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THE FLOODED EAST.

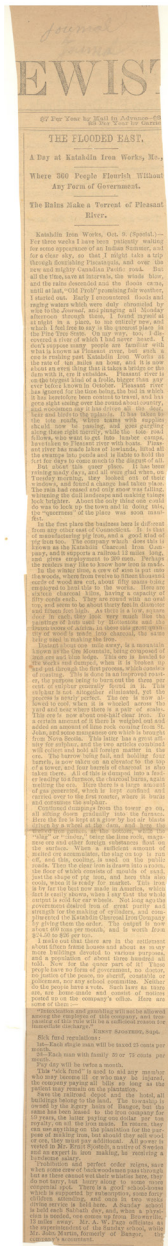
A Day at Katahdin Iron Works, Me.,

Where 300 People Flourish Without
Any Form of Government.

The Rains Make a Torrent of Pleasant
River.

Katahdin Iron Works, Oct. 9 (Special.)—
For three weeks I have been patiently waiting
for some appearance of an Indian Summer, and
for a clear sky, so that I might take a trip
through flourishing Piscataquis, and over the
new and mighty Canadian Pacific road. But
all the time, save at intervals, the winds blew,
and the rains descended and the floods came,
until at last, "Old Prob" promising fair weather
I started out. Early I encountered floods and
raging waters which s which were duly chronicled by
wire to the *Journal*, and plunging all Monday
afternoon through these, I found myself at
a night in a place, to me entirely new, and
which I feel free to say is the queerest place in
the Pine Tree State. On my way, too, I dis-
covered a river of which I had never heard. I
don't suppose many people are familiar with
what is known as Pleasant river, but such a
one is rushing past Katahdin Iron Works at
the rate of ten miles an hour, and it is now
about an even thing that it takes a bridge or the
dam with it, ere it subsides. Pleasant river is
on the biggest kind of a frolic, bigger than any
ever before known in October. Pleasant river

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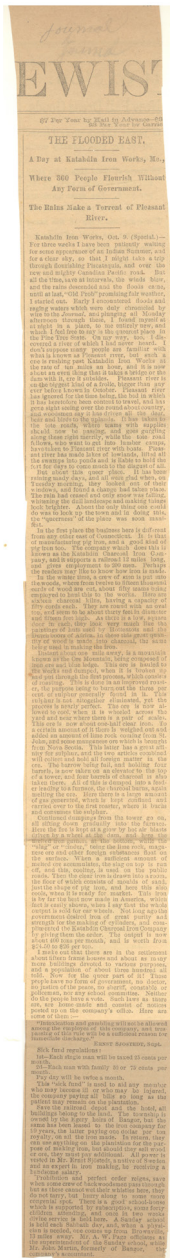
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has ignored for the time being, the bed in which it has heretofore been content to travel, and has gone sight seeing over the round about country, and woodsmen say it has driven all the deer, bear and birds to the uplands. It has taken to the tote roads, where teams with supplies should now be passing, and goes gurgling along these right merrily, while the tote road fellows, who want to get into lumber camps, have taken to Pleasant river with boats, Pleasant river has made lakes of lowlands, lifted all the swamps into ponds and is liable to hold the fort for days to come much to the disgust of all.

But about this queer place, It has been raining mady days, and all were glad when, on Tuesday morning, they looked out of their windows, and found a change had taken place. The rain had ceased and only snow was falling, whitening the dull landscape and making things look brighter. About the only thing one could do was to look up the town and in doing this, the "queerness" of the place was soon manifest.

In the first place the business here is different from any other east of Connecticut. It is that of manufacturing pig iron, and a good kind of pig iron too. The company which does this is known as the Katahdin Charcoal Iron Company, and it supports a railroad 12 miles long, and gives employment to 200 men. Perhaps the readers may like to know how iron is made.

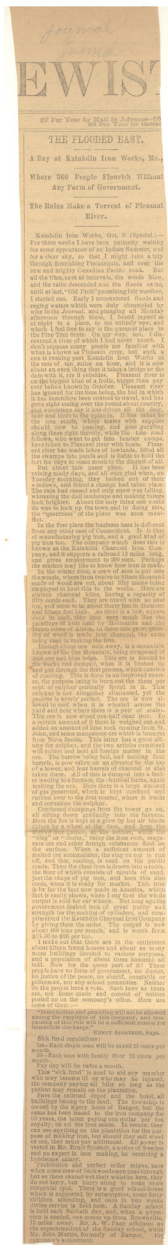
In the winter time, a crew of men is put into the woods, where from twelve to fifteen thousand cords of wood are cut, about fifty teams being employed to haul this to the works. Here are sixteen charcoal kilns, having a capacity of fifty cords each. They are round with an oval top, and seem to be about thirty feet in diameter [Continued on next page]



[Continued from previous page] and fifteen feet high. As there is a low, square door in each, they look very much like the paintings of huts used by Hottentots and the Dutch boors of Africa. In these this great quantity of wood is made into charcoal, the same being used in making the iron.

Distant about one mile away, is a mountain known as the Ore Mountain, being composed of iron ore and blue ledge. This ore is hauled to the works and dumped, when it is broken up and put through the first process, which consists of roasting. This is done in an improved roaster, the purpose being to burn out the three per cent of sulphur generally found in it. This sulphur is not altogether eliminated, yet the process is nearly perfect. The ore is now allowed to cool, when it is wheeled across the yard and near where there is a pair of scales. This ore is now about one-half clear iron. To a certain amount of it there is weighed out and added an amount of lime rock coming from St. John, and some manganese ore which is brought from Nova Scotia. This latter has a great affinity for sulphur, and the two articles combined will collect and hold all foreign mater in the ore. The barrow being full, and holding four barrels, is now taken on an elevator to the top of a tower, and four barrels of charcoal is also taken there. All of this is dumped into a feeder leading to a furnace, the chrcoal burns, again melting the ore. Here there is a large amount of gas generated, which is kept confined and carried over to the first roaster, where it burns and consumes the sulphur.

Continued dumpings from the tower go on, all sifting down gradually into the furnace. Here the fire is kept at a glow by hot air blasts driven by a wheel at the dam, and here the [Continued on next page]



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more buildings devoted to various purposes, and a population of about three hundred all told. Now for the queer part of it! These people have no form of government, no doctor, no justice of the peace, no sheriff, constable or policeman, nor any school committee. Neither do the people have a vote. Such laws as there are home-made and consist of notices posted up on the company's office. Here are some of them:—

"Intoxication and gambling will not be allowed among the employes of this company, and trespassing of this rule will be a sufficient reason for immediate discharge."

Ernst Sjostedt, Supt.

Sick fund regulations:

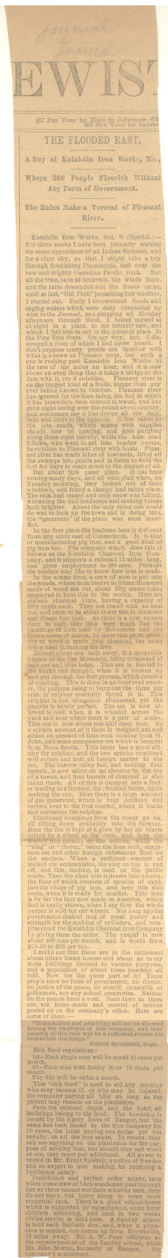
1st—Each single man will be taxed 25 cents per month.

2d--Each man with family 50 to 75 cents per month.

Pay day will be twice a month.

This "sick fund" is used to aid any member who may become ill or who may be injured, the company paying all bills so long as the patient may remain on the plantation.

Save the railroad depot and the hotel, all buildings belong to the land. The township is owned by the Egery heirs of Bangor, but the same has been leased to the iron company for 99 years, the latter paying one dollar per ton royalty, on all the iron made. In return, they can use anything on the plantation for the purpose of making iron, but should they sell wood or ore, they must pay additional. All power is vested in Mr. Ernst Sjostedt, a native of Sweden and an expert in iron making, he receiving a handsome salary. [Continued on next page]



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Prohibition and perfect order reigns, save when some crew of backwoodsmen pass through but as these cannot wet their whistles here, they do not tarry, but hurry along to some more congenial spot. There is a good school-house which is supported by subscription, some forty children attending, and once in two weeks divine service is held here. A Sunday school is held each Sabbath day, and, when a physician is needed, one comes up from Brownville, 13 miles away. Mr. A. W. Page officiates as the superintendent of the Sunday school, while Mr. John Martin, formerly of Bangor, the company's accountant.