

## BASE INGRATITUDE.

### THE WIDOW'S RAM BUNTED JEEMS AND DIED FOR IT.

The Prisoner Tarras on His Accusers and Tells a Harrowing Tale That Mollifies the Judge.

I was travelling among the mountains of East Tennessee and one day about noon was casting about for a place where I might get something to eat, when my eye was attracted by a number of horses that were tied near a ruinous old log house.

Curiosity and a hope that I might be on the trail of something to eat drew me to the house says Opie P. Read. Upon entering the doorway I found a justice of the peace holding court. It was a criminal case, and I discovered the prisoner to be a long, lank fellow, with a bony face and a complexion that proclaimed the clay-eater. I fancied that having killed some one he was now on trial to determine whether or not he should be sent before the Grand Jury as a sort of sarcastic preliminary to being hanged, and had begun to pity his probable wife and presumable children when the Judge said:

"This here court, bein' sorter tired, will now take a recess fur halfer hour. The Court has sot here an' chewed new tobacco till the hide is about all took off the inside of his mouth, an' I want say that if anybody has got any tobacco that is a leetle milder in its parts, pass a chew of it right up to the Court."

The prisoner took out a twist of tobacco and handed it to the Judge, whereupon the Jurist remarked: "This Court thanks you, Jeems, but at the same time reminds you that the law of this great land ain't to be bought for a mess of pottage nor a chew of tobacco. How's yo' crap, Jeems?"

"Sorter wallerin' with the crab grass an' rascalls with the rag weed. I wonder had it all right but this here trouble come on me. When a man is bowed down in the speret he ain't thinkin' of craps. He is athinkin' of the shame that mout fall on him an' take all the color out of his reputation."

"Yes, that's a fact, Jeems." "What is all this about?" I asked, turning to a long-haired fellow that sat near where I stood.

"Wall," he answered, leaning over and turning loose a squirt of tobacco extract that might have singed a cat. "Jeems Timberly he shot a sheep an' I reckon he's in fur it."

"They don't intend to hang him, do they?" "No, wus'n that. They'll hit him about fifty lashes with a hickory an' then make him work a country road some day when that's a boss show in the neighborhood."

At this juncture the Judge pounded on the table. "Come to order now. The Court is about to put on the solemn garment of the law of this here free an' mighty land, an' if any man so fur furtigs himself as to interrupt the proceedin', he'll fall under the witherin' displeasure of yourn truly. Now, let's git at this business, fur this Court has other affairs on hand. This Court must go some time this evenin' an' reprimand a man that pizened his dog. Jeems, as I said at the outset of this trial, I never was more shocked in my life. Fur many years we have know'd you to be reasonably honest, with generally a putty good dab of meat in yo' smoke-house, an' we kaint see why you should have killed the Widder Dalton's sheep."

"Yes," spoke up the widow, who, for the first time, I noticed was present, sitting in a corner, "an' a fuser ram never blew his breath on a bunch of pennyrite. But here comes Jeems an' shoots him, an' that too when he's got more meat than I have an' he knows that I've got three sons-in-law to feed."

"Judge," said Jeems, "if you will jest let me have a mint, I will fling a good deal of light on this here subject. I don't deny a killin' of the sheep."

"Well, then, Jeems, you need say no more. You've stated the very fact that we air tryin' to git at, an' that ain't no use in foolin' along here no longer. The court 'lows that it will haffer sentence you, Jeems."

"Not without givin' me a hearin', I hope?" "I don't see what good a hearin' will do you when you have made that confession."

"Wall, jest listen to my talk an' then mebbe you'll see. I don't want to take up yo' time so that you kaint meet the feller that pizened yo' dog, but I do insist on havin' a hearin'."

"Wall, then, go ahead, but cut her short."

"Jeems" got up, roached back his long hair and thus addressed the assembly: "One cold Winter night, when the snow come down faster than you ever seen chaff come outen a wheat fan, I heard a bleatin' noise, an' goin' to the door, I thought the sound come from the valley not fur from the house. I told my wife that I had to go down in the valley because I heard a lamb callin' for help, and let me say right here that I may be bad in a good many things, but no lamb ever called to me in vain. I thought of Simon Peter that was told to feed the Lord's sheep—thought of it as I stood tear in the door with the snow a-drivin' past me into the house. My wife said that I better not go out in such a night, 'specially as I wa'n't feelin' very well; but I 'lowed that I couldn't sleep with the pitiful cry of that lamb a-ringin' in my ears, so I took my lantern an' went down into the valley. The snow was whirlin' so fast that I could hardly see whar I was goin', but at last, comin' nearer an' nearer to the bleatin', I at last found a little lamb with his head stickin' out of a snow-drift."

"I took him out; his legs were frozen stiff as sticks. I took him to the house an' warmed him by the fire—got a bottle of milk and fixed it so he could suck. I built up a good fire so he wouldn't get cold durin' the night, an' every time he would bleat I would git up an' fix his bottle. The weather stayed cold for a



"HE SENT ME SPRAWLING ON THE GROUND."

long time, an' once when the old cow got out of the lot an' wandered off an' didn't come up in time to give milk for the lamb I searched for her on the mountain side an' way down in the valley. It was late when I got back home, an' long before I reached the house I heard the lamb a-bleatin'. He seemed to be powerful glad when I came in with the milk, an' the thought I read in his eyes was: 'I never will forgit you.' Wal, to make a long story short, I brought up that lamb till he was as fine a sheep as you ever saw, an' in every look out his eyes he said that he never would forgit me. We called him Bob an' he 'pared to like the name. One day the next Fall, Nat Sarschet, that I owed \$5, come over to my house an' 'lowed that he must have the money. I didn't have it an' told him so. Just then Bob he come up. 'I'll take this sheep,' says Nat, 'an' he done it in spite of all my beggin' an' promisin' that I would pay him as soon as I could get the money. Last Spring I heard that Nat had sold Bob to the Widder Dalton. So much for the first part, an' now for the second: A day or two ago I was goin' through the woods, carryin' a bag of corn on my back, an' all at once ker-bump! something took me an' almost knocked me lifeless.

"As soon as I could git up I looked round an' thar, not more than ten feet away, stood Bob, a-shakin' of his head. 'Gracious alive, Bob,' said I, 'don't you know me?' He backed a little, an' jest as I expected to see the look that said he was never goin' to forgit me, he shot at me an' gave me a biff that sent me sprawlin' on the ground. I think he hit me three times before I could git up, an' then he followed me to the fence, a-churain' me every jump of the way—an' tickled! Wy, I never saw a ram enjoy himself so in my life. Well, when I got home I sot down an' thought a long time about the ingratitude of this life, an' then I thought I would teach that rascal a lesson; so I got my gun and went back down into the woods. I held the gun behind me an' poked about. Putty soon I saw Bob, an' he saw me about the same time. Here he come. I didn't say a word. He was so tickled that he thought he'd stop an' laugh a little before biffin' me, an' he stopped an' snorted with delight, an' jest then I ups



WAITED FOR HIM.

with my gun. I never saw such a surprised sheep. When he saw that I was fixed for him he tried to look lovin', but I let him have it right between the eyes. That's my statement Jedge an' it shows that I wa'n't out after meat, but revenge, fur I didn't even skin the rascal; an' now, if you want to whip me an' mak' me work on the county road, all right."

"Jeems," said the Judge, "any court

that could have the heart to convict you oughter be hung. Widder Dalton, what have you did with that sheep's meat?" "I've got it at home."

"Wal, you go home an' roast a hin' quarter of it. This court an' Jeems air goin' to take dinner with you to-morrer."

### FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Mrs. Gen. Fremont to Receive a Cottage from the Women of California.

Mrs. Gen. Fremont, the widow of Gen. John C. Fremont, will be the recipient of a valuable token of friendship on Christmas. It will be the gift of the women of California, who sympathize with her in her widowhood, and desire to place her beyond the danger of want during her remaining days.

Some months ago, when it became known that the widow and daughter of the famous soldier who had done so much for California were living within the borders of the Golden state, but practically without a home, a subscription was started in that state to provide



JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

them with means which would insure a future income. The work of raising money was stopped at the order of Mrs. Fremont herself, who thought it was a reflection upon her sons in the east, who had offered her a home with them. Besides, the government had just granted her a pension, which was enough for her present needs.

The movement to raise a fund for Mrs. Fremont's support was thus stopped but the ladies of California determined to present her with a testimonial of their sympathy and esteem. A committee was appointed of which Mrs. George J. Bucknall of San Francisco is president, and Mrs. George Hearst secretary, to raise a fund of \$10,000. This sum will be used to purchase the cottage in which Mrs. Fremont and her daughter now reside. There will be enough left after the cottage has been purchased to pay off some old debts which would otherwise be a heavy drain upon the moderate income secured to the two ladies by the pension bill passed by congress.

So on Christmas the widow of the "Pathfinder" will become the owner of a pretty home in sunny California. She will have no further need to worry about present needs, or fear the future, and she will know that the women of California have for her a real affection.

### More Than he Could Chew.

One day a big hawk darted down into Ethelbert W. Pearce's barnyard, up in Herrick township, Pennsylvania, seized a tough old hen, flew across the road with her, and settled down behind a rail fence. Biddy was too heavy for the hawk to sail away with, and she squawked to the full extent of her lung power while her broad-winged captor was pinning her to the ground. The hawk appeared to know that its actions were being watched, for every few seconds it raised its head and peeped between the rails toward the house, where Mr. Pearce, who had got his rifle the moment the hen chief dropped behind the fence, was waiting to get a good shot at it. The old hen squawked right along, fluttered for all she was worth to free herself from the hawk's jaws, and big claws, and struggled in the grass, while the hawk held her down with apparent ease, glanced through the fence and seemed to be afraid to begin to devour her so near the farm buildings. Twice the hawk made an effort to rise with its noisy prey, but the old hen's weight was evidently several ounces more than it had been used to handling, and again it was forced to settle down. Mr. Pearce had drawn a bead on the spot in the fence where the hawk was, and the next time it stuck up its head and peeped between the rails, he pulled the trigger. For a moment there was a lively fluttering behind the fence, and pretty soon the hen dashed into the road, with her wings spread out, and went limping and squaking toward the barnyard as though she was scared half to death. The hawk was not visible from where Mr. Pearce had banged away at it, and he ran to the fence and looked over. The big bird lay sprawled out as dead as a stone, and when Mr. Pearce examined it he found that his bullet had cut the hawk's brain out as nicely as a knife could have done the work.

### He Wasn't Up in Nautical Terms.

Alonzo Gushington (to Miss Anastasia Prim, his affianced)—See you yacht, Anastasia, how it lingers near the shore, as if loth to leave it. I am as the yacht, with you the shore, Anastasia.

Miss Anastasia (stiffly)—Alonzo, you are not a nautical man, are you?

Young Gushington—No, Anastasia. Miss Anastasia—Then I pardon you.

Young Gushington—Pardon me, Anastasia? Why pardon?

Miss Anastasia—Because you evidently are not aware that you yacht is hugging the shore!

The expedition for the relief of Gen. Gordon cost England £300,000.

## A TRUE BEAR STORY.

### HOW BRUIN INVADED A CABIN IN QUEST OF FOOD.

After Securely Lodging a Lard Can on His Nose He Affords Amusement to the On-Lookers.

It was in Yosemite Valley, and one evening in June, that I heard the following true bear story told by Professor Hutchings:

"It was in the winter before the opening of the Coulterville road, and three of us were up in the mountains over there"—and he pointed up to where the rocky walls shone like the great turrets of a giant's castle in the full rays of the moon—"and we were all busy cutting down trees for laying the roadway when spring opened. The snow lay deep all over the mountains, but we were not obliged to go very far from the cabin for our work, and when once in the cabin we piled high the logs on the fire until the fire roared up the big chimney, while we told our adventures and then rolled into our bunks.

"There were four of us in the party, and we had two bunks on two and opposite sides of the four walls. The door opened right in front of the chimney, and by the chimney and at our right when we stood facing the fire, was our cupboard, which we had well filled with provisions, as we expected to stay in our cabin till spring came. We had no firearms but our guns, which each night we stacked up by the door of the cupboard and in full range of the firelight. We had no patent burglar appliance on our door, for we hardly expected any unpleasant visitors in that neighborhood, and in fact the latch itself was nearly off, so the door was not even tightly shut.

"Yet, notwithstanding that, our sleep was always sound and our dreams not unpleasant. One night, however, without knowing exactly what had wakened us, we found ourselves looking out from our bunks, and there, right in the full light of the fire, perfectly motionless, as though blinded or speechless with astonishment at finding himself where he was, stood a great big bear.



MUZZLED.

"Before either of us had gotten wide enough awake to think what was best to do, the bear faced around to the right, and as he did so he placed his full bearship directly between our guns and ourselves, now wide awake.

"We were all pretty well used to mountain life and to bears, as you know, but that situation was a novel one. I can tell you. There we were, like a company of soldiers with the enemy between their lines and their arms. We did not know just what we could do, so wisely settled the question each for himself by doing nothing. Then, at the same time, we kept at least one eye on Mr. Bruin, while we cast the other with longing over to where our guns stood—so near and yet so far. Right soon the bear gave a sniff, and the result of his seeking by his nostrils was that very soon our cupboard-door, which did not have any improved patent lock on it either was pried open, and Mr. Bruin gave a great grunt of satisfaction as his approval of our taste in the selection of bacon; next we knew by the sound that our supply of buckwheat was serving Mr. Bruin for the next course on his bill of fare. Then there came a pause, then a little rattle of a tin can, then one great grunt of content, and we knew Bruin's nose was in our lard can. We could hear him sucking up the delicious substance as though it was what he long had sought and mourned because he found it not. Some of us were about calculating the size of Mr. Bruin's appetite and wondering when he had gone through the remainder of our store which one of us would be most to his taste, for the guns were still out of reach, and as though he knew perfectly well what they were he kept his huge carcass turned so as to keep them from us unless we first encountered his bearship and asked him to step out of the way. For my part I was just setting one of my eyes on a log of wood and wondering if there was a spot I could clutch at and not get my hand too severely burned, and thus have a weapon ready when Mr. Bruin's appetite needed something more, when there came two sounds which made us listen more intently to what was going on with the bear's head in the cupboard. There was a grunt, but not of satisfaction, and then a rattle of the can that became a rattling. Then suddenly, with a deeper grunt, the bear put his head out of the cupboard and came again in full view of the fire, and there we all saw and of the right size, and fitted his jaws perfectly.

"At first the bear stood very still, and only gave a gentle tap of the tin can on the boards, as though he were trying to calmly view the situation and to argue with the persistent can. Then pretty

soon the taps of the can on the floor came faster and faster, and then the bear began to spin around as he banged away with his imprisoned jaws; faster and faster he banged, faster and faster he spun around the circle made with himself as diameter, until the flash of the can on our eyes became almost constant, and the bear became a black mass revolving with insane rapidity.

"It was about as hard a thing as we ever did to keep from laughing, but we knew although his jaws were fastened he was more than ready to give any one of us a good hug, and a bear's hug is altogether too gushing, so we lay there, stuffing our blanket in our mouths as we watched the performing bear. Talk about a bear in a circus. There never was a whole circus that could come up to that bear snorting and cowering around in our little cabin, with the full light of the fire on him, and the can making a complete musical accompaniment to his gymnastic performance.



ROUND AND ROUND WENT THE BEAR.

"All at once, when we were wondering how long the old fellow could keep it up, with one great howl of uncontrolled rage, the bear darted out the door, his head down, and giving out great bang of the can on the doorway as he passed, and then we saw him and his can no more."

"There was a great shout went up as Mr. Hutchings finished the story.

"Well! what did you do then?" was asked.

"We did not follow the bear," answered Mr. Hutchings, "but we got up and shut the door, and that time put a great log against it, lest desiring to see the can on his nose, Mr. Bruin should return to the freight. Next morning when we went to the cupboard we found that the coffee was all that Mr. Bruin had left us, so that after a rather moist breakfast one of us was obliged to ride to the valley and get some provisions."

### A Royal Wandering Minstrel.

The Archduke Maximilian, shot in Mexico by the Juarez Government about the end of our civil war, was in his younger days famous as a singer and player on the guitar. While traveling around on foot, a pastime which was a passion with him, he would occasionally stop along the lonely road and sing a song or two or play some charming air.

Once while thus engaged he was heard by a number of peasants, who, quite ignorant of his identity, listened to him with rapture and applauded him with vigor. "If you come to the inn," said one of them, "with that voice and that touch I can promise you a good glass of wine, if not a little more."

Falling in with their humor, Maximilian accompanied them to the village tavern.

Here he rendered several choice melodies with such skill and taste that he had, so to speak, his audience at his feet, and, though the tavern vintage was not the best, he drained glass after glass with his new found friends.

Finally he announced that he must go, and when the jolly Boniface found him determined to do so he took his hat and went round among the auditors, collecting a fair sum, to which he added something himself, and offered it to the Archduke.

Seeing the honesty of the motive, he took the coins and put them in his pocket, thanking them for their appreciation and kindness. At that moment the village 'Squire, who knew Maximilian, happened to enter. Seeing the crowd around him, and not knowing the cause, he called out:

"Stand back, you clowns! Don't you know it's the Archduke Maximilian, your Prince?"

The tavern keeper fell on his knees in his fright and thinking his money generosity was the crowning infamy of which he had been guilty he asked that it be given back.

"Not a bit of it," said Maximilian heartily. "It's the first money that has been honestly earned by any of our family for a thousand years and I'm going to keep it as an heirloom."

—Philadelphia Times.

### The Place to Learn German.

I heard an odd bit of repartee in a barber shop on Eighth avenue a few days ago. The boss barber was conversing in English with a customer when he broke off suddenly and began talking in German. A third gentleman as a sort of playful rebuke remarked: "Don't you know that it is impolite to converse in a language that is not understood by all present?" "What?" said the barber, "don't you understand German?" "No," said the other. "Well," was the response, "you ought to; you've been in this country long enough!"—N. Y. Star.

### "Fin de Siecle."

A new slang phrase has appeared in Paris. Everything that is new and nice nowadays is "fin de siecle," which means "end of the century," or what hunkidori used to mean in America, with an addition which brings it close to the cockney phrase, "down to date."