OLD WHALING DAYS.

A LIFE OF PERILS

Terrible Trials of the Officers and Crew of the Essex.

A WHALE RUNS THE SHIP DOWN.

Dangers Encountered While Attempting to Put the "Irons" Into the Cetaceans.

The details of remarkable early sperm whaling voyages recited in this article were gathered from extracts of logbooks, old newspapers and records in the possession of Capt. Henry A. Howland, of New Bedford, Mass., who for many years has held the position as manager-in-chief of the "Compania Chileno de Balleneros" at Valparaiso, Chile, and in whose office in that city I was enabled to make copies and take notes of the various interesting incidents.

The thrilling story of the loss of the Essex and the subsequent terrible sufferings of the surviving members of her crew is one of the darkest tragedies of the high seas and forms the saddest chapter in the whole whaling history. The original diary kept by the first mate, Owen Chase, is in the possession of F. C. Sanford, of Nantucket, Mass., a copy of which is in Valparaiso in the above-mentioned whaling company's office.

The ship Essex, Capt. George Pollard, of Nantucket, sailed August 12, 1819, on a whaling voyage. Nothing of special note occurred until after the vessel had rounded Cape Horn and was nearing the equator in the Pacific.

On November 16, in latitude 1 degree south, longitude 118 west, while the boats were in a shoal of whales, the mate's boat was stove in by a whale and had to return aboard the vessel for necessary repairs; the mate's intention being to nail a piece of canvas over the hole and then to join the other boats at once. Accordingly he turned the boat over on the quarterdeck and was in the act of nailing on the canvas when he observed a monstrous sperm whale, about eighty-five feet in length, lying about 100 yards off the weather bow.

Attacked by a Whale.

In his diary the mate says: "He spouted two or three times and then disappeared. In less than two or three seconds he came up again about the length of the ship off, and made directly for us, at the rate of about three knots; the ship was then going with about the same speed. His appearance and attitude gave us at first no alarm, but while I stood watching his movements and observing him but a ship's length off, coming down for us with great celerity, I involuntarily ordered the boy at the helm to put it hard up, intending to sheer off and avoid him. The words were scarcely out of my mouth before he came down upon us with full speed and struck the ship with his head, just forward of the forechains. He gave such an appalling and tremendous jar as nearly threw us all on our faces. The ship brought up as suddenly and violently as if she had struck a rock, and trembled for a few seconds like a leaf. We looked at each other with perfect amazement, deprived of the power of speech. Many minutes elapsed before we were able to realize the dreadful accident, during which time he passed under the ship, grazing her keel as he went along, came up alongside of her to leeward, and lay on the top of the water, apparently stunned by the violence of the blow, for the space of a minute. He then suddenly started off in a direction to leeward.

"After a few moments' reflection, and recovering in some measure from the sudden consternation that had seized us, I of course concluded that he had stove a hole in the ship, and that it would be necessary to set the pumps going. Accordingly they were rigged, but had not been in operation more than a minute before I perceived the head of the ship to be gradually settling down in the water. I then ordered the signal to be set for the other boats, which had scarcely been done before I again discovered the whale, apparently in convulsions, on top of the water about 500 yards to leeward. He was enveloped in the foam of the sea that his continual and violent thrashing about in the water had created around him, and I could distinctly see him snap his jaws together as if distracted with rage and fury. He remained a short time in this situation, and then started off with great rapidity across the bows of the ship to windward.

Another Attack.

"By this time the ship had settled down a considerable distance in the water, and I gave her up for lost. I, however, ordered the pumps to be kept constantly going and endeavored to collect my thoughts for the occasion. I turned to the boats, two of which we then had with the ship, with the intention of clearing them away and getting all things ready to embark in them if there should be no other resource left. While my attention was thus engaged for a moment I was aroused by the cry of a man at the bowsway: 'Here he is! He is making for us again!' I turned around and saw him about 500 yards directly ahead of us, coming down apparently with twice his ordinary speed, and to me, at that moment, it appeared with tenfold fury and vengeance in his aspect. The water flew in all directions about him, and his course toward us was marked by a white foam a rod in width, which he made with the continual violent thrashing of his tail; his head was about half out of water, and in that way he came upon and again struck the ship. He struck her to windward, directly under the cathead, and completely stove in her bows. He passed under the ship again, went off to leeward, and we saw no more of him.

"The mate cut the spare boat adrift and had no sooner launched her than the ship fell over on her beam ends, full of water. The captain and the second mate had observed that same sudden catastrophe had befallen the ship, and their boats now arrived upon the scene of the disaster. The vessel's masts were cut away, and she partly righted. This presented an opportunity to secure provisions, water and a few nautical instruments, and the gunwales of the boats were built up higher with light boards.

Leaving the Wreck.

"The boats left the wreck on November 21 latitude 13 minutes north, longitude 120 degrees west, about 1,000 miles from land, and shaped their course south southeast. The allowance of food was one biscuit and half a pint of water a day per man, and about the 16th of December this was reduced one-half. The day being very hot, relief was sought by bathing in the sea, and barnacles being discovered on the bottoms of the boats, these were scraped off and eagerly devoured.

"On December 20 land was sighted. But our joy was short-lived, for it proved to be Dude's island, barren of everything but small patches of peppergrass and a spring, which we discovered on the 23d, and of which some of the men drank so copiously as to endanger their lives.

"On December 27 the island was abandoned by all but three of the crew, who preferred remaining there rather than endure sufferings like those they had just passed through. The boats remained together until January 12, 1820, when they were separated by a storm."

Under date of January 14 Chase makes this entry in his journal:

"We were as yet just able to move about in our boat and slowly perform the necessary labors appertaining to her, but we were fast wasting away with the relaxing effects of the water, and we daily almost perished under the torrid rays of a meridian sun, to escape which we would lie down in the bottom of the boat, cover ourselves with the sails and abandon her to the mercy of the waves. Upon attempting to rise again the blood would rush into the head and an intoxicating blindness come over us, almost to occasion our suddenly falling down again."

By January 30 they were reduced to a still more wretched condition. The journal says:

"We were now hardly able to crawl around the boat. Our ounce and a half of bread, which was to serve us all day, was in some cases greedily devoured, as if life was to continue but another moment. At other times it was hoarded up and eaten crumb by crumb, at regular intervals during the day, as if it was to last us forever."

Forced to Cannibalism.

On February 8 the journal contains the following:

"We had now sunk so low that speech and reason seemed to be impaired. One of the crew, Isaac Cole, went mad outright, hoisted the jib, cried out that he would not give up; that he would live as long as any of us, and then collapsed. At this point of our sufferings I suggested that Cole's body should serve as food. The men, seeing therein the only hope of prolonging their lives, agreed. We separated his limbs from his body and cut all the flesh from the bones, after which we opened the body, took out the heart, and then closed it again, sewed it up as decently as we could and committed it to the sea. We now first commenced to satisfy the immediate cravings of nature from the heart, after which we hung up the remainder, cut in thin strips, about the boat to dry in the sun; we made a fire and roasted some of it, to serve us during the next day."

Thus they sustained life till February 15. They were then down to almost the last morsel of bread. In this extremity, at 7 o'clock on the morning of February 18, there was a cry of "Sail ho!" The vessel proved to be the brig Indian, of London. The men were rescued, carefully tended, and in a few days were considerably improved in health. They were picked up in latitude 33 degrees 45 minutes south, longitude 81 degrees 3 minutes west, after having been in the open boat nearly three months. On February 25 they arrived at Valparaiso.

The captain's boat, the two survivors in it raving with hunger and exhaustion, was picked up in latitude 37 degrees south, off the island of St. Mary, by the whale ship Dauphin, which reached Valparaiso the 17th of March. The second mate's boat became separated from the captain's on the 24th of January. No trace of it was ever found. Before the separation the provisions were exhausted and life was sustained by cannibalism, the flesh of three negroes who had died of exhaustion being divided between the two boats.

Drawing Lots.

On the 1st of February, after the second mate's boat had been lost sight of, the captain and the three other men with him found themselves once more without a mouthful of food in their boat. They then deliberately drew lots to see who should die and who should be the executioner. It fell upon Owen Coffin, of Nantucket, to die and upon Charles Ramsdale to slay him. Coffin was a cousin of Capt. Pollard, and the latter begged Ramsdale to kill him instead of the doomed man. But Coffin refused to allow the sacrifice. On the 11th of February Barzilla Ray died, leaving Capt. Pollard and Ramsdale the only survivors.

Of the crew of the mate's boat two survived beside Chase himself. Twenty all told had left the Essex in the three boats. The three men who remained on Ducie's island were rescued by an English vessel. They, too, had endured terrible suffering, and when rescued were almost too weak to talk.

The story of the Essex's loss and of the dire necessity to which the survivors were reduced preceded Capt. Pollard to Nantucket.

I was intimately acquainted with Capt. Pollard in my youth, and often at home in New Bedford, when the captain came over on a visit from his island home at Nantucket, have I longed, while listening to other yarns, to ask him for the story of this tragic incident, but his grave, though kindly, visage always produced in me an awe-inspiring feeling, forbidding any allusion to the mournful subject.

It is said that on his return to Nantucket after the terrible experiences of that dreadful voyage the cliffs and wharves were lined with spectators, and that he walked to his home through an awe-struck, silent crowd. Five months from home on his next voyage, in the Two Brothers, he ran her on a reef and she proved a total loss. He then retired from the sea, and died in 1870, 81 years old.

Owen Chase, the mate, was invariably fortunate on his subsequent voyages.

The Ann Alexander.

Another whaler sunk by a ferocious sperm whale was the Ann Alexander, of New Bedford, Mass. This incident occurred on August 20, 1850. Likewise in the Pacific ocean, on what is familiarly known to old whalemen as the "off-shore ground," extending several degrees north and south of the equator about 1,000 miles off the west coast of South America.

The whale had smashed two boats and pursued a third to the ship, at which it then rushed, breaking a large hole through her bottom. As in the case of the Essex, all hands were obliged to take to the boats, but fortunately they were rescued before they were brought to the last extremities of starvation. Five months later the whale was taken by the Rebecca Simms, of New Bedford, two of the Ann Alexander's harpoons being found in the carcass.

In the same year (1850) Capt. Cook, of the bark Parker Cook, of Provincetown, lowered two boats for a bull sperm whale. The boat steerer of the first boat got in two irons, but before the boat could be brought head on the whale broached half way out of water and capsized the craft, the line fouling the boat steerer's leg and almost severing it from his body. He cut the line and was picked up with the rest of the crew by the other boat, which pulled for the bark, with the whale in pursuit. The whale then attacked the vessel, striking her twice, but was killed before irreparably damaging the bark.

The Whale the Aggressor.

In October, 1852, the ship Hector, of New Bedford, raised a sperm whale and lowered for him. The whale at once took the initiative and struck the mate's boat, staving it badly. The captain's boat then advanced on the whale. The monster turned in an instant, seized the boat in his jaws, held it on end and shook it to pieces. The mate then offered to lead another attack with a picked crew. But the whale again assumed the offensive, and the order was given to "Stern all!" for life. The cetacean chased the boat for about half a mile, sometimes bringing his jaws together within a foot of it. At last the mate, who was keenly watching his chance, succeeded, as the whale became somewhat exhausted and turned to spout, in burying his lance in the monster's vitals, killing him almost instantly. While cutting in the blubber, harpoons belonging to the ship Barclay were found, and it was subsequently discovered that the mate of the Barclay had been killed by this whale about three months before.

The New York Postboy of October 14, 1771, gives the following curious instance: Marshall Jenkins, belonging to a vessel then recently returned to Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard, Mass., had a singular experience. The boat, of which he was one of the crew, struck a sperm whale, which instantly turned on the boat and bit it in two, taking Jenkins in his jaws as he went down. Rising again a moment later, he threw him into one part of the shattered boat, and he was rescued with the rest of the crew by one of the other boats. Jenkins was a fortnight recovering from his bruises.

The Boston News Letter of October 2, 1766, reports a Capt. Clark discovering a sperm whale near George's banks. He manned his boat and gave chase. A son of the captain was forward, ready with the lance. Suddenly the whale came up with his jaws against the bow with such violence that the captain's son was thrown a considerable distance into the air. When he fell, the whale, having turned, caught him in his jaws and made off with him, and that was the last ever seen of him.

Numerous other instances of a similar nature might be cited, but the limited space does not permit of it at present.

Not the Old Town.

I venture the remark that any old whaleman revisiting New Bedford at the present time will be sorely struck with the dreary aspect of the drowsy looking water front of the city, where lie rotting in rows the old hulks of the once sturdy whalers, whose keels plowed the waters of every known sea. It is a sad contrast to the busy, lively scenes enacted there in the palmy days of yore, when scores and scores of whalers lined those same wharves, some ready to start out on a long voyage, others just returning from "'round the Horn" or the Indian and Arctic oceans, the whole bustling scene enlivened by the merry banter and happy faces of the crowds that would gather on the wharves to greet their friends and kindred after the prolonged absence from home. On such occasions the air would ring with laughter, and the crew hauling their vessel alongside of the wharf would strike up some old familiar chant, such as "Round Cape Horn," a droll song much in vogue among the whalemen in those days. Following are a few characteristic stanzas:

I asked a maiden by my side,
Who sighed and looked to me forlorn,
"Where is your heart?" She quick replied,
"'Round Cape Horn."

I said, "I'll let your fathers know,
Ye boys in mischief on the lawn;
They all replied, "Then you must go
"'Round Cape Horn."

In fact, I asked a little boy
If he could tell where he was born;
He answer, with a mark of joy,
"'Round Cape Horn."

A GLANCE AT EMS.

The Quiet Old German Summer Resort on the Lahn.

Mrs. E. B. Webster, formerly of Seattle, but now sojourning in Europe, has been passing a part of the summer at Ems, Germany. Her letters from abroad are full of interest.

"Taking the night train from Paris," wrote Mrs. Webster in August, "one reaches Ems at 11 the next morning; that is, all that remains of one after a whole night's travel, if all the sleeping berths are taken. A hot bath, breakfast, and a nap put you on your feet again and open one's eyes to the new environment. What impresses one first here is the delightful quiet and the exquisite cleanliness everywhere. The houses, the horses, the cabs, the streets and trees, all seem to have just emerged from a bath. The gravel paths are freshly raked each morning, and everybody walks over them with gentle decorum and rectitude. There isn't any frivoling in Ems. People who are here for the "cure" walk in the "Kurhaus" gardens with glasses of mineral water in their hands, sipping from them slowly after the doctor's directions, or they seat themselves in the chairs which line either side of the long covered promenade, from which vistas of cultivated grounds stretch enticingly beyond. Those who are staying here for rest or diversion amuse themselves as best they may with the restrictions of village life.

"There's the Lahn, flowing directly through the town, for boating and fishing, and the little car which whisks one up the side of a mountain before one has a chance to know what's happening, for a view of the surrounding country, which one always takes with a cup of coffee at a pretty little place there. Then there are no end of charming drives, and the reckless take horses and abandon themselves to joga. Truthfulness forbids my saying canters. I have never known anyone trying that a second time. It's hard on the constitution, as the German horse has neither trot, pace, gallop nor bolt in his repertoire. One admires the nice little linen things, trimmed with crocheted lace, put on to keep off the insects, but it wouldn't be so painful to the system if some one had beforehand tenderly put into his head a grain of the sense supposed to be characteristic of horses.

"A very excellent band plays in the gardens three times a day, and there are fireworks every Sunday evening, together with a brilliant illumination of lanterns and electric lights.

"The fashions are faithfully ignored. Nothing could create a sensation except something chic. You have only to observe the women's bonnets for an hour and study the native German pantaloon for a single afternoon to convince yourself of that. Of the latter no particular mode obtains. Those that aren't so tight and short that one trembles for the wearer are festooned from the waist line with delightful Arcadian and childlike simplicity, and fall in apologetic negligence to the ankles, where they break off abruptly from their mad career.

"The weather is cool and the air and food delicious. On pleasant days one dines under the trees, and for real comfort and rest from the vanities of the world nothing could excel Ems. There are and have been from time to time many distinguished visitors here. Prince George of Prussia is for the moment the principal one. He is very dignified and distingue, and is greatly attached to a little dog, not remarkable for beauty, without which he is rarely seen."

BY PROXY.

Benevolent Party—So you fought in the late war?
Mendicant—Yes, sir.
Benevolent Party—Where were you wounded?
Mendicant—In my substitute.

SHORT STORY OF THE DAY.

A DECEPTION.

BY JOHN W. MAYALL.

St. Paul's.

To this day I live in perpetual fear of meeting him, indeed I am continually haunted with the belief that he is scouring the earth for me, thirsting for revenge, and that is why I shun the haunts of men and live a solitary, secluded life, only venturing out at dusk and wearing a beard (which doesn't suit me) and blue glasses (which I don't need) as a means of disguise. Of course it should never have happened. I admit that. A word of explanation and all would have been well, and I should not now be living with the sword of Damocles hanging over my head. But I let the opportunity slip and plunged myself into an intrigue which may yet end in bloodshed.

"I began with a very simple mistake on my part. I was lounging on the pier at Eastsea one fine morning in September, listening to the "Grand Selection from the Bohemian Girl" (they play this every day at Eastsea) and watching the promenaders, when my eyes fell on a young lady who was sitting in a quiet corner reading a novel. I could not see her face for it was hidden by a crimson parasol, but her general appearance at once told me that it was Flo Beresford, one of the prettiest girls I know, and inwardly congratulating myself, I rose and crossed to her.

So absorbed was she in her book that she did not hear me approach, and to attract her attention (I know her very well) I playfully tapped the sunshade with my paper. She looked up in a moment, and then, to my horror, I saw I had made a mistake; it was not Flo but a stranger.

I stood paralyzed, trying to frame an apology, but before I could get the words out I was amazed to see a lovely smile of evident recognition, and a still lovelier blush overspread a charming face.

"George!" she cried in a joyous tone. "This is a surprise! When did you come? But there, sit down."

Now I know that this was where I made the fatal error. It was evident that I had a double, and equally evident that she was mistaking me for him.

I know I ought to have undeceived her, to have murmured a few words of apology, raised my cap, and gone away, but I do not do this. Perhaps it was her eyes, or her mouth, or her hair, or the "altogether," as Tribby would say. I don't know. But anyway she drew her skirts aside and I sat down.

"What made you come so—so suddenly?" she asked.

"What?" then recovering myself, "Why, you, of course." She blushed divinely.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?" she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."

She turned over the pages of her novel in abstracted fashion. On the fly leaf I caught sight of some writing. "To Lucy from George," and the date.

Then a sudden inspiration struck me.

I bent my head close to hers, so close that a stray tendril of her brown hair brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting my lips to her shell-like little ear, "what is your answer?"

She laughed.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" she said. "I posted the letter this morning."

"In—in answer to my letter?" I put in, taking a step in the dark.

"Yes, in answer to your letter. And you'd have had it tonight."

"And as it is I've missed it."

"But you will tell me what—what you said?"

She bent her head and toyed with the tassel of her parasol. She was very lovely.

"I've half a mind not to—just to tease you," she murmured.

"Do you want to drive me distracted?" I cried.

A ripple of laughter came from her rosy lips.

"You see, if you'd only waited."

"But I—I couldn't wait. Lucy, you will tell me?"

"Not—not now."

"When?"

"To—tonight, perhaps."

"Here."

"Yes, here."

Then I wondered what it was he had asked her. It seemed to me that it could only be one thing, but—ah, I had it.

"Have you kept my letter?" I asked.

"Kept it? Oh, George—yes. Why, I have it here," putting her hand in her breast.

"Just—er—let me have a look at it a moment."

"Let you? Oh, so you want to draw back, do you? Well, you can if you—"

"My darling, I—"

"George, forgive me. Of course I know. There it is."

"I was about to say," I observed as I took it, "that I only wanted to see if I had spelt necessary with one c or two."

She opened wide her eyes.

"Necessary?" she said. "Why, there's no such word in the letter."

"Isn't there?" I murmured. "Let me see."

Yes, I read it, but I don't think it would be right to let anyone else do so. My theory was correct, however.

"I am wrong," I said, as I returned it to her. "I didn't use the word."

"I knew you didn't."

There was a pause.

"And—and you don't want to draw back?"

"Not for worlds," I cried recklessly. "Draw back, indeed."

We talked of many things after that. She told me about her mother, who was an invalid, it appeared.

"And I shan't be able to come out this afternoon," she said, "but you'll come up and see mamma?"

I hesitated a moment—only a moment.

"Yes," I said, "but, do you know—it's very funny—but, the fact is, I've actually forgotten where you're staying. Ha, ha."

"Oh, you stupid boy—South Parade, of course."

"Of course. Number?"

"Eleven."

"To be sure."

"Mamma will be so pleased to see you."

"I shall be pleased to see mamma," I responded.

The band had ceased playing now and I saw her off the pier—saw her home, in fact.

"This afternoon, then," she said, brightly, as I bade her good morning.

I said "Yes," but I did not mean it. No. I had resolved to let the matter go no further. Up to this point it had simply been a very innocent joke. But it should end.

Hang it, you know it wasn't right. In fact, it was dishonorable. I—well, then I thought of her answer and what it was likely to be and—well, at 3 o'clock I was sitting in the front drawing-room at No. 11, sipping tea and talking to a very charming old lady who welcomed me as—a son.

Lucy accompanied me to the door when I took my leave.

"What time shall I call for you?" I asked.

"Seven."

"I shall live in torture till then."

"No, you must live—in hope," she replied, and—we she disappeared.

I was there at 7. She was ready. She put her arm through mine quite confidingly and we walked down the pier.

Our corner was vacant and we sat down. Her eyes were very bright and her cheeks were flushed. It was a mild, warm evening. The sea splashed lazily on the golden sands, and the band played a dreamy waltz.

"Have you forgotten?" I murmured, as I took her hand.

"Forgotten?"

"Your answer."

She was silent.

"Lucy, what is it? Speak! This—this suspense is killing me."

I think I did it pretty well. There was a decided thrill of genuine passion in my voice.

The fact is, I believe I loved her.

"It's—its's a word of th—three letters," she murmured.

"Of three——"

"George, is my hat straight?"

This was after—after the band had played three waltzes and two descriptive pieces, and it was time to go home.

I saw her home, of course, and we lingered at the gate another half hour.

"I may tell mamma?" she whispered softly, as I released her.

"Yes, do," I said.

After all, what did it matter?

Then I suddenly felt the pressure of her lips to mine, and the next moment she had vanished. And as I walked back to my hotel smoking a cigarette I thought what a pleasant evening I had spent.

Alas! I never saw her again. I should have met her on the pier the next morning, but I did not do so. I don't think—I say I don't think—I should have done so in any case, but the real reason why I didn't was this:

As I came down the next morning I met a gentleman on the stairs who was so like me that we might have been twins.

It was "George."

What did I do? Why promptly packed my portmanteau and took train to a remote village in Scotland. I often wonder now if he ever found out. Of one thing I am certain. She would not tell him.

Literary Associations of the Bronx.

Illustrated American.

The Bronx valley is not lacking in associations with some of the illustrious names of American literature. Washington Irving lived and died at Sunnyside, on the Hudson, and rests in the ancient Sleepy Hollow kirkyard, not far from the headsprings of Bronx. Fenimore Cooper wrote "The Spy" in a house which is still standing near Scarsdale. Edgar Poe dreamed away the last two years of his fevered life in the lowly cottage at Fordham overlooking the grounds of St. John's college and the lower Bronx valley, to the hazy, glimmering horizon line, which is Long Island sound. Men living there today remember his solitary figure wandering beside the remote stream, whose pensive sweetness we cannot doubt is reflected in the prose-poems of "Arnheim" and "The Valley of the Many-colored Grass."

In a forlorn little burying ground, tangled, overgrown and forgotten, lying amidst the marish waters at the mouth of the Bronx, sleeps Joseph Rodman Drake, the poet of "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag." A mossy monument marks his grave, inscribed with the beautiful epitaph written by his friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

James Quinn's Humor.

Boston Transcript.

James Quinn, the famous eighteenth century actor, was one of the leading wits of the time. It is said that he thought angling a very barbarous sport, for, he exclaimed: "Suppose some superior being should bait a hook with venison and go a Quinning; I should certainly bite, and what a sight I should be, dangling in the air!" And then there is the famous exclamation of his, as he passed beneath Westminster bridge: "Oh, that my mouth were that center arch and that the river ran claret." He was once staying at an inn in Plymouth, which happened to be infested with rats, and he offered to suggest a remedy to the landlord before he returned to town. In the meantime he lived expensively, and at the end of eight weeks called for his bill. "What," said he, "£150 for eight weeks in one of the cheapest towns in England?" But he paid his bill and stepped into his chaise. "Oh! Mr. Quinn," exclaimed the landlord, "I hope you have not forgot the remedy you phomised me for the rats?" "There's your bill," replied Quinn, "show it to them and they will never visit your house again."

May Live in New York.

Buffalo Express.

It is stated on what appears to be good authority that Gov. Morton, after his term at Albany shall have expired, will become a resident of New York. Gov. Morton's architects have been inspecting a very choice piece of property for him, and, having reported favorably upon the construction of the house, he submitted an offer to the owner, which the latter accepted, so that now only the details of purchase remain to be settled. Just where the house is has not been learned.

Burlington Service.

Information that informs. If you are going East and want to know what the trip will cost, when you will reach your destination and why you should take the Burlington to Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis and points beyond, write to the undersigned and receive by return mail a letter giving you just exactly the information you need. M. P. Benton, Puget Sound Agent, corner Yesler avenue and Front street.

Read H. H. Dearborn & Co's poetic ad. in another column.

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No. 5	No. 1	Lv.	Ar	No. 2	No. 4
4:50pm	9:00am	Seattle		5:25pm	10:45am
6:00pm	10:15am	Wood'v'le		4:19pm	9:20am
6:19pm	.....	Redmond		.....	9:06am
6:35pm	.....	Issaquah		.....	8:32am
7:41pm	.....	Snoqu'mie		.....	7:40am
7:55pm	.....	N. Bend		.....	7:30am
6:42pm	10:58am	Snohom'h		3:41pm	8:28am
.....	*2:45pm	MtcCristo		6:45a**	.....
7:30pm	†4:45am	Arlington		2:53pm	7:47am
8:46pm	12:51pm	Woolley		1:53pm	6:20am
.....	4:00pm	Anacortes		8:00am	.....
.....	.....	Hamilton		12:50pm	.....
.....	1:24pm	Wick'ham		11:24pm	.....
.....	2:50pm	Sumas		11:20pm	.....
.....	5:40pm	N. West'er		9:10am	.....
.....	5:50pm	Vanc'uv'r		9:00am	.....

‡Daily. †Daily except Sunday.
*Mon., Wed., Fri. **Tues., Thurs., Sat.
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For St. Paul and East, 9:40 p. m.
For Spokane and Local, 7:15 a. m. and 9:40 p. m.
For Portland, 4:40 a. m. and 9:40 p. m.
*For Olympia, Gray's Harbor and South Bend, 9 a. m.
For Carbonado, 2:45 p. m.
For Tacoma, 4:40, 7:15 and 9 a. m., 2:45, 5 and 9:40 p. m.
TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE—
From St. Paul and East, 6:40 a. m.
From Spokane and Local, 6:40 a. m. and 11:50 p. m.
From Portland, 5:10 and 11:50 p. m.
*From Olympia, Gray's Harbor and South Bend, 5:10 p. m.
From Carbonado, 11:40 a. m.
From Tacoma, 6:40, 8:25 and 11:40 a. m.; 5:10, 8:20 and 11:50 p. m.
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