would be a boon to mankind, and taking all in all, maybe it has. His endeavor to develop his enterprise was met with obstacles of every kind, of which the following is a brief summary: Beginning in the smallest and most modest manner in the winter of 1805 he gathered ice from Fresh Pond, a lake near Cambridge, Mass., improvising implements that would amuse a modern ice man to look upon. But ice cream had not yet been invented, the demand for the novel product was small, few became attracted by the new business, and Mr. Tudor continued to monopolize the ice trade for twenty-seven years. Then, in 1832, the grand ice total gathered amounted to 4,322 tons, which is now exceeded by some private ice houses. But, as will be seen, even this small stock proved an ample supply to satisfy both the local and foreign trade. Just about this time Mr. Tudor became impressed with the feasibility of shipping ice to tropical ports. He tried to find a vessel to carry his crystallized product, but ship owners demurred. They feared rapid melting on the way would endanger the vessel's safety, the protective properties of hay, sawdust, etc., being then imperfectly understood. Undaunted by this, however, he purchased an old brig, which he hastily refitted, loaded with ice, stepped on board himself and sailed for Havana. Without stopping to recount the details of a somewhat eventful voyage, except to note the heavy loss by melting, it must be observed that Tudor's safe arrival at Havana only brought him new tribulation

for a time. He knew the people had never seen ice and knew nothing about it, and he expected to be obliged to teach them its uses. But he found they were afraid of it. Thus while the remnant of his perishable cargo was rapidly running away into the hold of his old brig, he labored ingeniously and incessantly to create a demand for it. He put pitchers of ice water on the hotel bars, paying for the privilege, but charging nothing for the cooling beverage. The natives tasted it cautiously and quickly spit it out at first, but at length finding it harmless they began to drink it freely. Then Mr. Tudor took away the free pitchers and opened a shop where he sold the ice, charging only a small sum at first. His first cargo was thus of little direct pecuniary profit, but it made a foreign demand for ice, and subsequent cargoes brought handsome returns.

He afterward secured a large contract from the British government to furnish ice for the army at Calcutta, the paper bearing the royal signature of Queen Victoria. This he held for several years, making large sums of money thereby. The ice business was then developing slowly, and in 1847 about 75,000 tons were shipped from the port of Boston, nearly all having been gathered from the ponds and lakes in the vicinity of that city. Soon after that the business increased more rapidly; new uses and adaptations of ice became apparent, until to-day it is one of the permanent profitable industries.

MARKING AND PLOWING THE ICE FIELD.

The present method of ice harvesting is the same the country over, but as it takes place in the most severe of weather and in regions necessarily remote from populated localities a brief description will be found interesting. In the first place, practical ice men select the ice field, and with a straight edge and square mark off two lines at perfect right angles to each other, on two sides of the field. Then a "marker" drawn by a horse, as shown in the illustration, is run straight across the pond, one side having sharp cutting irons, the other simple guide bars that run in the grooves made by the cutters at the previous cut. These grooves are then intersected at right angles in the same way, 2x36 inches and about an inch deep. Then follows an ice plow, having a deeper blade with a series of chisel points. This sinks the groove to a depth of from three to five inches, depending upon the depth of ice. Then a gang of men with heavy chisel bars bar off rafts of these blocks in such shape as to admit their passage through a canal which has been previously cut from the house to the pond, and through which the ice is either towed by horses or pushed along by men with long pike poles to the hoisting aprons at the dock. During their progress the cakes are again separated by men stationed at different bridges over the canal.



LIFTING THE ICE INTO ICE HOUSE.

At the end of the canal near the ice house rises an endless chain of buckets operated by steam power, on which the ice is floated, each bucket catching a cake and drawing it up. Thus the ice ascends this incline in a continuous stream, from whence it is run on galleries, and then is slid into the various rooms by its own gravity on descending "runs," where the blocks are stowed by men versed in the work, it being necessary to leave spaces between for circulation of air and escape of water. These endless chain elevators were a great invention, and they entirely revolutionized the process of hoisting ice. Before their advent each block of ice had to be hoisted separately by horse power and it took most of the winter to fill the house, whereas now, twelve or fourteen working days will fill the largest house. When the house is full salt hay is spread thickly over the ice and all is tightly closed until wanted for use.

The houses are truly immense ice boxes, capable of holding usually 100,000 tons of ice. The total storage capacity of these houses on the Hudson river alone is nearly 3,000,000 tons. The cost of gathering and hoisting ice is estimated at twenty cents per ton.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

—TO ALL—

CASH PURCHASERS,

AT

WHIDDEN BROTHERS!

On all lines of good, until further notice.

Grand Closing Out Sale.

To make room for

SPRING STOCK.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD PILLS

MAKE HENS LAY

LUMBER. BUILDING MATERIAL.

Maynard Crane.

—Yard at foot of Burrell Avenue—
COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA.

COOPERSTOWN MEAT MARKET

Retzlaff Bros., Props.

COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA.

C. F. WEILAND,

DEALER IN

FLOUR, FEED and GRAIN,

DAZEY, DAK.

A complete stock always on hand. Also a general commission business done.

Agent for the Keller Fanning Mill.

JOHN N. JORGENSEN,

Land Attorney!

CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT.
Final Proofs Contests and Conveyancing Attended to.

HARDWARE,

Stoves, Tinware, Paints, Oils, Etc.,

Cedar Felt Paper, for Inside Finish.

A. N. ADAMS.