A BLACK GANG STOWAWAY.

EX-TANK NO. 17 RECALLS A RAID ON THE OLYMPIA.

It Was Before Joe Became Dewey's Flagship and It Saved Him a Walk from San Diego to San Francisco—A Meeting with a Retired Pirate and Some Bluejackets.

"I find it odd to reflect," said Ex-Tank No. 17 of the Harlem Club of Former Alcoholic Degenerates, "that I made a cruise on the Olympia, Admiral George Dewey's flagship, before Dewey ever trod her decks; and I wasn't in the navy, either."

No. 17 immediately found himself the object of the suspicious gaze of the whole club. No. 7, the parliamentarian and kicker, punctured the moment of silence that followed.

"Come at us light," said No. 7. "You were shovelling coal on her trial trip. Is that it?"

"Nope," answered Ex-Tank No. 17. "I had a good long sail on board the Olympia after she went into commission. Wasn't connected with the service, though, as I said."

Ex-Tank No. 7 grew visibly angry, but the Chief Ex-Tank had his eye on him and he only sputtered: "You of course availed yourself, then, of an opportunity to ride on the Olympia when she was a collier or a tank ship or engaged in creek ferrying, eh? Say, d'ye think you can throw it into this outfit that the Olympia, one of the finest cruisers in the world, was ever a passenger boat?"

There was plenty of sarcasm in the inquiry, but No. 17 preserved his calm amiability.

"There's no question about the Olympia's being 'a beauty and a cracknjack,' he went on reflectively. "Roomy, too. Plenty of room aboard of her for a fellow to keep out of sight. I was the Olympia's first stowaway."

"Oh, you stowed away?" inquired No. 7 with a dreary smile of incredulity. "That sounds so dead easy, you know—to stow away on an American man-o'-war. Say, did you ever stow away on a transpacific airship?"

"You see, it's a pretty long and monotonous walk from San Diego to San Francisco, and my legs were cramped, anyhow, so that I didn't want to walk," went on Ex-Tank No. 17. "I was run down some, too, and needed a lungful or two of sea air, and a trip on a new cruiser was good enough for me, especially when it 'ud take me back to where I wanted to go. That's how I happened to stow away on the Olympia in the month of March, 1895, on her return trip from the first baby cruise she went on after going into commission."

"Didn't have a bit of difficulty doing it, either, did you?" inquired No. 7 sarcastically. "All you had to do was to walk over the side, head for the Captain's cabin and bunk up with the old man, eh? Say, what kind o' people d'ye think you're"——

"Back up, Seven," commanded the Chief Ex-Tank, pounding with his cane gavel. "Make way for the deep-water, heavy-weather man."

"I surely did winter hard in San Francisco that year," resumed No. 17. "I had got together a staff of steam-beer pugs—three of them—in the fall, expectin' 'em to win me out enough to get back to New York with bells a-jingling, anyhow. But they all three went wrong. One of 'em stabbed a friend of his and got three years in San Quentin. Another went off on a tout after I had shaped him up for a ten-round go with a welterweight and landed in the bug ward of a free hospital with the jims. The last of the bunch got himself coked out in the first round by a half Modoc lightweight, and I passed him up. Didn't pull down a dollar from one of them. Then I got behind the curtain out at the track and found out about a good thing that was in preparation. I put a willie boy that I met next to what was going to happen, and it went through, my take-down being $680. I was in two minds about jumping back to New York right then, but I concluded to have one more whack at the ring on a nair-tight good thing that I'd heard about. I put the whole bundle, down to the last two-bit piece, on it. The nag got away ten lengths behind the bunch and was beaten a nose on the wire, with 20 to 1 also hitting. I'd played him straight only. That put me out of business for fair.

"I got through the next couple o' months on my wardrobe and my face, but it was hard plugging. San Francisco being the worst ever in holding out the frappe to the busted alsorts. Only had one suit, the trousers unpressed, and mighty the creases in my coat and cuffs out, when I met up with the merry-go-round chap. He was running the merry-go-round on a lot out near the Presidio, and making good, too. San Francisco people will take a hack at anything that gives 'em a whirl, and he was pulling down pretty fair, money on this merry-go-round. His name was Joe Cassidy and he was a quiet sort of a fellow, with all kinds of tattoo marks on his arms and chest and enough information about the South Seas to make a book. He never coughed up anything about himself, however. He took me in with him to help him stand watch on the merry-go-round for $2 a day and a roost at his boarding house. I stayed along at that until the business began to flatten out, and then Cassidy asked me if I wanted to go down to San Diego with him and the merry-go-round to take in the March flower fiesta. I went.

"Now, I'd been doing a dry stunt ever since I first went broke in San Francisco, which was nine months before, and the San Diego flower fiesta just naturally made me thirsty. A California flower fiesta is one of these here delightful Latin-European institutions that permit, and in fact require, all hands to corn up from the beginning to the end of them. There's no slide stepping on the proposition that those people are there to enjoy themselves, and the way they cut loose for the annual flower fiesta is warning to locusts. This San Diego blow-out lasted just one week, and there was simply nothing doing except joy from the start to the finish of it. It was, in fact, about the most colossal drunk I'd ever blown into. It didn't take me off my feet the first day or two, but after that I began nibbling at the red Chianti of California just to get into the game. I found it pretty hard to keep at my stunt on the merry-go-round, which was coining money, after I got started on the California cochineal, and on the fourth afternoon I just walked off for an hour or so and let Cassidy run the show himself. When I got back, pretty well hooted up, along toward 5 o'clock in the afternoon, I found the merry-go-round with a big sign on it, 'Closed down,' and a cop standing near told me that my boss was in jail. I hustled up to the jail to see him, and found him smoking a tube as cool as a cucumber.

"'It's all off,' he told me. 'They've nabbed me for a job of ship-swiping five years ago; they've got me dead to rights, and I'll do my little three or five trick over the road for it for certainty. I don't know whether they'll attach the merry-go-round or not, but if they don't you can have it and run it yourself. You needn't bother about any lawyer. They've got me too tar for that.'

"Well, there was a queer story in connection with that. Five years before that Casdale, with a couple of other change-taking sailors—the numbers on certificates of all three of them had been taken away from them years before for crooked work—had deliberately sailed a schooner belonging to a shipping company out of the harbor of Santa Barbara and put out to sea, bound for that queer island, Tiburon, they had heard pipe stories about buccaneers' treasure being buried there, and they went after it. The natives didn't let them get within a hundred yards of the beach, and they had to set sail for Acapulco in their swiped schooner. The boat got into a gale and was waterlogged and the three chaps were picked up by the Pacific mail steamer Colima, that went down a few years ago with all hands. Casdale had been spotted in San Diego as his merry-go-round by one of the agents of the Santa Barbara shipping company during my absence that afternoon, and here they had him behind the bars. He told me all this briefly over his bits, made me out a bill of sale for the merry-go-round, shook hands and told me that he wanted to take a shower, and that's the last I ever saw of him. I heard afterward that he got what he expected—five years.

"I took a brace and went back and opened up the merry-go-round again. Took in nearly $50 that night and was booming along toward the hundred mark the next day when a deputy sheriff came along and attached the whole works. Now, at the moment when this deputy sheriff duck served this attachment on me I was riding about thirty of the sailors of the Colima, which had gone into commission at the Mare Island Navy Yard the month before and had been sent on her first run down to the San Diego flower fiesta to sort o' loosen up the machinery and get her oiled up. I'd been running in with the bluejackets every day since the beginning of the blowout and they knew me. Got nixed up with several hundred of em when I started in on the Chinese of the south, in fact. When the deputy sheriff flashed his paper on me, therefore, and I had my bunch of tars that it was all off, that the outfit had been grabbed from me, they asked me whether I wanted to stand for it or not.

"They were all loaded for snowbirds and they didn't see any particular reason why their merry-go-round rides should be checked off in that sudden way. If I'd given them the tip they'd have been minced deputy Sheriff on the bill of fare in less than two minutes, but I was about enough on top of the old stuff to know that if the bluejackets took it into their heads to rough-house it with the representative of the law they'd get themselves into serious trouble, and so I called 'em off.

"'I'm too strong to run the thing now, anyhow,' I told em, 'and I want to do some riding on merry-go-rounds myself.'

"The talk I put up seemed to make a hit with them, and away we went to help make the fiesta festive. I had enough on me then to take me back to New York, but I passed up the opportunity again.

"New York," said I to myself, 'is a pretty raw burg in the month of March and the Chicago flats costs 16 cents a gallon here is about $1.48, or sometime like that, over there.'

"I don't remember exactly when it was that that night, or the next, or any of 'em for the rest of the week. I had a bodyguard of bluejackets, I know, all the time, and while my hundred held out their shore money was counterfeit. I must have been thicker than thieves with 'em, though, for when I woke up on the Sunday morning following the final Saturday night finish of the fiesta a couple of them, with petty officers' badges on their arms, were prodding me in the ribs.

"'Say,' said one of them, a big oiler who had been all over the world in the navy, as I afterward found out, 'we've got to go aboard now to stand Sunday inspection. Liberty's up. You were giving us a hop-talk last night about walking back to 'Frisco. Is it up to you to do that?'

"I got up, looked through my clothes, found a single two-bit piece, held it up, and, said I: 'It looks like it, don't it?'

"'Well, I'll tell you,' said this kindly giant. 'You've been on the level with us fellows, and we want to handle you right. It's a long way by the footpath up to San Francisco. D'ye want to take a chance and ride up on the ship?'

"'What ship?' said I.

"'Our ship, the Olympia,' said he. 'There's been about forty or fifty of the junipers that shipped in Mare Island as landsmen and coal heavers jumped her down here—couldn't stand the gaff. None of them was aboard long enough to have his mug known to the officers. I've got the rig of one of the coal heavers that quit along with me. Jump into it, if you want to go up—the ship sails to-morrow morning—and the black gang down below'll see, after you get aboard, that you don't have to stand a coal-heaving watch for your passage, that you get your mess pan, and that the Jimmy Legs and none of the officers'll get next. That's better than walking, isn't it?'

"Was it? I was in that coal-heaver's bluejacket rig, big head and all, in less than three minutes, and my name was switched to John Crimmins, the name of the deserter the oiler told me I looked most like. I rolled down to the steam cutter with three of my bluejacket pals of the week, and when we got to the landing we found about twenty more of them, in various stages of that next morning feeling, waiting to go off to the ship. We all climbed into the cutter, and on the way over the oiler whispered me some directions.

"'All you've got to do when you go aboard,' said he, 'is to line up with the rest of the gang, and when John Crimmins's name is sung out by the officer of the deck, you just sing him a little tenor in salute with your right, say 'Here, sir,' and he'll look you over to see whether you're to be marked in the book "drunk and dirty" or "clean and sober." The officer of the deck to-day is a kid junior Lieutenant that don't know one man's mug from another's, and when you sing out your name walk forward to the break o' the fo'c'sle an' I'll be right behind you. Another thing: There's not much chance of the thing not going through, but if you're nailed they can't do any more than put you on the beach. If you're nailed and questioned, just tell 'em that you came aboard on your own hook, and don't cough up who put you next to this scheme.'

"It went through like clock work. I shinned up the gangway ladder with as ready-money a swing as if I had been born in the foretop of a wind jammer, for this free ride up to San Francisco looked pretty neat to me, and I was play-acting on my mettle. The young fellow in officer's clothes who called out the names of the returning liberty party just gave each of us a glance. A couple of the tars who were jagged to the point of spifification he handed over to the Master-at-Arms, who took me in, by the way, when he first clapped his lamps on me as if he thought there was a cog gone wrong somewhere in his head, but let it go at that. When I had answered to John Crimmins's name I didn't waste any time joining the bunch up forward. The oiler was right behind me.

"'Walk,' said he, without looking at me. 'I think the Jimmy Legs is next.' That is to say, he thought the Master-at-Arms had piped me off. Well, if the Master-at-Arms did have any suspicion beneath his cap, he was all right, anyhow. He gave me the queer look out of the tail of his eye a number of times after that, but if he knew that the thing right his never opened up. I went down to the engine room with my friend the oiler, and he spent half an hour or so in telling me what I was to do. I stood quarters and inspection that Sunday morning on the main deck under the name of John Crimmins, a lot of the tars of the black gang, each of them introduced quietly by the oiler, huddling me in the rear lines so as to keep the engineers' eyes off me—not, the oiler said, that the engineers were liable to pipe me off, the crew was so new to them, but for safety.

"Well, after that Sunday morning it was easy. I got Crimmins's seat at the coal heavers' mess. I was stuck there, with the ship got under way for San Francisco the next morning, but my friends in the black gang wouldn't stand for my going into the bunkers.

"'It'll blister those soft mitts of yours,' they said, and I didn't pass any coal. The watch list was monkeyed with to get me out of it, and I helped up with the crew forward while I was supposed to be stripped to the waist down below in a temperature of about 135° shovelling steam coal. I didn't want this end of it—it looked like flunking and playing the baby act to me—but the oiler told me that I'd croak in the bunkers and that 'ud give the whole snap away. I was mighty anxious to pay my tribute to the decency of the fellows that are piking around the world in the American bluejacket uniform than to say this: I found out afterward that there wasn't a single man forward of the Olympia's crew that didn't know within twenty-four hours after I was aboard the Olympia that I was smuggled, and not any of them so much as whispered their knowledge of it to me, much less chawed about it among themselves. The phrase, 'there's a knocker in every bush,' don't fit our man-o-war's men.

"I had a nice sail, and when the ship pulled in at Mare Island I got shore liberty, went over to Vallejo and forgot to come back. Therefore John Crimmins wasn't declared a deserter in San Diego, but in Vallejo, and that's one thing that John Crimmins doesn't know.

"Four months later I came across the mountains to New York in a four-and-a half-day palace car, but that's another end of it.

"I never figured that the Olympia would fall in with such swell company as she did when George Dewey took his foot on her bridge; but I had a ride on her before George did."

PORTO RICAN KITES.

Men and Women as Well as Boys Interested in Flying Them.

On the long slopes of brilliant green grass that stretch away from the walls of Cristobal Colon and dwindle down into the city of San Juan, a great crowd of curious and noisy men, women and children stand every morning, gesticulating half madly at one another, talking very fast and occasionally breaking up into little groups, more excited than the rest. Above their heads there is always a flotilla of big kites, ducking, diving, floating upward, and performing queer tricks as they flirt and play with the ocean wind billowing inward from the southern sea.

One great red paper monster darted swiftly upward above the others on one occasion. Then a shout went up from the crowd. It seemed to be having a race with a blue one sailing dangerously near. A hundred trembling arms with outstretched fingers were raised frantically in the air, shaking five and ten peso notes, offering bets on the red. The champions of the blue made verbal pools, and so the betting went on, amid tremendous excitement, more noticeable than a public demonstration in honor of the Governor-General.

Suddenly the flyer of the blue, a dirty little Canadian, unwound several yards of string that guided his airship. Its tail was long, striped like the hide of a zebra, and loaded with strips of cardboard all along its graceful length. Little American flags floated from the edges of the kite and the end of the tail, for this Porto Rican was a diplomat, like his brothers. And when he unwound the guiding lever, at once the blue shot up, huddled close beside the red for a moment, and then at once, with an incomprehensible movement, it darted across the face of its antagonist and in a moment the latter was floating downward uncontrollably toward the ground. The end of its tail was sharp, curved like the blue was burdened had severed the string of the red, and the latter had lost and the victorious kite flew upward like a newly liberated bird.

The knife is a necessary and legitimate burden of every kite that enters the betting ring, and this seems to enhance the uncertainty of the sport, and it requires a magnificent display of skill to avoid the blades or to attack an antagonist. The skill which men and even boys display in this respect is sometimes almost astounding.

In a country where cockfighting is a national sport, and where bullfighting would be in vogue if the American authorities would permit, where gambling is the chief pastime of both men and women, it is somewhat surprising that so mild a practice as kiteflying should hold the attention with the power that it does. The element of chance, however, and the right to unlimited and unrestricted betting, has carried it swiftly into popular favor, and so it remains to-day.

In Porto Rico Laurie, now moved to Havana, was for years the potentate of kites. He used to sit in the sun there under the soft blue sky, way up in the hill near old Cristobal Colon, and he had his colored paper spread about him, with little heaps of long, slender sticks carved from the big redwood tree. His pastepot stood beside him, as he whittled with a long, keen blade like a machete.

From the hands of the old Cuban there has come many a prizewinner. One was 5 feet in height and 3 feet in width, and it was covered over with the flag of Cuba, and it bore itself haughtily in the wind. Its flyer tossed it up from one of the flat roofs of the Corro, and it drew a chattering crowd bigger than a Gonzalez parade, and it felt its importance, for it tugged hatefully at the string and struggled with emotional jerks to be free. It was so symbolic of the spirit of Havana that the mob went wild with cheering, and a little Cuban police officer, in the brand new regulation blue uniform, with silver decorations, tried to assert his authority in vain.

TWO DEALS IN BEAR CUBS.

SPECULATIVE SIDE BETS BY KNOB COUNTRY MEN.

They Serve to Disprove the Theory That Young Bears Should Be Allowed to Grow Up to Furnish Fun for Hunters—Ingratitude of a Cub Treated with Kindness.

MILFORD, Pa., April 8.—"I was talkin' to Zeb," said the man from the Knob country, "and I says to him that I'd bet if they could talk ther'd say we was the consarndest lot of lunies that ever was let loose. 'Why,' they'd say, 'it's jest like killin' the goose that laid the golden egg!' they'd say.

"It was bears we was argufyin' on, and there ain't a better feller for argufyfin' in the hull Knob country than Zeb, and that comes toler'ble near to lettin' it be known that there ain't no better anywheres.

"'What would they say that about us for?' says Zeb.

"'They'd say that about us,' I says, 'cause we're such durn fools as to kill 'em 'fore they're grow'd. "Can't them fellers see nothin'?" they'd say. "Can't they see that they can't have no fun with us when we're only three weeks old, or three months old, or six months old, for that matter?" they'd say. "If they'd let us alone till we're grow'd can't them fellers see that'd they'd have ten times as much fun in the woods? What's the use o' knockin' over a cub, we'd like to know," they'd say, "when if they'd leave it till it was grow'd it'd be chuck full o' fight, waddlin' with fat, and with $10 worth of fur on it, and ready to pitch in and see whether it was goin' to let them fellers have that pelt or whether it'd have their'n," they'd say. "Them fellers is the consarndest lunies that was ever let loose," they'd say, "the way they rob the future o' the Knob country of a lot o' fun," they'd say. "Why don't they leave us alone till we've grow'd up?" that's what they'd say, Zebulon, and they'd have us sot down toler'ble near to what we be,' says I.

"'Which I don't agree with you, Dan'l,' says Zeb.

"And of course I didn't s'pose he would, for if he'd agreed with me he wouldn't had no chance to argufy, and that'd be worse to Zeb than stoppin' his breath.

"'It don't stand to reason, Zeb,' I says, 'that they ain't right. For instance. Here's a family o' bears. Three of 'em is cubs, say three weeks old. Us fellers runs ag'in 'em in the woods. What do we up and do on the spot? First we git away with the old uns. Then we either knock the young uns in the head or take 'em home and let 'em starve,' I says. 'Now,' I says, 'I'll go even furder than the bears would if they could talk and I'll say that us fellers is the consarndest lunies that ever was let run loose, for even kilin' the bears that was already grow'd up, under setch circumstances. Do you know what us fellers ought to do when we run ag'in a bear family like that?' I says. 'Jest pass the time 'o day with 'em an' let 'em be, so's they 'din go on raisin' them cubs for us to have fun with by and by,' I says. 'Zebulon,' I says, 'let 'em alone, but keep an eye on 'em and mark 'em down for future reference!' I says. 'Seems to me it's a good thing there wa'n't no Knob country man in the ark along with Noar,' I says, 'for if there had a been he'd a-follered the two bears when they come out and got away with them and their cubs and we wouldn't a had no bears now at all!' I says.

"'We'd a had more pigs and sheep, though!' says Zeb. 'And Pete wouldn't 'a' had his ear and most of his chist clawed off. And our wives and darters could go out huckleberryin' without being afeard they mowtn't come back ag'in!' says Zeb. 'I don't know but I'm a leetle sorry there wa'n't a Knob country man in the ark along with Noar! I don't know but I am!' says he.

"'That ain't the p'int, Zeb!' I says. 'Stick to the p'int! I'm agreein' with what the bears up an' they'd say they could talk, and that is that us fellers is killin' the goose that lays the golden egg, so to speak, jest argufy on that p'int, Zebulon, if you please!' I says.

"'S'posin' you find a cub in the woods that's a lone orphan, pinin' and pinin?' says Zeb. 'Be I to understand that you're to jest pass on and let it pine and pine, on the chance of it's gittin' on and growin' up and givin' you some fun a-chawin' and a-shakin' and a-tearin' some time next year or so?' says Zeb. 'Or be I to understand that you'd tap it on the head and put it out of it's misery?' says Zeb. 'Now, there's a p'int, Dan'l,' says he.

"'Yes, I says. 'But you're way out o' the way on it, Zeb, if you understandin's. I wouldn't neither pass on and leave the orphan to pine, nor I wouldn't tap it on the head, I says. 'I'd gether it up and lug it home and raise it by hand till it could raise itself the rest o' the way and then turn it loose to grow up in the woods and git chuck full of fight and fun for some of us fellers to git shake of, one o' these days. That's what I'd do,' I says.

"'Dan'l,' says Zeb, 'there was a time when Jabe wouldn't a liked nothin' better than to sot down and argued with you on them p'ints, but I've an idee he's changed his mind about em sence then. So nas Abel, who had idees about bears once, sence the four'n. Abel, unless I hain't no judge, I'm thinkin' that Abel, if you was to ask him now, would say that you mowt raise bear cubs by hand if you wanted to, so as to save 'em for future reference, but if you did you'd be a bigger luny yit than you say the bears thinks we be, no matter what Abel's idees on the subject mowt a been once on a time. It ain't no pleasure for me to set here and argufy ag'in you, Dan'l,' says Zeb, 'but facts is facts, and they can't be chawed up and done away with by no durn bear, whether it's an old un or a young un.'

"'Jabe was tappin' maple trees for the springs, I reckon, when I was there,' says Zeb, 'and he heerd a whinin' sort o' noise in the bushes. He went in there and found a bear cub. He was afeard if he left it there it might not grow up to make fun in the woods for us mebbe, so he took it home to raise it by hand till it got big and ugly enough to be turn loose in the woods. The cub grew amazin', and it ate everything that Jabe could scrare up. It took more to keep that consarned young bear than it would to keep two pigs, but Jabe never skimped it a bit. By and by it got along so that it was about big enough to turn loose in the woods to git itself ready for lettin' useful to us fellers, and Jabe sot a day for turnin' it loose. The day before it come round Jabe was stoopin' over to dip some water out of a barl at the corner of the house, and what does that ungrateful bear cub do but sneak up, ketch Jabe by the heels and turn him into that barl o' water, head first! Jabe couldn't holler, 'cause his head was two foot down in the water, and he couldn't shove himself out o' the barl. He'd a-drowned, sure as artichokes, if Sam hadn't been goin' by jest at that minute and see the hull performance. He got over the fence on the double quick and yanked Jabe out. Where was the bear? Why, soon as it dumped Jabe in the barl to drown it out for the woods as tight as it could go. Before it got there, though, Phil seen it and put a ball through its shoulder. Phil was on his way to the Eddy and he loaded the ungrateful cub onto his buckboard and took it along with him. The cub wa'n't hurt so bad but what an organ grinder that happened to be over there was willin' to give Phil $5 for it, and so it went along with the organ grinder, and I s'pose is passin' the hat and dancin' around the country with a muzzle on now, instid o' growin' up in the woods and livin' for some o' us fellers to git even with, as Zeb was yer, Dan'l. What Jabe ought to done when he found that cub whinin' in the sugar bush was to tap it on the head.

"'Abel always used to be sayin,' says Zeb, 'that it wa'n't doin' the square thing by bears, this cuttin' 'em off 'fore they'd lost their milk teeth, and that it ought to be right by the woods and by us fellers; so he passed em by and waited for the future. One day, durin' a high wind, a dead pine tree blowed down, over back o' the Knob, and in fallin' ketched an old she bear that happened to be goin' by jest then. It broke her back clean in two, and killed her dead. Abel happened to be across there a-layin' there, and found a cub whinin' and cryin' by her. Here was a chance to do somethin' for the future o' the woods and us fellers, and Abel took the cub home to raise by hand. As luck would have it, though, he didn't have to raise the cub by hand. His old sow had a litter o' pigs, and one o' em died, leavin' a vacant stot at her feedin place. Abel jest sot the cub down at that vacant stot, and it laid holt and jined the pigs at their dinner jest as natural as if it'd been born a pig instid of a pig stealer. The mother o' the pigs didn't seem to make any objection, but sot in to raise the cub along with her own young uns. The way that cub grow'd was amazin, and it wa'n't long 'fore it was most as big as the sow. Then Abel began to think about turnin the cub loose in the woods to be a free and wild bear with prospects o' makin' fun for some of us fellers some time, when he begin to notice that his pigs weren't growin' nigh as fast as they ought, what was he comin' of 'em, and when all but one o' the pigs was gone he sot a watch at the edge o' the woods for bears, one night, thinkin' that it must be the bears was comin down and walkin' off with his pigs. Abel hadn't watched long 'fore he see two big bears come sneakin' out o' the woods, where they'd been a-lyin' down as if they was waitin' fer somethin'. While he was gettin' ready to fill 'em with lead he see somethin' comin' from toward the house, and headin' for the spot where the two bears was waitin'. He was considerable took back, Dan'l, when he discovered that the approchin' party was the young bear he had found whinin' by its dead mother, and had took home to raise by hand so he'd be spared for the good o' the woods and us fellers. He was more took back, yit, Dan'l, when he see that the young bear was coaxin' the last one o' the litter of pigs along with him, and likewise the mammy of the litter that had raised the ungrateful varmint—coaxin' of 'em along to hand 'em over to the waitin' bears, jest as if had been coaxin' the rest o' Abel's pigs along and handin' of 'em over, night after night! Abel had an idee that he'd be excusable for sp'ilin' that cub's future right there'and then, and he socked a bullet clean through the unfeelin' little cuss. I wouldn't be afeard to bet you a leetle somethin', Dan'l, that if you was to ask him now, Abel would say that you mowt raise cubs by hand if you wanted to, so as to save 'em for future reference, but if you did you'd be a bigger luny yit than you say the bears thinks us fellers be,' says Zeb. 'It ain't no pleasure for me to set here and argufy ag'in you, Dan'l, but facts is facts, and they can't be chawed up by no durn bear, whether it's an old un or a young un!'

"'I see there wa'n't no kind o' use tryin' to make any p'ints ag'in setch a tremendous argufyer as Zeb, so I took my gun and went out. I knocked over three bears before night, countin' the two cubs.'"

THE FALL OF JONAH LASHBROOK.

His Soothsaying Power in the Rattlesnake District Leads Him Into Dire Difficulty.

ROMAN LINE, Ont., April 16.—The quiet and peace-loving residents of the Rattlesnake district have been in a state of fevered excitement for the past month over the arrest and trial of Jonah Lashbrook, the soothsayer and know-all of the district.

Jonah is the seventh son of a seventh son with pretensions to second sight. For years he eked out a precarious existence in the way of gifts given by those who came to him from time to time seeking information about articles which had mysteriously disappeared, and despite his appearance and halting gait Jonah was the most popular man in the community.

His patrons were not confined to those living in the immediate neighborhood, but people for miles around flocked to his shacklike hut on Rattlesnake Hill, anxious to know the whereabouts of lost bridles, traces, halters, rakes, hoes, shovels, pots, pans, kettles and, in the words of the sale bills posted in the Tamarack Corners grocery, "other articles too numerous to mention."

The facility with which these articles disappeared and their persistency in remaining hidden made Jonah's services indispensable. Jonah scouted the idea of charging anything for his information. He used his superhuman powers for the benefit of his neighbors solely out of the pure goodwill he bore them. However, no one thought of going to Jonah for advice without carrying along some little gratuity. These gifts they would by some clever move allow him to see, unintentionally of course, while telling their stories.

Jonah's method of divination was not speedy, but it was infallible in its results, and his patrons, knowing this, never grumbled, no matter how great need there might be for haste. He always began by taking from beneath his bed a black cuddy with large bowl and short stem, about which was wrapped a piece of coarse woollen stuff which once served as a horse blanket and might have been of any color imaginable. Then he would load the pipe with "Canada green," wrap the defunct horse blanket about his head so that only his nose and mouth were visible, and after barring the door so that neither the visitor nor the fumes of the "Canada green"—which, by the way, is the vilest brand that "has been" could escape, he would squat on the floor with his face to the east and smoke slowly and silently to the last drag. The incense offering made, he would get up, knock the ashes from his pipe, look nine times to the four points of the compass, open the door, and after walking nine times around the house from east to west tell the impatient and almost suffocated knowledge-seeker where to look for the missing article. It made no difference to Jonah whether his visitor was a thrifty old farmer with his back timothy in the second blossom and the pining rot of the mower missing or some lovesick youth who was unable to find the traces of the light harness when he wanted to take his sweetheart for a drive on a Saturday evening, the same tedious ceremony was always observed.

But Jonah fell upon evil days and in his hour of misfortune all his powers forsook him. His troubles began with the sugar-making season, all on account of some 300 patent spiles which the farmer who owns a hard maple bush near Jonah's hut could not find, although he had laid them carefully away in the sugar house at the close of last season. Taking a peck of improved potatoes with him, the spiteless farmer sought Jonah's counsel, and was told to look for the missing sap-suckers in an old bee tree at the lower end of the woods. He did as he was told, and found the much-needed spiles, but he also noticed in the snow the peculiar footprints which Jonah with his dot-and-carry-one gait always made. Like a flash he realized that he had been tricked and returned to Jonah's hut in a towering rage. He hurled at the frightened man every abusive phrase known in the locality and threatened to flay him alive, and there been one of the flays if there had not been a sufficiently commodious interior available. Jonah would certainly have sought refuge there as did his namesake of old. But this was out of the question and Jonah admitted with fear and trembling that his whole knowledge of the whereabouts of the spiles was gained by his failure to find them. This confession soon got to the ears of the authorities and Jonah is now languishing in an unused box stall in the local magistrate's stable, there being no jail in the district.

As this is the first offence against the law ever committed in the Rattlesnake district, the Magistrate is much concerned as to what course he shall pursue. He is not able to find a parallel case in his "Revised Statutes" for 1854, nor can his brother magistrate at Tamarack Corners recall a similar one. Grave legal questions arise as to the proper charge to bring against Jonah have arisen. Aspiring young lawyers from distant towns are much interested and have given their official opinion on the case. Some hold that he should be tried for petty larceny, while others hold that he should be charged with obtaining goods under false pretences. One bright young lawyer, who is alone in his opinion, says that if the case is urged Jonah will become a burden upon the public, as he will either have to be sent to the jail or the poorhouse, whereas heretofore the community did not have the burden of supporting him. He suggests that Jonah be removed to the confidence of the people or be allowed to go somewhere else where his schemes are not known. The magistrate, like the wise man he is, has refrained from giving an opinion.

The members of the Rattlesnake Debating Society, from which the closed fact that they have lost a rare opportunity for exercising their oratorical powers. They spent the whole winter discussing which is greater, Canada or the United States, and proved to their own satisfaction that both nations are equal. They feel, however, that Jonah's case would have afforded a much wider range for thought, and if the authorities do not settle the matter soon they propose to make it the subject for next winter's discussions.

TIPSY PARTRIDGES.

A Maine Prohibitionist's Discovery in an Old Orchard.

HOLDEN, Me., April 21.—Ralph Hart believes that the modern partridge as developed by civilization is a depraved and utterly abandoned creature, unsuitable for the tables of respectable families and wholly unfit to associate with other birds that have any self respect. Mr. Hart has a large orchard mostly in natural fruit. Last fall he ground and pressed his apples until new cider went down to less than $1 a barrel, after which the remaining fruit—some 300 or 400 bushels—was left to hang on the trees, where it was sampled by partridges, squirrels, fine grosbeaks and such other creatures as liked sour frozen apples as a steady article of diet. The partridges didn't seem to care much for the apples, but were very fond of the seeds, and as they had to pick through an inch or more of flinty, frozen fruit to get at these, Mr. Hart believed they paid well for their provender. March was a very warm month in eastern Maine. Under the hot rays of the sun the brown apples thawed out and exuded juices that were sweet and stinging to the taste. In a month the frozen cider began to ferment, and every apple had a bunch of teeth in the little hollow which holds the stem. The partridges were whirring about the orchard, from sun-up until dark, growing fat upon the nut-brown seeds, which could be shelled out easily. Along in April Mr. Hart noticed that the birds did not show themselves in the orchard at all, and waded down through the deep snow to learn if they had eaten up all the apples that remained on the trees.

He found plenty of apples on the limbs, and under the trees he picked up four plump partridges that were suffering from some form of paralysis. They couldn't walk or fly, but when he took them up and carried them home they fluttered all the way and rolled their eyes in a way that indicated they were suffering intensely. He threw them on the granary floor, and when he opened the door the next morning all four of them were beating their heads against the window trying to get out. When liberated they flew away to the woods as if nothing unusual had happened.

The following afternoon Mr. Hart found three more partridges suffering from the same malady and placed them in the granary to recover, tying a bit of red flannel to their wings in order to identify them should they come again. He liberated them the next morning and six hours later found five partridges laid out on the snow under his apple trees, and three of them had red flannel attached to their wings. He kept up the experiment for a week, finding from three to six partridges every day. Then he did some tall thinking and came to the conclusion that the birds had made themselves drunk on apple brandy that had been manufactured from frozen sour apples by a liberal application of sunlight. Mr. Hart, being a rigid prohibitionist, has made a vow that he will never again leave apples on his trees over winter. He hopes that by removing the temptation the misguided partridges may see the error into which they have fallen and resolve to lead better lives in the future.

JOYS OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

DUCK HUNTERS GO THERE TO AVOID STEUBEN COUNTY WEATHER.

Captain Bill Said He Wouldn't Be Up North for a Million Dollars in the Snollygoster Storm That Was Going By—The Ice, Ducks, Rains and Narrow Escapes.

"The winters in old Steuben are so severe and trying," said Sportsman Frank Griswold of Hammondsport, "and as the game I like to shoot all goes South during that season, I thought I would avoid the wear and tear of the Steuben county winter just once, and at the same time put in a season among the ducks and geese and quail. My friend, Henry Frey, thought he would get the better of the snow and ice and howling blasts of winter in old Steuben by slipping away down to the sunny South, too, and we went together. Are we just getting back? No. We've been back two months. I'll give you an inkling of how it was.

"We didn't find the atmosphere exactly oppressive as to warmth when we got down into Hyde county, North Carolina, but they told us that the low temperature was due to a snollygoster of a storm that was passing up the coast.

"'We're only gittin' a sort of a breath offen it,' they told us, 'and we'll be like a May day when that storm passes. But, um-m-m-um! Won't them fellers up No'th ketch it! You fellers is lucky to be down here in the sunny So'th, we tell you!'

"'I wish I'd brought my family along,' Hank Frey said. 'I've a notion to go back and get 'em.'

"But I told him that the storm would be there before he could get home, and maybe they'd pull through all right.

"So we got ready to go out after wild geese. We hired Capt. Bill and his schooner to take us out on the Sound, so we'd be handy to the shore marshes where the hunters lie in wait for the coming of the game they are after. Capt. Bill is an old-timer, and when we said something about the wind being rather stiff and the weather somewhat antagonistic to all the traditions of weather in the South he looked surprised.

"'There won't be a zephyr by morning, and just as like as not it'll be sultry enough to fetch on a thundershower.'

"So we went. The wind was blowing sixty miles an hour if it was going an inch, and the mercury in the thermometer had to fight like Sam Hill to keep from the zero mark.

"'This is the primest kind o' weather for geese,' Capt. Bill said. 'And maybe you fellers ain't lucky. I wouldn't be up No'th yonder when this passing blizzard strikes there, not fer a million dollars.'

"Our destination was Great Island in Albemarle Sound. Henry Russell of Penn Yan was down there, too, and he went along. Before we got started rain began to come down in torrents—a rain that got icy as it fell. We got to Great Island along toward evening and anchored forty rods from shore. We had to go in a rowboat to put out our decoys along the edge of the marsh, and we concluded to put them out that evening so we wouldn't have to bother with them next morning. The decoys were live wild geese—that is, they would have been wild geese if they'd had the chance. Down there they always use live geese for decoys. Years ago, so many that nobody remembers the time, some Hyde county hunter wounded a wild goose, captured it and took it home alive. It recovered and began to lay eggs, it being that kind of a goose. After it had laid a couple of dozen or so of eggs the goose wanted to set, and they set her. She hatched out a big brood of goslings and they were genuine wild ones. Then the owner of the brood of goslings got the idea that when the young geese were large enough he might utilize them as decoys for wild geese that were flying over. He gave his idea a trial. The result proved that it was a great idea, and ever since then the raising and training of wild geese to be used in making the goose hunt more successful has been a regular industry on that part of the North Carolina coast.

"By the time we had put out our decoys we were so nearly frozen that it was all we could do to row back to Capt. Bill's boat, and when we did get there we had a hard time getting aboard of her, she was pitching and tumbling about so in that rough sea. Capt. Bill's cabin was 5 feet wide, 6 feet long and 4 feet high. There was a stove in it and three lockers and a bunk, none of them more than four feet and a half long and twenty inches wide.

"'Captain,' said I, 'there ain't room enough for all of us fellows to sleen in this cabin!'

"'Ain't room enough!' exclaimed Capt. Bill. 'Why, nine fellers bigger yit than you has slep' in here more than once!'

"He crammed us into that bunk and two of the lockers, where we lay doubled up like jackknives. Capt. Bill slept on the cabin floor. The wind howled and pitched that boat around all night long. An earthquake couldn't have shaken us up worse. We struggled out of our pent-up quarters at 6 in the morning and undoubled ourselves. The wind was still blowing a hurricane. We managed to get into the rowboat and started for our blind in the marsh. The weather was colder than ever. Before we got to the marsh a big flock of geese dropped down to our decoys. We reached the marsh without disturbing them and found that the rain had raised ten inches of water in the marsh, and that it had frozen on it during the night more than an inch thick. From the spot where we landed to our blind was more than half a mile, and to reach it we would have to make our way over that ice. We were on the point of being about frozen to death as it was, but Hank Frey's sporting blood was up.

"'You fellers stay here,' he said, 'and I'll creep to that bl