

ON LIBERTY ISLAND,

WHERE THE TALLEST STATUE IN THE WORLD IS TO STAND.

The Native Heath of Ox-Eyed Daisies and Mosquitoes—The Old Lady Who Runs the Boat—A Cleopatra Face—Toes a Foot Thick.

The other morning some of us took a run down to Liberty island to see how the statue of Liberty was getting on. A year ago the little seven by nine spot of earth in the sea was called Bedloe's island. Its name has been changed, and it is now Liberty island.

A queer little bobbing steamboat leaves the Battery, New York city, every hour to convey passengers over to the famous spot. The tiny craft is moored alongside the United States barge office. In days ago it was a steam canal boat, and conveyed freight from one point to another. A good-natured, weather-beaten man appeared to be officer of the day on deck when he was not mending foot planks, over which passengers stepped aboard the Jud Field. The craft was so small, so quaint and such a family-looking affair that one could not help asking:

"How many does it take to run this boat?"
"Well," said the weather-beaten man, "there's four of us—yes, there's five with the old lady, the captain's wife."
The little crew live on board, canal boat fashion.

"The pilot, he's the captain's son," continued our friend, "and the engineer is his brother."

The "old lady" does the cooking and probably runs the boat.

"What kin are you to the family?" we asked.

"Oh, I ain't any kin," said the weather-beaten man.



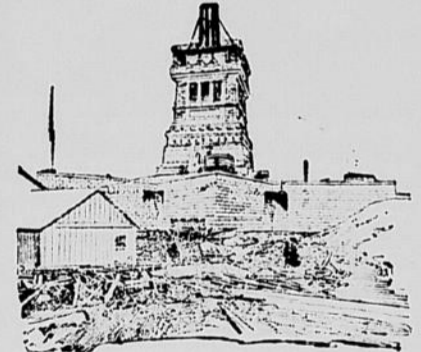
THE SHORE OF LIBERTY ISLAND.

Presently we were bobbing and dancing over the boiling waters of the bay towards the shore which you see in the picture. It is a mile and a half from the battery, and the island is just the most commanding spot that could have been selected in America for a colossal statue. We passed, on our way, the mau-of-war Almirante Barroso, with the green and white Brazilian flag flying at her masthead. She is anchored in New York harbor at present, so that Emperor Dom Pedro's grandson, the young Duke of Saxe, may see the sights of the great and wicked city. The Brazilian emperor's second daughter married a blue-eyed, fair haired German, the Duke of Saxe, and this is his son, fair haired and blue-eyed like his father. He is serving as a common midshipman on board the mau-of-war.

But the crew of the Almirante Barroso are not fair haired and blue-eyed. A dozen or so of them shot past us, rowing the captain's gig ashore. They wore picturesque white blouses and flat blue caps, and were every one of them as black as the average American negro. I wonder are the Brazilians black or white, the common run of them? We observed that the officer pacing the deck was white.

"There is times," said our weather-beaten friend, when you don't care about going onto Bedloe's island."

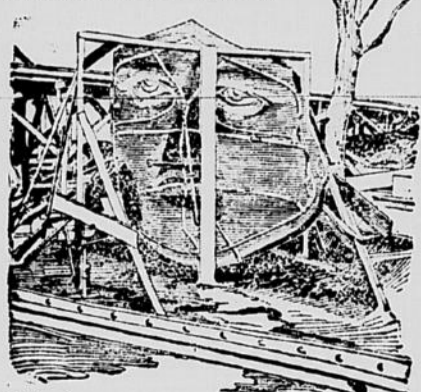
"Why?"
"Mosquitoes," he answered. "They fairly eat the face off you. They get after our passengers in swarms and drive 'em down on the dock, and bother 'em till the wind drives them away."



PEDESTAL AND FORT.

One Bedloe was formerly owner of the whole island. He ceded it to the United States government for purposes of defense. Officers of the government used to live there, and there was a fortification called the Old Star fort. It is on the exact site of this that the great statue is to stand.

The pedestal is star-shaped, just as the fort was. The island rises out of the water like a high mound. A sea wall runs around it, in some places fifteen feet high. Below are ragged rocks and the sea. A little walk about two feet wide runs around the top of the wall. Because you know that if you would fall off you would be drowned at high tide or fracture your skull at low tide, you are immediately seized with an irresistible desire to run around the top of that wall. Most people do it. You can go all around the island in fifteen minutes.



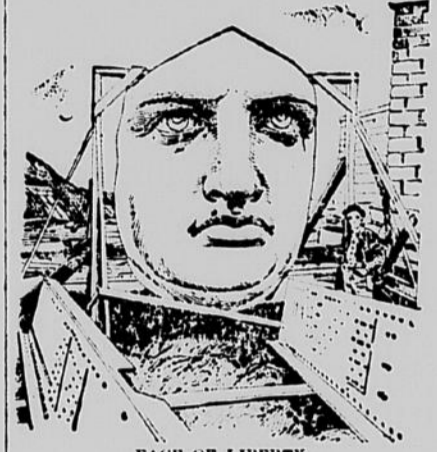
INSIDE OF THE FACE.

Some of the most striking portions of the tremendous figure are in view upon the

ground around the pedestal. The giant face is set up in a sort of frame, and looks toward the visitor as he and the mosquitoes proceed up the little path toward the works. Our artist is at once sketcher and photographer, as indeed most artists are getting to be nowadays. He took photographs of the views here given, and then made the newspaper drawings of them. The comparative size of the mighty face can be seen by the insignificance of the full grown man who stands in front. It is a splendid face, majestic and mysterious as that of a sphinx, beautiful as that of a Greek goddess. It is plainly an Egyptian face, straight browed and deep eyed—a marvelous Cleopatra face. It is said, by the way, that Bartholdi modeled this countenance after that of his mother.

The wonder is how it could be made at once so gigantic and so beautiful.

Only for the demonish mosquitoes, Liberty island would not be a bad place. The air sweeps up the bay from the real sea when the wind is right. In it there is a smell of salt and sea weed which is like a magic draught to a weary invalid. It is only at intervals that one can catch that rare sea smell so near New York city. The weed itself lies in heaps all about the seaward shore of the island.



FACE OF LIBERTY.

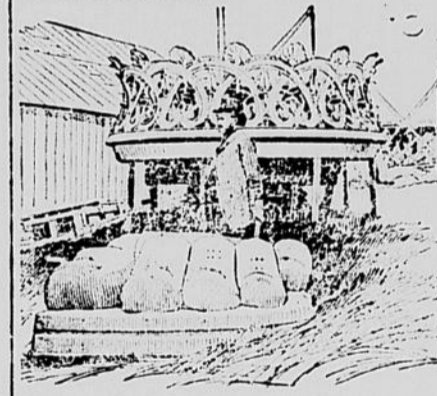
Up to about ten years ago army officers and soldiers lived here. There is a tiny graveyard in the southern part, shaded by a great, splendid weeping willow. There are no more than a dozen graves in it. Some of the tombstones are of that old red sandstone so common in Trinity churchyard. They are very ancient for America. The stone has cracked off in places, and is partly crumbled into decay. We tried to read the worn inscriptions. You may believe it or not, but the mosquitoes would not let us stand still long enough to do so. We made out "Sacred to the memory of—" when zipping! slap! came, and that ended the pursuit of archaological knowledge. As we walked forward the creatures rose out of the grass in a great swarm and laughed, actually laughed. They don't sing, like decent mosquitoes, but just settle noiselessly down upon any exposed part and commence operations without a note of warning, like the sneaking, treacherous scoundrels they are. This is the regular Jersey mosquito.

A second time we tried to read the inscriptions, it is hard to say why. We didn't know the people buried there. But even as we did so the mosquitoes were on us. They traveled in echelon, like the American navy on Decoration day. But they didn't run their noses into one another, as the navy did, they ran them into us. This time we made out "Wife of—" in the unfeeling marble, and then ran for our lives.

The products of Liberty island are mosquitoes and ox-eyed daisies. We made a note of that. Then we observed a stout, bushy haired, dark complexioned man gesticulating furiously, and shouting as if a thousand mosquitoes were pasturing upon his ears at once. He was talking in French. "Who is he?" we asked a good-natured workman.

"He's the boss. He took the statue down in Paris, and he came over here to see about setting it up again."

"Is he angry?"
"No, he ain't mad. That's only a way he's got. He's Mr. Bouquet. That's the name of a flower, you know."



TOES AND BALCONY AROUND TORCH.

In one spot repose together several of Liberty's toes and the railing around the torch. The toes are as large as a good-sized log of wood. The railing is a balcony around which half a dozen to ten persons may walk at once. This will be the highest point to which visitors can ascend. Above it is the flame of the torch. The great flame itself is lying ingloriously keeled over upon the ground near the sheds where the rickety goddess lies. Of itself it is large enough for a small tent. The top of this torch will be the highest point of the statue, 300 feet from the sea. It will be the highest statue and one of the most commanding works of man in the world. It is hoped now that the statue will be in its place and the labor all finished some time in September. The rays that start out from Liberty's head are to be studded with electric lights. About forty workmen are kept busy finishing the pedestal and doing other work.

DOGS HAVE THEIR DAY.

A Haven Where Vagrant Curs Live in Pampered Luxury.

CHARITY covers a multitude of strange notions, and is exhibited in many curious ways. The Ellen M. Gifford Home for Vagrant Dogs illustrates one of those freaks of the charitable inclined.

This institution is situated at Brighton, on the outskirts of Boston. The estate comprises one and a quarter acres, on which is erected a handsome stone and brick edifice,

designed expressly for its present use. The building cost \$15,000. On the ground floor is the office, reception room and kitchen, where the food for the canine inmates is carefully prepared by a trained cook. In the rear of the main building are the kennels, connected with a series of yards, in which the favored brutes may exercise.



THE HOME FOR DOGS.

This home was established two years ago by Mrs. Ellen Gifford, of New Haven, and it was then turned over to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but the society did not pay such attention to the institution as it seemed to need, so Mrs. Gifford resumed control of it here recently. Besides a very efficient superintendent the home is possessed of an assistant superintendent in a three-legged terrier named "Jo," whose portrait is given in the initial letter of this article. Jo, said the superintendent, Mr. Cushing, was the first inmate of the home two years ago, and he had remained as a sort of assistant superintendent, taking care of the newly received dogs and doing all in his power to make them feel at home. Jo has labored under the disadvantage during all this time of possessing only three legs, but a dog with six legs could not be more active than he. Nothing pleases him more than to be sent chasing after stones or other articles thrown for him. Often his two hind legs will get ahead of his one front leg, but he loses no time by such accidents, eventually bringing up on his feet again without stopping for a fresh start.

"When the police pick up stray dogs," continued Mr. Cushing, "they notify us by telephone, and I drive to the stations and collect the dogs and bring them here. A collar and chain is furnished by the home to every police station for the purpose of confining any dog which may be picked up and held for us, and coupon books are also furnished so that the police may authorize individuals to send stray dogs to us. We won't receive dogs unless somebody vouches for them as being homeless."

"During the past two years, while it was under the care of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, we cared for about seventy-five stray dogs and seventy-five or one hundred stray cats. No organized system of collecting such animals was maintained, but we simply took such as were brought to us. Homes were found for some of them, and others were killed, but the present intention is to kill no animal unless they are sick and incurable. If they are in good health or can be cured we keep them and sell them if any one will buy them. If no one will buy them we give them away to persons who will take good care of them, and if no one will take them as a gift we will keep them and care for them indefinitely. Mrs. Gifford has expressly declared that she doesn't want this home to be a slaughter house.

No dogs will be killed unless they are incurably diseased, and then it will be done without pain by administering cyanide of potassium.



THE APARTMENT OF AN INMATE.

"The dogs are housed at night in their kennels, which are kept clean and well ventilated, and during the day they are turned into yards for exercise. A hospital kennel is to be built, and then the capacity of the home will be about fifty dogs. The dogs are fed on meat, gravy, vegetables, bread and hasty pudding, and a good many human beings don't fare so well as that."

"We used to take some animals to board, but now we haven't accommodations for boarders, and besides, boarders require a great deal of extra attention. You've no idea how some people care for their pets and feed them, and they expect us to treat them the same if we take them to board. One lady brought a cat here to board while she went into the country, and she was surprised later to learn that her pet had lost its appetite and was homesick. It turned out that the cat had been used to being fed on a quail and a half pint of oysters every day, so it's no wonder that the cat had no appetite for ordinary milk and fish and meat. We used to charge 75 cents a week for boarding cats, and \$1.50 to \$2 for dogs, and we had at one time eighteen dogs and seventeen or eighteen cats boarding here."

"We only take dogs, now, but we used to take in cats as well—either stray cats or boarders. It requires a good deal of room for cats, however, for they can't be kept in good health if they are confined too closely, or if they are all kept together. They need yards for exercise, and they multiply so rapidly that we should require very much more land to accommodate them. It is the design ultimately to receive stray cats as well as stray dogs, but more land must be first obtained."

"In this city human beings are daily begging for assistance and committing suicide for the want of it," said a refined looking poor washwoman whom your correspondent met outside the gate, where she was resting a huge basketful of clothes. And so it is; but then we may not criticize the direction in which the founder of this home has displayed her sympathy for suffering for she certainly instituted it with a charitable motive.

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