

SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING TALES OF ADVENTURE ON SEA AND LAND.

A Thrilling Adventure in the Devil's Mountains, Arizona—Buried Alive by a Fall of Rock and Released by an Earthquake—Sam Yool's Wonderful Yarn.

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Three years ago, when I was in Yuma, A. T., I met and made the acquaintance of Sam Yool, a tough, grizzled, weather-beaten veteran of the mountains and plains, a miner, prospector, cowboy, scout and adventurer in general. Yool, to my surprise, proved to be a fit man, with a restless hand and eye, despite which signs of nervousness I was told he was cool as ice in moments of danger. Being in a good natural mood, he told me several stories of narrow escapes through which he had passed, one of which I consider sufficiently "odd" to bear retelling.

"Do you know anything about the Devil's mountains?" asked Sam abruptly, and when I shook my head he declared, "You don't know anything about them. They're part of the Mogollon range, and certain the most ornery section of this year country. A good part of them are bare, baked deformities on the face of the earth, and a man has to scramble round right smart to find wood or water anywhere.

"For a long time I had been hearing stories to the effect that there were rich gold placers and pockets in the Devil's mountains, and I finally resolved to investigate. The section had a bad reputation, for it was said many prospectors who had ventured among the barren mountains never returned to tell what they discovered. But that did not faze me a hair, and I could not get any one to go with me I started off all by my lonesome self, having a tough little Indian pony for riding, while my outfit was packed on a burro.

"Well, I don't propose to tire you with the account of my search for gold. I didn't find a sign, and I had decided to get out shortly when one night a band of wandering Indians dropped down on me. It was just before dark, and I had settled down for the night close by the mouth of a cave that opened black and ugly in the face of a barren bluff. The reds came on me by accident, and I'll allow they were as much surprised as I was—maybe a little more so, for my rifle was within reach, and I opened on 'em instantly.

"I bored two of the whelps and drove 'em back, but I knew they'd come whooping down in about two shakes, so it was high time to hit the best locality for fighting. In sleeping my eyes round I saw the mouth of the cave.

"That's the ticket!" I cried in delight, and then yanking up the pickets of my camp I made a run for it. I didn't stop to gather up my outfit, for I knew I didn't have any time to waste.

"I got into the cave all right. I didn't know how large the place was or anything about it, but I made up my mind to lead the pony and the mule back where they wouldn't be so apt to get hit with bullets or arrows. All at once something happened. There was a jarring sound and then a rumbling roar. I was flung forward on my face, blinded and nearly choked with dust, and then I found myself in utter darkness.

"When I recovered enough to sit up, I struck a match and looked around. What I saw wrung a groan from my lips, and I reckoned I was done for sure. A big mass of rock and earth had fallen from the roof of the cave near the mouth, blocking the entire entrance. There were tons upon tons of the stuff, and with neither pick nor spade I could not tunnel out in two months. It looked as if I was doomed to perish of hunger and thirst.

"Both my pony and the burro had been caught beneath the falling mass and crushed to death. It seemed a miracle I had escaped.

open and a little, bent old woman came hobbling in. She was poorly and thinly dressed in calico, and her face and hands were blue with the cold. She stood shivering by the door and looking at us appealingly as she faltered:

"Mayn't I please come and get warm?" In an instant every man was on his feet, offering her his seat by the stove. She came forward as quickly as she could, tucking a lock of white hair back beneath the poor old fashioned bonnet.

"Thankee, thankee," she murmured as she sank down and held her withered, trembling hands out toward the stove. "It's dreadful cold tonight. When a body gets 'long in years they can't stand the cold like younger folks."

"Not one of the party had ever seen the old woman before, and all were filled with wonder. Finally Judson, the storekeeper, ventured to inquire how she came to be out on such a night.

"I'm just goin' back home," she explained. "I couldn't stay away any longer, though I don't s'pose Joe and Mandy'll be tickled to see me. Joe's my boy, and Mandy's his wife. Joe was alius good to his old man, though I must hev been powerful tiresome to hev round sometimes. It was Mandy as got him to take me off to some kind of a home where they said I'd be treated first class. I don't mind the treatment, though some of the folks there do yell and holler so I can't sleep nights, but I'm jest hungry fer a sight of my boy and the old home, so I run away, and I'm goin' back."

"The men looked at each other significantly, and one of them whispered in my ear:

"She's been in the asylum over in Roxbury, next town east. Guess she's a little daff."

"What's your boy's name?" asked Judson.

"His name's Joe," she replied.

"Yes, but Joe what?"

All's Well That Ends Well. Mrs. Foster was from New England and regarded life very seriously, never shirking or turning back from the path of duty which lay before her, but she never realized that French was at all necessary until she visited Paris. Then she had to rely on a phrasebook, which relieved her mind of all care, but greatly exercised the mental powers of the natives with whom she came in contact.

Mrs. Foster went, accompanied by her nephew (and the phrasebook). She thought she knew just where to open it and read her lines. She was introduced in French to the artist. He spoke in French, her nephew replied in French, until the dear old lady got bewildered. But she felt that she must say something, so she opened the inevitable book and read off the first sentence which met her eye, giving it the true New Hampshire twang.

Hotel Superstition. A short, heavy set man entered the Holland House yesterday and wrote his name on the register with a bang.

A Ventilated Pillow. The torsion pillow is soft and comfortable and accommodates itself to every movement of the head and always retains its shape and elasticity.

Justice Hornblower. W. R. Hornblower, the new supreme court justice, is a little man physically—that is, he comes only to the shoulder of an ordinary man.

Plenty of Wind. During Pennsylvania's "long parliament"—the session of the legislature which convened in January, 1883—there were a good many things done and said which have never appeared in print, and which their authors have taken special pains should never become history.

Love's Ending. The following is an epistolary romance, being selections from the correspondence of Henry Van Jenkins, Esq.

My Own Beloved One—Your precious letter filled me with rapture. To think that you will soon be mine! Our life together will be one long dream of happiness.

Ready for a Wake. The tourist and the saunterer were speaking of funny papers, when the tourist remarked that he never saw but one half respectable joke in an English paper, and he related the following:

A Nonelastic Bounce. When the young man entered the store a little late, he was looking as if he had been through a week's wash and was hung out to dry in the rain.

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BURIED ALIVE.

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"I can't describe my feelings just then, but I decided to explore the cave for another outlet. That seemed to be my only hope, and it was a pretty slim one. All the same, when I had recovered from the dazed condition into which the affair had thrown me, I set out, lighting a match now and then.

"The cave proved to be a monster. There were dozens of passages that branched off in all directions, and I was forced to trust to luck in choosing. I don't know how long I probed round, all the time scared of falling into some deathtrap hole, but I finally lost my nerve and tried to get back to the blocked entrance.

"Then I made a discovery that lifted my hair. I was lost. I couldn't find my way back. I have a rather hazy recollection of what followed, but I know I probed about like a maniac, crying out now and then and hearing nothing but the sound of my own voice as it echoed along the black underground passages. I know I prayed, and I ain't ashamed of it. It seemed as if I had been in that terrible cave for days, and I fancied I was already growing weak from want of food and water.

"All at once a wonderful thing occurred. I heard a faraway muttering that seemed to come from the bowels of the earth, and then there was a sharp report that caused the ground to reel and hurled me prostrate. I saw a blinding glare of fire, and then I reckon I must have gone clean daff.

"When I came round to reason, I saw there was a big crack right up over my head, and the sun was shining straight down on me. I didn't stop to ask how that crack came there, but I just climbed for it. By means of rocky points and projections I managed to work up to the fissure and pull myself on to the open world. Happy! Well, I got right down on my knees and thanked God the best I knew how. Then I looked around to see how it had happened.

"First, I am telling you the square truth when I say the whole side of that mountain was cracked and seamed. It took me some time to get the thing through my head, but I finally understood an earthquake had rent an opening in my living tomb and provided a means of escape. That very day I struck some grasses who were making a cut through the mountains, and so I am here to tell of what I consider the narrowest escape of my life.

"I don't want to hear any human critic say how there ain't a God," concluded Sam Yool, "for I know better! It was his hand that opened the cave for me to escape!"

Going Back Home. There were 10 or a dozen of us seated about a red-hot stove in a back country store one fearful old December evening, and the wife of the party had just finished a story that convulsed us all with laughter, when the store door was slowly pushed