



**A THRILLING TALE.**

**The Capture of a Confederate Prize Crew by a Yankee Negro Cook.**

Some of the naval veterans were talking of their experiences when this tale was told:

The schooner S. J. Waring was one of those ships which tried to do a little trading in spite of the nests of confederate privateers that lined the shores.

But she was brought up short one day, her crew taken prisoners, a prize crew put aboard of her and her nose turned for Charleston.

The prize crew consisted of some six or seven men, and the Yankee cook was left on board to fix the meals for the captors.

He was a big strapping darkey, named Tillman, and as the two vessels drew further apart and he saw that neither one was headed for New York he began to have grave fears that his future was not so glowing as it might be.

He asked several of the crew where they were bound for, and what they intended to do with him after they got there.

They saw, of course, that the darkey was frightened, and so, to scare him more, they told him that they were bound for Charleston, and that he would either be killed or sold again as a slave to the highest bidder.

That didn't suit Tillman a bit. He had been free in the north too long to relish the idea of returning to slavery, and he made up his mind that, if he could prevent it, the good ship S. J. Waring would never reach Charleston.

It took him some time to decide on his course of action. To poison the whole crew was impossible for lack of poison, and he just about made up his mind to do nothing when one night he got to thinking things over, and became almost crazed at the prospect before him.

He seized a hatchet and crept up on deck. Things were very quiet there.

The second mate was almost asleep at the wheel, and the chief mate was lying in a drunken stupor. Most of the crew, in fact, were drunk.

Tillman crept to the captain's cabin and with one blow crushed in the man's skull. Then he went back on deck and served the first mate in the same way.

The second mate, however, saw him coming, and yelled. Tillman went for him and, after wounding him, threw him shrieking into the sea.

The commotion by this time brought the crew on deck, and when they found the crazed Tillman with his bloody hatchet, they took to the rigging for safety.

One man only remained below at Tillman's mercy. The cook held parley with him in this way:

"Say, you all own that I've cap'n' o' this lyar ship now, an' ef you all'll come up hyar an' behave decent, you all kin come up."

The man looked sheepish, but he obeyed. Then Tillman and he turned their attention to the men in the rigging.

"Say," shouted Tillman, "as cap'n' o' this lyar ship, I've gwine ter run 'er into New York. If you all wants t' sail



**TILLMAN WITH BLOODY HATCHET.**

under me an' take my orders you all kin come down. Ef not, you all kin stay whar you are."

There was no movement aloft for a while. Then one man, with a grunt, dropped to the deck, and one by one the rest followed.

Tillman kept his hatchet by him all the time. He knew that the moment that weapon got away from him his authority was gone and the auctioneer's block loomed up big and ugly in the future.

There was one great difficulty, however, that even the hatchet would not overcome. Not one of the men knew anything about navigation. Tillman thought over this difficulty all night, and in the morning his plans were laid.

He would sail due west until he came in sight of land, and then he would follow the coast northward until he reached New York.

It was an almost hopeless amateurish plan, but in the end it succeeded, and history tells the commotion his deed made and the complications that arose over the disposal of his prisoners.

The government gave him \$6,000 in lieu of prize money, and with this he retired to a quiet life in Rhode Island, where he died only a few years ago.—Philadelphia Press.

**Thinking and Knowing.** What the fool thinks he knows—the wise man knows he only thinks.—Chicago Daily News.

**GENERAL SHELBY'S SLAVE.**

**His Old Body Servant in the War Tells Some of His Interesting Experiences.**

Gen. "Joe" Shelby's old body servant, "Uncle Billy" Hunter, in spite of his 72 years, is still sturdy and vigorous. He remembers the war times remarkably well, and likes nothing better than to talk of the many fights and incidents in the life of his "old massa," the famous confederate general, whose body rests in Forest Hill cemetery. With the exception of Shelby's expedition into Mexico—one of the most dramatic events in our history—and the 30 years after the war when the general lost sight of him entirely, "Uncle Billy" was with him from the time he was 12 years old. "Billy" is at his best when he gets started on Gen. Shelby during the war.

"Dere never was a man like Gen'l Shelby, sah," said "Billy" the other day to a reporter for the Star. "His sojers jes thought the world of him.

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**BILLY DECORATES HIS 'MASSA'S' GRAVE.**

"Twan't never 'Go fight,' but 'Come on, boys,' an' he was always in de front, a-leadin' 'em on. Many's the time I've brought up a fresh hoss for him when his was shot, and carried coffee an' a bite o' something to eat to him on the field. Wasn't no one else could cook for the gen'l 'cept ole Billy. 'Come here, you damned black nigger, an' get me something to eat!' he useter yell, an' you bet I did right smart. He would cuss me awful, but, Lor! that wasn't nothing. When he didn't I knew there was trouble on.

"All through the war I tended him, and when he was shot in the wrist at Cape Girardo I nursed him. Lots o' men went hungry in those days, but I generally could pick up something for the gen'l. Had to be mighty careful 'bout it, for he didn't allow no stealin'.

"Yes, sah, I was captured jes once. Lemme see, that was at Lone Jack. Gen'l Shelby sent me to Col. Jordan's camp, 'bout a mile away, an' the feds scooped me and took me into the village, but in an hour an' a half the James brothers came chargin' through and drove the feds off. They pulled me out from between two feather beds, where I was keeping away from the bullets, and took me back to Shelby. When he saw me he looked mad clean through. 'Where in blazes you been, you black rascal!' says he: 'go get me some breakfast, damned smart.'

"When Gen'l Shelby started for Mexico with his 1,000 picked men he says to me: 'Billy, you take Miss Betty—that's my missus—and the children back home and you're a free man.' So I left him at Galveston and carried them 'cross the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans, and from there to Lexington, safe and sound. After that I drifted off on my own hook, working as porter in hotels an' tending bar, and I never heard of the gen'l for more'n 30 years. One day while I was working for Jim Baldus in Chicago I heard that my ole massa was United States marshal at Kansas City, and I let him know where I was. He sent for me to come back, but I guess I didn't start quick enough to suit him, for one Sunday when I was readin' the papers in the barroom I walks a man and says:

"I'm Deputy Marshal Potts, of Kansas City, an' I'm lookin' for William Hunter."

"It's the man, sah," says I.

"What you done, Billy?" said Baldus. "I'll stand by you."

"Gen. Shelby told me to bring you back with me," Potts said. He said: "That blamed black nigger worked for me more than 30 years, an' he's bring you to take it easy now. You bring him back, and I'll give him all the land he wants."

"I'd go through fire for the ole massa," says I, and back I starts. The missus give me two horses and I staid with 'em till the gen'l died. I done lost the best friend I had then. An' now I'm living with Joe Shelby, Jr., sah, and I tend his children jes as I did him when he was a little feller. But every Decemba day I goes over to my ole massa's grave and puts flowers on it in memory of the finest man that ever lived, sah—Gen'l Joe Shelby."—Kansas City Star.

**General Lee's Fruitful Hen.** It was Gen. Lee's custom to leave his tent door open in the morning for a sprightly hen that had gone into the egg business promptly and thus had saved her head. When she stepped in, Gen. Lee would put aside his work and walk past deferentially upon the outside until her cackle announced the mysteries of egg-laying at an end. She roosted and rode in his wagon, was an eye-witness of the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and was finally sacrificed upon the altar of hospitality at Orange Court House, in 1864.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Repertee.** He—I don't see what you want with a golf cape when you're not a golfer. She—But you can, no doubt, tell me why you wear a box coat and news could be a boxer.—Indianapolis Journal.

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**THE LEAPING MOUSE.**

**A Curious Little Animal Found Only in Egypt at Present, But Once Quite Numerous.**

Many thousands of years ago, before the great "ice age," when the climate of Europe and America was about that of Africa, little mice like those in the picture were jumping around here. Queer fellows they are, with their large eyes, long, bare tail, save for the little bunch at the end, and legs like a kangaroo. This mouse is the color of the ground, and at night and when it runs about seeking food is hard to distinguish.

When the young are ready to leave the nest the mother sticks them to her body with some kind of clay and then goes abroad in search for food. While feeding the long tail is curved into a letter "S," but when about to leap the tail stiffens out, aiding both in the leap and as steering apparatus. The mouse jumps 20 times its own length at a single leap. When near inhabited places it becomes a pest, though not quite as bad as our house mouse. It sneaks the eggs in the hen nests and digs up the onions in the gardens with great zest. These depredations are made at night, for in the daytime these little fellows lie hidden in their underground



**EGYPTIAN MICE.**

burrows, which are very ingeniously constructed. The entrance is left unconcealed, but the exits are many and well hidden, so that at the first alarm they are off and away by leaps. At the beginning of September they close the entrance to the burrows and begin their winter sleep, which lasts until the following April. They are to be found to-day only in Egypt. The inhabitants of the districts in which they are found have little love for them, and the shepherds are often startled to see them leaping and dancing in the moonlight of a bright summer night. Some of these people think that there is a special virtue in their tails. When it is killed or found dead, the tail is cut off, dried and pounded up, when it is used to any horse that appears to be ailing. In ancient times the leaping mouse was well known, being called mures bipedes (two-footed mice). The city of Cyrene had a picture of one of them on its coins.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**GIRL AND ALLIGATOR.** The True Story of a Little Florida Maid's Narrow Escape While Taking a Swim.

Here is the story of a brave little girl. She is the daughter of Mrs. Fields, who lives on Lake Gibson, near Lakeland, Fla. The country is wild, and the child, among other accomplishments not common with the fortune-favored daughters of our own section, is an expert swimmer.

A few days ago she was standing by the lake side. The day had been hot and the water looked invitingly cool. So in she jumped, as she had often done, and struck boldly out.

She was scarcely in deep water, however, before she felt a violent pain in her leg and a great tug that drew her below the surface. She struggled hard and came to the surface again. She did not know what it was, but suspected an alligator.

Now, this little girl must have been very different from most little girls, for she did not stop to scream. She turned shoreward and struck out with all her might. She did not feel any pain just then. Perhaps she was too frightened to notice it.

She reached shoal water all right, when there was a swirl of water beside her and a great black nose came up from below. She felt a great pair of jaws close over her side, between hip and ribs, and again she was pulled below. Struggling with all her might, she again came up, and in two or three strokes found bottom and began to run for the shore, screaming now and making a tremendous splashing.

There was more splashing alongside of her and, as she ran out on the land, she glanced back and saw her foe, an alligator, near her.

You may be sure she lost no time getting home, where she sobbed out her story to an unbelieving family. But her mother removed her clothes and there were the bleeding wounds, and ugly wounds they were, too.

Now here, mark you, is another difference between this little girl and many other little girls we all know. What a chance this was for a ten-foot alligator story to make all the country stare! But, no. Little Miss Fields declares very positively that she had a good look at the beast, and it could not have been larger than five feet.

**This is a Harmless Joke.** Place a spool of cotton in the inside pocket of your coat, and, having threaded a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat, unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cotton hanging as if it were only a stray piece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off for you, and his astonishment when he finds there is no end to it will give plenty of innocent fun.

**TWO DAYS.**

Robby and Johnny and Tommy stood Under a tree in a chestnut wood.

They could see upon the branches high The green burrs wave against the sky.

"But what are they good for, there?" they said.

"When every one is over your head. "A boy may try as hard as he can; The world was only made for man."

But Jack Frost heard and laughed with glee; Then he took from his pocket a tiny key

And each green burr so closely shut Flew back to show a shining nut.

The Jolly West Wind heard them, too, And thought: "There's work for me to do."

So he rushed at the tree with a sudden bound, And shook the chestnuts to the ground.

Robby and Johnny and Tommy stood The very next day in the chestnut wood, And I think if you'd heard their fun and noise, You would say that the world was made for boys.

—Ellen Sherman Corson, in Youth's Companion.

**TOM'S GREAT MISTAKE.**

**He Forgot That the Man Who Succeeds Must Use His Head as Well as His Hands.**

On the station platform two men stood waiting for their train. Another man, with a pick and shovel on his shoulder, was passing, on his way to work.

He was not more than 50 or 55 years old, but his gait was stiff and labored, and there was a pronounced stoop in the figure. His overalls, once brown, were lime-bleached and faded to a soft "old rose," and bagged dejectedly at the knees. The face under the weather-beaten cap was stolid and listless.

As he clumped along in his heavy cowhide boots, he apparently embodied that most persistent and most pathetic figure which medieval Europe called the serf, and more modern Europe calls the peasant, and the census enumerator of free America to-day sets down as "unskilled labor."

As he crossed the track, the elder of the two men on the platform pointed him out to his companion.

"That man and I," he said, "were schoolmates. He was not dull at his books, and ought to have made a better condition for himself in life."

"What's the matter with him? Does he drink?" asked the younger man.

"No. Nothing of that kind has hindered him. When he was about 32 years old he was offered a dollar a day to dig on a cellar. This seemed large wages to him, and he left school and took the job. He was proud of his size and strength, and this offer made him feel so independent that he rather



**MUST USE HEAD AS WELL AS HANDS.**

looked down on the rest of us boys. He never went back to school. He found work to do that required no skill or technical knowledge, only muscle used under an overseer's direction, and he kept at it.

"I remember Judge Haines, one of the school committee, met Tom—his name is Tom Mahan—and said to him: 'My boy, you're making a mistake and doing a foolish thing. If you must work, why don't you learn a trade?'

"I'd have to give my time for three or four years for nothing. What would be the use of that? I'm as strong as a man, and I'm getting man's wages now," said Tom.

"Strong?" said the judge. 'Are you as strong as one of my horses? They work for their keep, but I have to pay the man that drives them \$30 a month besides his keep; and the man who shoes them gets three dollars a day. If strength counts for so much, I wonder the horses don't strike and look for a job laying brick or carpentering.'

"But Tom thought the judge was only joking with him. He couldn't see why he should give his time to learn a trade or some profitable business, and work for nothing, as he said, when he could work for wages, and so he went his own way."

"There are thousands like him," said the other man. "They never learn to do any special kind of business, and never seem to realize that the reason the trained blacksmith or the skilled carpenter or the salesman gets higher wages than they do, is because he has given time to learning to use his head, as well as his feet and hands."

"If boys would only keep the important fact in mind, that muscle—mere physical strength—is always one of the cheapest things in the labor market, and that so far as price is concerned it matters little whether a man furnishes it or a horse, there would be fewer men to be classed as 'unskilled labor.'"—Youth's Companion.

Socialists will hold at Paris next year the largest congress in their history.

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**Left Behind.** Stubb—The Shamrock has three leaves, hasn't it? Penn—Yes. It left England, it left America and left the cup.—Chicago Evening News.

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