IN A BUCCANEER HAUNT.

A SCOTCHMAN'S VISION OF THE TOBAGO RENDEZVOUS.

His Dream of the Place He Had Never Seen and the Location of the Treasure—The Chests Found in Accordance with His Vision, but the Gold and Silver Missing.

"It was in the summer of 1891 that a party of us, five in number, making a little pleasure trip among the Windward Islands in the steam yacht Swallow, put into Scarborough in the island of Tobago. Here we landed to pass two or three days ashore as guests of Tom McKillop," said Andrew Gremke of Trinidad, now visiting New York. "Everybody down that way knows McKillop, and his open-handed hospitality is a proverb, so it is needless to say that we were royally entertained at his house. There were cards, and Scotch whiskey and soda for an evening's entertainment, and when we went to bed at midnight on the first night ashore it was with the promise from our host that he would show us something of the island on the morrow.

"Among our party was a Scotchman named Grayson—Alexander Grayson—who had arrived in Trinidad not long before from Glasgow. He was a quiet man, rather reserved in manner, in no way differing from the type of many of his Lowland Scotch compatriots except in a certain dreaminess of expression that came upon his face now and again. He had never been on Tobago before, and knew nothing whatever about the island and its history beyond what he might have gained from some chart or atlas. We began our card playing so promptly after dinner, and the interest of the game was so great, that only the briefest reference was made in our talk during the evening to our plans for the next day, and the points we were to visit were not even mentioned. I am particular in relating these circumstances, for they enhance the strangeness of the dream, or vision, which came to Grayson after he had gone to bed and to sleep that night, and which, with some hesitation, he related to us at breakfast next morning. The details of the dream sounded so bizarre and melodramatic in the telling that some of us were disposed to question and chaff Grayson about his narrative and hint that it might be the vagary of an inventive mind stimulated by whiskey and soda. But I observed that McKillop, who, in the beginning of Grayson's story, had listened with a half smile of incredulous amusement on his lips, quickly took on a look of interest, which deepened into amazement as the narrative developed. At the end he asked the Glasgow man:

"'Do you tell me that this is your first visit to the Windward Islands; that you never were at Tobago before?'

"'I do,' answered Grayson.

"'And that you have never read or been told of these things that you now tell us—never have talked on the subject with any one familiar with the island?'

"'Never until now—with you.' There could be no doubt of the sincerity with which Grayson spoke.

"McKillop said no more, but the look of wonder, almost of consternation, on his face was unmistakable. The other listeners thought little of the dream, for none of us then knew, what we learned later, that in the neighborhood where Grayson was born there was a popular belief that some members of his family, in every generation, possessed the gift of clairvoyance—second sight they called it. The occasional manifestations of this power in him he did not try to explain, and he never consciously exerted it. This is the story of his dream as he told it:

"'Some time after dropping off to sleep in my bed I found myself standing upon the end of a point of land making out into the sea,' he said. 'I was looking shoreward, across a bay or harbor, upon a steeply shelving beach of sand, backed by a stretch of low country in which grew palm and banana trees, and beyond this uprose a moutain chain. Fast in a great rock on the shore was an immense iron ring, and by a tackle attached to this a band of men had drawn a sailing craft up from the water far enough upon the beach to careen it, and now were busily at work polishing its copper bottom, making every part of it shine brightly in the sun. The vessel was a quaint two-masted affair, with old-fashioned high poop and stern, and carved prow, port holes for guns, and square-rigged spars and yards. But if the appearance of the vessel was strange, that of the men at work upon it was stranger. Bearded, sun-tanned, and savage of aspect, they were clad in garments of cowskin, with the hair on the outside—a sort of sleeveless shirt worn above trunks of short length of the same material. Moccasins, with loose legs coming half way up to the knee, and straw hats, cowskin caps, and outlandish headgear of various kinds completed their costume. There was a single exception in the barbarous outfit of the men, those gentlemen they worked, was richly attired in a silk doublet, trunks and hose of gay colors, with a plume in the side of his broad-brimmed, high-crowned black hat. In a red sash slung from his right shoulder, passing under the left arm, I could discern the butts of several pistols, and he wore a sword by his side in place of knives, such as were stuck in the belts of each of his men.

"'As this strange crew worked away with cries and songs and oaths, I watched them in that wondering way with which one regards the most extraordinary things and doings when dreaming. It did not surprise me that I could see the bottom of the bay clearly revealed in all its depths, with the swimming fish, sharks, the hulls of sunken ships, and the whitened skeletons of men. Equally I was aware of something hidden deep in the ground a few paces to the east of a solitary tree that stood back of the beach—two great chests filled with treasure—plate of all kinds, church ornaments of gold and silver, rings, brooches, necklaces, and rich cloths, all were jumbled together in the chests as if they had been thrown in in haste. I could see as plainly as I saw the chests or the tree that but one man in that ship's company knew that the treasure was there, and that man was the gayly dressed Captain with the plumed hat. He had it in mind, and often I saw his glance wander toward the place where it was buried, beyond the tree, as he supervised the work of cleaning the vessel's bottom. As he stood by the iron ring in the rock I could see that the lone tree was directly in line between him and the treasure. I noted also that the buried chests lay directly in line between the end of the point where I stood and the summit of the highest peak in the mountain range, which rose in shape like a sugar loaf. Then the scene, with the men working away at the vessel's bottom and their Captain in brave attire leaning against the rock, where the ring was, vanished as I woke to find myself here in my house in bed. But so vividly was everything that I had seen in my dream impressed on me that I made this little chart of the bay and store the first thing after getting up.'

"Grayson took from his pocket a scrap of paper and handed it to the man next him, and it was passed from one to another round the table. None of us recognized the drawing as the portrayal of any place he had ever seen, until it got to McKillop. He looked at it with serious interest, turned round in his chair so as to square the chart with the points of the compass, and traced the lines out with his fingers.

"'May I keep this?' he asked Grayson, who answered 'Certainly,' and McKillop put the paper carefully away in his pocketbook.

"Soon after breakfast the horses and carriage were brought round to the door and, with our host driving, we started on our tour of the island. Tobago is about eighteen miles long, by seven and a half miles broad in the widest place, and a mountain chain, with peaks in it 1,000 feet high, runs lengthwise of it along the centre line of the island. We followed the coast and its estates grew up with cocoanut palms for a few miles, then went up among the banana and sugar cane plantations at the mountain bases, and, finally, passing the mountains on the hilly but well-built road that winds through the defiles, we came to the side of the island opposite Scarborough, at that historical resort of the old buccaneers, Bloody Mary's Bay.

"I saw McKillop watching Grayson out of the corner of his eye as we came in sight of the bay. As we drove along the sand beach he called our attention to some object out at sea, so that we did not notice in passing that famous old relic of the buccaneers, the great iron ring set fast in a rock, by means of which they careened their vessels upon this steeply shelving shore so that leaks might be repaired and bottoms scraped clear of barnacles at going down of tide. McKillop left the horses under the shelter of a negro fisherman's shed, and then led the party out upon the point which forms the northeast side of the bay. He still had his eye upon Grayson, who, ever since we had alighted from the carriage, had been looking round him with a half-puzzled, half-recognizing expression. When we got out to the end of the point Grayson turned and looked inward across the bay with a look of growing certainty.

"'Does the place remind you of anything you have ever seen?' McKillop asked him.

"'It is the place I saw in my dreams,' said Grayson. 'The mountains, the bay, and the beach are the same. There is where the vessel lay heeled to her side, with the men at work scraping her, and there is the rock where the ring was. The tree I do not see, but there, off to the left of the rock, is the place where it stood; and further away, to the left—just stand at my shoulder and look to the top of that peak; then bring your eye down to the shore—now you are looking right over the place where I saw the chests.'

By this time all of the others in our party were crowding about, greatly interested. McKillop took from his pocket the little chart that Grayson had made from the memory of his dream, and it tallied in every line with the landscape and seascape before us.

"'Stay here the rest of you—Gremke, you come with me,' McKillop said. 'Now, Grayson, we two are going back to the beach. When we get there you line us by the peak to fix two points, one each side of the place where the chests were. We'll see whether the treasure you saw is as real as the rest of your dream.'

"McKillop and I went back to the beach, and, cutting a couple of canes, we wrapped handkerchiefs about their tops to make them more easily distinguishable, and set them in the sand in the line that Grayson gave us from the point. This done, the rest of the party came back to the beach and McKillop took us to the great rock which Grayson had pointed out, and there, sure enough, was the great iron ring of the buccaneers, now rust-eaten and worn with its centuries of use, but still serviceable in hauling up the fishermen's vessels and the little trading craft that cruise among the islands. Standing by the ring, Grayson pointed out where the tree of his dream had been, and as McKillop walked toward the spot he directed him where to go:

"'A little further inshore. Now a step or two more away from me. Hi! stay where you are. The tree was right where you stand.'

"By this time some of the negro children, attracted by our movements, had come to the place, and a very old negro hobbled up, leaning on a stick, and raised his hat respectfully from his head of snow-white wool. McKillop knew him as a fisherman who had passed his life in the vicinity of Bloody Mary's Bay.

"'Uncle Andrew, do you remember that a tree ever stood here?' he asked him.

"'Yah, yah, I does for sho', suh,' said the old man, bobbing his head. 'Dat ol' tree—'twas a star-apple tree—was a stan'in' right wha' you'se a stan'in', suh, when I'se a boy. 'Twas a hoodoo tree'n nobody ever tech it. It blew down thirty, fohty, fifty year ago, an' de traders from Martinique cut it up wid axes. De roots are dere now—right un'er wha' yo' stan'in', suh.'

"'Let's see about that,' said McKillop. 'Here, pickaninnies, look sharp! There's a sixpence for the first one that fetches me a spade.'

"The youngsters scattered, tumbling over themselves in their eagerness to earn the sixpence. One brought back a spade, and, grasping it, McKillop began to dig, while I held an umbrella over him to shelter him from the sun.

"'You'll hab ter go down lilly deeper, suh,' said the old negro. 'De sand drift in pew'ful roun' de ol' stump. Huh! I tole ye 'twas dere, suh!'

"The point of the spade had struck into solid wood, and a little shovelling away of sand revealed the top of an old stump, the stump of a star-apple tree, well preserved. As it came into view the old negro became uneasy and moved away a few steps, evidently fearing that the voudoo still might hang about it. But he had something further to say.

"'Dere come here once a schooner, suh, an' she drap anchor in de bay. She hab a crew of dagoes, an' they jes' lay da' till night. When everybody, dey tink, is 'sleep dey low's a boat an' come ashe', six, seven ob 'em, an' dey hab spades 'n pickaxes 'long, an' dey huntin' for sumfin'. Somebody see 'em, an' yell, 'a niggers all turn out wid cutlass 'n dribs 'em back bo'd again. Dey sail away, don' come here no mo'.

"The rest of our party were eager to continue the search for the treasure then and there, but McKillop looked at his watch, at the same time giving us a cautious signal not to talk before the negroes. 'Five o'clock,' he exclaimed. 'Where has the time gone to? We'll be late to dinner at the best, I'm afraid. Here, Uncle Andrew, here's a shilling for your advice and pleasing conversation. Now we must be off.'

"Before going we pulled up the canes we had driven and levelled the traces of digging; but, unobserved by the negroes, we left private landmarks by which we could readily retrace each point we had located. Then we drove back across the island to dinner.

"October found us all excited and full of plans for the recovery of the buried treasure, which we were confident of finding in the place indicated in Grayson's dream. After considering ways and means, it was decided that we should come in the yacht to make our search, which, of course, would be conducted by night. We elected McKillop commander of the expedition, got up steam on the yacht next day, ran round into Bloody Mary's Bay in the afternoon, and dropped anchor near shore. At night, when all was still, we landed with our picks and shovels and stout canvas bags in which to put the treasure we hoped to find.

"At the spot where Grayson had located the treasure chests we dug and shovelled like good fellows, taking turn and turn about. Six feet down we came to human bones with a rusted cutlass beside them, that looked hopeful and in accordance with the old and time-honored practice of pirates, who usually sacrifice a man on the spot where they hid their treasure; the victim was then buried above the hoard, in the belief that his spirit would frighten away searchers for the treasure. Below the bones we found, surely enough, two old chests, one falling in decay, the other preserving its shape, but both, alas! were empty—and that was as near as we came to finding treasure. The truth of Grayson's dream was proved, but his treasure was a time centuries before. The buccaneer Captain who knew the secret, or some one after him, had taken away the hoard, and our brief hope of sudden riches ended then and there. The old cutlass, the sole salvage of our last evidence, we voted to Grayson, but he gave it to McKillop, who, I believe, still preserves it as a valued relic."

SEVEN-CURVES JOKES.

Pleasantries Regarding a Piece of Railroad That Is Vanishing.

From the Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean.

The management of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for the past few months has been spending a single item of a quarter of a million of dollars to get rid of an unenviable reputation, which has cost it in the past years a fortune, and furnished many stale jokes to a thousand variety actors and minstrel performers.

"I want to go to Europe," said the end man.

"Take the Baltimore and Ohio," replied the man in the middle, "and you will be just as seasick, and it's cheaper."

Another of the sacred jokes was:

"Why is the Baltimore and Ohio like a crack baseball pitcher?"

"Because of its hot curves," was the reply.

Still another sample piece of star wit perpetrated was like this:

"I want to go to New York the worst way."

"Take the Baltimore and Ohio."

Seriously, however, the Baltimore and Ohio acquired a wide reputation for being a hard road to travel, and it all came from a strip of track less than two miles long down in the neighborhood of Cherry Run, and known as the "Seven curves."

And there were really seven curves, all nice, sharp, reverse curves, without an inch of straight track to relieve the awful jolt passengers received as great trains were whirled over these curves at the rate of fifty to sixty miles an hour. These curves gave the Baltimore & Ohio the name of the "Pretzel route" among drummers.

It was safe enough to whirl the trains over these curves at high speed, for the track was in perfect condition, and great heavy rails were laid on monster sleepers imbedded in rock ballast carefully kept in faultless shape. At night the occupants of the upper berths were rolled out into the aisles, and before they could catch their breaths the rebound would land them upstairs and back in bed.

Those were great reverse curves. On long trains the passengers could look right through the middle coach and see the engine on the far side, while from a balloon view the twisted train would look like a snake in dying agony.

Oscar G. Murray, the managing receiver, went over those seven curves once, and when he recovered engineers were immediately set at work preparing plans to abolish the famous seven curves. In their place, now nearing completion, is a mountain open cutting through the stony hills of West Virginia, through which an air line water grade track will, about June 15, be used in place of the most crooked piece of railroad track in the East.

Enginemen who once took a fiendish delight in letting the old machine out and giving their trains a rapid whirl when they struck those famous curves will sigh for bygone pleasures in a few days more, and the evil reputation which that nauseating piece of track has fastened on the Baltimore and Ohio will die in time.

THE ROOTER'S MISTAKE.

Mistook a Sparrow for the Ball and Became Greatly Excited.

From the Hartford Times.

He was a rooter if there ever was one. His enthusiasm was at boiling heat all the time. He rooted with joy when the home team scored, and he rooted in disgust when the opposing nine added to its score. In every movement of either team he saw an occasion for rooting. He knew the game and understood it—at least he thought he did. He made his comments whether those around him liked his complaints or not.

The rooter always claims the right to be the critic of every one connected with the game, from the lordly umpire to the mascot who hasn't yet reached his teens, and including the barefooted, ragged urchin who gains admission to the game by recovering the ball that was batted over the fence. Our particular rooter exercised this right, not bothering himself a bit whether it was allowed or not.

The result of the game was in doubt, and the interest was intense. The Hartfords were in the field and the opposing nine were at the bat. A batter made a "swipe" at the ball as it came like a shot from the hand of Vickery, winding into a graceful inshoot when it reached the home plate. The bat whistled through the air, but didn't come within hailing distance of the ball. Just then a sparrow rose from the turf and flew toward the left field. The death-like silence was broken by the rooter shouting:

"Go for it, Pettit!"

Every eye was turned toward the place from which the loud bass voice of the rooter came, and every one wondered.

Bob didn't obey the command of the rooter, and this made the rooter mad. He began to abuse Pettit, and for a minute Bob's reputation as a baseball player suffered.

"What did you want to have him go for?" asked a person who was sitting near the censorious critic.

"Why, the ball that was batted into left field."

"The ball! Why, you blankety blanked chump, that was a sparrow," replied the other.

The rooter's rooting ceased.

MONK, THE GOAT BUTTER.

A CHASTE CHAPTER FROM MONTANA SPORTING LIFE.

Col. Hutch's Tale of the Rivalry Between Helena and Butte City and Its Culmination in a Darky's Triumphant Bucking Against the Goats of Butte—The Butter's Waterloo.

The man who had been in South America had just finished a story about an orang-outang, beside which Kipling's "Bini" was of no account. Three other men had told animal stories from India, and the rest of the crowd was struggling not to look skeptical, when Col. Hutch, who was known to have spent his early and late years in the Northwest, wriggled around on his chair, took a long breath, and remarked:

"Now, when I was in Montana——"

A deep silence followed, and then each man settled down in his seat to listen, for only once in a great while would Col. Hutch tell a Montana story, and never when he was asked.

"When I was in Montana," repeated the Colonel, "the silver mines were all going, and every man in the State had metal to smelt. The boys spent their money as fast as the mints made it for them, which was too slow for some of the crowd, and there was no want, no poverty, and nothing but plenty to eat, plenty to drink, plenty to wear and money to gamble with. Naturally we were a sporty throng, and it was only according to human nature that we were always trying to burn up the neighborhood with something new. I was one of the Helena crowd, and in our bosoms we cherished a most cordial contempt for the boys of Butte City. We regarded them as our natural rivals, Butte being the largest city near us, and the boys there being just as well off and just as heavy spenders as we were. If the Butte crowd got a-hold of a slugger, the first thing they'd do with him would be to ring him in on us and carry off our money. If we could fool them with a 'ringer' we generally did it, and so things went merrily on until in one month the Butte boys did us up on a prize fighter, a rifle shot and a wrestler. They cleaned us out, and it hurt our pride. Up in Butte the whole town was drinking up our money, and their newspaper was making fun of us in every issue. We didn't like it and we were racking our brains for some way to get even, when one day a colored man came into town and announced that he wanted a backer. We seized him and ran him off to a saloon to find out what he could do. We naturally supposed he was a fighter and he was, but not the kind we thought. He almost floored us when he said that he was the champion goat butter of the world, that he would fight any goat we'd produce in a ten-foot ring and guarantee to knock him out. All he wanted was a backer, he said, and he'd make his own and everybody else's fortune by going around the country knocking out goats. He assured us that nobody in the West had ever heard of him and that he was a dead safe bet.

"When we came to look the man over we found him an ordinary looking negro, weighing about 170 pounds. He had a rather large head and massive shoulders, but otherwise there was nothing remarkable about him, and we would not have noticed his peculiarities had we not had a particular interest in him. By way of illustrating his ability, he smashed the door of the barroom with his head a couple of times, and offered to break it in if the proprietor would give him permission. The proprietor referred him to the floor, whereupon he promptly banged his head against it, making all the glasses behind the bar tinkle.

"We kept that fellow in Helena for two weeks, and during that time he laid out a dozen goats for us. His performance was the queerest thing I have ever seen. He had a leather harness which extended from his chest to his hips. It was heavily padded over the stomach and secured to his body by straps around the waist and across the shoulders. He never wore anything but that harness and a pair of slippers in the ring, and he fought the goats on his hands and knees, with his head clean shaven. When we first put a goat against him we were a bit nervous, and some of the boys wanted him to leave his heavy crop of hair on. He declined to give the goat any such advantage, however, saying it would be like hitting the ball with a cushion, and that his blows wouldn't count.

"Well, the time came to play our hand against the Butte boys. We sent word up there that if they had a goat they thought could knock out a man, we had a man, we'd bring up and try against their goat. When they heard that our man would fight a goat in a ten-foot ring on his hands and knees and forfeit the fight if he used anything but his head, they offered to bet $1,000 on a goat they'd produce. So we took our nigger up, and the fight came off. The goat was a good-sized fellow and very fierce, but 'Monk' as we called our man, had been knocking out just such goats for us for two weeks, and we had no fear of the result. We bet the Butte boys to a standstill, and then our man crawled in the ring and began making faces at the goat. The goat looked surprised, but made a rush at 'Monk.' The negro dodged, and just as the goat turned around, butted him in the nose. It nearly knocked the goat off his feet, and you never saw such a surprised animal in your life. It ran into a corner and then with a snort of rage, lowered its head and made another rush at the negro. 'Monk' dodged once more, and as the goat went by cracked one of its ribs with his head. Then he leaped after it, and smashed it three times over the side of the head, each smash sending the goat against the side of the ring with a terrific thump. When the goat got loose it jumped out of the ring, and the Butte boys just looked at one another and never said a word. We collected bets and got our man back to Helena as quickly as we could.

"Well, the story of the goat fighter and his wonderful ability went sailing around Montana, and every man who owned a fighting goat wanted to put him against the negro. We accepted all challenges that had any money behind them, and we never lost a bet. Time and again when 'Monk' couldn't get out of the way quickly enough he would have a goat take a butt squarely on top of the head and go sailing across the ring as if on rollers. He explained to us that he had to stand it, because his head was thick only on top. He was apt to be smashed to bits, he said, if he caught a butt on the side of the head.

"Well we took the man all around the State, and he was a mint. Time and again when we found big money behind some mining camp goat, we knew it was the Butte boys trying to get square, but we took on all comers, and our man laid out the goats one after another.

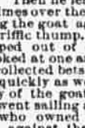
"But the end came, and it came in just the way we all feared it would. About fifty miles from Butte was a mining camp called Poney. They used to publish a paper up there called the *Poney Express*, and they just thought there wasn't anything in the State good enough for them. We had just come back from a trip when we got word from Poney that they had a goat up there that they wanted to put up against our man. We wanted 'Mont' to lay off a week and enjoy some of the money he'd earned, but he wouldn't hear of it. Montana was getting on to him, he said, and pretty soon he wouldn't be able to get a bet. He wanted to work the iron when it was hot, he said, so we took him up to Poney and the crowd bet us on their goat until we hadn't a cent left to wager. The goat was certainly a beauty. They had captured him wild in the mountains and had been saving him for 'Monk.' He was a great fellow, the biggest goat I ever saw, with crinkly horns and the wickedest eye that ever glared at an enemy. It took four men to hold him while 'Monk' got in the ring, and when they let go, instead of rushing, it just crouched and sized up the negro. 'Monk' made faces at the beast according to his custom, but the goat never moved. He just kept those wicked eyes on the negro and waited. 'Monk' had a way of looking out of the ring at us, when he was winning, and winking. When his faces failed to rouse the goat he laughed outright and then half turned his head around toward where I and some others sat and winked. It was the last thing 'Monk' ever did. The goat charged like a streak of lightning, and before the negro could get his head around smashed him alongside the car. The blow killed; 'Monk' didn't live a second afterward.

"We left the corpse in Poney and gave his share of the money he had won to a colored church in Helena. We never found out who he was or where he came from, but I'll wager there never was such a head as his on earth before and never will be again. The Butte boys put Poney on the black list for not letting them in on the game, but there wasn't a man in Helena who didn't believe he'd have knocked out the goat if it hadn't been for that fatal inclination to wink at us."

Good Times and Kickers in Colorado.

From the Antonio Ledger.

Here in Colorado there are more men at work than ever before, more mines are operating and the State is producing more wealth than ever before, yet there are a certain class of people who are still kicking because there is nothing going on and nothing to do. They continue to kick just from force of habit. In the East the people are either of different temperament or they have quit kicking, judging by the press reports, and are resigned to their fate by force of circumstances or times are improving there.



BE AS ATTRACTIVE

as you can. If you have pimples, wrinkles, moles, warts, or any similar ailment, see John H. Woodbury, 127 W. 42d st., N. Y. Use Facial Soap, it is pure. Send 10c. for Beauty Book and sample of either Woodbury's Facial Soap or Facial Cream.

NEWLYWED'S CONSOLERS.

His Oboe, Maltese Cat, Dachshund, Ant-eater, Bassoon and St. Bernard.

When he moved into the country Mr. Newlywed said he had done it because he wanted to "spread out." The confinement of a flat worried him. He wanted to give the baby a chance to be out in the air, and besides he wanted more room to expand himself. He felt that city life was limiting his horizon, and the narrow accommodations of a city apartment choked his imagination. Nothing short of a large house in the country would do. He wanted the wind to blow over his ideas, so he moved into the suburbs.

After a short while he began to miss trains so expeditiously and was compelled to dine so often in town that his friends began to suspect that the country air was not having just the effect on his ideas that he had hoped for, or at all events, that he didn't care for the sort of air that was to be had in the country between 6 P. M. and 2 A. M. At the same time it occurred to some that he hadn't had enough of this air to tell what its effects might be.

But he was undoubtedly spreading out. He went to the country with no other live stock than a Maltese cat. But he was not far from the station, and a cat was more agreeable as a pet than a horse. Besides, he had the cat. Admirable as she was, however, there was an incongruity about a white Maltese cat and a five-acre lawn. She was very ornamental to a Turkish rug, but on a lawn she was disappointing. So the need of other animals was distressingly apparent. The arrival of the 2:30 A. M. train found the house quiet, as a rule. The white Maltese was company enough for the few restful moments following a ride home on the cable cars. But she was no consolation after an hour's trip up from the city and the walk from the station. So the need of new animals became nightly more pressing.

A dog seemed the most appropriate remedy for the situation. With a surprising consideration for the needs of the moment the dog was unexpectedly acquired. It was on one of the nights that he had missed the train with the usual adroitness. That incident was succeeded by one just as peculiar. He went to a barroom. The wonders multiplied. There he met a friend who had a dog for which he wanted to find all the comforts of a refined home. This dog happened at the moment to be in another barroom. It was not remote; so after a short walk and several drinks Mr. Newlywed found himself the possessor of a dachshund of dubious descent but duly attested Bavarian nationality. So he and the dog went home together and the spreading out was fairly under way.

The late arrivals were for a while less lonesome. But the dachshund was a little dog and the house was a large one. Sometimes the trip seemed longer than at others. The Munich dog, with all his sprightliness, was not just the animal to fill the evening from 2:30 to 2:45. But there are always dogs to be given away. So out the barroom went the dachshund. This was a St. Bernard, heavy and clumsy, with no charm of presence to recommend her. But she was large and bulky, and, combined with the sprightliness of the dachshund, her early morning welcome was rather a cheering one. The dreary room was not and therefore was able to the town was less depressing. The St. Bernard and the dachshund met at the door, and there was a piquant incongruity about their joint greeting that almost compensated Newlywed for the vexation of having to stay in town for dinner.

But the dachshund was a companionable soul. After awhile the big dog began to fall just as others had before her, and a third dog, which was supplied as opportunely, proved of no avail. It was another dachshund, and there was nothing attractive in the contrast between two dachshunds and a St. Bernard. There was no compensation in being received by them for missing dinner at home. Mr. Newlywed almost swore that he would let no stress of business keep him in town for the future.

It was just at this juncture that the possibility of finding something that might keep him for these enforced absences suggested itself. It was a scheme that could not possibly have been suggested by the failure of the dog plan. It took a form which bore no possible relation to his previous experience and its disappointments. He bought an oboe and began to visit the music stores and the lodgings of German musicians on the upper east side. The end of it was the purchase of a bassoon. That would at least afford him a sympathetic welcome when he came home late. It responded to the particular music in a way that the cat, the dachshunds, or the St. Bernard had been never able to do. He could blow through it bitter regrets over having been kept in town or triumphant resolutions not to care a bit about it so long as he had been not able to get home. The family could not sympathize with the bassoon, however mournful and plaintive it might be, at 3 o'clock in the morning quite so thoroughly as the bassoon did with the owner's feelings. But there seemed at least something better than the dogs and the cat had ever done, could make the belated return tolerable to Mr. Newlywed after his vexation at being kept in town. The dogs and the cat kept the lawn ornamented, so they were retained, and beyond an occasional litter of the furniture they contributed some notes which aroused all the music in their souls, the bassoon, Mr. Newlywed, and the dogs kept on good terms. The neighbors wondered, but the grounds were large, and for a while they thought the dogs had only developed a new and aggravated form of hydrophobia. But at the time they happened to be in bad voice.

But the bassoon, like its predecessors, began to lose its charm. It was a little too passive. It responded, to be sure, but it needed the initiative which a tired man at 3 o'clock in the morning was not in a condition to supply. The dogs had grown monotonous, but they were at least active on their own account. The bassoon, however, had to be blown into before it would voice a note of welcome.

Relief came again, and again it came out of a barroom. Again it was a companionable soul, bassoon, as we for the soul that Mr. Newlywed put into it, would any longer be relied upon for the early welcome. Nor would a commonplace domestic animal be called upon again. A barkeeper at the other end of the town owned an ant-eater which he was willing to dispose of, owing to a projected journey through the principal summer resorts. Mr. Newlywed saw the ant-eater and then saw its owner. Within twelve hours it had taken its place in the collection that included the Maltese cat, the two dachshunds, and the bassoon. The terrors of the interiors in town began to fade. Early morning welcomes touched with the vivacity of the ant-eater would be a comfort for the weary hours lost in town.

But evidently the ant-eater failed. Mr. Newlywed hurried up Nassau street yesterday.

"Going uptown to buy an oboe," he cried in the haste of passing. "Just the thing I want, and they're a dime one up on the Bowery."

So the oboe is now added to the Maltese cat, the two dachshunds, the St. Bernard, the bassoon, and the anteater. Yet Mr. Newlywed is disconsolate over being detained in town, and is likely to buy something else at any time to mitigate the worries of having to wait for the 2 o'clock train.

THE WONDERFUL ALBATROSS.

Its Marvellous Flight in the Air and Its Ridiculous Waddle on Land.

From the Chicago Daily News.

The albatross has been the theme of poets and naturalists ever since the first one dawned upon the sight of man. The scientist has offered many theories for the bird's long-sustained power of flight, but it remains as much of a mystery as ever. An albatross will follow in a ship's wake for days, sailing steadily along with no motions of the wings, silent and inscrutable as fate. No other motions than an occasional veer of the wings when the bird desires to turn an angle is observed. Despite the bird's marvellous power of sailing along, it is very hard for it to rise from the water.

The home of the albatross is in the antipodes and the Auckland Islands. No lighthouse rears its head here, and heavy fogs and treacherous currents swirl about the place. The land is rough and mountainous on the coast, but inland marvellous flowers grow; wonderful asters, marguerites, lilies, and gentians, and here millions upon millions of birds make their homes.

Among the coarse herbage the pure white head of the albatross moves to and fro. The body is larger than that of the swan, and its expanded wings measure seventeen feet from tip to tip. Its glory has departed, for while nothing can be grander than its flight over the ocean, nothing is more ludicrous than its waddle on the land. Its only sign of defence is to stun its beak in a helpless manner, for it cannot use its wings.

The nest is a pile of earth like a child's sand castle, and in the cup-shaped top the albatross lays one egg. During the sixty days the egg is hatching the mother does not stir from the nest, for if she did the seahawks would swoop down on the egg and destroy it. The young bird is covered with fluffy down, pure white in color and silky as floss. The nestling is fed so assiduously that it becomes immensely fat and rivals its parent in weight. It is then deserted by the parents, who wander over the ocean, sometimes encircling the globe before returning home.

The most remarkable thing in the history of the albatross is that during the absence of the parents the young nestling does not receive a mouthful of food. During the whole time, sometimes four months, it lives on the fat it has accumulated. In the open nest on a bleak hillside the young albatross is exposed all winter to sharp winds and the fiercest gales that ever rush across the ocean, yet at the end of its fast the young bird is lively and in good condition.

The reason the parent birds go away is not known. Their desire for flight is a mystery, for it is not the same as the migration of our Northern birds to the South. When the parents return they unceremoniously bundle out the nestling, which has become a slaty-gray in color, and set about repairing the nest. The young bird still stays around, evincing in many pretty ways its fondness for its parents, and not till next year does it take its first flight to sea in company with its hard-hearted father and mother.

CHIEF JOSEPH FORBORE.

HIS JUSTICE AND MERCY UNDER THE TEST.

An Agreement Between Him and the Whites Violated as Soon as Made, Yet the Violators Treated with Courtesy Despite the Bellicose Feelings of the Chief's Warriors.

To my venerable enemy and friend, Chief Joseph, I want to do an act of justice that has been too long delayed, relating facts probably never before put in print, which can be verified by many residents of Baker, Union, and Wallowa counties, Or. I am no sentimental admirer of the blanket Indians of a generation ago. I have seen too many of their horrible atrocities and have suffered too much myself for that. For thirty-four years my hand has been constantly sore from the hurt of a poisoned arrow. I once had to tramp 100 miles with an Indian bullet imbedded in the bones of my leg before I could have medical attention. Sentiment has nothing to do with my present story.

In the early summer of 1877 I lived in Union county, Or., and published the *Mountain Sentinel*. A courier from Wallowa Valley, eighty miles away, rode into town one morning with an appeal from the citizens over there for help in standing off Chief Joseph and his band, who were about to slaughter them. They had already sent to Fort Walla Walla for Government assistance. Seven of us volunteered to go. The rest felt it their duty to protect their own homes at such a time. When we volunteers reached Wallowa we found a company of thirty ready and anxious to go out and offer battle to Joseph, who was encamped with 105 men about twenty miles away. I knew a bit more about Indian fighting than they and persuaded them to wait for the regulars, who arrived at daylight the next morning. The combined forces, eighty-one men in all, moved on Joseph at once. At noon we halted three-fourths of a mile from the Indians' strongly fortified position.

Squire Veasey, a very intelligent citizen, was awaiting our arrival with an invitation from Joseph to Lieut. Force to come over across Hurricane Creek, which had been established by mutual consent as the dead line between the settlers and Indians. Lieut. Force and Mr. Veasey at once mounted and rode over to interview Joseph, and, after probably two hours, returned with the information that an agreement had been reached that the Indians and their stock would be kept on the north side of Hurricane Creek and the whites and their stock should remain on the south side unmolested until a report of the situation could be sent to "the Great Father in Washington." This let the gore hunters from Grand Ronell out, and there was gnashing of teeth, especially among the young men who had come to fight. I had never tried their first shot at a red blanket, and Lieut. Force was denounced as a coward. Seeing that our mission was at an end, and not at that time knowing the arrangements that had been made, and having heard often of the beautiful Wallowa Valley, I determined to see it. The fact that it contained I was anxious to visit the lake. So I called Capt. Booth to one side and said:

"Captain, let us take the commissary wagon and some blankets and grub and go up to the lake and stay all night and catch some fish."

He at first demurred, but consented to go. Several young men were anxious to go, none understanding that our going was a violation of the treaty. We selected five to ride in the wagon and Capt. Booth and I mounted our horses and started for the ford in the direction of Joseph's camp, the road to the lake crossing the creek just below Joseph's camp and winding around the base of the hill on which he was fortified.

When about half way to the ford a little corporal or Lieutenant, who hailed from the evergreen isle, and was probably born near its greenest spot, overtook us at a gallop and thundered in our sensitive ears:

"Lieut. Force orders yez back!"

We inquired why, and he said:

"None of yer damned business phy; yez fellows come back; that's phy."

I at once told the corporal present Capt. Booth's compliments to Lieut. Force, and tell him that we were going up to the lake, and that he had not men enough to stop us, and to just say to the Lieutenant that he had our permission to go where overcoats are not needed in the dead of winter. The corporal into his saddle stretched the grass on his way back, and delivered the message probably verbatim, for Lieut. Force and Mr. Veasey immediately mounted and dashed over to Joseph's camp as fast as their horses could carry them. Then there was a commotion. We could hear Joseph in the thick of the thing now over with. The family could not sympathize with the bassoon, however mournful and plaintive it might be, at 3 o'clock in the morning quite so thoroughly as the bassoon did with the owner's feelings. But there seemed at least something better than the dogs and the cat had ever done, could make the belated return tolerable to Mr. Newlywed after his vexation at being kept in town. The dogs and the cat kept the lawn ornamented, so they were retained, and beyond an occasional litter of the furniture they contributed some notes which aroused all the music in their souls, the bassoon, Mr. Newlywed, and the dogs kept on good terms. The neighbors wondered, but the grounds were large, and for a while they thought the dogs had only developed a new and aggravated form of hydrophobia. But at the time they happened to be in bad voice.

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