

after he had reached the bottom they began to fire upon him. He was hit twice in the head by their bullets. He remained three days in that well without food, and when we got him out he was nearly dead from starvation and loss of blood. He recovered however, and is alive today."

"Who is the most notorious moonshiner you have on the records of the Treasury Department, Col. Colquitt?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied the chief of the revenue agents. "One man who has had a great deal of newspaper notoriety was a fellow named Redmond, who operated in the South Carolina mountains. He had been making moonshine whisky and had had quite a career when a newspaper reporter spent a week with him at one of his stills in the mountains. Redmond had killed two men, and he claimed to have done a great deal more. He gave this man the story of his adventures, and this was published in the Charleston newspapers. This seemed to set Redmond crazy. He committed the most daring acts after that to get his name in the newspapers. He was finally caught and sent to prison. I do not know whether he is alive today or not."

"The average moonshiner," continued Col. Colquitt, "does not think his business is wrong. He argues that every man has the right to sell what he makes as long as he does not steal or trampie upon the rights of others. He has the sympathy of the mountaineers, and today our greatest trouble is to get the courts of the south to deal out justice to this class of criminals."

"Who was the most curious moonshiner you ever had to deal with, Col. Colquitt?" said I.

"One of the queerest," replied the chief, "was old Bob Simms, who lived near Bladon Springs, not far from Mobile. Simms was a religious fanatic, and he had a large number of followers. His people looked upon him as a kind of a savior and a prophet. They had gathered about him, and he had established a colony of his believers. He had a peculiar religion, one of the tenets of which was that all men had equal rights, and that no one could equitably prevent another from doing what he pleased. He said that the law of the land was the 'devil's law,' and that no respect ought to be paid to it. It was this devil's law that taxed whisky. The law of God, which he (Simms) laid down, provided that a man could make and sell what he pleased, and Simms said he had a perfect right to make whisky out of his corn, and that God would protect him. He defied the government; he built his still out in plain sight in front of his cabin, and had a wide road running up to it. When we sent a warrant for his arrest he took it from the hands of the deputy who served it, tore it up and spat in the deputy's face. There were a number of men with Simms at this time, and the deputy did not dare to arrest him. We then sent a posse after him. Simms saw that our force was greater than his, and he was taken. He refused to walk to jail, however. He said we might carry him, but he would not go of his own accord. Upon this he was picked up, put into a cart and taken to Bladon Springs. This is a sort of summer resort, much frequented by the citizen's of Alabama. It has no good jail facilities, and Simms was

put into an outhouse, and guarded during the day, preparatory to carrying him elsewhere. He was handcuffed. He showed no disposition to be ugly, however, and when dinner time came our revenue agents went into the dining room of the hotel, leaving Simms in the charge of only one officer. It was dark, the people were eating, when three men rushed to the cottage, shot the officer in charge, killed a doctor who had called in at the time to see Simms, and allowed Simms to escape. The men who did the shooting were Simms' two brothers and his son, Bailly Simms. One of the brothers was shot as he ran away, and the son of the old man was also killed."

"Bob Simms, however, got away," Colonel Colquitt continued. "He took to the woods and lived there for some time. But he soon began to commit such outrages that the people rose up against him, and he was lynched. Before his arrest by the government he had modeled his life on the Bible, and he tried to follow out some of its teachings, especially so in one place, where it says: 'If a man strike you on the right cheek you must turn the other to him and let him smite you on that.' His arrest and the death of his son changed his nature. He went in for revenge and vengeance against all who were against him. Everything that was angelic in his nature turned to gall. He became a very demon, and there was nothing too mean and cruel for him to do. The act which capped the climax was the killing of a merchant who in times past had been a friend of his. After his escape Simms' house, with his goods in it, was comparatively unprotected. The merchant had a bill against him, and without process of law, he went to Simms' house and took a wagon load of his furniture and carried it off to satisfy this bill. He was told at the time that he was doing a dangerous thing, but he laughed and suggested Simms' religious nature would not permit him to retaliate. He was much mistaken. As soon as the matter was reported to Simms he became enraged. He took a band of his followers, and one dark night surrounded the merchant's house. He then set fire to it, and as the merchant's wife and children had ran out to escape the flames he fired upon them and killed them. This created a great sensation."

"A lynching party was organized. They surrounded Simms and his followers, and, he finally seeing that he was bound to be overpowered, that if they would choose twenty-five men and allow him to choose twenty-five men who would assure him that he would have a fair trial and be a guard for him, he would give himself up. This was agreed to, and Simms threw down his arms and came out. The fifty men surrounded him, but they only pretended to protect him. In reality they gave him up to the mob, and within a hour afterward he, with four of his followers, was hanged."

"Simms' defense of himself," Colonel Colquitt went on, "was very brave. He had his party in his house, and near this was a little shed, which prevented the lynchers from surrounding him. If this could be burned it would enable them to close in upon him and capture the house. One of the lynchers slipped up and set fire to it. Simms came out with a water bucket, and, without regard to

the bullets which were flying about him, and protected to some extent by his friends in the house, who were firing to keep back the lynchers, he put out the fire."

During my talk with Colonel Colquitt one of the most famous of the special revenue agents came in from the field. This was Colonel Chapman, who has been connected with the detective service of the department for twenty years, and who is now operating in the mountains of Georgia and Alabama. His whole life has been one of fighting. He was a lieutenant colonel under Mosby during the late civil war and had five horses killed under him at that time. He has been battered up a number of times by the moonshiners, but has never been dangerously wounded. At one time he was shot through the wrist, and he showed me today the scar which marked the spots where the ball went through. "We were capturing a still," said he, "in the Alabama mountains. Our posse had surrounded the men when one of them fired at me, and the ball struck me in the left wrist. My hand was hanging at my side, and I thought at first that I had knocked my crazy bone against a tree. A moment later it felt as though a red hot iron was being run through my wrist, and I knew that I had been shot. The man, after shooting me ran. I aimed at him with my pistol and sent a bullet flying after him. I am a good shot, but in some way or other I missed him."

"The circumstances of capturing that still was rather curious," Colonel Chapman went on. "I had three men with me, and we were riding along the road, when we met a wagon loaded with barrels of whisky. We came upon the man at a turn of the corner, and seized the whisky in the name of the government. We chopped up the barrels and let it run out on the ground. The men who owned it were very angry. We concluded to follow the trail of the wagon and see if we could not find the still. We did so, and about a mile or so away we surprised the men at work. Three of them started to run, and one got behind a tree and blazed away at me. The men in charge of the wagon also ran. I did not dare to get on my horse and go after them, for I was not sure of one of the men who was with me, and our guide had deserted us on the capturing of the wagon. The result was we destroyed the still and then went on to the others."

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#### A PREHISTORIC MINE.

On the second of July, as noted in the News dispatches, a couple of mountain prospectors made a discovery which may prove of the greatest importance to the American archaeologists in tracing the footprints of the prehistoric races of the northern continent. The story is as follows:

W. D. Clark and Thomas J. Howard who have been prospecting in the vicinity of Butte for some time past, discovered what is undoubtedly the ancient workings of a rich copper mine, says an exchange. The mine lies about forty miles southwest of Butte on the south side of an immense peak known