## ROMAN CATHOLIC CONGRESSES.

**Their Work in Spain, Portugal, and Austria—Irish Wrongs Prevent a Congress of English-speaking Catholics—A Congress of American Roman Catholics.**

ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, May 3, 1889.—Since I wrote you last, three unusual and unexpected events have stirred deeply the politico-religious world in countries that were once and successively at the head of Christendom. They have been just holding Catholic Congresses in Vienna, the seat for centuries of the Hapsburg imperial dynasty; in Madrid, the seat of the monarchy of Philip II., which embraced two worlds, and in Lisbon, whose princely navigators discovered the Indies, and prepared the pathway for Columbus to America.

That in Spain, under the Queen Regent Maria Christina, clergy, nobles, burgesses, and the élite of Spanish scientists and men of letters should meet to assert the inalienable right of the Papacy to its temporal sovereignty as the guaranty of its freedom, may not appear strange; yet it is an event which is of unusual occurrence in the Peninsula, and it is of startling significance.

What is more strange and startling still is that a like assemblage should be held in Lisbon, and that the Portuguese Catholics, by the organ of the most illustrious and influential men in the kingdom, should pledge themselves, as their brethren in Madrid were doing at the same moment, not to rest until they had exhausted all moral means for restoring the Popes to their sovereignty and the free exercise, untrammelled by any secular power, of their ecumenical office.

Strangest and most unexpected of all is it to see in the capital of Austria such an imposing assemblage as is held at this moment, proclaiming to the world, in spite of the triple alliance, that the Catholics of Austria are one with their brethren throughout the German empire in their solemn determination never to cease to protest, to agitate, to use all their political influence to seat the Pope once more sovereign of Rome, secured by the international law of both hemispheres against another Piedmontese usurpation.

Of course the yearly Catholic Congress just now assembled in Mechlin will unite its voice with that of the other Congresses lately held, to call the attention of men in power to the wrong done to religion in the person of the Pope. They are practical men, these courageous, sturdy, persevering Belgians. Who like them, among Continental peoples, have battled for freedom of education during the last sixty years? What people has been able to cast off so successfully the yoke of the anti-Christian sects led by Frère-Orban, masters for years of the Government and Legislature? They taught the Centre party in Germany the value of organization, the resistless force of compact unity in working out a great national design.

From the Catholics of Belgium and Germany Parnell learned how to organize a national party, how to discipline his followers into a phalanx as compact as that of the Macedonians. This was the organization and unity taught for three-quarters of a century by one who was the true teacher and leader of the forlorn hope of Nationalism in Ireland, Archbishop Maclhale.

If the Catholics of France could, in 1889, learn perfectly the lesson taught them by their neighbors across the Belgian and the Rhenish frontiers, there would be no need of a Boulanger to discredit a national cause of which he is utterly unworthy. They would easily break the yoke which a minority of atheists, radicals, and revolutionists of the worst type compel the majority to wear. They could impose their will on all parties.

But, whatever criticisms one might justly or unjustly hazard about the divisions which at present reign in the French conservative and religious masses it is certain, from the great provincial assemblies lately held in France, that French Catholics are beginning to know and count each other, to stand and to act together for the highest, noblest, most sacred of all purposes—the saving of religion from ruin, the saving of their country from bankruptcy, foreign invasion, and subjugation. French Catholics may have been, can be justly said to have been, all too easy going on the subject of religion, on the upholding of those principles and interests which are as dear as life itself; it is time there was an end to all this, and there are signs that there soon will be.

France is not the France I first knew thirty-three years ago. The aristocracy of her blood, her intellect, her virtue, her patriotism, and her zeal have been awaking to the dangers of their country and their race. The sons of the old Crusaders find noble employment for their zeal in city, town, and country hamlet in working hard in hand with all men of good will in saving religion and France from something worse than Mostem misbelief or corruption.

My hopes of this great and most dear nation are ever bright with all I hear and see. So shall I hope of Spain, which needs, far more than France, Catholic education, union among Catholics, a thorough hatred and reformation of administrative corruption in all departments, and a hearty resistance to the abominable incubus of political and governmental centralization, that curse of Continental countries.

And we, Catholics of the United States, have no no interests to discuss in a congress of our own? If the Catholic Church in the United States is a great and growing moral power, one calculated to urge the republic forward towards the realization of the political stability, true intellectual and scientific progress, true moral and material greatness in every sense, then, in God's name, why cannot, why should not we American Catholics meet together annually, as they do in Germany, in Belgium, in France, to examine together what they have done, what they are doing, what still remains them to do, in order to make religion within their respective countries perfectly free, in order to perfect every institution pertaining to education, to charity, to solving the great social problems of labor and capital, and even to impel mightily forward, on the lines of Christian philosophy, all the intellectual forces of the modern world?

For many years it has been the dream, the dearest wish of the best beloved, most venerable, and most apostolic prelate in the English-speaking world—Cardinal Manning—to call together a Congress of English-speaking Catholics. They have written about it, talked about it, made some steps toward carrying out this idea; then it was given up. Again and again the idea was revived. But all in vain. There was some insurmountable obstacle which no one, I believe, dared to mention openly.

What, then, was this?

Simply, the unsolved Irish problem. The wrong which Great Britain refused to confess and to repair, the simple meed of political and religious justice, which every successive British Parliament refused to do to the reasonable, peaceful, constitutional claims of Ireland, rose up as a wall between British Catholics and Catholics of Irish nationality or descent, preventing their coming together.

I do not want to say that during the last decade, and as the struggle for justice and self-government on the one hand and the scarcely disguised resolve to rid Ireland of Irish Catholics on the other, waxed fiercer and fiercer and more desperate, that Irish Catholics did not feel a very natural and very justifiable reluctance to meet English Catholics in a congress, and to discuss with them, even exclusively, the interests of religion, the interests, after all, dearest to the Irishman's heart.

It is but the simple truth to say that the worst enemies whom the Catholic religion in Ireland ever had were the Catholics of England; and we have only to recollect what ill service the representative Catholics of Great Britain have rendered to Ireland since the first embassy to the Vatican, two years ago, of the Duke of Norfolk, up to the latest denunciations of the London *Tablet*, to know how little there can be of intellectual sympathy or concordant action in a great meeting of English and Irish Catholics, where the mention of every grievance to be redressed, of every religious progress to be forwarded, would call up living, bleeding, burning memories.

Nor would the parties most aggrieved, the people that had most to forgive, be those who would be slowest to hold out the right hand of brotherly love. Irish Catholics have no reason to be unforgiving; they have never wronged their English brothers. How is it with these?

A congress, then, of English-speaking Catholics, even if confined to Catholics of the British empire, is a thing not to be thought of for the present, not until justice done and wrong righted shall have made peace in Ireland, not until the living generation of British Catholics, who have applauded and hounded on the *Times*, Salisbury, and Balfour, have passed away from the scene.

Far otherwise is it with us in the United States. Our Catholic institutions, though they cover the whole surface of the commonwealth with a growth as sudden as that of an Arctic springtide, with a luxuriance reminding one of the tropics, are still only in their infancy.

Take, for instance, our educational establishments as an illustration of what might and should be done. Let one suppose that, under the direction of our archbishops and bishops, there was held an educational congress. What light would be afforded by comparing the methods in use and the progress achieved in every class of schools, from our parochial elementary schools up to the universities and colleges, destined to-morrow or the next day to be nurseries of students for our great national Catholic University?

I believe that incalculable good would be done by a congress such as this, meeting annually, now in one city, now in another, where those of devoted men and women, both who give their lives to the training of youth, could consult together, bring together their lights, their experience; show wherein they succeeded, and where they fell short; communicate to each other all their needs of present help, all their projects and aspirations toward improvement.

The yearly volume published as the record of such meetings would be a precious manual in the hands of teachers, professors, directors. There is much in the traditions of Catholic education of every grade which would enlighten and help even Protestant schools. There are methods and results in Protestant institutions which our best Catholic schools could borrow with advantage.

Even here in France, in Paris even, I have heard men whose reputation for learning extends over both hemispheres speaking with admiration of the technical methods of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. Why should our Catholic colleges and our university schools be ashamed to imitate such methods?

These do not touch doctrine or morals; they only point out the best-known manner of teaching and acquiring knowledge of every kind, the surest, simplest, most agreeable paths in which the talent of youth is developed without straining, forcing, or cramming.

I only throw out a few hints on one subject, education; but a Catholic Congress would also treat of many other no less important matters—charities, the labor question, journals, popular reading rooms, and libraries, the repeal of laws obnoxious to religious liberty, to education, &c.

I should like to see something like this done, and well done, before I die, convinced as I am by long study, by travel, observation, and the experience of other lands, that such congresses are productive of immense and most salutary results to religion, and therefore to the community at large.

I am anxious to see the faith of my fathers waxing strong, blossoming forth and bearing most salutary and most abundant fruit for that glorious land of the West, the home of religion, of liberty, of civilization for all future time.

BERNARD O'REILLY.

## LIFE IN MODERN PARIS.

**A Swell Dinner Party.**

*From La Vie Parisienne.*

It is 7 o'clock. In an hour the guests of Madame de Bonclos will arrive. In the dining room, a table with fourteen covers is laid. All around are vessels of flowers forming a garland. Everything is ready, except that the chandeliers are not yet lighted. The leather-covered chairs, placed at the correct distance apart, wait with indifference. At each place, in one of the cut glasses, is placed a menu, ornamented with designs, fancies after Van Beers, and Parisiennes after Willette; under these in prominent letters are the names of the invited guests. The entire apartment has an aspect of expectation; in all the corners there are lamps and flowers. The salon gives one the impression of a scene at the Comédie Française. In the smoking room the curtains are closed on the half-opened windows. Enveloped in a dressing gown Mme. de Bonclos, before retiring to dress herself, reviews the drawing rooms for the last time, and gives, so to say, the finishing touch to her picture. These are the thousand little details that only a good housekeeper can be acquainted with. Here upon the writing desk she places a rose, as if forgotten, in a slender vase; there upon a little table she leaves an open volume among the books; and upon the mantelpiece she places a fan. Then she groups the armchairs, pointing out beforehand the places for conversation. From there she proceeds to the children's room. They are seated at a round table, and are at dinner. She throws a kiss to them from the door, and can see from the pouting faces of the little ones and the dissatisfied air of Miss Betsy that their mem has been neglected by the cook. She leaves them with a promise of cakes for the morrow. Of course, it would be unreasonable to require a cook to think of everything on the day of a grand dinner. Provided the real menu is successful, all is well. And then she must not get out of temper, for she has to be pretty, because to-day the charming author of "Resignée" is coming to dine with her for the first time, and with him the celebrated author of "Verites." It is a quarter past 7. Fortunately the coiffure is finished; it is only the face that takes time; the rest is completed rapidly. In passing through the boudoir she notices the last number of the *Revue* containing the sequel of a romance by the author of "Verites." The *Revue* is not cut! Quickly she cuts it, while running over the pages to find some phrase to quote. She falls upon the following: "The soul is happy only in its own sphere." She repeats it several times to herself as she goes to her dressing room. The maid is waiting there. Everything is prepared, from the intimate under garments floating with laces, to the simple little evening dress of Chinese crêpe of that water green so much worn that she wants to be done with it. On the mantelpiece is the half-opened leather jewel box.

MME. DE BONCLOS (to the maid, on observing the jewel box)—Ah, no, Rose! Not to-day. You ought to know that I never wear jewels at home. Heavens! how badly my hair is dressed.

ROSE—Madame is pale. That spoils the coiffure.

Mme. de Bonclos has scarcely dipped her hands in the water prepared by Rose when some one knocks at the door.

The Voice of MONSIEUR—'Tis I, Juliette. I have just come in from the club. The table is all right, but I think you ought to have put young Ivry beside Mme. de Saint-Vallien.

MME. DE BONCLOS—Oh, no, my friend; that was last year. You are always behind the times.

The Voice of MONSIEUR—Well, you won't be bored between the two authors.

MME. DE BONCLOS—At least, I am sure that they won't be bored. (To Rose, *sotto voce*) Do I look well now?

ROSE (mildly)—Things enough. (When Rose is about to put on the petticoat, a gentle knock is heard.) Well, now, what is it?

The Voice of Miss BETSY—Madame, Susy is so naughty! She won't go to bed. She insists on kissing mamma good night, and I don't know what to do.

MME. DE BONCLOS (in a severe tone)—Miss Betsy, you are in the house to spare me annoyances from the children. Do what you think best, but don't bother me. (Miss Betsy goes away in silence. Mme. de Bonclos knows that her little Susy is not going to have a pleasant time; but she is determined not to get angry.) Put on my petticoat.

ROSE—Madame is not laced yet.

MME. DE BONCLOS—Well then, be quick. Ah! I do wish you wouldn't stoop your head so low! Your hair touches my shoulders.

The Valet de Chambre (outside)—Rose!

MME. DE BONCLOS—What is it? Go and see. (Rose opens the door a trifle.)

The Valet de Chambre—Tell madame that they have not yet sent the strawberries. Shall I wait or send to some other place? And tell her the head waiter has not come yet. And ask madame if we are to use the little red cups or the medium-sized blue ones. And you have not given me napkins enough. And here is a letter for madame that the concierge has just sent up.

MME. DE BONCLOS (out of patience)—Haven't you finished yet, Joseph? Tell all that to Monsieur; I can't attend to anything now.

The Valet de Chambre—Ah, pardon me, Madame. I had forgotten. Monsieur wishes a little of Madame's perfume. I forgot to buy him some.

MME. DE BONCLOS (more and more out of patience)—Give it to him and let him go away. (The door is hardly closed before the telephone rings. Rose has put on Madame the skirt of the dress which she is fastening before the glass, while Madame opens the letter. She reads, in an undertone): "Extremely sorry; impossible to come; my wife has a violent headache; can't leave her." (Crushing the paper.) Well, so much the worse. We shall be twelve. (Looking in the glass.) It can't be possible, Rose. It is monstrous. Take off those paddings. They are no longer worn.

ROSE—Let Madame consider a moment. There would be too little then.

MME. DE BONCLOS—Then take out half. (While Rose with a big pair of scissors opens the padding in question and takes out half the contents, another knock is heard. Madame becomes enraged.) I can't have a moment to myself. (But she sees herself red in the glass, calms herself with a great effort, and says to herself for consolation: The more trouble in the beginning, the more success in the end. (In a very pleasant voice): Well?

The Voice of MONSIEUR—You are not ready yet, Juliette? I have a surprise for you. Do you know who has just telephoned to me? Mme. Douglas announces that she will bring her father, the old gentleman you like so much, who tells stories of hunting adventures.

MME. DE BONCLOS (out of all patience)—But I don't like him. It was only on account of my charity sale. Oh, what a bore! (With a little shriek) Ah!

M. DE BONCLOS (thinking that his wife has fainted and wishing to break in the door)—My God! what is the matter?

MME. DE BONCLOS—That will make thirteen!

The Voice of MONSIEUR—What? It will make fifteen!

MME. DE BONCLOS—The Helders are not coming. They have splitting headaches.

The Voice of MONSIEUR—The devil! What is to be done?

MME. DE BONCLOS—Tell Miss Betsy to put on her black silk dress. She will hear the hunting stories. That is all.

The Voice of MONSIEUR—You are a genius!

He goes away. The corsage is on. A final touch of rice powder upon the face, and then Madame is ready to quit her workshop of beauty. While buttoning her glove as she passes into the salon, the door bell sounds. It is the first guest. She places herself before the mantelpiece and looks at herself in the glass, and, although the lamps in the boudoir have flared, although her husband has forgotten to take away the menus of the Helders, although there will be no strawberries, and the head waiter, who has just arrived, has an ugly nose and is not at all up to the mark, she smiles; it makes her appear younger, and that is the essential. At the same moment the gentleman with the hunting stories comes in, and the manner in which he is received makes him think that he has really done a good action by coming. From that moment everything goes well. The other guests arrive one after another. They sit down to table, and while Miss Betsy listens to the tales of wild boar hunting, Mme. de Bonclos smiles at the author of "Resignée" and recites the phrase of the author of "Verites": "The soul is only happy in its own sphere." The other, smiling politely, does not understand why he should be treated to a phrase from Voltaire. And the dinner continues.

## GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

**Hunting Outlaws is Easy, but Being Hunted by Them Not so Nice.**

For the first three years of my connection with a Western detective agency I was known to the employees of the agency, when known at all, as "the outlaw man." Not that I had ever been an outlaw myself, but because I was assigned to the duty of hunting down outlaws and no one else. It is a line of work still in existence with several agencies, but it is one in which few men care to engage, no matter what the salary. It is all right when you are hunting the outlaw, but vastly different when he turns and hunts you. Had I fully understood what would be required of me, I would not have engaged in the work for any salary the agency could have named, but, once engaged, pride and circumstances kept me bound to the work until imperatively obliged to relinquish it.

For two years previous to my start, a man known as Bill Gibbs had been outlawed in Arkansas. He was a robber and murderer, had a price set upon his head, and had taken refuge in the Boston Mountains, and from his lair defied all authority of law. He was a terror to a large district, and the plan to get rid of him was discussed and arranged like an ordinary business transaction.

"What sum in cash will your agency take to hunt down and kill Bill Gibbs?" was the query.

"We will do it for —— dollars."

"All right; go ahead."

When the preliminaries had been arranged with the committee, I was called in for orders.

"You will proceed to Huntsville, Arkansas, and from thence locate Gibbs. Do not attempt to take him prisoner. The whole State wants him killed. Take your time and make your own plans, but do not return until you have disposed of him."

Inside of five days I was in Huntsville, but I tramped over the country between that town and the base of the range for a week before I secured any definite information regarding Gibbs. Every farmer knew him, and almost every one paid him tribute, but such was the fear of his vengeance that only an occasional person dared admit having seen him. The outlaw was entirely alone, and he had been left unmolested so long that the advantage would be on my side. He was described to me as a man of 40, very powerful and vindictive, and of a natural bloodthirsty disposition. When he came down out of the mountains he was sure to do some devilish thing, although unprovoked and among people ready to befriend him. I found several negroes who had had an ear slashed off by him, and half a dozen white men who had been shot at or otherwise intimidated. It was over two weeks before I got any information of direct value. I then stumbled upon a negro squatter to the southeast of Huntsville and near the foothills, who panned out at a lively rate. I encountered him on a trail in the woods, and had him covered with my rifle before he knew of my presence. By threatening and coaxing and bribing I induced him to yield up the information I was after. He was then kept in pillow ticks in a cabin on his place until I had gone to Huntsville to procure supplies for Gibbs. He had a bundle of coon and fox skins, which he was to exchange for coffee, crackers, powder, and lead. He had been a compulsory agent for a year, and such was his fear of the outlaw that when I brought the muzzle of my cocked rifle down to within a foot of his breast and demanded that he should be walled out:

"You kin dun kill me, mar's white man, but I'ze afraid of Mar's Gibbs jist de same!"

Gibbs was to wait at the negro cabin until the owner's return. I ordered him to go forward and say nothing to any living soul about meeting me, and when he had disappeared he started for the cabin. I had taken for granted that the outlaw would remain in the hut or close to it. While he probably trusted the negro as much as he trusted any human being, his outlaw life would render him suspicious of everybody, and he would take no chances. I reasoned that he would quit the cabin as soon as he had obtained a bite to eat, and that he would seek into hiding at some point from which he could command a view. Therefore, when within a mile of the spot, I made a circuit to the right and came out a mile or more to the south of the little clearing. I found that a ravine led down from the mountain in the direction of the cabin, and after a search of several hours down I discovered evidences that some one had traversed it but recently. Weeds were broken down, stones displaced, and at a certain moist spot I found plain footprints. The outlaw had come down from his lair by this gloomy trail, and he would doubtless return by it.

I met the negro squatter early in the morning. He would have time to do his trading and return by 4 or 5 in the afternoon. Gibbs might go off on an expedition after receiving his supplies, but the chances were that he would at once return to his lair. I followed the ravine back to a point where it narrowed to a width of six or eight paces, where the place was in semi-darkness even at high noon, and there I prepared my trap. Had I met him face to face I could have shot him, but I could not lie in ambush and do it, outlaw though he was. It was too much like murder. Inside of an hour I had my rifle set as a spring gun, to be discharged as the man's legs pressed a small cord running across the path, and then I retired to a small clump of pines about forty rods away, and went into camp to await results. If my action seems cold-blooded let the reader condemn. I had in my pocket a list of five men whom Gibbs had killed in cold blood, and the names of a dozen whom he had slashed and maimed out of pure wantonness.

While I was arranging the gun, two landlookers were approaching the cabin. They were strangers to the neighborhood and unarmed. Gibbs was just leaving the cabin to go into hiding, and although the men neither displayed weapons nor called upon him to halt, he fired upon them with his revolver, wounding one in the shoulder and the other in the side. He then started up the ravine, and I had not been ten minutes in hiding before I heard the spring gun discharged. I waited a few minutes and then carefully approached the spot, and it was to find Gibbs dead across the string. He had been instantly killed by a rifle bullet. When we came to weigh yet the body out to have it identified we found the facial expression to be as savage as that of an enraged tiger. He had been living the life of a wild beast until he resembled one. His nails were like talons, his flesh covered with hair, and he had the odor of a caged panther.

My second adventure with an outlaw lasted much longer. A half breed Choctaw named John Flint, who was a resident of Doaksville, Indian Territory, and who had killed several men in the year after the close of the war, was run out of his neighborhood by a vigilance committee, and he took up his lair in the mountain spur to the south, and swore that he would never be taken alive nor make friends with a human being. He was represented as a quick shot, a fighter to the death, and a man of such vigilance that he could not be surprised. He was reputed to have a price upon his head, but it was hoped he might be taken alive and hanged. Our agency was offered $1,000 more to capture him alive than to furnish proofs of his death, but it was at the same time admitted that over a dozen men had spent weeks in vain in trying to either kill or capture him. Three of the number had been killed while pursuing the enterprise. The outlook for me was therefore very dubious, but I determined to see what could be done.

As is the case with every outlaw, Flint had his friends and admirers in the country about him. I reached Doaksville to learn that he was around with a Winchester and two revolvers, and that he had been for twenty miles around were intimidated by him. He levied toll on the farmers with a high hand, obliging one to furnish meat, another flour, a third cartridges, and such was the terror his presence inspired that no one dared betray him, though all yearned to hear of his death or capture. He was out on his guard against me on my arrival, and he sent me word that if I did not at once leave the country he would have my life. When I finally got ready to begin my hunt for him, he was hunting me as well. When I had secured such particulars as I desired, I bundled up what necessity compelled me to take from civilization. That is, I headed for the mountain, determined to pursue the man day and night until I had run him down. It was no use to plan to catch him about any of the farm houses, as he knew that I was after him, and he would, as a measure of prudence, forsake his old haunts for the time. The best way to hunt for his lair and have it out with him on his own ground.

For the first three days I got neither track nor trace of Flint. It was like hunting for a needle in a haystack, as the mountain was thickly covered with verdure, and split up with many ravines and hollows. Nobody had ever found Flint's hiding place, but from some remarks dropped once when he had liquor in him it was supposed to be a cave in the rocks, and to be approached only with the greatest difficulty. If I met him abroad it would be entirely by accident, so I carefully avoided crossing any trace places where he might espy me from his lookout. About mid-forenoon on the fourth day I came across a snare set for rabbits by some human hands. An investigation proved that it had been in use for some time, and had held several victims, although empty at this time. This must be the work of the outlaw, since his presence on the mountain had driven all hunters away. Two hours later and a mile away I discovered a snare from which a partridge had lately been taken. I felt then that I was in the neighborhood of the outlaw's den, but I had to move slowly and exercise the greatest vigilance. I built my fires in ravines and with the least possible smoke, and whenever night came down I crept under the pines and rolled myself in a blanket. On the fifth and sixth days I did not cover over two miles of ground, and most of that distance was covered on hands and knees.

On the evening of the sixth day I had to descend the mountain to renew my provisions at a farm house, and what was my chagrin to learn from a negro that Flint had visited the place for the same purpose only the night before. He gave me the direction taken by the outlaw, but when I reached the base of the mountain I could go no further in the darkness and had to camp down. I was astir at daylight, and at once made my way to the crest of the big hill, believing that Flint, having supplied himself with provisions, would lie quiet for two or three days. Whether he did or did not, I hunted for him another week without finding further trace than a third snare he had set for game. On the thirteenth day my hunt came to an end in a singular manner. I was following up a dry ravine, so full of bushes and loose rocks that I had to creep most of the time, and I was resting under some very thick bushes when I heard a movement on the bank above. It might have been caused by a deer or bear, but I felt pretty certain that it was a man. He was on the bank of the ravine directly over my head, and after a minute or two I heard the squeal of a rabbit. It was Flint, then, and he was taking the game from a snare. We could not see each other, but he had the advantage in being above me. The bank was too steep to climb, and I was just turning to creep back to a spot where I could ascend, when there was a sort of crash above me, a suppressed shout of alarm, and next instant earth, rocks, and bushes were falling all about me. I sprang up, and as I did so the spread-eagle form of a man struck the bushes at my right and broke through them with a great crash. I made a leap to get out of the way, but the body had scarcely come to a stop before I was at hand. It was the outlaw, as I saw at a glance. The fall had stunned him. While he still clutched the rabbit in his right hand his left arm was broken. I lost no time in securing and disarming him, and when he roused up, five minutes later, he had no show. He took it out in cursing, however, and of all the blood-curdling oaths I ever heard a man use his capped the climax. I got him about noon, and before night I had him down the mountain and delivered up to legal authority. He resisted me vigorously for the first hour, declaring that he would die before he would accompany me, but after I had used a stout switch on him several times, and given him to understand that he would be dragged if he refused to walk, he was more tractable. He was turned over to the United States authorities, arraigned on six or seven charges of murder, but convicted and hung on the first. I was not present when he was swung off, but in his speech from the scaffold he cursed me high and low and left it as his dying request that his friends would not rest until they had taken my life.

## HAD A RAT TRAP.

**But He Made a Mistake in Waking Up a Passenger.**

It was on one of the Sound steamers coming down the other day. A man of middle age and much dignity had fallen asleep in his rocking chair on the promenade deck, when he was approached by a sharp-nosed, hawk-eyed man of 40, who had a parcel in his hand.

"Hey—you!" he exclaimed as he slapped the sleeping man on the shoulder.

"Sir! How dare you!" sternly demanded the latter, as he roused up.

"I haven't done anything that I can be sent to State prison for, have I?"

"What is your business with me, sir?"

"That's better. That's coming to the point. Let me draw up a chair and take it easy as we chat. You told me 'at Stonington that you thought you would order twelve dozen as a starter. Suppose you double the order and take ten per cent. discount?"

"Sir! What are you talking about, and who do you take me for?" demanded the man.

"Your name is—is Faxon—firm of Faxon & Brown, dealers in hardware, isn't it?"

"No, sir!"

"What! Why, I'd bet a farm agin a wheelbarrow that it was! Didn't we have a conversation at Stonington?"

"No, sir!"

"Didn't I show you my centennial rat trap and exhibit its workings?"

"No, sir! I know you wouldn't be sittin' here a mixin' up Coblinkses an' Artemesy Bonesses with a chapter o' history ez tetchin' ez the case o' Smedgeley ag'in Smedgeley were. I'll jist tell ye 'bout it, if it hain't for nuthin' more n to make ye 'shamed o' yerself.

"Ol' Joab Smedgeley were one o' the fust individuals th't had the kerridge to settle at Sugar Swamp an' skirmish for land. He got a lot of it together, an' by the time his two boys had grow'd up he were the richest man in the deestric'. He were a stubborn ol' possum, an' w'en his son Hackenberry went off an' married little Sairy Lib Bunter, ez hadn't nuthin' but her red cheeks an' her snappin' black eyes an' the milker dress she were married in, he jist up an' read the riot act to Hackenberry, an' ol' him, b'gosh, th't he mowt go an' grub for hisself, an' make up his mind th't none of the Smedgeley clearin's 'd ever drop inter his grip. An' Hackenberry went an' grubbed, an' him an' Sairy Lib got along to'able like, an' didn't ask no favors of nobody. Hackenberry Smedgeley were ez poplar ez a circus, but ol' Joab hed reco'nized him nor Sairy Lib. Joab's wife had died 'long 'fore Hackenberry were married, an' the ol' man made his hum with his oldest son Bill. Ev'rybody called Bill Bully Bill, 'cause he were a cross-grained an' overbearin' chap, an' meaner'n jimson weed. Ef ye kno'd ez well ez anybody in Amerikey th't ol' Joab had made his will, an' th't he had give ev'rything he had to Bully Bill, an' th't Hackenberry 'd hef to keep on a grubbin' ez long ez he lived, fer all the good the ol' man's belongin's 'd do him. Ev'rybody thort it were an all-fired mis'able thing for Joab to do. Bully Bill bein' so mean an' stingy, an' not treatin' the ol' man p'ticlar peasin, fer all.

"Well, one day Joab Smedgeley up an' died. Hackenberry an' Sairy Lib was to the funer'l, o' course, an' a feelin' a cousarned more bad about the ol' man's kickin' the bucket th'n Bully Bill did. But th' wa'n't no call fer Bill to feel bad, ez he were alet of all trouble 'cook. If anyone were, an' were to hev ev'rything. Sure enough, Joab's will were perjuced, an' it made Bill the hull an' solitary heir, Hackenberry not even bein' mentioned in it. But two or three days arterw'd Silas Bipp dropped in at Hackenberry's an' says:

"'Hackenberry,' says he 'that will o' Bill's hain't the right kind,' says he.

"'Wat' says Hackenberry.

"'Yer pap made another will only two weeks ago,' says Silas. 'He kim to me an' says, "Silas, Bill hain't treated me right, an' I hain't treated Hackenberry right," says he. "I'm gointer make a new will," yer pap says. "An don't ye say a word about it," he says. "So he made a new will, an' I witnessed it. He took it with him, an' if it can't be found we must act the law to see wat kin be did.'

"Will, Hackenberry an' Sairy Lib, they was all obfusticated by this, an' Hackenberry went right down to Bully Bill's, an' he says:

"'Bill,' says he, 'what's pap's right will?'

"Bully Bill kinder looked skeert for a minute, an' then he blustered up an' says:

"'Right here it is!' he says. 'Here it is, an' it turns ev'rything over to me, ez didn't go an' marry a gal with nuthin' but red cheeks an' a calikker dress,' says he.

"'All right!' says Hackenberry. 'We'll see w'at law were made fer.'

"'Ho! ho!' says Bill. 'We will, hay? Go it!'

"So Hackenberry he went over to the county seat an' hunted up Lawyer Tom Liftum. He tol' the lawyer the hull story. Tom he shuck his head an' looked solemn.

"'It's a squally case,' says he. 'We've got to prove a heap,' says he. 'Bill's got a reg'lar giniwine will. We hain't. The chances is we'll git knocked out,' says he; 'but we'll give her a hack, anyhow.'

"An' so the great will case o' Smedgeley ag'in Smedgeley were begun. The day kim round fer it to be tried, an' Bully Bill jumped on his hoss an' started for the county seat. He had hired all the best lawyers he k'd skeer up, an' didn't feel much worried about the case goin' ag'in him.

"'I got pap's will,' he said to hisself. 'If thuz another un, let 'em prduce it,' says he.

"On the day of the court Bill stopped at the big waterin' trough at the Wild Gander Ridge cross roads to give his hoss a drink. Ez the hoss were drinkin' Bill looked up an' see a couple o' fish hawks more'n two hundred feet in the air, straight up over his head. a fightin' like all possessed. The nex' minute he see sumpin' skipped from the hawk's claws, an' afore he hardly know'd it, it kim kerchunk inter the waterin' trough, 'most hittin' his hoss on the head, an' a splatterin' the water up like mad. Then Bill see th't the sumpin' th't kim plinkin' down were a slummin' big picker'l. One o' the hawks had ketched it, o' course, an' t'other hawk had tried to git it away, an' the picker'l had tumbled i'm both o' 'em. He hev jist up an' read the riot act to Hackenberry, an' ol' him, b'gosh, th't he mowt go an' grub fer hisself, an' make up his mind th't none of the Smedgeley clearin's 'd ever drop inter his grip. An' Hackenberry went an' grubbed, an' him an' Sairy Lib got along to'able like, an' didn't ask no favors of nobody. Hackenberry Smedgeley were ez poplar ez a circus, but ol' Joab hed reco'nized him nor Sairy Lib. Joab's wife had died 'long 'fore Hackenberry were married, an' the ol' man made his hum with his oldest son Bill. Ev'rybody called Bill Bully Bill, 'cause he were a cross-grained an' overbearin' chap, an' meaner'n jimson weed. Ef ye kno'd ez well ez anybody in Amerikey th't ol' Joab had made his will, an' that he had give ev'rything he had to Bully Bill, an' th't Hackenberry 'd hef to keep on a grubbin' ez long ez he lived, fer all the good the ol' man's belongin's 'd do him. Ev'rybody thort it were an all-fired mis'able thing for Joab to do. Bully Bill bein' so mean an' stingy, an' not treatin' the ol' man p'ticlar peasin, fer all.

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