

# Saint Mary's Beacon

## THOUGHT HE SAW DEVILS.

Yesterday afternoon a reporter ran across a peculiar-looking individual at Camden Station. He was a man apparently of 45 or 50 years of age, with a face so browned by exposure it resembled tanned leather. His hair was long and his costume showed that he had lived longer in the wild and woolly West than any other section.

With measured strides he walked up and down the platform, and was for some time an object of curiosity by the people who happened to be about the depot. His little, sharp blue eyes danced restlessly up and down as if their possessor was accustomed to keep a lookout in cases where such precaution was needful.

There was something so out of the common about the man that the reporter approached him and engaged him in conversation. He seemed rather glad of an opportunity to talk. In response to an inquiry he said that he was on his way to Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and showed a ticket to that point. He had missed connection and was waiting for the next train. He said his name was John R. Kane.

When asked the question if he did not have a large fund of stories of adventure which happened to him out West, he chuckled, and rolled his quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other.

## SEEN MANY QUEER THINGS.

"I've seen a good many queer things out in the Western country," he said, "but about the queerest thing that ever happened to me was out in Arizona."

Seated on one of the benches outside the waiting-room he told the following story, which he declared was true in every particular.

"I used to be in the United States Army, and was stationed at Fort Bowie, Modoc county, Ariz. At the time I was there the fort was garrisoned by two companies of cavalry and one of infantry. The fort was and is one of the most important in the territory. Situated to the northwest of the post, to the southwest of a peak called Helen's Dome, about half a mile from the divide between this and Bowie Knob is a gold mine rich in ore. As it is in the government reservation no one is allowed to work it. It is called the haunted gold mine.

"Several years ago there were two Boston men who went out to Arizona to hunt gold. One of the two was killed and his body buried in the mine. This fact was not known at the garrison, and the apparitions which appeared one night could not have been creatures of the imagination.

## AFTER GOLD BY NIGHT.

"Having heard that the mine was rich in ore, I determined to work it by night, as it was not allowed to be worked, and no one would bother me in the night. So one dark night I provided myself with a revolver, a lantern and some tools, besides some other things which I thought I might need. On arriving at the mine I sat down to rest. Presently I heard a slight noise, and on looking in the direction of the divide I saw two forms like men. I instantly grabbed my revolver and watched them. The moon was just rising, and I watched until the light shone on the two forms, and when it did I saw that they were black. I watched them a few moments, and to my horror saw that they both had horns sticking straight up out of their heads.

"Presently they ran away and returned in a few minutes carrying what seemed to be the body of a man. They laid it down on a large flat stone not 10 yards in front of me. I perceived that it was a white man and that he was not dead. Both the figures, which I shall call devils, danced around him and flourished their knives in the air for about five minutes, but it seemed to me like many hours. My heart seemingly ceased to beat. The cold perspiration stood on my forehead, not a muscle in my body moved nor did I tremble. I sat there like a man in a trance. Then came the most horrible sight of all. The flourished their knives over their heads, and with a wild yell that sounded to me like the cries of demons rushed at the man on the flat stone and cut his heart out and held it straight up at arm's length. The picture presented was most horrible. The two devils, standing in the moonlight, their horns pointing to the heavens, and

one of them holding a man's heart dripping with blood.

"But the most horrible thing was yet to come. My eyes bulged out of my head, which was as hot as an oven; and the cold perspiration dripped down all over my body. Thus they stood for hours, as it seemed to me, and then with a blood-curdling yell they threw the heart at me. It fell by my side. This made the blood rush to my head so that I could see nothing but a red glare of light, which kept getting brighter all the time until it was like the sun. Then it began to grow dim, and I knew no more.

## CONSCIOUSNESS REGAINED.

"The next thing that I was conscious of I was setting up in the same place where I had been. The two apparitions were standing by the body of the dead man. One of them had a skull in his hand, and it was filled with blood. He drank of it and handed it to the other, who also drank and threw the skull down.

"After a short time they lifted the flat stone to one side and dug a hole under it. One of the devils cut the dead man's head off, and taking it with him disappeared. The other took the body in his arms, carried it to the hole laid it in and put the stone over it. After that he disappeared, and I fell asleep.

"When I awoke it was broad daylight. I went to the stone and there was no blood on it, nor had it been moved. Then I looked for the skull and found it, but it was half buried in the dirt and had evidently not been moved for years. I then lifted the flat stone a little with my crowbar, which I had brought with me, and looked under. There was a skeleton lying in the same position that the body had been laid the night before, and it had no head. I picked up the skull and started to the post, intending to report it to the commanding officer, but when I got near the road I remembered that if I reported it I would be tried for absence without leave, so I threw the skull away and said nothing about it.

"For some time I was greatly troubled in my mind, as I thought what I had seen was perhaps a hallucination of the brain. It worried me nearly to death.

"Not until nearly year afterward did I learn the history of the gold mine. There was a tradition that a white man had worked it at one time, until he was captured by a couple of Indians. The red devils cut his heart out and otherwise mutilated his body.

"Although I was never very superstitious, I must say that I felt better after I heard the story, but I felt convinced then that there was some foundation for what I had witnessed."—*Baltimore Herald.*

## MR. YATES AND THE DUCKS.

Old Times in the Village of Leonardtown. Many years ago, before the days of railroads and when steamboat travel was but little known, what was termed a country landlord or country innkeeper was a personage of much note. Generally he was the most prominent man in the village, and many little humorous incidents occurred during his proprietorship, some of which I propose to relate.

In the village of Leonardtown, in St. Mary's county, situated on an arm of Britain's bay (when I was a small boy), there was a gentleman who kept the only hotel in the place whose name was Yates. He was a man of fine physique, standing six feet in his stockings and well proportioned. He was a man full of humor and wit, and always liked to indulge in practical jokes. At that time the social caste in Maryland was very different from what it is now. We then had the old aristocracy composed of prominent people, such as the Keys, Harrises, Blakstones, Thomases and others. That was an aristocracy of "blue" blood, of birth and intelligence, very different from the "shoddy" aristocracy of today, which consists of money without brains.

But, to come back to our landlord. The names of those I have mentioned were very fond of engaging in suppers, especially "duck suppers," and Mr. Yates besides being celebrated as a landlord and caterer, was also noted for his steady marksmanship as a gunner, and whenever he had to furnish these suppers he would supply the means with his gun, and has been known to bring down five ducks on the wing out of a small flock of six. His gun was an old flint musket, but was never known to fail him in an emergency, and he gave it the name of "never fail."

On this particular occasion he was employed to get up a "duck supper," laying covers for thirty, which would require, with other things and trimmings, about twenty-four ducks. In order to be ready, Mr. Yates began his gunning expedition about a week before the supper. The ducks were scarce, and morning and evening he would take his rounds only to come back without any game.

There was at the head of this little bay, perhaps a quarter of a mile from its source, a mill belonging to Mr. Key, the most prominent citizen in the village, and, by the bye, speaking of mills it may be necessary to state that in the county there were many little streams upon which these little over-shot mills were worked and run with very little water power. What were known as mill races or dams were not often seen, but any mill that was worth a "dama" was supplied with that indispensable requisite. This mill that I speak of owned by Mr. Key was supplied with a splendid dam or race, which consisted of earth embankments thrown across the stream, which was furnished with what was called a flood-

gate and an overflow at the top. This dam was very large and deep, and in it was an abundance of all kinds of fresh water fish and terrapins, and it enabled the miller to raise large flocks of what are termed puddle or tame ducks.

About four days before the time of the supper Mr. Yates went around again. Having no luck he sauntered along towards the mill, and as he reached it he saw a flock of about seventy-five or eighty ducks swimming and enjoying themselves. Thinking that he might be able to supply the insufficiency of wild ducks by having tame ones, he went to the mill and saw the miller, whose name was Wimpsett. Telling him of his troubles and of being unable to procure wild ducks, he said:

"Wimpsett, I will give you two dollars for a shot at those ducks, and I have what I kill."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Wimpsett. "That would never do; the ducks belong to Mr. Key and I am sure you would not kill less than a dozen and I should not be able to pay him."

Mr. Yates walked into the mill and placed his gun behind the door and went across the road where he had some business with a friend. As soon as he was gone Wimpsett went and took the gun from its place, and with a ramrod, having a fine screw, he withdrew the wad and relieved the gun of its entire load of shot.

In the course of half an hour Mr. Yates returned, and, taking his gun, started for home, followed by Wimpsett. As soon as they reached the dam, Wimpsett said to him: "Well, Mr. Yates, I have thought about the matter of the ducks, and will give you a chance; you can have the shot for two dollars." Thereupon Mr. Yates handed him the two dollars, and, stepping back about thirty paces, took deliberate aim at the ducks, which had swum into the inclosed compass, and fired. Of course the result was not a duck was killed. He was about to express his surprise and consternation, but soon determined to let the matter pass, saying to Wimpsett as he left, "I have had bad luck, but after awhile I will come round and try it again."

Two days afterwards the same bad luck attended him, and he went to the mill again, and he told Wimpsett that he would be willing to take another shot if he would give him one for two dollars. He had, however, taken occasion before reaching the mill this time to put in an extra large load of shot. Then putting his gun behind the door again he sauntered out to take a short walk.

As soon as he left, Wimpsett not suspecting anything wrong, repeated, as he thought, the same trick by withdrawing a load of shot from the gun. When Yates returned he took his gun, and started again and was followed by Wimpsett, who, when nearing the ducks, said: "Well, Yates, as you had bad luck last time, I will give you another chance." With that Mr. Yates, handing him the two dollars, stepped back at what he thought a proper distance, and leveling his gun at the ducks, which were huddled together, fired again, and when the smoke was cleared away, to the surprise and consternation of poor Wimpsett, twenty-two ducks lay stretched out upon the water. Wimpsett pressed his hands, and in horror said: "Oh, my God; I am ruined! I am ruined! Mr. Key will surely discharge me."

Mr. Yates, however, bagged his ducks and went home and prepared the entertainment, which was pronounced of the highest order, and in the midst of it, when the wine began to flow, jokes were in order, and among others the landlord was called upon for one.

He answered by telling the manner in which he had procured the ducks, to the great mortification of Mr. Wimpsett. His story was told in his peculiar style, and so pleased them all that Mr. Key determined that Mr. Wimpsett should not only be called upon to make good the loss, but should have the four dollars.—*George Colton in Baltimore Sunday News.*

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Wednesday, January 3, 1894. It is Chairman Wilson's intention to reach a vote on the tariff bill January 17.

Herbert Thomas fired a gun loaded with fourteen inches of powder in Carroll county and blew a hole through his hand.

Ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt is in full control of legislation at Albany, and the old-time deals with Tammany are in order.

Sportsmen in the Northern Neck are paying their respects to deer and foxes, which are more numerous than for years past. Rabbits and partridges are a rarity, particularly the latter. Not a bird can be seen during a week's hunt.

It is generally accepted that an assessment bill will be passed by the Legislature at its present session. It is anticipated there will be a good deal of legislation affecting insurance companies doing business in Maryland, and insurance Commissioner Rasin is expected to spend a considerable portion of his time at Annapolis during the session. It is thought the free-book measure, if revived, will not be seriously pressed.

Mail advices received from Krosche, in Russia, confirm the first reports of the massacre of Catholics at that place in November last, by which at least twenty persons were killed and nearly a hundred wounded, notwithstanding the official statement that the affair was anything more than a disturbance in which four policemen were hurt. Details of the massacre show the Cossacks to have been guilty of savage atrocities.

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