ANGRY CHINESE MET THEM.

OFFICERS HAVE TROUBLE TO GET AH TIE'S CORPES.

Infuriated Mongols Threaten to Make an Attack on the Coroner, Believing That He Intended to Cut Up the Body of the Deceased.

Fifty enraged Chinamen attempted to prevent Deputy Coroner C. B. Yandell and Detective Williams from removing the dead body of Ah Tie, bookkeepr for Ah How, from 512 Washington street yesterday noon. They jabbered, cursed, shook their fists and declared that the officers should not take the body and cut it up.

Williams swept part of the mob to one side with his powerful arms, making an alley to the back part of the room. Yandell kept the other part back and the dead box was slid in and out with the body, amidst a racket that must have been heard by the dead Chinaman's spirit.

Chinamen have a belief that if a body is cut its possessor will enter the other world reeking with wounds. They have a horror of a post mortem examination, and the thought that one of their number is to be cut open throws them into a state of violent agitation.

Ah Tie was found dead in bed yesterday morning, and the circumstances surrounding the case make it appear as if an investigation were advisable. Coroner Yandell was in the dark as to the cause of death. He was informed that it might be a case of suicide, murder or perhaps heart disease. He sent the deputy coroner to investigate, and the result was a perfect storm. It was a difficult matter to get any particulars of the case, and the idea of removing the body precipitated a climax.

The coroner went to 512 Washington street himself in the afternoon to make a personal investigation. No sooner had he entered the room where the body lay than a Chinaman came rushing at him as if to tear him limb from limb. The coroner was preparing to defend himself with a penknife when Ah How, uncle of the dead man, ran in and with a few unintelligible words stopped the attack. The Chinaman crept back into a dark corner and crouched down. The room was filled with smoke from punk sticks, which had been burning since the discovery of the body.

Ah How told the coroner that Ah Tie had not been feeling well for several days past. Friday night he asked him to write a letter. At that time Tie was sitting with his hat pulled down over his eyes. He did not complain, however, of illness. Yesterday morning How found the store locked and broke in the door. He called Tie, but did not receive any answer.

"Why didn't you go in and see what was the trouble?" asked the coroner.

"Me fraid of dead men," was the reply.

How got an army of Chinamen, and, armed with punk sticks, they invaded the dead chamber, where they found the body stretched out on a bunk.

How pleaded with the coroner not to cut his relative up. The body was removed to Butterworth's undertaking rooms. It is not settled whether a post mortem will be held. The coroner is inclined to believe that death was due to heart trouble or apoplexy.

One intelligent Chinaman who was asked to assist the coroner's office to investigate the case replied: "I will not have anything to do with it. That gang are highbinders."

INJUNCTION ONCE MORE PREVENTS A SHERIFF'S SALE.

Assay Office Litigation Recommenced in the Superior Court—Mr. Prosch Enjoins Proceedings Pending Appeal—Former Case.

For the second time yesterday morning the forbidding hand of injunction was laid upon the attempted sale of the Seattle assay office property by Sheriff Moyer to satisfy the mortgage of William James.

This time the injunction was sued out by Thomas W. Prosch, the owner of the property and the maker of the $6,000 mortgage, on the ground that he had not been given formal notice of the refusal of the court to grant the first injunction asked until November 22, notwithstanding the fact that the order was made on October 6. Mr. Prosch claims that as soon as he received the delayed notice he took an appeal from the order and desires the sale postponed until the appeal is determined.

Immediately after the first injunction was dissolved the sheriff had advertised the property for sale again and would have sold it yesterday had the temporary restraining order not been served. It was the third attempted sale, the sheriff having once been stopped by an appeal and stay bond.

The principal interest in the case centers in the fact that the building covered by the mortgage was during the pendency of the foreclosure suit, leased to the government for assay office purposes. Mr. Prosch has promised to protect the government's lease, so there is no probability that the assay office will be moved, even should Judge Moore deny the injunction now asked when the case comes up for further hearing on December 12.

TO CONTROL THE BALTIMORE & OHIO.

James J. Hill Said to Be Cutting Little Figure in Reorganization—Speier-Morgan Combine.

It is reported in eastern newspapers that the J. P. Morgan syndicate has joined hands with the banking firm of Speier & Co., and is in control of the new management of the Baltimore & Ohio. If this is the case, President Hill of the Great Northern will not cut as much of a figure in the reorganization as was thought. Mr. Hill's interest in Baltimore & Ohio is said to be not near as large as had been reported, and it would create little surprise if an announcement was made that he had disposed of his holdings in that property.

Oscar Murray, one of the receivers of the Baltimore & Ohio, is a candidate for vice president, the position he held before the road went into bankruptcy, and Mr. Hill, who has no particular liking for Mr. Murray, is said to be trying to thwart his ambition. It is believed, however, that Mr. Murray will get the position.

It is reported on good authority that Mr. Salomon, of Speier & Co., is slated for the position of chairman of the board of directors. Receiver J. K. Cowan will be the president of the road. This position, it is said was guaranteed him as a reward for removing the opposition to the proposed reorganization of the Garrett and Baltimore interests.

JUDSON HERREN DIES SUDDENLY.

Was a Member of the High School Graduating Class.

Judson Herren, aged 17 years, a member of the class that will be graduated from the high school next spring, died suddenly last night at 10 o'clock, at 812 Highland avenue, of diabetes. He was down town no later than Wednesday. Yesterday afternoon he was seriously ill and at 10 o'clock last night passed away.

He was a bright young man and a great favorite in the neighborhood in which he lived. A. L. Herren, of 812 Highland avenue, is his uncle. His mother is at Winlock.

Eagles Postpone Trip to Tacoma.

A large number of the members of the Fraternal Order of Eagles intended to visit Tacoma today for the purpose of organizing lodge number 3. The trip has been postponed, however, until next Sunday, owing to the desire of the Tacoma people for more time to prepare for the inaugural. The Seattle lodge will meet as usual this afternoon.

Light Sentence for a Boy.

Dan Wilson, the 16-year-old boy who was arrested in the baggage room of the New Western hotel on a charge of attempted burglary, yesterday pleaded guilty before Judge McDonald in the superior court and was sentenced to three months in the penitentiary.

JAMES J. HILL IS DUE TO ARRIVE HERE THIS WEEK.

Coming Ostensibly to View Progress of Great Northern Improvements in This City—His Visit May Have a Deeper Significance.

President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, is expected to arrive in the city some day this week. Ostensibly his visit will be to note the progress of the improvements now under way for the company at Smith Cove and on Jackson street, but in the present complicated state of Northwest railroad affairs his coming is considered by some to have unusual significance.

There are many questions the people of the Northwest would like Mr. Hill to answer. Only he can give the information regarding the many rumored extensions, combinations, invasions of territory, company reorganizations, etc., which have furnished food for gossip in railroad circles for so many weeks, though whether he will unburden himself to satisfy the curiosity that has been stimulated by recent events, remains to be seen.

Meanwhile every surveying party seen wandering about in the sage brush of Eastern Washington is connected with some railroad innovation, and failure to determine the exact mission of such workers leads inevitably to the conclusion that James J. Hill is at the bottom of it.

Two parties of railroad engineers have been working in and about Colfax this week, and although the ultimate object of their work has not been explained to the people of Colfax, possibly because the engineers are themselves not informed, yet the general supposition in that part of the country, according to a special dispatch received by the Post-Intelligencer, is that the O. R. & N. is making arrangements to change the main line from Colfax west, so as to avoid the heavy grade on the Colfax hill. There is a suspicion appended to this theory, that the O. R. & N. desires to put itself in better shape to withstand the much-talked-of encroachments of the Northern Pacific in that territory.

In regard to this a railroad man said yesterday: "There is no reason why the O. R. & N. should seek to avoid the hill at Colfax. It is a short pull and is not nearly so troublesome as the hill just north of Walla Walla. As for the Northern Pacific, since peace has been announced between Mr. Hill and Mr. Morgan, I understand there is to be no encroachment in O. R. & N. territory. Why the Northern Pacific should wish to build in that desolate part of the country is more than I can imagine. There are no resources to warrant another road in building and making a fight for business."

The announcement that the Great Northern is preparing to run a line into Vancouver, B. C., as stated in a special dispatch from that city published in yesterday's Post-Intelligencer, is received here with little credence. It is not thought among well-informed railroad men in this city that the business of Vancouver would justify the Great Northern in extending its system in that direction.

THE PASSING THRONG.

C. Chichester, of San Francisco, a well-known shipping broker, said yesterday that he had been prepared to see Seattle develop into a great commercial city for many years past. "It is a mistake in Seattle people to believe that San Francisco business men are jealous of the advance this city is making in Oriental commerce and as a jobbing city," said Mr. Chichester at the Hotel Butler. "This is not saying, of course, that San Francisco is not jealous of her prestige as one of the great maritime ports of the United States, or that the merchants and shipping men of that city will not fight vigorously every encroachment made by Seattle upon trade now controlled in whole or in part by San Francisco.

"We are now willing to concede to Seattle the possession of great advantages. You are getting much of our Oriental business away from us, but we have the satisfaction of knowing the more Seattle does in a business way the better off will be the whole Pacific coast and San Francisco included."

Mr. Chichester's firm operates a line of steam and sailing vessels between Mexican and Central American ports and San Francisco.

Among the prominent recent arrivals in Seattle are Emerson Hammer and wife, of Woolley, Skagit county, who are registered at the Seattle for a few days, while they are purchasing goods for their store at Woolley. Mr. Hammer was this month elected to the state senate from Skagit and San Juan counties, succeeding F. C. Harper, now of the Hotel Seattle, who held that position four years.

Mr. Hammer is proud that he is one of the men who helped to bring a great Republican victory in his counties this fall. He had a hard fight, having to run in the face of the fusionist majority of over 250 votes of two years ago in Skagit county. He and his running mates were elected by majorities ranging from 136 to 156 in that county alone.

San Juan is the only county in the state that has never given a majority for fusionism. It has been a stronghold of the Republicans, as, notwithstanding the landslide for the triumvirate of two years ago and at other times, it has steadily increased its solid majorities. During the last eight years at every county convention there has been a pronounced declaration for sound money and always by a rising and unanimous vote. Two years ago the majority was 121, and this year 156 for the state ticket. Every Republican candidate, from constable up, was elected this year. The total vote of the county is only about 650. Mr. Hammer was on the ticket with Mr. Ball for the legislature two years ago, but was defeated by Wilkeson and Nelson, the fusionists.

W. H. Pyott, who for a number of years was clerk at the Hotel Butler, is again in his old position. For the past three or four years he has been dining or sleeping car conductor on the Great Northern and Canadian Pacific railroads.

R. C. Graves and wife, of Lake Tahoe, Cal., arrived recently to spend the winter in Seattle. Mr. Graves is an old resident of Seattle and his many friends will be glad to welcome him back to his home.

President Farrell, of the Pacific Coast Company, returned yesterday from a trip of inspection to the Franklin and Newcastle coal mines. He expressed himself as well pleased with the properties.

J. H. Schively, chairman of the Republican state central committee, left on the 4 o'clock overland train yesterday for a visit of several weeks to his old home in Washington.

Charles W. Slater has gone East, expecting to spend a month in Washington.

Personal.

Attorney J. E. Horum, of Everett, is at the Northern.

Mrs. M. A. Thomson is at the Seattle from Anacortes.

Capt. John B. Libby, manager of the Puget Sound Tugboat Company, is at the Butler from Port Townsend.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCandless, of Victoria, are registered at the Butler.

D. N. McMillan, a canneryman of Anacortes, is registered at the Seattle.

B. D. Minkler, a prominent merchant of Lyman, Skagit county, is a guest at the Seattle.

John B. Yakey, prosecuting attorney of Kitsap county, is at the Stevens from Port Orchard.

Louis Solomon, of the Franco-American Canning Company, of Fairhaven, arrived last night and registered at the Northern.

LABOR UNIONS ARE DISCUSSING PROPOSED BENEFICIAL LEGISLATION.

PROBLEMS which are just now interesting the members of the labor unions of Seattle have to do with matters to be brought to the attention of the next legislature in the shape of bills for the improvement of the conditions surrounding labor. As has been forecasted in the Post-Intelligencer, the delegates to the Western Central Labor Union are advocating the passage by the next legislature of a bill providing for an 8-hour work day for state and municipal employes, and on all work done for the state under contract. The central union is also discussing a bill repealing, in effect, the present fellow-servant law, which is regarded by labor leaders as inimical to the welfare of organized labor.

These matters are to be discussed by the Western Central Labor Union at its regular meeting, December 7. This will be an open meeting, and all members of the unions of Seattle will be admitted to the meeting and permitted to participate in the discussion.

It is probable that the central union will draw up a memorial to the legislature asking for the passage of a measure providing for an eight-hour work day on all public work within the state. The principal fight to be made by the labor leaders at the approaching session of the legislature will be on this line, union men say. The local labor leaders have taken measures to sound the members-elect of the legislature on these matters. Before the session is opened it is probable that the central union will organize its forces with the purpose of bringing public sentiment to bear on the legislature in favor of the measures championed by the organization.

The central union will on December 7 discuss a proposed bill fixing the liability of an employer for personal injuries sustained by an employe while in the discharge of his duties. Under the present law, if a fellow employe of the injured party is found to have been responsible for the injury, the company is held blameless. It is the hope of the labor union officers that this statute may be modified by the next legislature, and a bill will be prepared and submitted to the legislature with that end in view.

THERE is a movement on foot among the labor organizations of Seattle looking to the formation of a building trades' council. The matter is now being generally discussed among all the labor unions of the city, composed of men employed in the various building trades, as carpenters, plumbers, bricklayers, masons and the like.

The proposition is not a new one in Seattle, although it has been brought into prominence from the fact that for months past the number of men employed in the building trades in the city has been much larger than for years past. The new organization, under the plans now being discussed, will be made up of the present delegates from the building trades unions to the Western Central Labor Union, and the work of the new society will be carried out under the direction of the parent body.

AT a recent meeting of the Western Central Labor Union a resolution was passed protesting against the working of employes in the Washington navy yard more than the Federal labor day of eight hours. Information was received by the Western Central from an organization of machinists in the national capital to the effect that the government officers had permitted the men in the navy yard to work more than eight hours per day on a certain job which was finished several weeks ago. Notices of the protest by the central union were sent to Senators Turner and Wilson and to Congressmen Lewis and Jones, with the request that they would investigate the matter on the opening of congress in December.

THE Western Central is watching with interest the fight that is being made for the eight-hour law now pending before congress. The bill amends in several important particulars the present statute regulating the hours of labor on all Federal work. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, is heading the fight for the bill.

MR. RUDE was seated at the Wednesday meeting of the Western Central Labor Union as a delegate from the Tailors' Union.

AMUSEMENTS.

"An Enemy to the King" at the Seattle Theater.

The closing act of Stephens' romantic drama, "An Enemy to the King," is a perfect whirlwind of action and so full of spirited life and magnetic fire that it redeems much of the somewhat prosy character of the previous three acts. The incidents that lead up to the end are natural in their results and develop a climax that reaches the acme of dramatic force, strongly suggestive of one of Dumas' stories and of one of the late Salvini's fine outbursts of resistless energy. D'Artagnan and Capt. de Launay were evidently cast in the same mold, and there is such a marked similarity in the two characters that a near kinship might well be claimed for them. The play as a whole is the strongest in the repertoire presented in this engagement, though in all respects not the one best adapted to the strength of the present company. The Frawley company appears to have made its most marked successes in modern society plays, in which the lights and shadows of social life are delightfully blended with humor and sentiment, and a dash of the tragic.

Mr. T. Daniel Frawley made a dashing Huguenot captain and fully rose to the requirements of the trying situation in the last act. Blanche Bates also had evidently reserved herself for the Herculean mental and physical efforts of this act, and the two succeeded in "waking" up the echoes of the building at the close of the act, securing the honor seldom accorded players, namely, a recall at the close of the play. The play, with a stronger cast in several of its parts and greater ease in lines and action, should prove a strong card in the general repertoire of the company.

The Frawley company will close its engagement this evening with Arthur Jones' four-act drama, "The Dancing Girl."

Mrs. Charles Hennigar Dead.

Mrs. Eva B. V. Hennigar, wife of Charles Hennigar, a ship contractor, died yesterday at Ballard, aged 25 years. She was a native of Somerville, Mass., and had lived in Ballard five years. She leaves two children, one aged 7 years and the other four months. She was a member of the Ballard Episcopal church.

Mrs. Agnes Amsler Dead.

Mrs. Agnes Amsler, wife of E. Amsler, well known in South Park, died at the family residence yesterday morning of pneumonia. Mrs. Amsler was 37 years old and a native of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The interment will take place in Calvary cemetery this morning.

DEATHS AND FUNERALS.

HERREN—In Seattle, suddenly Saturday night, November 26, 1898, Judson Herren, of diabetes, aged 17 years.

Funeral services will be held this afternoon prompt at 2 o'clock at residence of his uncle, A. L. Herren, 812 Highland avenue. Friends and schoolmates invited. Take Cedar street car.

RICHER THAN KLONDIKE.

A VALLEY OF GOLD IN THE FAR NORTH.

That Is What a Canadian Half-Breed Says He Found—A Meteor That Was All Yellow Metal and Precious Stones—Fell in a Lake.

Mr. Taylor, of Port Perry, has been studying the Klondike under the tutelage of Old 'Nias. He says:

"One lovely evening lately a young Mississaugua, who occasionally acts as henchman to Old 'Nias, came ashore and without a word handed me a square of birch bark from him, which was scrawled over with characters in charcoal that resembled a cross between Runic and ancient Assyrian. Although 'Nias talks good Canadian English, yet he spells phonetically. Contents:

"'Kum with this Injun tu mi Kamp tu nite and sta thar.

"'I got sumthin' tu tell yer.

"'I got sumtain' to ete.

"'Briled duk.

"'Roast 'taters an' Korn.

"'Fish stu.

"'Hev big flat bottil with yer that yer noze on, an' smokin' terbakker with yer.

"'Hen Bee—The bottil full, mind.—'Nias.'

"After getting permission from the home guard to spend the night in meditation with our sage, I took the stern of the canoe and in company with the bronzed youth skimmed across the lake to a sandy cove where his camp fire glimmered in a fragrant grove of cedar, spruce and hemlock, intermixed with that spiritueile fairy, that lady of our woods, with the sweet sounding Latin name of Betula Alba—our white birch. The stars doubled their countless hosts in the mirror of the waters. Fit night and fit scene to meet a seer and master. He was busy with his cooking, but seemed pleased to see me. 'Fine night,' was all his greeting. He handed the youth a duck and a skewer, and gave him a small basketful of hot roast potatoes and corn, with the brief remark: 'Now you git, an' stay got.' The lad vanished. Then he inquired: 'Did you fetch that air?' 'That air' being produced and after wiping his mouth and replacing the cork, with a sigh of satisfaction, he said: 'Take a holt an' eat your fill.'

"Ah, that feast—but I will refrain. I will only say that it was excellent—in fact, superb; although the fish was slightly burned and the coal oil can that it was cooked in gave it a complicated flavor. Then came the pipes, and the digestive organs had their innings. After the second pipe, and not a word from him, I became fidgety, so I broke the icy silence by saying that it was almost disgusting to take up a paper nowadays and see Klondike staring you in the face from every page; lies and truth, warnings and enticements; nothing but Klondike. That my neighbors would not even discuss the brightening prospects for agriculture, the rise of wheat, pork and other matters of interest, but they'd bore you to death with Klondike. That I had not allowed myself to become the least bit excited by the reports, and only read them as a study of the weakness of poor humanity, and that I was glad of the chance to have his opinion as to what it was going to lead to, knowing him to be the one that was not blown about by every wind.

"Laying down his pipe, he said: 'Look a-here, I never git excited; if the bottom was to drop out of that air lake I wouldn't git excited. Inn course, I've hearn all about Klondike, but it's most all lies. But let 'em go, an' go in thousands, an' freeze, an' starve, an' git sick, an' their partners pizen 'em fur the sake of a little gold dust if they git any; an' let 'em wake up some mornin' an' find a dirk six inches deep 'twixt their fifth and sixth ribs; an' let the cards an' dice an' the rum an' the women, an' all the hungry pikes prey on 'em arter they git their pile fur all o' me. The only pity is that their carcasses will be wasted up that fur manure; no use fertilizin' that kentry. Now, when I say this I mean all them scalawags an' the froth an' scum of the cities, 'specially them as is flockin' from the states an' talking of runnin' thigs wide open in our kentry. But it makes me mad an' sorry to hear of a lot of our own decent goslins a gittin' th's fever. Let 'em stay hum, an' hold the plow, an' handle the manure fork, an' fix fences, an' help the old man an' woman pay that mortgage, slow an' sure; an' let 'em sell that air trottin' colt an' smash that sulky; an' git sum durn good gal to take pity on 'em an' marry 'em.'

"After a pause, and filling his old briar again, etc., he continued: 'No, I ain't got no gold craze, an' I ain't excited, I ain't, but I wanted to see yer an' tell yer a secret. I knows ye'll keep it. Then, agin, I ain't no great scholar, an' though I spect ye couldn't take a third-class stifflicat, I guess ye're a little ahead o' me. So as I can't carry out my plans alone, I'll make ye my fust lieutenant. So here goes.' He then astonished me with a long legend, which I will try to boil down.

"He had been trapping and trading a little in fur in the far Northwest a couple of years ago or so, and had One Eyed Pete with him as aide and interpreter. He was reticent about the locality, but it must have been somewhere near Edmonton, by his tale. They were visited by a small band of Indians one day, and he was almost surprised into a state of excitement by finding that they were using gold bullets. His first move was to obtain all their surplus stock of bullets on a lead basis, in exchange for certain flasks that he was provided with. The next step was to try to discover their ammunition factory. Long and hard he racked his massive intellect before trying to draw out these dusky, wild men, when luck came to his aid. He thought he understood by a word here and there that they were telling Pete their chief was very sick. He said: 'That gin me an idea. Jest tell 'em that I'm the biggest doctor in the hull world, Pete, an' jest huntin' here for fun.' Pete did so, and he got an invite to visit the chief, whom he found very ill. The upshot was that 'Nias succeeded in curing him, as he is really clever in medicine, although he goes on the buckshot plan of putting everything you think of into the dose, and fire the whole charge into the patient. The chief and tribe were overjoyed and strove to persuade 'Nias to become a member of their community and reside with them. On his refusal, when leaving the chief in gratitude allowed him to load three ponies with gold pots, pans, bake kettles and other utensils that were in common use among them, on his giving a promise not to draw the greedy white man toward their country.

"By no art could 'Nias beguile the chief into telling him where the gold was procured, although he willingly told him of its origin. The chief said that many years ago, about 1858, perhaps, an immense comet spread its fiery form across the northern heaven, which frightened their people very much, until a big medicine man assured them that it was a good spirit for the red man, but a bad one for the whites; and so calmed them that they watched it with awe and admiration. One night millions of shooting stars were seen to issue from the head, followed by an immense globe of fire, which took its course in their direction, and struck the earth with a noise like ten thousand thunders, and with a shock that made the earth tremble as with an earthquake. It fell into a small lake in a wooded valley, and was immediately enveloped in steam, and quickly dried up the waters. It was far into the winter following before its internal heat had subsided, and allowed them to approach, when they found it nearly buried in the hollow where the lake had been, and composed of gold, pure gold, soft as lead, and encrusted with precious stones.

"'Nias never allows himself to be defeated. So taking Pete aside, who was married, he asked him whether his religion allowed him to own two wives. Pete answered, 'many's you like.' 'Nias then instructed him to stay with the tribe a spell, make up to the chief's darter, an' though Pete had only one eye, yit he hed a cunnin' way with wimmin, and succeeded in worming the secret of the golden globe from the fair Minnehaha. The discovery of its locality enabled 'Nias, by making a toilsome detour of a couple of hundred miles, to behold this golden wonder.

"He said, 'when I cum up to that valley 'twas night, an' I thert I'd struck a town with thousands of 'lectric lights a sparklin' through the trees; an' in the mornin' when I took it all in, there was the top of the gold ball stickin' out in a holler, an' stuck all over with dimunds an' rubies an' saffires, an' all them jewels as you reads on in Revolutions, like raisins in a puddin'; some on 'em no bigger nor marbles, some of them no bigger per punkins! B' gracious goodness, but I was really excited. The top was 800 paces around. But all I could take away was three tomater cans of dimunds an' jeyels, as I dug out of the soft gold with my knife, because my ponies was loaded with all I dared already. Well, I put toward the fort as fast as I could an' when I got within ten miles I buried the hull on it in a place I marked, 'cept the dimunds, an' about forty-five pounds of gold, mebbe. Then I bought a ranch, an' sent fur Pete an' set him on it with thoro'bred cattle an' horses, as he longed fur. Thar he is now, an' he's got three wives an' is a big injun. I cum hum to make calkerlations.'

"After replenishing the fire and filling up again, I asked whether that Indian legend was not open to doubt. He said: 'Now that's what I hate in you, allus a-doubtin,' you're a natural born skeptic, didn't I tell yer I seed it, an' got some of the stuff not two mile from here buried in the black muck. Now, one summer I rowed a sick feller as hed consumpshun around the islands in Muskoky, an' he was always reading aloud to me a book as he called 'A par o' dice lost,' 'twas about the ark angels a lickin' Satan an' his gang, an' I believe the hull on it. Now I b'lieve comets is them bad angels, an' that air one of 1858 was a sneak thief as hed hooked the door knob offen some goldian mansion up thar in one of them shinin' worlds as we see millions on this minit; an' as he was a scorchin' through the hevings a good angel p'liceman was a chasin' on him, an' he jest chucked that air gold ball so's he'd git a better gait on. That holler did smell strong of brimstun'.

"To please him, I said that it now looked quite reasonable, but what steps had we better take, as I supposed our midnight conference had to take a practical turn. He said: 'In course, an' that's what I got you here fur. Now I want you to git up a han' bill, an' say on top, in big letters, "1,000 recruits wanted," an' say, "sure thing," an' say "thousan' dollars a month an' grub," an' "fifty thousan' dollars bounty at end of one year's sarvice," an' say "only good men wanted, sound in wind an' lim,' no spavined or ringboned fellers need apply." An' say "$40 application fee strictly required;" be sure of that now, that's the main pint. An' say, "a solim oath to be took." Sign the bill with my name an' Gineral 'arterwards, an' yourn with lieutenant-gineral. You see there'll be thousands apply an' we'll weed 'em out, but hang on to the $40 every time, an' we'll git Winchesters an' gatlins an' go arter that gold. But what bothers me is that air oath. Now mebbe you could git that up better nor me.'

"Here I modestly protested, although I had heard efficacious words, both simple and compound, used to conquer balky horses and scolding women. Here he interrupted me with, 'I don't mean that kind or do you s'pose I'd want any help from sech as you? What we want is sumthin' to bind the men to our secret, and I thort mebbe you knowed how they done it in some of them secret societies.'

"I then admitted that in the green days of youth I had made a study of such matters, and that it was very likely we could invent something sufficiently sanguinary and dark to impress the recruits. I racked my memory to give him the reported rites of the ancients, the Egyptian mysteries, also mentioned the Druids, Baal, Odin and other worthies as well. American Indian tortures were included in the gibberish that seemed to please our old friend. I also gave him a hint of the powerful influence of bread and salt, and drew up a synopsis of the Vehme Gericht of the middle ages that Scott describes; but particularly dwelt on the strength of the exchange of blood that seemed to be common to most primitive peoples as likely to fill the bill.

"'That's our huckleberry,' he said; 'that's the dose to give 'em, an' we'll dig up a pile driver to stand 'em under an' a keg of powder underneath 'em, with a five-tired spear ag'in their naked breast, a revolver at each ear, an' I'll stan' behind with a fresh ground scythe an' you'll gin 'em each a oath to swaller as 'll make 'em our meat.'

"Here I asked him if he thought that his weight of years was likely to tell against him in this great undertaking, and whether he felt capable of commanding such a body of wild fellows as we needed? He was just lighting his pipe with a brand, and jumped to his feet and waved his truncheon aloft; then his face looked fierce enough for Morgan the Pirate. 'Me not boss a gang of men? I cum of fitin' stock; my grandsire was a French juke, of the name of De Lieveur, an old family; my granddam on one side was a Mohawk chief's darter, an' I'm only 84 years old, an' tough as hickory. My folks was long livers; dad was killed at barnraising when he was 114 years old, 'cause a durn fool hit him in the head with a pike pole by axident, when he was drivin' pins on top with a twenty-four- pound commander, an' knocked him off the plate; but he fired that sledge at the feller as he fell an' killed him. Dad lit on a pile of shingles an' bruk his neck an sot 'em afire. My mam died when she was 127, from fits what took her when she was a-cuttin' her second set of teeth. My uncle fit ag'in Boney in the Yankee rebellion, at Lundy's Lane, in blood up to his armpits, an' they rolled 'em up like log heaps an' burnt 'em, watches an' all. I was born with a full set of teeth, an' et a pound of dried beef for supper, and they hed to cut my hair to make me look decent when the wimmen cum to see maw the first Sundy.'

"After a bit I pacified him and got him to lie down on his couch of boughs after taking a nightcap, and asked him to talk no more unless he gave me his scheme for disposing of this immense store of gold, as it would likely upset the financial world and 16 to 1 would be a dead issue.

"He said: 'Gimme that air ag'in'—glug-glug-glug—'I'll tell ye what I'll do when I scoop that air pot: I'll buy them governments b'ildin's down to Ottoway, an' I'll make a loonatic assylum on it, an' I'll shet them durn fools up as is runnin' our kentry, an' I'll pay the national debt, an' I'll plant a row of six hundred pounders all along our line ag'in the Yankees, jest five rods apart, an' I'll shet up all the papers as tells lies about Klondike, an' I'll be boss, an'—snore—you shall be treasurer, an'—snore—of you know any decent fellers—hemlock knot—as is friends of yourn, an' ain't liars, I'll let 'em in on the ground floor.' Sawmill in full blast. 'Nias was asleep."—Toronto Farm and Fireside.

A FACE THAT HAUNTED.

It Made Trouble for the Haunted One, Who Tried to Remember.

Washington Post.

"In addition to great beauty of person and numerous strong mental traits hereditary in my family," said one of the buyers for a Washington department store, "I've always prided myself upon the possession of a remarkable memory for faces. But I was badly stumped on my New York trip last week. The head man in one of the big wholesale houses over there that is patronized by my firm took me up to his flat for dinner. His wife and his wife's sister, a very charming pair of women, made the dinner a delight. But the face of my host's sister-in-law bothered me. She was a petite, dark woman, with an extraordinarily fine figure and a face not so pretty as it was animated and interesting. I had seen that face; I knew that. I tried to think of where I had seen it. It worried me a heap, and I was out on a limb. I couldn't for the life of me recall just where I had seen her countenance, and yet I would have sworn that I had seen it often. I mentally went over the features of all the girls I ever knew. Nope; I had never known her, but I had seen her face slathers of times. Then, thinking she might be an actress and thus have got her pictures on exhibition or in the newspapers, I raked my memory on actresses. No go. She didn't seem actressy, anyhow, and I quit that line of guessing. Now, I've never lived anywhere else except in Washington, and it was in Washington, I felt positive, that I had seen her face. Finally I asked her:

"'Have you ever visited Washington?'

"'No,' she replied, 'but I want to go there so much. I've never been 100 miles outside of New York.'

"'The reason I asked,' I said, 'is that your face seems so extraordinarily familiar to me.'

"'Truly?' she said, and, although I couldn't just make out why, I was conscious that I hadn't said just the right thing, for her face flushed a great deal as she looked at her plate, and my host and his wife made haste to get the conversation into another channel.

"I went to my hotel in a sort of frenzy of wonder as to where I had seen my host's sister-in-law's face. I hate to let anything like that get away from me. I wasn't through wondering about it when I reached the hotel. I stopped at the news stand to buy a couple of magazines wherewith to read myself to sleep in my room. For some reason or other—probably because I'm a hopelessly commonplace business man—I always look over the ads. in the back portion of a magazine before I tackle the reading matter. I was turning over the rear pages of one of the magazines idly when my thumb clutched at one of the pages and I was momentarily stunned. Now, it was surely a modest enough picture, otherwise it couldn't have found lodgment among the ads. of a first-rate family magazine, but, taken in connection with the worriment I had undergone over the countenance of my friend's sister-in-law, it sort of floored me and put me out. The quarter-page picture, reproduced from a photograph, illustrated an advertisement of the merits of union underwear. And so I was able to go to sleep without any bothersment as to where I had seen my friend's sister-in-law's face.

"Said my friend when I saw him at his place of business the next day:

"'My boy, this cultivation of the memory business is a fake. What we all need is the cultivation of forgetfulness. My sister-in-law earned an easy $1,000 by handing herself down to posterity through the medium of a magazine ad., but she's been sore upon herself ever since for doing it. So that, if you want to make a hit and be popular in the bosom of my family, you'll have to cut out the "Where-have-I-seen-you-befores?" and so on. See?'"

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