

# A NIGHT OF MISERY.

WINDING IN A LOCKED BOX CAR WITH TWO SCARED MULES.

An Experience Which, According to the Victim, Made Sherman's Definition of War Seem Like the Description of a Sunday School Picnic.

"Well," said the Footprint to Sing Seven as he settled down on his stool and began to throw in a handful of type, "I didn't have a time of it getting down here out of those mountains."

"Been up in the mines?" inquired Sing Seven.

"Yep," replied the Footprint. "Just came out. Footed it from Angels to Milton yesterday and rode into Stockton on a side door sleeper last night. A side door sleeper," continued the Footprint, "is the most comfortable mode of traveling. Personally I prefer to ride on a red cushion, but the heartless and exorbitant demand of the railroad trust for spot cash compelled me to walk or come as freight. I came as freight."

"Sure," said Sing Seven. "The unpleasant features of the trip," continued the Footprint, "was the base betrayal of confidence on the part of the brakeman with whom I negotiated for an undisturbed passage. For a cash consideration of six bits and a drink of liquor he verbally contracted to waybill me from Milton to the division end at Stockton. We went up street to take the drink and—well, you know how one would bring one's self up to the train. The \$4 had sunk in my jeans had been fished to the surface and sent across the bar for red liquor.

"The brakeman was full when he started for the yards. So was I when I started after him. The brakeman confided to me on the way through the yards that he owned the whole train and I could ride anywhere and any way I wanted to. I told him that I was surrounded at least a quart of Milton whisky and if it was all the same to him he had a nice, dry, empty box car I would be shipped as an unbroken original package. He agreed and we went over where the train was standing made up to find that empty. The brakeman ran a door open for me and hurried back to his quarters and locked it. After a bit I struck a match to look about and what do you suppose that cuss had done?"

"Give it up," said Sing Seven. "Billed me as live stock, by gum! Fact! There I was locked in a box with two mules, both loose, and all of us good to keep company to the division end. What do you think Sherman said about war? It said it was hades, didn't he? Well, it ain't. It's only an imitation. The real, orthodox, rose colored hades is to spend a night in a locked box car with two mountain ranch mules.

"It isn't a long run from Milton in, and I concluded, after the train had bumped along about three miles and those scared mules had begun to charge around like a rat-a-tat-tat on the sides of the car, that the only plan of campaign left to me was a flank movement and a sudden mounting of one of the animals. It wouldn't be a dream of pleasure on that mule's back, but it would be safer than dodging four rapid fire hind heels unnumbered for action. I got on the mule all right, and after a little backing he steadied down tolerably well. The animal was evidently scared to death and seemed to take comfort in being straddled by a rider.

"Well, I was just chucking to myself over the state of affairs in the live stock department of the Espee railway and figuring that another hour would see us in the division yard, where my friend the brakeman would open the door, when the train stopped, evidently at a siding, as I knew we weren't near a station. We bumped about a bit and I took a double wrap in the mule's ears; then we stood still while some other cars were bumped about and then I heard two short cots of the whistle and a rattle that gradually grew fainter. The train had pulled out and we were side tracked.

"We stood there till morning, too, and I rode that son of a jackass, with a backbone like the ridge of a church roof, up and down and around that car every weary minute of all that weary night. To quit riding meant to go to sleep, fall off and have the liver and high lights and all come down and kicked out of me by two scared mountain mules.

"I estimate that I rode that mule 136 miles and three furlongs in that car, and the car traveled 17 miles before being side tracked. The remaining three miles of the 20 between Milton and Stockton I made on foot, thus completing a journey of 136 miles and three furlongs in a straight line between two given points that are but 20 miles apart, a mathematically impossible feat, accomplished by one jackass with the aid of two relatives on the male side of the house."

The Footprint sighed as he paused to bite off a chew of tobacco, and Sing Seven took advantage of the opportunity to remark that a man who had traveled so far under such circumstances must be dry.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

New York a City of Auctions. New York is the city of auctions. There are 300 reputable auction houses and three times that number of auctioneers in New York, and they do a yearly business amounting to \$75,000,000. This does not take into consideration the transactions of scores of small auctioneers who devote themselves entirely to the wants of the east side.—New York Herald.

Straps were unknown to the ancients. They were first used in the fifth century of our era, but were not in common use even in the twelfth century.

A PARENT'S FEELINGS. So Sometimes Sadly Wounded by His Young Heiress. "He's right," said the weather-beaten old man with a fringe of whiskers under his chin. "The feller as wrote that is steerin straight at no mistake," he added as he bit a piece out of a ping of tobacco.

"What's the trouble?" asked the man who had sat down next him on the park bench. "A father's sorrow. This paper says that boys ain't educated right."

"Well, it's pretty hard to keep them

at their books, and that's a fact. I've got a boy whose sole ambition is to run away and go to sea. "Look out for 'im. Watch his education before it gets too late. I sent my boy to school, but I didn't take pains to keep an eye on him. I went to see the lad the other day, and while I was talkin about old times I started in to tell him a fo'c'sle yarn. He looked at me kind of inquirinlike an says, 'Excuse me, father, but don't you mean forec'sle in life?' S'pose he takes a notion to take a man of himself an runs away to sea—for I wouldn't have the nerve, knowin what I do, to recommend him. What'll the result be? He'll walk up to the bo's'n an ask him if he ain't the boatwain, an then he'll jes' naturally get dropped overboard."—Washington Star.

No Organic Disease. Mrs. Gump—Well, these 'ere doctors don't know much, that's a fact. You know what a time I've had with little Johnny's month lately? Caller—Yes, you told me. Mrs. Gump—Well, at last I took him to a doctor. The doctor looked him over and said Johnny "hadn't no organic disease." And yet there Johnny sat right in plain sight with his lips all sore from playin the month organ.—New York Weekly.

## HE WAS SATISFIED.

And It Is to Be Hoped That He Gained Her Consent.

"Do you believe in territorial expansion, Miss Willowsby?"

"Well, to tell the truth," the beautiful girl replied, "I haven't given enough study to that question to know anything about it."

Mr. Primley twisted his mustache for a moment and then asked: "Are you in favor of an Anglo-Saxon alliance?"

"Oh, dear I can't say. I haven't paid any attention to that subject. I know where public matters are concerned."

"Then you haven't become interested in any of the reform movements?"

"No, I don't consider myself capable of taking up and discussing those things."

"Do you take much interest in science and are you in the habit of discussing the beauties of classical music, using technical terms, or are you an amateur literary critic, or do you ever talk to people about the great moral problems that are claiming the attention of so many of our learned women nowadays?"

"No, I'm ashamed to have to confess it, but I've found it impossible to get any of those things through my head sufficiently to dare to talk about them."

"You don't know anything about politics or socialism in its new sense, or the influence of the Compendium as Applied to the Comminants of Paleolithic Abnegation, do you?"

"I—I am afraid I don't," she timidly replied.

"Say," he suddenly exclaimed, "will you be my wife?"—Chicago News.

Still Another Kind. The native was showing the stranger about the place, and incidentally they took a ride on a street car line that was noted principally for the fact that its rails were unevenly laid and its cars were old and lacking springs.

"I do not believe in carrying devotion so far," said the stranger.

"What do you mean?" asked the native.

"However highly you may regard those that went to Cuba, it seems hardly necessary to bring rough riders into your home life, as it were," answered the stranger.

And just then they went another bump.—Chicago Post.

A Feminine Triumph. Old Lady—No use talkin, I used to say this higher education of gals was all folderol, but I see I was wrong. There's my granddarter, for instance. She's just a wonder.

Friend—I understand she graduated with high honors.

Old Lady—Yes, graduated from Vassar, and I kin her the house. We had no one dared to approach the house, as I was a sure shot. I supposed that they would wait until night and then creep up and burn me. I kept

"I want you to understand, however," said her father, "that I consent to your marriage only under protest."

"Oh, that's all right," the young man replied, "if you will let none of the demands I may make on you afterward go to protest."

An Unpleasant Illustration. "I invited Puss Pickington to go with me to hear one of these illuminated song recitals and she refused point blank."

"Don't you know why? She was singing 'What Is Home Without a Mother' a few nights ago and her father came in and told her he had just married the cook."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How He Explained. "How do you explain the phenomena upon which you base your new discovery?" asked the inquisitive friend.

# Alcock's POROUS PLASTERS

Why are Alcock's the best plasters? Because they make the cures where all others fail. Why do they make the cures? Because they contain the right materials. Compare their fine aromatic odor with the nasty smell of all other plasters. Your sense of smell will tell you which is the best. Did you know that Alcock's have a greater sale than all the other kinds put together? Did you know that all makes and brands of so-called porous plasters are in imitation of Alcock's? But they imitate in appearance only. Don't waste your money in buying the false. Get ALLCOCK'S, the standard plaster of the world.

## KEPT THE SKELETON.

QUEER REVENGE OF A MAN WHOSE FRIEND WAS MURDERED.

He Took the Bones of the Murderer From the Grave and Hung Them on the Wall of His Outhouse—A Tragedy of the Civil War.

"Morning, colonel." "Morning, sir," replied the man who was leaving over the fence. He was a short, thickset man, with a clear and piercing eye, his face shaved smooth, with not the suggestion of a wrinkle, yet his hair was as white as snow. He had a slight southern accent, and his heavy manner of inviting the visitors in and his cordial hospitality were wholly southern. One of the visitors knew him and had told the other that there was a man with a bone-die skeleton in his closet and that the skeleton had a story. It did not require any persuasion to obtain a glimpse of the skeleton. The owner presently led the way to an out-house, and opening the door, displayed the skeleton of a man, badly fastened together and hanging to the wall by the neck. The Missourian did not object to telling the story.

"That fellow," he said, motioning with his thumb to the skeleton, "was once an acquaintance of mine, and I liked him so well"—this with a laugh—"that I have kept him by me ever since, so that I can come out and stir him up whenever I feel disposed," and he gave the skeleton a dig in the ribs.

"It was this way," he continued, closing the door on his acquaintance. "During the war I lived in one of the southern states, where I was about the only northern man. The folk nearly all hated me, and I had to be on my toes to keep from being shot. One day I was out in the yard, and I saw a man with a rifle, and I saw him shoot at me. I was just about to run, when he called out to me, 'Conner, what are you doing here?' I told him I was just out for a walk, and he said, 'Well, you can stay here, but you must be on your toes. I'll be back in a few days, and I'll be with you then.'"

"I had not heard from Conner or his rifle for some weeks, when one day he rode into the yard and swore that he was going to burn the house. We had no means of protecting ourselves except by using a rifle, and with that I tried to pick him off from the top-story; but he had kicked up one of my friends who had been in the field, and they put him on a horse and stood behind him and shot at the windows of the house, at the same time gathering brush with which, I saw to it, to burn the house.

"I had no one dared to approach the house, as I was a sure shot. I supposed that they would wait until night and then creep up and burn me. I kept

"I can't say that I have a particularly revengeful disposition," said the skeleton owner, "but he had murdered my friend, and I had never given up the hope of finding him and was always on the lookout. The old fellow was alone and homeless, it seems, with no friends, and I had buried him by the side of his hut. I heard of it a few days later and employed some men to aid me in the investigation.

"Conner had a bad saber wound across the face, by which no one could ever fail to recognize him, and when we opened the grave there was the man, while papers which he left showed that he was Conner. I had found him too late to turn him over to the law. So I proposed to hang him where I could keep an eye on him for the rest of my life, and in my will I propose to leave instructions that he shall be left hanging, dangling in the wind, just as he had hanged my friend. I had his skeleton prepared, as no one claimed him, and hung him up as a warning to all of his kind that ought follow in his footsteps."—Chicago Inter Ocean.



Ready to Wait on Him.

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# A FEW

DESCRIBED BY THE WAYNE COUNTY (PA.) MAN.

They Float Around a Careless Sort of Fashion, or Occasional Queer Freak. They Spin Around Like a Top.

"I read about the floating islands off the mouth of the Mississippi the other day," said the veracious man from Honesdale, Pa. "That reminded me that my own little old county can boast a few islands of the sort. What county? Wayne, young man. You'll find it on the maps due north of Pike county. You city chaps have an idea that all of northern Pennsylvania is Pike county in expansion, but you were never so much mistaken about anything in your life."

"Pike county is all very well in its way, but it was my father's fish traps and rattlesnakes. Now, Wayne has none of the latter, but of the former—well, talk about Pike county fishing! Young fellow, Pike county isn't a marker to Wayne when it comes to downright, honest, clean cut piscatorial sport. Pike may lie about it better, but when you come to sift the facts from the fiction before you investigate concerning the biggest trout and the fightingest bass every time, and don't you forget it."

"But I started to tell you about the floating islands in the old county. Way back in the twenties the Delaware and Hudson Canal company gouged a channel in the face of the earth from Rondout to Honesdale and called it a canal. For reservoirs and feeders to this canal the level of ponds and lakes along the route was raised by means of dams from 12 to 20 feet. While the dams were in process of building the timber about the ponds was felled up to the artificial water line, and in many cases really valuable lumber was left to decay where it fell. These dead trunks formed, when the water rose to its new level, the basis of these floating islands, which may be found in so many of the branches of Wayne county. Intertwining the ends and twigs of the trees themselves and large quantities of underbrush served to bind the logs together in something like a solid mass, thereby forming rafts of more or less buoyancy and size. In the course of time water weeds of various kinds attached themselves to the raft, and eventually became a part of it. Gradually a light, thin mold accumulated on the island, and in this mold birds planted seeds and grain, which, sprouting, growing and finally dying and rotting, did their part in the making of the whole. All of the larger islands bear from a few to a score of trees, many of which have attained a considerable growth.

"You might suppose that to walk upon or to fish from one of these islands would be a source of some danger, but, aside from an occasional wetting of the feet no accidents from this cause have ever occurred, so far as I have been able to learn. The sensation produced by walking on a floating island is very similar to that which you and I have both experienced when, as boys, we ran on thin, young ice, or thicker old and rotten ice. You remember how the ice used to bend under your weight as you ran across it, sometimes sinking nearly a foot and then with the next step rising to meet you, possibly throwing you into a quiet gray twilight of clear, melodious whisper. She sang nothing mean or light or merely talking. Handel's 'Hercules' was ever mortal voice made. Her tones were like a dawn, which cross'd'do presently into a glorious mass of tone, which then did die away into a quiet gray twilight of clear, melodious whisper. She sang nothing mean or light or merely talking. 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