

IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had known the woes to come to me,
If I had dreamed how sad life was to be,
How often I should weep and sigh alone,
If I had thought of dark and desolate time—
I'd ne'er have longed for manhood's glorious prime,
If I had known.

The Pygmy Bandit.

By Paul Pastnor.

"I SEE you are growing somewhat curious about my stuffed eagle?" remarked Sandhurst, the detective, with a smile, as he caught my eye wandering for the fifth time to the big bird perched with outspread wings on the top of his bookcase.

"It happened in 1845. The great and populous state of Missouri was then little more than a thinly-settled wilderness. Traveling was done mainly by stage and saddle. There were a few main roads, leading for long distances through woods and prairie; but for the most part the country was wild and uninhabited.

"Father at that time lived about 40 miles from the present site of St. Louis in a little frontier community called St. Regis. I believe the name has been changed since. I haven't been back there for half a century. Father was storekeeper and postmaster. I was his only child, and at the time I am telling you about was a kid of 14.

"One day the mail carrier rode up to the store in a state of great excitement. He tumbled off his horse and came into the store, pale and hardly able to speak.

"What's the matter, Corrigan?" asked my father.

"Matter, sor? The devil himself's to pay! An imp of Sathan dropped upon me out av the clear sky, sor, an' wid a pistol to each wan av me ears towld me to drop the mail bag in the road an' ride for me loife, widout wance lookin' behind."

"And you obeyed?"

"Av course Oi did. Whin the evil wan himself has the drop on a man loike that do yez think it would be healthy for him to stop an' palaver? No, sor! Oi cut loose the mail, an' the devil dropped off me horse's flank, an', hiven be praised! Oim alive to tell yez the tale."

"Did you not get a glimpse of the man?"

"The man? No, sor! Oim tellin' yez it wasn't a man at all! It was a devil, or Oill'ate me head. How could a man light upon me horse's back from behind widout a sound av warning? The first t'ing Oi knew the imp had his shootin' irons in me ears; an' whin he spoke, begorra, the schwell av his voice was like sulphur. U-r-r-r! Worra, worra! Tim Corrigan's no coward, plaze God, whin it comes to d'alin' wid man or baste. But the devil himself's another thing."

"The news spread like wildfire through the little community that burly Tim Corrigan had been robbed of the mail. Twelve or fifteen men and boys soon gathered at the store and a party was made up, headed by my father, to ride back to the scene of the robbery and see if any trace of Tim's 'devil' could be discovered. Tim himself at first refused to go. He was entirely demoralized by superstitious fear. But upon promise of a body-guard and a safe place at the rear he finally consented to be one of the party."

"The mail bag was found at the exact spot indicated by Corrigan, ripped open and rifled of all its valuable contents, consisting of several packages of value and inclosures of money. But not the slightest tract of the thief could be discovered. There were no prints of a horse's hoof save those of the animal ridden by Corrigan himself. Neither could a man's footprints be found nor a trail in the bushes be-

side the road. An old Indian fighter in the party searched long and carefully, but even his trained eye failed to discover a sign. The affair was a mystery, and Tim's theory of the agency of the evil one began, covertly, to gain some ground.

"This strange highway robbery, however, was only the first of many of a similar character which from that time on amazed and terrified the pioneers throughout that section. The paymaster of a lumbering gang was mysteriously pounced upon and relieved of \$500 in small bills. A farmer returning from the gristmill lost the little roll of money that represented nearly all his season's earnings. A surveyor, separated from the rest of his party, felt suddenly a death-like grip about his neck that tightened relentlessly until he lost consciousness. When he recovered he found his instrument, his watch and his little store of cash all gone. It was getting to be as much as a man's life was worth to venture alone into the woods.

"In every case it was noted that the mysterious assailant attacked only solitary victims, and that he always pounced upon them silently from above and behind. It was enough to make a man's blood cold to reflect that at any moment this mysterious creature, man, beast or devil, might light on his neck and choke, shoot or stab the life out of him. As yet there was no record of murder against the creature, but who could tell what he might do if resisted or unduly provoked?"

"After three different mail carriers had been robbed the post office officials sent a detective to St. Regis to look into the matter. This man, I remember, was an object of the greatest wonder and admiration on the part of our entire community, none of us ever having seen a real live detective before. He lodged with father during his stay in St. Regis, and thus I was brought into intimate association with him. The result of that intimacy I think I may say, was what determined my choice of a profession in life. But I am digressing—or anticipating.

"The detective scoured the woods for days at a time. He lay in concealment at various points of the post road between St. Regis and the station on the river where the mail was delivered to the carrier. He even risked carrying the mail himself a few times; but, as he told me, laughingly, the strain of that constant twist of the neck was too much for him.

"So long as the detective remained in the vicinity there were no more robberies nor assaults. The clever man discovered nothing positive, but he puzzled out a clew, which he gave to father for what it was worth when he was obliged to leave on other business. The clew was this:

"Near the spot where the surveyor had been overpowered the detective found an eagle's feather. Most men would not have given this slight circumstance a second thought. But a detective is a man to whom everything possesses significance. My friend put the feather in his pocket and pondered over it. He reflected that the approach of the bandit was always, apparently, through the air; that he dropped silently down upon his victim from behind and above, as a bird of prey might do. Was it not possible, then—putting two and two together—that the creature, whatever it was, might be something in bird-form?"

"I saw that my father was inclined to smile at the suggestion when it was made to him, but I treasured it in my mind, for I could not help feeling somehow that it came startlingly near the truth.

"No sooner was the detective gone than I felt to working out his clew. To be sure, I was only a boy, but I was active and inquisitive and very desirous of doing something to prove myself worthy of the detective's friendship. Besides, the post office authorities had offered a reward of \$300 that would lead to the discovery of the mysterious highwayman, or \$500 for his actual capture. Such an incentive as this was enough to sharpen a boy's wits as well as a man's.

"The thing for me to do, I concluded, was to keep a sharp outlook for eagles at all hours of the day. With this purpose in mind, I spent a large share of my leisure time on top of a cliff about three miles from St. Regis, commanding a wide view of the valley in which the village lay.

"The detective had been gone about a week when, one afternoon, as I lay upon the cliff, I saw a shadow sail over the woods below me. Looking up from my place of concealment, I beheld, almost directly over my head, the form of a great eagle outlined against the sky. It was sailing over me at a considerable height, but I could see it plainly enough, and there was something so odd about its appearance that I was struck with amazement. On either side of its neck there hung down what looked like a black streamer. The effect was as if the bird were wearing a long muffler, the ends of which trailed below its breast.

"The eagle was drifting away from me over the valley, and its body for a time was between me and anything that might be clinging to its neck. But finally it made a turn, and I could dimly see, although the distance was now too great for accurate observation with the naked eye, a sort of excrescence on the bird's back, directly over the trailing streamers. How I

longed for a good field glass or telescope! I was almost wild with curiosity, yet could do nothing but conjecture over the strange appearance of the bird. Of one thing I was almost positive, however, and that was that the object which was now fading away in the distance had been directly connected with every one of the recent robberies.

"The very next day word reached us at St. Regis of a murder and robbery that had taken place in the next township. A trapper, returning from the settlements with a considerable sum of money, realized from the sale of his pelts, had been attacked in the open roadway, and having, undoubtedly, attempted to resist his insidious assailant, had been fatally stabbed at the base of the neck. His money was gone and his body when discovered lay in the road where it had fallen. There was no evidence of a struggle, no footprints other than those of the victim himself, but in the dust somebody had found and picked up another eagle's feather. I learned this fact incidentally, and it settled in my mind the real nature of the unknown assailant.

"From that day I never went into the woods without my rifle; for father had given me a little rifle to use in hunting squirrels and wild turkeys. My thoughts dwelt constantly upon the mysterious eagle, and I was always on the lookout for the great bird.

"Weeks passed. Excitement was running higher than ever over the uncanny bandit of the woods, for bolder and more frequent assaults were constantly reported. Quite a number of settlers had moved away from sheer terror and apprehension. The state had taken up the matter and increased the reward for the villain's capture by another \$500. It was just after this had been done that my odd adventure befell me.

"I had been out after wild turkeys—ostensibly, at any rate—and was coming home with an old gobbler slung over my back. As I approached the road I heard the thud of a horse's hoofs, and, as had been customary with me, hurried forward to see the rider pass, with a vague hope that the mysterious eagle might choose that very moment to swoop down upon another victim.

"A familiar proverb says 'it is the unexpected that happens.' But every rule has its exceptions and every proverb as well. This time it was the expected that happened. I had a presentiment that I was about to behold something wonderful and strange—and I did. Hardly had I come in sight of the horseman (and there was still a thin, concealing veil of foliage between me and the open road) when a great waving shadow came drifting along the highway. I glanced up and with my heart in my mouth, saw a huge bird descending with set and motionless wings. But I saw something more, something that almost froze the blood in my veins. A miniature man sat astride of the eagle's neck, his fierce little face set with vindictive purpose. To this day I can see the baneful gleam of his small, blazing eyes. In one hand he carried a glittering, naked knife. The other hand was extended as if to grasp in anticipation his victim's hair.

"When the eagle was almost directly over the unsuspecting horseman, the pygmy bandit threw one leg over the bird's neck, sat sideways and poised himself ready to drop upon his victim's shoulders. Instinctively and with a motion as quick as thought my rifle sprang to my shoulder. Just as the dwarf let go his hold and dropped there was a ringing report, and the eagle, pierced through the heart by my bullet, fell simultaneously with his pygmy master. Both struck the flanks of the frightened horse, and the animal sprang forward in a wild snorting gallop, so sudden and so endangering to the rider that he did not even venture to turn his head to see what occasioned it. In a minute more horse and rider were out of sight around a bend in the road.

"The eagle rolled into the dust and after a few spasmodic flutterings lay still. The pygmy bandit, springing to his feet, glared about him for a moment with unbridled rage and terror in his weakened and contorted face. Then, with a cry, whose utter despair and piercing anger I shall never forget, he darted into the bushes on the opposite side of the road and disappeared.

"Hardly knowing what I did, I bounded after his disappearing form, but the sly creature was too quick for me. In the tangled underbrush it was useless to pursue a being who could dart unobstructed along a rabbit path, and I soon gave up the chase as vain.

"Leaving my wild turkey concealed in the bushes, I carried the dead eagle to the village and told my story. At first there were none who would believe me, but when I led the way to the spot where the tragedy had occurred, and the Indian-fighter had examined the small footprints in the dust, and in the soft mud of a spring-hole in the woods, where the dwarf had crossed in his flight, doubt and cavil gave way to wonder and congratulation, and I became at once the hero of the community.

"Although I had not captured the pygmy bandit, I had solved the mystery that surrounded him and destroyed the unique means by which he approached and surprised his victims. From that day the terrible little man

disappeared utterly. The last of his strange crimes had been recorded.

"I received one thousand dollars for my amateur detective work. Half of it I offered to the man who had puzzled out the necessary clew. But he would not touch a cent. 'No, my boy,' he said, 'you deserve all you have earned and more, whether you actually captured the pygmy bandit or not, for you fixed him so that he is better than dead to the world. He has ceased from his crimes and retributive justice has been spared the unnatural job of disposing of such a human frek. You are a born detective, lad, and my advice to you is to go into that profession for all you are worth.' And I have."

"Good advice!" I cried, as Sandhurst ceased, "and in some respects the most remarkable introduction to a profession I ever heard of!"—Detroit Free Press.

THIEF-TAKER BECOMES THIEF.

The Bold Sea Robber, Capt. Kidd, Sailed Under a Commission to Put Down Piracy.

William Kidd, or Robert Kidd, as he is sometimes called, was at first a sailor in the merchant marine service who had a wife and family in New York. He was a very respectable man, and had a good reputation as a seaman, and about 1690, when there was war between England and France, Kidd was put in command of a privateer, and in two or three engagements with French vessels he showed himself to be a brave fighter and a prudent commander.

Some years later he sailed to England, and while there he received an appointment of a peculiar character. It was at the time when the king of England was doing his best to put down the pirates of the American coast, and Sir George Bellomont, the recently appointed governor of New York, recommended Capt. Kidd as a suitable man to command a ship to be sent out to suppress piracy. When Kidd agreed to take the position of chief of marine police he was not employed by the crown, but by a small company of gentlemen of capital, who formed themselves into a sort of trust company or Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Merchantmen, and the object of their association was not only to put down pirates, but to put some money in their own pockets as well.

Kidd was furnished with two commissions, one appointing him a privateer with authority to capture French vessels, and the other empowering him to seize and destroy all pirate ships. Kidd was ordered to keep a strict account of the booty captured on his cruise, in order that it might be fairly divided among those who were stockholders in the enterprise, one-tenth of the total proceeds being reserved for the king.

Kidd sailed from England in the Adventure, a large ship with 30 guns and 80 men, and on his way to America he captured a French ship which he carried to New York. Here he arranged to make his crew a great deal larger than had been thought necessary in England, and by offering a fair share of the property he might confiscate on piratical or Frenchships, he induced a great many able seamen to enter his service, and when the Adventure left New York she carried a crew of 150.

With a fine ship and a strong crew, Kidd now sailed out of the harbor apparently to put down piracy in American waters; but his methods were very peculiar, for instead of cruising up and down our coast, he gayly sailed away to the island of Madeira, and then around the Cape of Good Hope to Madagascar and the Red sea, thus getting himself as far out of his regular beat as any New York policeman would be if he should walk a beat in the dominions of the khan of Tartary.

By the time Capt. Kidd reached that part of the world he had been at sea for nearly a year without putting down any pirates or capturing any French ships. In fact, he had made no money whatever for himself or the stockholders of the company that had sent him out. His men, of course, must have been very much surprised at this unusual neglect of his own and his employers' interests, but when he reached the Red sea he boldly informed them that he had made a change in his business, and had decided that he would be no longer a suppressor of piracy, but would become a pirate himself, and instead of taking prizes of French ships only—which he was legally empowered to do—he would try to capture any valuable ship he could find on the seas, no matter to what nation it belonged. He then went on to state that his present purpose in coming into those oriental waters was to capture the rich fleet from Mocha which was due in the lower part of the Red sea about that time. The crew of the Adventure readily agreed to become pirates.—Frank R. Stockton, in St. Nicholas.

Muscles of the Head.

The head has 77 muscles—eight for the eyes and eyelids, one for the nose, eight for the lips, eight for the jaw, 11 for the tongue, 11 for the larynx, 11 for the ears, 17 for motions of the head and neck, one to move the hairy scalp, one for the eyebrows.

TALKS OF THE KLONDIKE.

Capt. Healy, of Chicago, After a Six-Year's Sojourn There, Gives His Views of the Famous Country.

Chicago, Nov. 4.—Capt. John J. Healy, vice president of the North American Transportation & Trading company, who has just returned from a six-year's sojourn in the Klondike, in an interview yesterday, said:

The truth about the Yukon country is that it will yield about \$3,000,000 between now and next October, and with the completion of government roads and the operation of quartz mining machinery the output will amount to \$10,000,000 in gold annually. In less than five years 100,000 whites will be at work in the Yukon and 100 years of steady labor will not exhaust profitable mining in Alaska. It is absolutely impossible to give a fair and adequate idea of the Yukon gold fields by description. That can only be gained by actually seeing the diggings. I weigh my words well when I say that if the capitalists of the world could see with their own eyes the operations now going on there, they would be glad to toss into the laps of the officials of this one company \$20,000,000 for its holdings alone.

Mr. Levy Will Have to Explain.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 4.—Eli Levy, of 340 West Fifth street, New York, was detained by the police last night to await the action of relatives of New York. It is claimed he was instrumental in the embezzlement of \$8,000 from the wholesale butcher firm of Weston & Levy. Levy's arrest was made at the union depot just as he and a young woman were preparing to board a train for Denver. Lem Levy, a brother of the young man arrested, instigated the arrest.

Made Ill by Forced Retirement.

Middletown, Pa., Nov. 4.—Maj. Gen. Graham was formally relieved of command of the Second corps by Maj. Gen. Young yesterday. The order relieving Gen. Graham was a surprise. The general has been anxious to go to Cuba and no one doubted that he would go there until the order came relieving him. Gen. Graham was then taken ill last night and is suffering from a high fever. Gen. Graham was much broken over his retirement. To this is accounted his illness.

Dead at a Saloon Table.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 4.—James M. Prewitt, an old man from Independence, went into a saloon at 329 West Fifth street this morning and took a seat at one of the tables in front of the bar. He leaned his head on the table and apparently went to sleep. Four hours later it was observed that he had not moved and an examination showed that he was dead. He had been on a protracted spree.

Galloway Breeders Meet.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 4.—The annual meeting of the American Galloway Breeders' association was held here yesterday. About 60 members were present from various states. S. M. Winslow, Oskaloosa, Mo., was chosen president, and Frank Hearne, Independence, Mo., secretary. It was claimed that the prices of Galloway cattle have increased 100 per cent. the past year.

A Fugitive Over Seven Years.

Philadelphia, Nov. 4.—Gideon W. Marsh, the fugitive president of the now defunct Keystone national bank, returned to the city yesterday, after an absence of 7½ years, and surrendered himself to his bondsmen. The failure of this bank involved many politicians of high and low degree, and created the biggest scandal in the history of Pennsylvania politics.

Will Take Seven Hundred Sailors.

New York, Nov. 4.—Everything is now in readiness for the departure of the cruiser Buffalo, which will sail for Manila at once. It is to go by way of the Mediterranean and Suez canal. There will be 700 men for Admiral Dewey's fleet on the Buffalo. They are intended to fill the vacancies due to illness and other causes on the vessels on the Asiatic station.

Georgia Claims More Territory.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 4.—State's Attorney Wimbish has filed his report with Gov. Candler on the claim set forth by Georgia that 1,500 square miles of territory lying in Tennessee and North Carolina belongs to the first named state. He goes over the case as far back as 1852 and says the question is still an open one and is a matter for the courts to decide.

Crime of a Kentucky School-Teacher.

Livingston, Ky., Nov. 4.—John Meadows shot and killed John and Clayton Mathews, brothers, at Pineville, this county, last night. Meadows was a school-teacher. Meadows surrendered and is now in jail. Fagan, the most prominent witness, was found dead in his store room where he slept for years. The indications are that he was murdered.

Might Interfere with Exposition.

London, Nov. 4.—The most reliable information from Paris confirms the report that M. Dupuy, the premier, has decided to wash his hands of Fashoda and to recall Maj. Marchand, for whose mission he is not responsible. This decision is, to some extent, due to a desire to allow nothing to interfere with the success of the exposition in 1900.

Indiscreet Eating Causes Sickness.

San Francisco, Nov. 4.—Col. John P. Bratt, of the First Nebraska, has been honorably discharged on account of illness. He says that 15 per cent. of the Nebraska troops in Manila are sick. Many of them are ill because of their indiscretion in drinking the vile soda pop and eating half-rotten bananas that the native sell on the streets.