"IF YOU SEE IT IN The Sun IT'S SO."

# The Sun.

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## HERO TALES OF IRELAND.

### Collected in the Original Irish from the Lips of Irish Story Tellers.

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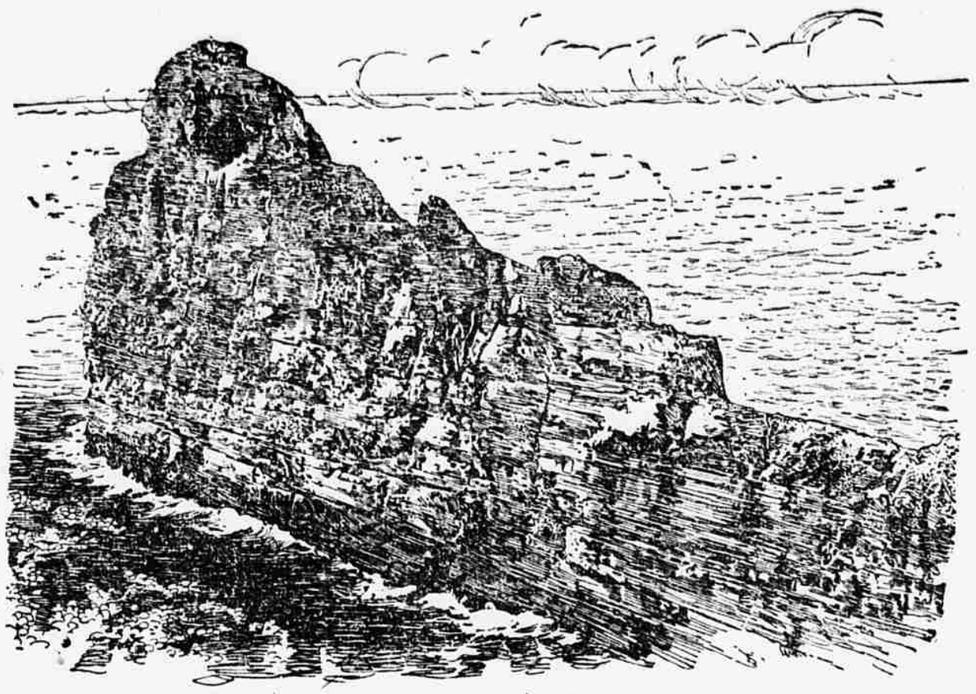
(Among the oldest and best Gaelic tales of Ireland is that of the cow called variously Glas Gaibnach, Glas Gaunach, and Glas Gavlen. This tale was widely known once in Ireland, but is very near extinction at present. In the southwest I have found only one complete version, and that in the possession of one man. This version, which is an excellent one, was published in THE SUN Aug. 14, 1892. Knowing that Tory Island was connected with the tale of that cow, and that Bi Balor, or King Balor, famous for his evil eye, came to a tragic end by stealing her, I resolved to go to Tory and collect what I could of that tale and such other tales and remnants of ancient belief as I might find on that little granite island ten miles out in the Atlantic.)

Long ago Bi* Balor lived on Tory Island, and he lived there because it was prophesied that he was never to die unless he'd be killed by the son of his only daughter.

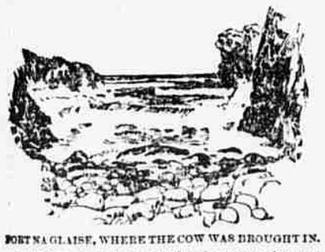
Balor, to put the daughter in the way that she'd never have a son, went to live on Tory, and built a castle on Tor Mor, a cliff jutting into the ocean. He put twelve women to guard the daughter, and all around the castle he had cords fixed and every one of them tied to bells, so that no man could come in secret. If any man touched a cord all the bells would ring and give notice, and Balor would seize him.



TOR MOR, WHERE BALOR'S CASTLE STOOD.

Balor lived that way, well satisfied. He was full sure that his life was out of danger.

Opposite on the mainland, at Druim na Teine (hill of fire), lived a smith, Gavidin, who had his forge there. The smith owned a cow called Glas Gavlen, and she was his enchanted stepsister.



PORT NA GLAISE, WHERE THE COW WAS BROUGHT IN.

This cow was called Gavlen because she was giving milk and she the fifth year without a calf. Glas Gavlen was very choice of food; she would eat no grass but the best. But if the cow ate much good grass there was no measuring the milk she gave; she filled every vessel, and the milk was sweet and rich.

The smith set great value on Glas Gavlen, and no wonder, for she was the first cow that came to Erin, and at that time the only one.

The smith took care of the cow himself, and never let her out of his sight except when working in his forge, and then he had a careful man minding her.

Balor had an eye on Glas Gavlen, and wanted to bring her to Tory for his own use, so he told two agents of his, Maol and Mullag, who were living near Druim na Teine, to get the cow for him. The smith would not part with Glas Gavlen for any price, so there was no way left but to steal her. There was no chance for stealing till one time when three brothers, named Duv, Donn, and Fin, sons of Ceanfaeligh (Kinealy), went to the forge to have three swords made.

"Each man of you is to mind the cow while I am working," said the smith, "and if he loses her I'll take the head off him."

"We will agree to that," said the brothers.

Duv and Donn went with Glas Gavlen on the first day and the second and brought her back to the smith safely. When his turn came Fin took the cow out on the third day, but when some distance from the forge he bethought himself and ran back to tell the smith not to make his sword so heavy as those of his brothers. The moment he was inside in the forge Maol and Mullag, Balor's men, stole the cow, and away they went quickly, driving her toward Baile Nass. When they came to the brow of the slope, where the sand begins, they drew her down to the water's edge by the tail and put her into a boat which they had there prepared and ready.

They sailed toward Tory, but stopped at Inis Bofin (Island of the white cow) and put the cow out on land. She drank from a well there, which is called since that time Tobar na Glaise (well of the gray cow). After that they sailed on, and landed at Port na Glaise, on Tory Island, that same day.

When Fin came out of the forge he saw nothing of Glas Gavlen—neither trace nor sign of her. He ran back then with the evil tidings to the smith.

"If you fail to bring her back to me within three days," said Gavidin, "I'll take the head off you, according to our bargain. I made the sword to oblige you, and you promised to bring the cow or give your head."

Away with Fin then, travelling and lamenting, looking for Glas Gavlen. He went toward Baile Nass and came to a place on the strand where a party of men were playing ball. He inquired of them about the cow, but they began to make game of him, he looked so queer in himself and was so sad. At last one of the players, whose name was Gial Duv (Black Jaw), came up to Fin and spoke to him. "Stand aside till the game is over and I'll talk to you. This is a party of players that you should not interfere with; they are lucht sidhe (people of the mounds, fairies). I know what your trouble is. I will go with you and do my best to bring the cow. I know where she is, and if I cannot bring her, no one can."

They searched down to Maherearty, and then to Miniara, where a boat was found. They sailed away in the boat, and reached Tory that night a few hours after Maol and Mullag.

"Go now," said Gial Duv to Fin, "and ask Balor what would release the cow, and what can you do to earn her. I'll stay here till you come back to me."

Fin went to Balor and asked the question.

"To get the cow," said Balor, "you must eat seven green hides while one inch of a rushlight is burning, and I'll light it myself."

Fin returned and told Gial Duv. "Go," said Gial, "and tell him you will try to do that. He will put you in a room apart with the hides and take the rush himself. Cut the hides quickly, and if you can eat them I'll make away with them. I'll be there with you, invisible."

All this was done. Fin cut the hides and Gial Duv put them away. The moment the rushlight was turned Balor came in, and there wasn't a hand's breadth of the hides left.

"I have the seven hides eaten," said Fin.

"Come to me to-morrow. My daughter will throw the cow's halter. If she throws it to you the cow will be yours."

Fin was let out of the room then.

"Now," said Gial Duv, "I'll take you to Balor's daughter. There is a wall between the castle and the rest of the island, and I'll take you over it. There are cords along the wall everywhere, and whoever tries to pass over will touch them and sound all the bells in the place. I will raise you above them all and take you in without noise. You will go first to Balor's daughter; she will be pleased with you and like you. After that you will see all the other women, and do you be as intimate with them as with Balor's daughter, so that they will not tell that you were in it, and be sure to tell the daughter to throw you the cow's halter to-morrow."

Fin was taken in by Gial Duv without noise, and he did all that Gial directed. Next day Fin went to Balor and asked for the cow.

"Well, come with me. Let my daughter throw the halter. If she throws it to you the cow will be yours."

They went. She threw the halter at Fin, and Balor was very angry. "Oh, daughter," cried he, "what have you done?"

"Don't you know," said she, "that there is a false cast in every woman's hand; there is a crooked vein in my arm, and I could not help it; that's what gave the halter to Fin."

Balor had to give the cow and forgive the daughter. Fin took Glas Gavlen to the mainland that day and gave her to the smith. Before the year was up Gial Duv went to Fin and said: "Make ready and come with me to Tory; if you don't, Balor will find out what happened when you were on the island and kill his own daughter, with the twelve women and all the children."

The two went to Tory that evening, and when the children were born the women gave twelve of them to Fin in a blanket, and one, Balor's grandson, by himself in a separate cloth. Fin took his place in the boat with the twelve on his back and one at his breast. The blanket was fastened at his throat with a [thorn] dealt; the thorn broke them with a great stress on it, for the weather was rough and the twelve children fell in the water at Sruth Deilg and became seals.

"Oh!" cried Gial, "the children are lost. Have you Balor's grandson?"

"I have," answered Fin.

"That fix well. We don't care much for the others while we have him."

They brought the child to the mainland, where a nurse was found, but the child was not thriving with her.

"Let us return to Tory with the boy," said Gial Duv. "There is nothing right of Balor wishes for so much as trees. He has tried often to make trees grow on the island, but it was no use for him. Do you promise that you'll make a grand forest on Tory if he'll let some of the women nurse the child. You'll tell him that your wife has just died. Balor will say: 'How could we find a nurse here when there is no woman on the island who has a child of her own?' You will say that 'tis a power this child has that whatever woman touches him has her breast full of milk. I will put you in with the women in the evening, and do you tell them what is wanted. The mother is to take the child first when you go in to-morrow, and she will hand him quickly to another, and that one to a third, and so on before any can be stopped."

Fin gave the child to Balor's daughter before her father could come near her; she gave him first to Balor's daughter; she will be pleased with you and like you. After that you will see all the other women, and do you be as intimate with them as with Balor's daughter, so that they will not tell that you were in it, and be sure to tell the daughter to throw you the cow's halter to-morrow."

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Fin gave the child to Balor's daughter before her father could come near her; she gave him to one of the women, and he was passed on till all twelve had had him. It was found that all had milk, and Balor consented to let the child be nursed.

Gial Duv made a fine forest of various trees. For a couple of years Balor was delighted; he was the gladdest man, for all he wanted was trees and shelter on Tory Island.

The child was in good hands now with his mother and the twelve women, and when able to walk Fin used to bring him out in the daytime. Once he kept him and went to the mainland. The next day a terrible wind rose, and it didn't leave a tree standing on Tory. Balor knew that it was all enchantment and deceit, and said that he would destroy Fin and all his clan for playing such a trick on him. Balor sent his agents and servants to watch Fin and kill him.

Fin was warned by Gial Duv and took care of himself for a long time, but at last they caught him. It was his custom to hunt in Glen Ath, for there were many deer and much game there in those days, and Fin was very fond of hunting, but he shunned all their ambushes till one evening when they were lying in wait for him in the bushes by a path which he was travelling for the first time. They leaped up when he was near, caught him, and bound him.

"Take the head off me at one blow," said he, "and be done with it."

"They put his head on a stone and cut it off with one blow. In this way died Fin MacKinealy, the father of Balor's grandson. This grandson was a strong youth now. He was a young man, in fact, and his name was Lug or Lui Lavada (Lug Longhand). He was called thus because his arms were so long that he could tie his shoes without stooping. Lug did not know that he was Balor's grandson. He knew that his father had been killed by Balor's men, and he was waiting to avenge him.

A couple of years later there was a wedding on the mainland, and it was the custom that no one was to begin to eat at a wedding till Maol and Mullag should carve the first slices. They did not come in season this time, and all the guests were impatient.

"I'll carve the meat for you," said Balor's grandson. With that he carved some slices, and all present began to eat and drink.

After a while Maol and Mullag came, and they were in a great rage because the people were eating, drinking, and enjoying the wedding feast without themselves.

When all had finished eating and drinking and were ready to go home, Maol said: "The bride will go with me."

The bride began to cry when she heard that, and was in great distress. Lug Lavada asked what trouble was on her, and the people told him that since Balor's two deputies were ruling on the mainland it was their custom at weddings that Maol, the first in authority, should keep company with the bride the first evening and Mullag the second evening.

"It's time to put a stop to that," said Lug Lavada, Balor's grandson. With that he walked up to the two and said: "You'll go home out of this as you are."

Maol answered with insult and made an offer to strike him. Lug caught Maol then and spit his tongue; he cut a hole in each of his cheeks, and, putting one half of the tongue through the left cheek and the other through the right, he thrust a sliver of wood through the tips of each half. He took Mullag then and treated him in like manner.

The people led the two down to the seashore after that. Lug put Maol in one boat and Mullag in another, and let them go with the wind, which carried them out in the ocean, and there is no account that any man saved them.

Balor swore vengeance on the people for destroying his men, and especially on Lug Lavada. He had an eye in the middle of his forehead, which he kept covered always with nine shields of thick leather, so that he might not open his eye and turn it on anything, for no matter what Balor looked at with the naked eye he burnt it to ashes. He set out in a rage then from Tory and never stopped till he landed at Baile Nass and went toward Gavidin's forge. The grandson was there before him and had a spear ready and red hot.

When Balor had eight shields raised from the evil eye and was just raising the ninth, Lug Lavada sent the red spear into it. Balor pursued his grandson, who retreated before him, going south, and never stopped till he reached Dun Lin, near Errigal Mountain. There he sat on a rock, wearied and exhausted. While he was sitting there everything came to his mind that he did since the time that his man stole Glas Gavlen from Gavidin Gow. "I see it all now," said he. "This is my grandson who has given the mortal blow to me. He is the son of my daughter and Fin MacKinealy. No one else could have given that spear cast but him." With that Balor called to the grandson and said:

"Come near now. Take the head off me and place it above on your own a few moments. You will know everything in the world, and no one will be able to conquer you."

Lug took the head off his grandfather, and, instead of putting it on his own head, he put it on a rock. The next moment a drop came out of the head, made a thousand pieces of the rock, and dug a hole in the earth three times deeper than Lock Foyle, the deepest lake in the world up to that time, and so long that in that hole are the waters of Gweedore Loch, they have been from that day to this.

DUGAN, LOOKING WESTWARD FOR AN AMERICAN STEAMER.

Balor is represented as living on Tory to escape the doom which threatens him through a coming grandson, he covets the cow (Glas Gavlen, and finally gains her through his agents.

The theft of the cow is the first act in a series which ends with the death of Balor at Gweedore and brings about the fulfilment of the prophecy. In all the variants of the tale Balor is the same unrepentant, unconquerable character, the man whom nothing can bend who tries to avenge his own fate after his death by the destruction of his grandson. The grandson does not know whom he is about to kill. He slays Balor to avenge his father, Fin MacKinealy, according to the vendetta of the time.

On Tory Island there are very few ancient Gaelic tales, and none of them is perfect. To make up for this there is a good number of primitive beliefs, interesting survivals of former life. Of these I shall have occasion to treat later on.

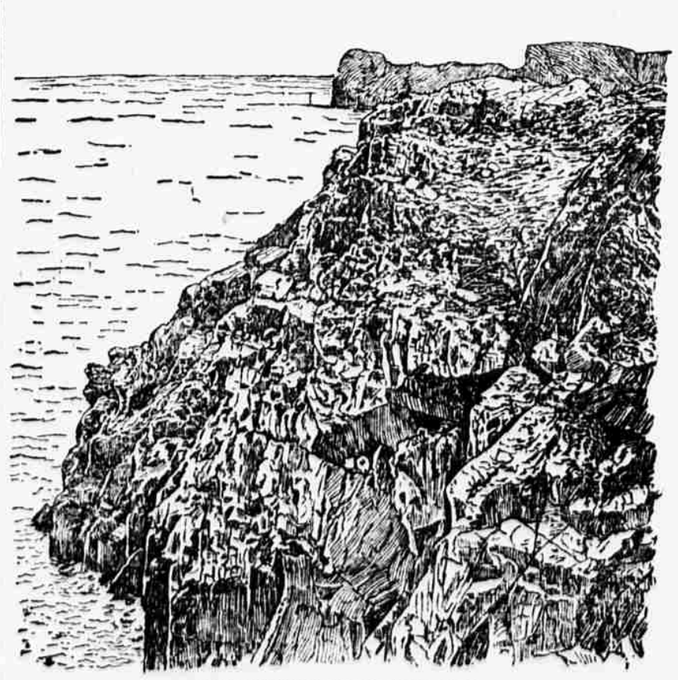
The Balor story has become bound up with the island in a remarkable manner. The place where the twelve children fell from Fin's back into the water near the eastern shore of the island is called Sruth Deilg (Current of the Thorn) to this day. The place where the cow was brought is Port na Glaise (Port of the Gray cow). Into this port came the seven saints whose graves are shown on the island, whose boat, bottom upward and turned into stone, is shown now in the little harbor.

The foundations of Balor's castle and other works of his are pointed out, and also many places made famous by his presence. Till recently a quern, or handmill, existed on the island, which, as people say, belonged to Balor. This mill had the power of grinding enough for a whole army. In later times it lost this power, or rather the power was unexercised, because no one knew how to speak to it or give it the word of command. The mill was neglected, and fell to pieces or was broken and disappeared. "More is the pity," said an old man to me, "for if we had the like of it now it would do a dale of good on the island."

The next cycle of interest is that of Saint Columbkill, and there are more relics of his visit than of Balor's life on Tory. It is said that Columbkill, the apostle of Scotland, who was born in the first quarter of the fifth century, sailed in a small skin boat or curragh from Bloody Foreland to Tory, and when he landed on the southern side of the island to convert it he was met by all the people, who were greatly opposed to his coming, and set a savage dog at him the moment he set foot on shore. The dog was standing on a granite rock ready to spring. The saint uttered a prayer, and that instant the rock opened and swallowed the dog alive; before going down, however, the beast left his foot prints on the granite, and they are on the rock to this day.

When the dog had disappeared Columbkill took out a handkerchief and said that all he wanted was standing room, merely as much ground as the cloth would cover. They agreed to this, being somewhat frightened by the fate of the dog. That moment it began to increase and grew with amazing rapidity. The people ran in terror before the cloth, and never stopped till they sprang into the water on the opposite shore less than half a mile distant and were drowned. One man, however, who turned aside from the others, looked back, fell down, repented, and was spared.

This man, whose name was Duzan, received great favor from Columbkill, and privileges which are retained by his descendants to this day. Other people came to the island now and settled it. While Columbkill was on the island seven saints, six men, and one woman, whose boat came into Port Glaise, were buried in one grave, but the woman refused to remain in the same grave with the men, and her body was found on the surface next day. This was repeated three times; the fourth time they buried the body in a place by itself. Miracles were performed at the grave of this woman, and earth from it has great virtue. The obedient Dugan received the exclusive right of raising the earth—that is, taking small portions of it for the people. The right was made hereditary.



NORTHEASTERN CORNER OF TORY ISLAND.

The greater number of ancient relics on the island are referred to the time of Columbkill, and nearly all of these are gathered into the small graveyard in the western village or placed at the foot of a cross outside it. Among these relics is a shallow stone cup, which is never empty, but has water in it during the dryest season, though no one ever pours a drop in. There is a round, heavy stone cup, somewhat like a shallow mortar, which a man from Derry, named Little, took home a few years ago, but he fell ill directly and died. The widow sent the cup back to the island to escape the further destruction of her family.

There is a number of round stones, also relics of the past, which some men not of the island took one evening to ballast their boat. The boat went to the bottom of the ocean that night, all the men were drowned, but the stones returned and were in their old place next morning.

It would require many pages to describe the various objects of similar character on Tory.

Two customs seem to me specially curious. There are stations of the cross at various points from the eastern to the western end of the island. Pious people from the mainland come sometimes to perform devotions at these stations, and are not always aware of local usages, though in most cases they are. It is a rule of the utmost strictness that people in going from one station to another must follow the course of the sun. If any man is found going against the sun, he is stopped at once and sent out of the island, he is not permitted in any case to begin his prayers anew and go in the right direction. Formerly any one infringing this rule of following the sun was liable to very rough treatment, the act being held among the most reprehensible, and liable to bring down punishment on the people of the island.

The next curious custom is connected with people mostly, if not altogether, from the mainland, who pray at the stations of the cross on Tory for harm to their enemies. These pilgrims are not numerous, it is said, but still there are some.

There is an old fisherman on Tory named Dugan, who claims to be a lineal descendant of the repentant Dugan spared by Saint Columbkill, and he holds the exclusive right of "raising clay," that is, taking earth from the grave of the saint referred to above. He went with me and two or three others to the grave one day. In the company was a man from the mainland who wished to obtain some of the earth. He was obliged to make a formal request and ask Dugan in the name of God and Saint Columbkill for raise the clay. When the request was made Dugan retired a short distance from the grave and prayed in secret that the earth be blessed for the applicant and be efficacious in preserving him. Next he came to the grave, thrust his arm into a small hole, drew out a handful of sandy loam, and gave it to the man. The man made a present of a shilling in return.

The clay has most value for seafaring people. A little of it thrown into a stormy sea calms the waves. If a man has some of it in his pocket and falls into the water he will not drown—that is, if the virtue of the clay has not been counteracted by some informality or by some failure of spirit.

The whole history of Tory Island, its past and present, appears to the minds of the people in three epochs. The oldest that of King Balor, the second that of Columbkill, the third that of kelp and fishing.

The first seems very far back and near the beginning of all things, a period in the world's history when everything was enchanted.

The second destroyed the enchantment of the first, but occupied its place with wonders of its own passing comprehension quite as much as the works of the first epoch.

The third epoch, the present, is not concerned with anything in the other two; its main question is money.

Money comes to the Tory people from kelp and fish. Kelp is calcined seaweed, and is used now chiefly in the production of iodine. Vast quantities of this seaweed are driven by storms to the low southern coast of the island, where it is collected easily. When dry this seaweed is burned in receptacles formed by making two stone walls about 10 feet long, 2 feet high, and 20 inches apart. These walls are dry, and the space between them is closed at both ends by blocks of stone. When the mass of burned seaweed is liquefied it has the consistence of a thick porridge and is stirred continually. Since it is made on the ground, a certain amount of sand is mixed with it; this adds to the weight and, consequently, to the value of the kelp for the Tory man. When stiff it is divided into squares, and when cold is quite hard. This is the kelp of commerce, and is worth from two and a half to five pounds sterling per ton. Tory produces annually from one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons of this product.

The most animated time of Tory life is the day after a storm, when the shore near the village is filled with seaweed. All the horses on the island are brought out with panniers on their backs. Into these panniers men and girls pack the seaweed with might and main. The girls lead the horses up to the various drying grounds, where the damp sea growth is spread in a thin layer. In returning, the girls, who are from twelve to eighteen years of age, gallop at a furious pace, and are exceedingly lively feminines. They sit behind the panniers, right above the slope of the horse's rump, and it seems a miracle at first that they escape falling; a little examination, however, will show that they have a very sure seat, if they only keep a firm rein. To a stranger, however, this riding seems, at first sight, to surpass many feats in a circus.

The fishing grounds of Tory are ten miles further out in the Atlantic. As the island is ten miles from shore, this distance is considerable for small boats and is attended with danger, except at favorable seasons.

All things considered, the surest income is from kelp, though fishing might be made a great industry if the accounts of it are true.

There are not more than eighty acres of tillage land in Tory and scarcely any turf; sods are almost the fuel at present, so the surface of the island is skinned without mercy to keep the pot boiling in the five dozen houses of the inhabitants.

When a great storm comes from the north, and this happens chiefly in winter, Tory is drenched as a ship is drenched at sea in like circumstances. The northern shore, which is 200 feet above the water and in places much higher, is insufficient to ward off the heavy spray, which rushes down in streams to the southern shore. "Oh, you'd be frightened out of your life if you were here in winter," said an old fisherman.

TORY GIRL, RIDING BEHIND THE PANNIERS.

On the northeast corner of this granite fragment the old tale puts the castle which Balor built to hide his daughter and struggle against the fate accomplished at Gweedore. A more fitting place it would be difficult to find.

The few photographs appended are selected from some taken under very unfavorable circumstances during exceedingly high winds and in a dull atmosphere.

On the top of Tor Mor is a cairn, or pile of stones, raised about forty years ago by James Rogers, a native of the island who went to Australia; he left that behind as a memorial of himself. This cairn will be noticed in the photograph.

DUGAN "RAISING CLAY" FROM THE GRAVE.

## WORSE THAN THE RATTLESNAKE.

### Skunks Which Attack Sleeping Campers—Their Bite Causes Hydrophobia.

"It is not the rattlesnake or tarantula whose bite is most dreaded by campers-out on the far Western plains. The hunters and cowboys are far more afraid of the skunk, and that for a reason that might astonish a great many people who do not know the plains country."

The land surveyor from New Mexico was talking. A SUN reporter, who was one of the group sitting with him, at a table in the Murray Hill cafe, at first thought he was "queering" the party, but the surveyor went on in perfect serious-ness.

"Like the prairie dog and badger, the skunk of the plains makes its hole in the open prairie. In size and markings and characteristic means of defence and offence it closely resembles its relatives in the East. Like them it is carnivorous, and prowls about at night for small birds and mice and insects, and, when occasion serves, is an invoterate robber of poultry yards. If a person comes upon it away from its hole, the skunk doesn't waste its energies in trying to run away, but immediately turns its face from the intruder and stands its ground with confidence that no one will be tempted to approach too near. It is its fearlessness of man that makes this wretched little beast such a terror, for it will boldly enter a tent or come anywhere that persons are asleep on the ground, and if it finds nothing about that better suits its taste, will begin without hesitation to eat at the hand, face, or any other part of a sleeper's person that chances to be exposed. This would be bad enough of itself, for the creature's sewing teeth are sharp as knives, and a man may find himself badly lacerated when he fully wakes to what is going on. But the mastering horror of the skunk's bite comes from the fact that it almost invariably results in hydrophobia to the victim. Why this should be I can't pretend to explain, and probably nobody else can tell; but every plainsman knows it, and the cowboys dread the beast worse than they do the rattlesnake.

"The period shown by the army records in which the greatest number of people died from this cause on the plains was between the years 1871 and 1875. During this time many persons were bitten, most of them fatally. Col. R. I. Dodge of the regular army, who died the other day, knew by report of sixteen cases, every one of which proved fatal. One army doctor, Assistant Surgeon Janeway, stationed at Fort Hugo, reported in the *Medical Journal* eleven cases that he treated or knew of, in ten of which the patient died of hydrophobia. It was in those years that the buffalo practically was exterminated, and the hunters and their outfits of helpers, living upon the open prairie and sleeping in the open air, were peculiarly exposed to the attacks of these vicious night prowlers. For four years the plains country was noisome with the carcasses of buffalo killed for their skins and tongues and left on the prairie. Gray wolves and coyotes and foxes had unwonted feasting in this vast slaughter yard, and that circumstance may have had something to do with the fact that many of these beasts ran mad, sometimes dashing into settlements and encampments, attacking every living thing they met and causing great havoc of human as well as brute life. As to whether skunks run mad, which some plainsmen hold to be the cause of their frequent invasion of sleeping people, or at least of the venom of their bite, has never been fully determined. But the expectation of indigestion ready at hand to feast on, with no trouble to themselves, which condition existed twenty years ago wherever a buffalo hunter had been shooting, might naturally have made them unusually fearless, and made them unwilling to hunt for their natural food when they could find so good a chance as would be offered by a sleeping man.

"Still, every year numbers of persons are bitten by skunks on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains and west of the 97th meridian, and some cases prove fatal, but I am inclined to think that there are fewer deaths from skunk bites now than there used to be. Since the country has practically been turned into one vast cattle range, the poisonous little beasts have been killed off to some extent for their skins, and the fact that they are hunted may have made them shyer. Perhaps, also, their bite is less venomous than in the days of indiscriminate buffalo slaughter.

"It is now about twenty years since the cowboy of the Texas Panhandle made his famous ride for life. He was bitten by a skunk while sleeping by his camp fire, and realized all his danger. Some of his companions remembered to have heard that 500 miles away, in a town of eastern Kansas, there lived the owner of a famous "madstone," reputed to possess the power of drawing the poison from wounds made by snakes or rabid animals. Night and day the cowboy rode at full speed for this town and safety, at every ranch where he halted he found a willing exchange of his horse for his tired animal, and his journey was tireless. It was a race for life, and he won. He reached his destination on the third day, the "madstone" was applied to the wound, and, after adhering for days, at last fell off and would stick no longer, and the owner of the stone pronounced him cured. Whether through this treatment or from natural causes, the wound healed with no further trouble, and he returned to his herding in the Panhandle with firm faith in the madstone and the thankfulness of one who has escaped a horrible death."

## GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

### A Baggage Check That Was Thrown Out of a Car Window.

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The train on which I had been a passenger for half a day was approaching a small town called Williamsburgh. I had my window up and was looking at some horses galloping about in an inclosure when something fell from the sky, as it were, and landed on the bank of the railroad ditch on that side. I had time as we passed along to note that it was a brass baggage check. My first thought was that a child had thrown it from the car window, and I started up to give information, but there was no child in my car. I passed ahead into the next, but there were only two children in that car, and both on the other side. I entered the second car ahead, but not a window was up on either side. As I had caught sight of the check before it touched the ground, it must have been flung out within a car's length of where I was sitting. The ditch was full of water and ten feet away, and the idea had probably been to throw the check into the water. There were only four people on that side of my car—one man and three women. A glance assured me that their windows were down and that two of the women were napping. About midway of the car ahead was a middle-aged man in a seat by himself on the right hand side. That was the side the check had fallen from. The man seemed to be very much interested in his newspaper—too much so, I argued. Our stop was only for a minute, and there was a great deal of hustle outside. It wasn't exactly natural that he should be totally oblivious of the surroundings. No matter if he was in the habit of passing over the road daily, it was only natural that he should at least glance out of the window at the crowd on the platform or look up at the faces of the half dozen passengers entering the car.

"There's the man who threw that check away!" I said to myself, after watching him a bit. "Baggage checks are not used as pocket pieces. People don't throw them away. A check means a piece of baggage. What was his object in getting rid of it? His window was down when I came in first, but has he had it open?

Three seats behind my suspect was a man with a hard, dry cough. As I looked at him he came over to me and petulantly said:

"Some folks ought to travel in cattle cars instead of passenger coaches! I was mad enough for a minute to tackle three men of his size!"

"What's the matter?" I naturally asked.

"Why, that idiot shoved the window up and let in a rush of air and dust, and I won't get over coughing for an hour to come! If he hadn't put it down when I yelled at him I'd have been in his hair for sure!"

I found out that he had taken the train that morning at Chester. He was sure the other man had taken it there. After a while I got a good look at my suspect. I put him down at 40 years of age. There was a slight tinge of gray to his hair, and he had black eyes, heavy black eyebrows, and thin cruel lips. As I furtively watched him I saw his hand go up to his face every now and then. That signified that he had been wearing chin whiskers. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred a man wearing chin whiskers will stroke them every two or three minutes when reading or talking. He will do the same thing with a heavy moustache. This man was clean shaven. The skin of his upper lip and chin was whiter than the rest of his face. Those parts had certainly been protected from the weather. His left side was toward me as I examined him, and I discovered two good marks to remember. On the lobe of his left ear was a small mole. Across the knuckle of the little finger of the left hand was a small scar, probably the result of a cut with his own pocket knife. Was I a detective? No. Then why concern myself? Simply because I am of an observing turn and have a natural leaning toward causes and results. Soon after I began studying the man he seemed to fall into a doze. This was only pretence on his part, however. He adopted that method to give me a looking over and discover if I were watching him. That was the trick of a guilty man. I went back to my car to study the case, and the conclusion arrived at was about as follows:

Here is a passenger who flings the check for his trunk out of the car window. If it was an estray check calling for nothing, he would hand it to the conductor to be returned to the baggage room or drop it on the floor. Without a check will he put to much trouble to get his baggage. It looks as if he desired to get rid of that baggage. He did not act naturally as we lay at the station. He suspected I was sizing him up. An honest man would not have given it a thought. He had a heavy moustache and chin whiskers up to twenty-four hours ago. He looked much better with them on and doubtless knew it. Why did he sacrifice them? But about the baggage. I think I can soon find out if that check represented anything in the baggage car."

I went forward into the smoker and sat down beside the conductor and offered him a cigar. Inside of five minutes I found that my suspect was going through to Weston, as were the other five in his car. There were three of us in my coach also going through, making nine full fare tickets. Under pretence that I wanted to look at my trunk I entered the baggage car. The through baggage was piled separately. There were nine trunks—one for each of us. One must belong to my suspect, unless some other passenger had two. You will think it queer, but I instinctively selected one of the nine trunks as belonging to him. It was an old trunk, but a large one, and it was secured with two leather straps. These straps were brand new, while the trunk looked as if it were taking its first journey for years. The number of the check was 952. When I returned to the coaches my suspect had gone into the smoker with a cigar. This left me free to work among the passengers, and I went from one to another with my own check on my palm and asked:

"Excuse me, please, but does this check belong to you?"

Every one of the seven took out his or her check to make sure they had not lost it. I thus saw the numbers of all, and none had the number above given. That settled the ownership of the trunk I had selected. It certainly belonged to my suspect. I dared not approach him on the matter of his check, as that would alarm him and destroy the case I had built up. The only thing I could do was to watch him when we arrived at Weston. There were three hotels there, but all a mile away from the depot. There was a north and south road crossing there, but we would get in at 7 o'clock, and no train would pass before midnight. I gave the man no further heed until we reached our destination. Eight of the nine trunks were sent up town, while his was left in the baggage room. Three of us went to the same hotel. Had my suspect been intending to stop for a day or two he would have had his trunk brought up. I figured that he intended to go north or south during the night. He made no inquiries about trains, however, nor did he visit the up-town ticket office. At 9 o'clock he went to his room, leaving no word with the clerk. That certainly looked as if he meant to stay all night, but when I had seen him off I went and told my story to the chief of police. I was laughed at, of course. I had made a rope out of sand. The officer patted me on the shoulder in a fatherly way and advised me to stick to my line and let the professional detectives do the detecting. That ought to have squelched me, but it didn't. When I left the chief, I started for the depot to have a close look at that trunk. It stood on end in the baggage room and was the only trunk in the room. The door was wide open, and as I reached it a dog trotted in off the platform and began sniffing and smelling at the trunk. After a minute he began to whine and paw, and as I approached he growled at me.

The actions of the dog would have attracted anybody's attention. I called to the baggageman, and, after watching the performance for a bit, he agreed with me that there was something to investigate. We drove the dog out and had a sniff at the trunk. There was a rank, unpleasant odor. One sniff satisfied me that I had made no mistake in working up my case. I had no proof that this trunk belonged to my suspect. It had come off the train, and I believed it to be his, but there might be a mistake. I returned to the chief, and though still inclined to ridicule my "case," he consented to go down and see the trunk. In about half a minute he was satisfied that there was something out of the ordinary, but could not see his way clear. We had no right to look into the trunk, and we had no proofs to warrant an arrest. By getting hold of the train baggageman I satisfied the chief that nine trunks had come down on the train. Eight of them had been taken away. If the owner of the ninth meant to take the cross line he would, of course, recheck. The chief argued that my suspect would not have taken a room for the night if intending to go away, but I asked that he wait and see what might happen. At 11:30 my man came down in a hack. He had come down stairs at 11 and settled his bill and made excuses for his change of plan. He at once stepped to the ticket office and bought a cross-line ticket and then began to walk up and down, saying nothing about baggage. I kept him in sight, but took care he should not see me. At 11:45, acting under instructions, the baggageman approached him and said:

"Excuse me, but you did not give me your baggage check. Where shall I recheck to?"

"Why—I—I—why, I have no check—no baggage!" stammered the man as he felt in his pockets.

He was badly upset, and even the cautious chief grew suspicious. I was so willing to stake everything upon a single move that I walked straight up to the man and asked:

"If that isn't your trunk in there, how do you happen to have the key to it? It's your trunk of course, I saw you check it at Chester. Why do you deny ownership?"

He wasn't a man of nerve. He turned pale, choked and stammered, and suddenly made a break for the door. The baggageman caught him, and he redeemed himself somewhat by giving the three of us a lively tussle for a couple of minutes. The key was taken from his pocket and the trunk unlocked. You have guessed its contents—a dismembered human body, and that of a woman. Next day when the doctors got to work they said it was a young woman who had been killed by repeated stabs. It was eight days before the victim was identified. When that occurred the identity of the man was also established. Fifteen miles west of Chester, in a village called Almont, our prisoner had kept a hotel. He was a widower, and his reputation was not above reproach. His victim was his own cousin, a girl 19 years old. What he did he had planned for weeks and gone over the route to make sure. He had given out that he was going to England on a visit. He murdered the girl in the cellar of his hotel and carried the remains to the barn and packed them in the trunk. He went about the thing so coolly that no trace was left to cause suspicion. He drove to Chester in the night, checked the trunk for Weston, 300 miles away, and he hoped it might be left there for several days before its contents were suspected. He threw the check away, as I have described, but retained the key. The check was found just where I saw it fall.

It took long weeks to convict the man, for he employed the best legal talent, but with conviction came confession and later on the gallows. His check, his trunk, the two new straps, his drive over to Chester, the buried clothing of the girl, and a knife and hatchet had to be traced up and connected, but when the case was presented his doom was sealed. A detective? No. The profession is all right, but I should prefer almost any other. I simply keep my eyes open as I travel about, and when a thing happens I want to know the whys and wherefores of it.

### A Tiger's Spring.

Our camp had been pitched under the wide-spreading branches of three great trees, with an open plain all about us. Behind us was a small creek, now nearly dry, and between us and the creek, a distance of 100 feet, were two bushes in line and about twenty feet apart. To have glanced around him one would have said there was not enough cover for a hare to approach us unperceived.

The four of us came in early one afternoon after having failed to rout out a tiger which had been marked down four or five miles away. We had dinner a bit earlier than usual, and the sun was still three-quarters of an hour high when we carried our camp chairs outdoors and sat down for a smoke. There had been a shower that afternoon, and the evening was delightfully pleasant. We sat down in the form of a square with the chairs perhaps six feet from the common centre. Major Grill was exactly in line with the bushes, back to them, and I was exactly in front of him. To my right and 100 feet away were the three tents of our natives, and our horses were staked out and grazing. It was a scene of peace and quietness, and no man had the remotest idea of danger.

"What is it, Colonel? Looking for snakes again? Ha! ha! ha!"

The Major was telling us about shooting his first tiger, and I had interrupted him to stand up and peer over his head. Somewhere between us and the creek I had caught a movement—something like the flight of a shadow made by a waving branch.

I sat down after half a minute, rather ashamed of myself, and the Major went on with his story. While I listened I looked straight over his left shoulder, and it was perhaps ten minutes when I detected the same movement again. This time I thought I caught a fleeting glimpse of the