SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING TALES OF ADVENTURE ON LAND AND SEA.

In the Quicksands—Escaping the Law to Receive a Fate More Sure and Perhaps More Just—A Thrilling Story of Adventure in New Mexico.

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Traveling along the Rio Grande valley is not the best, even at this date, but it was far worse 20 years ago, when the streams were bridgeless and the quicksands so bad that it produced no surprise to hear that another man and horse had been lost in their treacherous depths.

At the time of which I write I was connected with a railroad survey along the thirty-fifth parallel, and we had our headquarters at the town of Albuquerque, N. M., then a place of small importance. Even its most sanguine inhabitant did not dream at that time of the prosperity the railroad would bring to it.

Of the population of 1,500 I do not think 30 were Americans, or "whites," as they preferred to call themselves, though some of the New Mexicans were as fair as any of our party. The majority, however, showed a strong Indian and sometimes a negro strain.

The advent of strangers in those days was always celebrated by a fandango, and as the New Mexican, like the old Mexican, women are exceedingly fond of dancing this form of entertainment was kept up nightly so long as los gringoes—the strangers—were willing to pay the fiddlers.

Not being a dancer, I did not care for fandangoes, but one of my friends prevailed on me one night to go with him and see what he called "the fun."

The fandango that night was held at the fonda, or hotel, kept, I think, by a man named Murphy. The hotel, like every other house in the place, the church on the plaza included, was adobe. The dining room, a long, gloomy apartment, made passable at night by many candles, was used for dancing.

Near the entrance there was the inevitable bar, and at the further end a platform raised about a foot above the floor, on which was seated the orchestra, consisting of two fiddles and a guitar.

I thought the women by no means as good looking as the men, but I made an exception in the case of one who was somewhat famed in that region under the name of Donna C. Anna. This girl was petite, graceful as an antelope, and her pale, olive features were as pure and perfect as one of Raphael's madonnas.

As may be supposed, Donna C. Anna was the belle of the ball, and I was not long in discovering that a young Mexican with a dangerous looking knife in his red sash and a dangerous glitter in his black, Indian like eyes was inclined to monopolize all the girl's time, and evidently to her own annoyance as well as that of others.

HE FACED US AND TRIED TO FIRE.

There were soldiers, teamsters and officers in the room, all affiliating among themselves and with the natives in the most democratic fashion.

One of the finest looking fellows present was Sergeant Carey of the Fifth United States cavalry, who was attached to our escort. He had already distinguished himself in a number of Indian fights and had been recommended by the officers of his regiment for promotion.

This young man seemed to be captivated by the Mexican girl, and on her part she was without doubt pleased with his attentions.

Carey danced with the girl many times, treating her at the bar to native wine, as was the custom, and when the fandango broke up at 2 in the morning he helped her on with her becoming rebosa and prepared to escort her home.

The two had just left when Captain Hobart drew me out and asked quickly:

"Have you a pistol about you?"

We all carried arms when not asleep, so I answered, "Yes; haven't you one?"

"I have, but I want two."

"What for?"

"Sergeant Carey is going to have trouble. I have been watching that dog of a Mexican, Pedro, and if I'm not mistaken he is lying in wait for the sergeant now on account of that girl."

I proposed to go with Hobart, but as he would not hear to it I handed him my revolver and stood outside the fonda door to await his return, for we tented together.

The captain flew in the direction taken by the sergeant, though they had preceded him only a few minutes. He had not been gone while one could deliberately count 40 when I heard a shout, then a woman's shrill scream, quickly followed by the repeated banging of a revolver and the sound of hurrying feet.

A number of our people rushed out of the hotel, and with these I hurried in the direction of the noise.

We found the sergeant bleeding on the ground and Donna C. Anna in a faint beside him. Both were taken back to the hotel, by which time the girl had revived. Our doctor chanced to be present. He made a hurried examination of the sergeant's wound, shook his head sadly and muttered:

"Poor fellow! He is called!"

The dagger had just escaped the heart. The blade was driven entirely through the left lung, and the point entered the spine.

I bent over the dying man—he had been a favorite with me—and asked:

"Who stabbed you, sergeant?"

"I do not know," he gasped.

"But I do," said the girl, now kneeling beside the bed and holding his hand.

"Who was it?"

"That black dog, Pedro!"

"You are sure?"

"As that Christ died!" she exclaimed.

At this juncture Captain Hobart came in, panting like a man after a hard run.

"Pedro did this," he said, with an oath. "I fired at the murderer, but as he was running and it was dark I am afraid I did not even touch him."

Just as the day was dawning the sergeant died, and that afternoon we buried him with military honors on the banks of the swollen Rio Grande.

A search was made for the assassin, but of course he had fled. We afterward learned that he had taken a younger brother with him in his flight. A reward was offered for his capture, but there was little hope that any one would claim it, certainly not a Mexican.

Two weeks after this, with Captain Hobart and a half dozen troopers, I was out examining coal indications along the banks of the Puerco when we suddenly came upon two men in the tangle of hills through which the river winds. It needed no second glance to tell us that they were Pedro and his brother.

The two leaped on their ready horses, wheeled and fired, then were away like the wind, with eight well mounted men in close pursuit. Our horses were just beginning to be blowed when we saw the brothers, to avoid a canyon in front, turn their horses and dash into the river.

The water was not over three feet deep, but we soon saw that the bottom was a treacherous quicksand.

The horses of the fugitives had sunk nearly out of sight when we got up, and the [illegible] were trying to wade to the opposite shore, but they sank deeper and deeper at every step.

A [illegible] shot brought Pedro to a sudden halt. He faced us and tried to fire, but another shot broke his pistol arm, and he sank lower and lower till only his frightened face could be seen.

We wanted to save the boy, and one of the men tied our stake ropes together and threw it to him. It fell within his reach, but he refused to touch it.

Deeper and deeper the two sank, and within three minutes the gray waters of the Puerco swept over the place where the men and horses had gone down.

A Queer Service.

While in Australia a gentleman told me a curious story, for the entire accuracy of which he vouches.

He was traveling through western New South Wales and stopped to spend the night at a little town where his coming was expected.

He had just eaten his dinner when he was handed a note. It proved to be an invitation to a wedding that was to take place in the neighborhood that night. He did not know the people, but that did not matter in that hospitable frontier settlement.

He said:

"As the ceremony was to come off within the hour, I changed my dress and reported on time. I mentioned my name and was as kindly received as if I had been an old friend of the family.

"Before I had been in the large parlor or family room five minutes the young couple advanced to where the parson was standing, and they were married with that brevity that has always surprised me, considering the importance of the event.

"The young married people took seats among the people, who were ranged on chairs about the wall, and following this there came a silence that became embarrassing. At length a young lawyer, who seemed to be a big man in the place, stood up and made a rather long and certainly a very eloquent speech, in which he congratulated the bride and groom on what they had done.

"'Many here are ready to follow your fine example,' he said, 'but the truth of it is, and I speak of my own knowledge, the young men are too bashful to propose, and the young ladies are too modest to show that they are ready to say yes to the right man.'

"This was hailed with laughter, and then the ingenious young lawyer sprang the following scheme on the assembled bachelors and maidens. He called it, 'A new matrimonial device,' and such it surely was.

"One man in the company was elected as president, and he was pledged to keep secret all writing that came into his possession until he was told to divulge it. The consent was to be given by the writers. The lawyer then handed round blank slips of paper and told each unmarried lady to write on it her own name and under it the name of the man she would prefer to marry if she had to do so at once.

"This work was completed amid much merriment, and the slips were handed to the president. Then the unmarried men were told to do the same, and they wrote much more nervously and seemed far more embarrassed than the girls.

"After all the communications were in, the president, who, by the way, was a middle aged married man, got up and announced amid much applause that 12 young men and 12 young women had reciprocally chosen each other, but whom they had chosen remained a secret with the president and with themselves.

"After this there was dancing, when I left.

"Now, hear the conclusion. I was passing through the same place just one year after that, and being curious I inquired about the lawyer's matrimonial scheme. Imagine my surprise when I was informed that 11 out of the 12 couples who had chosen mates were married since my last visit."

A Good Sell.

Captain Whelin was an excellent volunteer officer, and because of this at the close of our late war he received a lieutenant's commission in the regular army and since then has won his way to the command of a company.

Captain Whelin is an Irishman, and like all his countrymen he dearly loves a joke. Some time since the captain was stationed in a far western fort, which was commanded by Major Phipps of the same regiment.

The major is a martinet, and his personal dignity and self importance are so marked as to make him an object of ridicule when his back is turned and an object of contempt at all times.

Captain Whelin, like all his brother officers, cordially dislikes the major and lets slip no opportunity of taking him down when it can be done without a visitation of military discipline. The captain had been to Leavenworth, where there is a home for disabled volunteer soldiers, and on his return he met the major at the Post club, where the latter was telling how he had won battles which others claimed the glory of. Suddenly Whelin said:

"I saw a man over at Leavenworth who'd give the world to kick you."

"Kick me!" shouted the major. "I demand his name, sir!"

"I don't like to tell you," said the tormentor.

"But I demand the name!" persisted the bellicose major.

"Well, if you insist on knowing—but mark you, major, it must go no further—the man was"——

"Who? Who?"

"Don't be in such a hurry, major. The man was old Sergeant Billy Waters of the First artillery, who lost both his legs at Atlanta by the explosion of a shell. Faith, he'd give all he has, or hopes to have, to be able to kick anybody!"

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

He Left.

A certain allopathic physician, not more than a thousand miles from a given point in the city of Detroit, has a daughter whose steady companion is a pronounced homœopath, and for reasons not at all professional the father doesn't admire his possible son-in-law, though the daughter does. Some time ago the old gentleman found the young man at his house, and thinking it a good time to settle matters he proceeded to speak his mind very freely to the youth.

"Well, have you said all you wanted to say?" inquired the suitor when the father had made a series of uncomplimentary and seditious remarks.

"No, I haven't," exclaimed the allopath, getting his second wind. "I want to say that my advice to you is to get out of this house at once and never come back again."

The young man braced up and smiled.

"Well," he responded, "you may go to Jericho with your advice. I'm a homœopath, I am, and I don't allow any allopath in existence to prescribe for me. Good evening," and the young man sat down so firmly that the old gentleman concluded he had made a mistake and left the house himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Speed of Homing Pigeons.

Thirty or thirty-five miles an hour is a fair average in good weather for a pigeon. The greater the distance, the smaller the probability of the prompt return of the bird. At a distance of, say, 100 miles, almost all birds return safely if the weather is favorable, but at distances of 400 or 500 miles it is impossible to reckon confidently on the bird's return. It appears curious, but it is a well established fact that as the bird nears its home its speed is accelerated.—Philadelphia Press.

Daily Work of a Young Mother.

Mr. Alexander Graham Bell calculates that a mother, in talking to her infant, speaks 25,000 words a day—equal to about four hours of continuous talking, and this notwithstanding the fact that the baby does not know what any single one of the 25,000 words means.—London Tit-Bits.

In A. D. 982 a town law was promulgated at Strasburg requiring the carpenters to do a prescribed amount of work every Monday for the bishop. No compensation was given for the work.

SOULFUL, BUT NOT WILLING.

I walked one day with Phyllida
Down in Bohemian town,
I'd not long parted about
She in a new Worth gown.

I talked that day with Phyllida
Down in Bohemian town
Of things smooth and thoughtful,
Begged her no love to crown.

I parted that day from Phyllida
Down in Bohemian town.
She'd be a co-ed, she said,
But wouldn't be Mother Brown.
—Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Too Happy For Comfort.

"I think that perhaps the most cheerful man I ever knew," said Colonel Calliper, "was my friend Stephen Gilklim of Stockville Center, Vt. He always took a cheerful view of things, and he had a sense of humor that oftentimes enabled him to extract fun from situations in which others found only gloom. Indeed his sense of humor was rather keener than one would desire, for sometimes it sprung things on him most unexpectedly. It went skirmishing on its own account and reached humorous conclusions with great suddenness before Stephen had caught up. When his mind came along, his sense of humor would jump out with some idea so funny that Stephen would have to laugh in spite of himself.

"Of course this was a defect in Stephen's composition, and he knew it. You might have thought that as he grew older increasing years and cares would tame him somewhat and blunt his sense of humor, but they didn't. His years increased, to be sure—he couldn't help that—but his cares did not, for he wouldn't let 'em. His sense of humor was as abounding as ever. It would greet him sometimes with a smile which seemed to say: 'What! We grow old? Well!' And then they'd both laugh as they walked along together.

"Stephen's sense of humor cost him some friends and made him some trouble. It made him laugh sometimes at most inopportune moments. He was himself as much disturbed by this as anybody, but not for long, for he was so buoyant that nothing could keep him down. He passed through life a sturdy, prosperous man, whose perfect enjoyment was marred only by an excess of happiness."—New York Sun.

The True Bohemian.

A bohemian may be defined as the only kind of gentleman permanently in temporary difficulties who is neither a sponge nor a cheat. He is a type that has existed in all ages and always will exist. He is a man who lacks certain elements necessary to success in this world, and who manages to keep fairly even with the world by dint of ingenious shift and expedient, never fully succeeding, never wholly failing. He is a man, in fact, who can't swim, but can tread water. But he never, never, never calls himself a bohemian—at least, in a somewhat wide experience, I have known only two that ever did, and one of these was a baronet. As a rule, if you overhear a man approach his acquaintance with the formula, "As one bohemian to another," you may make up your mind that that man means an assault upon the other man's pocketbook, and that if the assault is successful the damages will never be repaired. That man is not a bohemian; he is a beat. Your true bohemian always calls himself by some euphemistic name. He is always a gentleman at odds with fortune, who rolled in wealth yesterday and will tomorrow, but who at present is willing to do any work that he is sure will make him immortal and that he thinks may get him the price of a supper. And very often he lends more largely than he borrows.—Scribner's.

Crabs.

The process of crabs shedding during the summer season is as follows: The crabs become fat; then they assume a bluish look on the back and yellow on under side. When in this condition, if an outer shell be broken, there will be found a skin similar to the inner skin of an egg covering the crab. In this stage the crab is known as a peeler. The next stage is when the outer shell begins to open, and the crab is then known as a buster. When the outer shell is stuffed, the crab is then a soft crab. If she has escaped from the cannibalistic male crabs, who pursue her during this period, she lies hidden in the grass in shoal water until the next tide, which hardens her shell considerably, and the crab is called a buckrum.

Buckrums are the tough crabs sold as soft crabs, and when cooked the shell turns red, like that of a lobster, and is not desirable on account of its brittleness. In another tide the crabs become truly hard and go where they please without fear of being devoured by the male members. The tenacity which a grown male crab shows when he begins keeping "steady company" with a peeler can be observed in many of the Chesapeake waters during the summer.—Baltimore Sun.

A Coat For a Word.

A poor man may possess a wit so fine that it is capable of doing him a great deal of service and then wait a long time before an opportunity comes for him to exercise it profitably. This was the case with an elderly tramp who was once intrusted, for want of a better messenger, with an errand to the Duke of Bedford.

"Well, you're a queer fellow!" said the duke on seeing him. "What is your name?"

"My name is Russell, your grace."

The duke laughed heartily, for his own name was Russell.

"And how about your coat of arms?" asked the duke. "Is that the same as the Duke of Bedford's?"

"Ah, your grace," said the man, "our arms may be much the same, but I fancy there's a slight difference in our coats!"

As this fact was only too apparent, the duke sent for a good coat of his own and gave it to the man.—Youth's Companion.

A Dog Story.

The Boston Transcript tells the following dog story: A friend during his boyhood days in New Hampshire owned a big dog. Some carpenters were at work on a new house approached by a long hill from his home. The distance by road around the hill was a full mile. Each noon the dog was sent up to the new house with a jug of water. One warm day he set down the jug for a rest, and being unable to recover it it rolled to the foot of the hill. He looked at it awhile, picked it up and trotted off around the hill this time, and never afterward could he be persuaded to carry the jug by the short route.

Waiting.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she exclaimed to the tramp, who had stopped at her door. "You ought to have some steady calling."

"I have me perfession," he replied, with quiet hauteur.

"Well, why under the sun don't you go to work at it? You're right in the prime of life."

"I know it. That's jes' what the matter is. I'm an infant prodigy, an I've got ter wait fur me second childhood before I kin resume business."—Washington Star.

Johnny's Escape.

This story is of how Mr. Whackem, a fiery schoolmaster, came to lose a scholar one day. The class was parsing a sentence.

"What is the imperative of the verb 'to go?'" asked Whackem of Johnny Fizzletop.

"I don't know."

"Go!" shouted Whackem.

"Thank you, sir," replied Johnny, and he was two streets off before the teacher could catch his breath.—New York Telegram.

A Pet Dog and a Husband.

"I can't understand how Mrs. Smiley can waste so much of her time wi'h her pet dog."

"Well, you would if you had ever met her husband."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Obviously Unsophisticated.

"Why do you think Ameeye is not a man of experience?"

"Because last night he asked one girl if she didn't think that a certain other girl was pretty."—Chicago Record.

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PLATFORM

Of the American Union Party.

For the promotion of the best interests of all the people of the Hawaiian Islands and for the organization of a party having only this object in view, the following is adopted as a declaration of the principles upon which the organization to be known as the "American Union Party" is to be established, and upon this platform we invite the co-operation of every friend of good government.

1st. REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT—The American Union Party is unalterably opposed to any form of monarchical government in the Hawaiian Islands, and declares its full allegiance to the Provisional Government, endorsing the proposal for a constitutional convention looking to the extension of popular representation in the Government.

2d. POLITICAL UNION—We declare our leading principles to be the accomplishment of a political Union with the United States of America and the maintenance of a stable and honest government.

3d. PUBLIC LANDS—We favor such legislation as will promote the occupancy of all public lands, including those heretofore known as "crown lands," by small holders, and foster the development of varied industries, believing it to be of vital importance that "many acres" should be for "many men."

4th. CITIZENS' RIGHTS—We declare that all citizens are equal before the law, and we are opposed to monopolies or privileged classes, favoring participation in the government by every loyal citizen and declare for a liberal suffrage law that will, first of all, guarantee a vote to every man who rendered satisfactory service in the military or police departments of the Provisional Government.

5th. IMMIGRATION—The evils of Asiatic immigration are so apparent that we declare in favor of its prohibition by positive and prudent methods, declaring in favor of such American, Portuguese or other European immigration as shall supply the necessary labor and furnish the country with permanent settlers.

6th. PUBLIC WORKS—We favor the immediate establishment of a comprehensive system of public improvements that shall be of permanent value to the country and afford needed employment to the laboring classes, but we declare against importation of labor and material of any kind whatsoever for use on public works which can be obtained in the home market, and materials which must be obtained from abroad should be obtained through local dealers in open competition.

7th. PUBLIC OFFICES—We hold that no person should occupy any position of trust or profit under the Government who is not loyal to the same.

8th. PRISON LABOR—We oppose the employment of prison labor in any mechanical pursuits.

9th. TAX SYSTEM—We favor a revision of the tax system whereby all property, improved and unimproved, shall be taxed on an equitable basis.

10th. LABOR—We declare that in the Constitution and in legislation thereafter the rights of the wage-earner should be fully considered.

11th. EDUCATION—We favor the enlargement of the scope of the free-school system to the end that a university course may be available to the youth of the country.

12th. TELEGRAPHIC LINES—We favor the establishment of an inter-island as well as a foreign cable system.

The organization committees are: First district—J. A. Magoon, J. H. Fisher, C. H. Luther. Second—Chas. L. Carter, Mr. J. A. Cassady, J. S. Martin. Third—Julius Asche, Dr. Emerson, Jas. Nott, Jr. Fourth—J. Walter Jones, Dr. Cooper, W. P. O'Brien. Fifth—J. A. Low, J. Lecker, J. L. Carter. At large—Messrs. A. W. Keech, C. T. Rodgers, G. W. Smith, J. W. Pratt, A. V. Peters, L. C. Ables.

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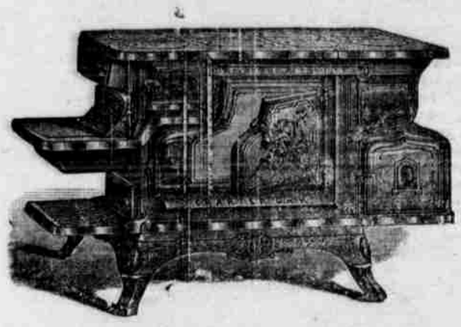

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