M. W. FOX SAYS THE WORST IS YET COMING

Carson's Mint Scandal Stirs the Mining Man Up a Bit.

TALKS OF PAST CHARGES

Why Attorney Baggett Has Gone to the Eastern States.

WILL RETURN WITH EVIDENCE.

Fox Says the Unclaimed $350,000 Has Been Traced to the Anglo-California Bank.

In the line of further matter apropos of the Carson Mint scandal M. W. Fox, the gentleman who has made such a persistent and successful fight for the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross mine, said yesterday to a representative of THE CALL:

"I see by the papers this morning that the United States mint at Carson is again connected with operations that suggest certain attempts made by me in 1890 to have that institution investigated for cause which I set forth in a letter to Secretary Windom of the United States Treasury."

"What were your charges?"

"They were simple enough to be understood, and I did not beat about the bush to get at the point of my statements. I said in substance that the Mint at Carson was being used by the mill gang of the Carson River and the bullion ring of the Comstock for the purpose of coining stolen bullion, and was being conducted as a private institution for the men who were robbing the stockholders of the mines.

"The evidence taken in both the Superior Court and the Supreme Court bears out the statement that the mine-owners and officers of the mines were looting the stockholders, and the verdict in my favor is substantial evidence that my charges were true."

"What was the result of your sending that letter to the Secretary of the Treasury?"

"At first it was not recognized as of much importance, but I sent another and demanded an investigation immediately. Mr. Windom saw that I was in earnest, as I also threatened to carry the matter to the Department of Justice if an investigation was not held at once. The result was that he sent out a representative of the Government to make a rigid examination, and who do you suppose he selected?"

"Who?"

"A relative of Senator John P. Jones, one of the men I charged with belonging to the bullion ring. A man by the name of Gorham, a brother of George C. Gorham, Secretary of the Senate. Mr. Gorham came to me and said: 'Mr. Fox, are you aware that the charges you made to the Secretary of the Treasury are of the most serious character?' I informed him that I was fully conscious of the fact of their seriousness. 'What shall I do in the matter?, said he. I asked him if he had not been instructed by Mr. Windom what to do and further informed him that I had no suggestions to offer in the matter other than those contained in my letter to the Secretary of the Treasury. He reiterated the statement that my charges were grave and serious, but I refused to alter them. He then proceeded to make his report, which was a whitewash; but before his statement reached the Secretary of the Treasury the Mining Stock Association had prepared another document that reached Washington a few days in advance of Mr. Gorham's report. We forestalled him on that point, and the evidence secured by us is at the present time in the possession of the Government.

"There are some very serious things to happen yet in connection with the Carson Mint, and you need not be surprised to see somebody violently shocked in a very short time. The papers so far have not contained half the material that will eventually come to the surface. My attorney, W. T. Baggett, and myself have found out what became of that $350,000 which was said to belong to no one in particular and which we claimed was stolen from the stockholders. The Hale & Norcross people said it was unclaimed, and that they did not know what had become of it. Would you like to know where that bullion is?"

"Yes."

"It is in the Anglo-California Bank to the credit of the Bullion Exchange Bank of Carson City. Evan Williams, superintendent of the Nevada mill, is president of the Bullion Exchange Bank and is the gentleman who, according to testimony given in court, was seen carrying the bullion to the Carson Mint at midnight, and who was and is the trusted employe of the bullion ring. Mr. Baggett has gone East to secure some very sensational material that will give the looters a terrible nightmare when it is brought forth in the shape of sworn testimony.

"I have stated over my signature and through the medium of affidavits that the Carson Mint was used time and time again by the ring to coin its steals. I am not surprised at the discovery of $80,000 in silver in the Nevada State Treasury, but that amount is but a mere drop in the bucket. It bears out my statement, however, that things are conducted in a very peculiar way, and when the facts become known it will be found that James Heney, who was recently sentenced in Carson to eight years in the penitentiary for the theft of $23,000 worth of bullion from the Mint, is only an amateur in the business of plundering, and that there are others who would make better jailbirds than he. I have not been spending five years of my time and thousands of dollars without getting somewhere near the solution of the question. I was robbed like others of my just dues from the Comstock mines while I was a stockholder, and so far I have had the pleasure of proving that the gang was without conscience or feeling for the thousands of people who have made it possible for them to become millionaires. The worst is not yet known, but some sensations will soon be developed that will have no parallel in the history of mining steals throughout the United States. The old saying that a man with more than a million must have stolen some of it will be substantially supported before we get through with the bullion thieves."

M. W. FOX, WHO PROMISES MORE SENSATIONS REGARDING NEVADA'S BULLION RING.
[Drawn from a photograph.]

AN OLD SWINDLE.

Ladies Paying Freight on Straw and Cobblestones.

The police are looking for a sharper who has swindled a number of ladies out of sums varying from 50 cents to $1 50 by an old trick.

Mrs. Cummings, 160 Golden Gate avenue, was one of his victims. He called at her house Tuesday night with a small case and handed her a note signed "J. Stanton, Globe Delivery Company, 674 Howard street," which expressed regret that the case had not been delivered sooner. On the box was marked, "C. O. D., 75 cents."

Thinking it was a Christmas present from some friend, Mrs. Cummings gave the man the 75 cents and he disappeared. Its contents were straw and cobblestones.

The same trick was played successfully during last year's holidays.

COURSING AND BOXING.

Newark Park Will Be Opened Sunday by the Interstate Club.

Boxers Who Will Appear at the Olympic Next Month—Tennis Tournament.

Tim Cronin, manager of the Newark Coursing Park, has received a splendid lot of hares from Merced. Accompanying the consignment of game was a letter from the trapper, in which the writer advised Cronin to feed the runners on Egyptian oats. Cronin read the letter over a dozen times and then ran his fingers through his flaxen locks in the hope of finding an inspiration. James Wren, the famous slipper, happened along just in time to relieve Cronin of a heavy load of deep thought.

"What's the matter with you, Tim? Are you thinking about your Christmas turkey?" asked Wren.

"Why, no, man. Don't you know that turkey always gives me the heartburn. No, Jim; what is puzzling me now is this new kind of oats the trapper told me to feed the hares on. I'll have to send to Egypt for it, I'm afraid, but it must be great stuff anyhow."

Wren read the letter and when he got as far as the Egyptian oats he smiled blandly at Cronin who was waiting for information.

"Why, you can buy all of that kind of stuff you want in this City," said Wren. "Don't you see this is only a fancy name for the common every-day stuff they make oatmeal out of in the old country; and between you and me I think that any hares fed on this stuff should be able to run away from the best pair of dogs that ever went into slips."

Cronin agreed with Mr. Wren and yesterday he shipped several sacks of the Irish-Egyptian oats to Newark where the first meeting of the season under the auspices of the Interstate Coursing Club will be held Sunday.

Martin Murphy, a boxer and trainer of athletes who is well known to the sporting fraternity of this City, is located in Los Angeles and is doing considerable in the interest of sport in that city. He has organized a coursing club among the sportsmen who have a fancy for coursing, and a grand meeting will be held at Long Beach Sunday, January 5. Two very handsome cups are offered as prizes. One of the cups is beautifully engraved with olive and laurel leaves of silver springing from the stem and rising up around the bowl. This trophy, emblematic of the championship of Southern California, is prized very highly by the sportsmen of the club. Coursing is a sport which will become very popular with the sportsmen of Los Angeles and vicinity.

A fifteen-round glove contest between Fred Bogan and Jack Frazier will be decided at the Los Angeles Athletic Club this evening. Those pugilists fought a draw match some time ago, and the sporting fraternity of Los Angeles is in hopes of seeing a great mill on this occasion. Bogan is a favorite in the betting.

The Olympic Club will give boxing contests quite frequently in the future because the members show a greater desire for witnessing the manly art than for any other branch of indoor sport. Thursday evening, January 9, two good bouts will be witnessed. Smith and Sullivan and Ray and Bates are training for the contests, which should prove very interesting because the men are so evenly matched in science and weight. In February there will also be an evening of fisticuffs between some of the champion boxers of the Olympic, Reliance and San Francisco Athletic clubs.

The thirty-sixth anniversary of the club will be celebrated with a grand vaudeville and athletic entertainment Monday evening, January 20. E. N. Short, the energetic leader of the Olympic, has the matter in hand, and it can be safely said that under his charge the affair will prove to be a success.

The very best talent the club is in possession of will appear on this occasion, and the instrumental music will be worth going miles to hear, not to mention the many other attractions.

The much-talked-of tennis tournament will be held at the Olympic outdoor grounds on Sunday, the 29th inst., and the players who intend to take part in the contests are reminded that the entries will close on the evening previous to the tournament.

SKIPPED WITH THE POOL.

Ayers Company, the Fungus Commission Men, Leave Patrons in the Lurch.

The Crowd of Disappointed Plungers Retrieve Themselves With Carpet and Furniture.

Consternation and dismay, oaths and pandemonium, were rife Tuesday afternoon about 5 o'clock up in the dark and dirty rooms in the building at the corner of Ellis and Market streets where the fungus pool-sellers, Ayers brothers, formerly passed out the green checks.

The rooms were packed with bettors impatient for their winnings on the race in which Montana led.

Their expectations were shattered, the returns came not, neither did the Ayers brothers, who had left the room shortly before the race.

Odds at the track were 4 to 5 on Montana, but Ayers Company raised it to 6 to 5, and it was not long before the snap was discovered. The rooms were full and something like $400 had passed into the cashier's hand.

It was a good bet and the patronizers of the pool were congratulating themselves, and visions began floating before their minds of Christmas plum puddings, with the contingent luxuries.

A few moments before the race was called the genial managers behind the counter sauntered through the crowd and went downstairs.

No particular notice was taken of this maneuver and the time went on.

At last the news that Montana had won shot up the narrow stairway and through the crowded rooms. But Ayers Co. was represented only by its blackboards, its long green counter, its carpets and its patrons.

The true state of affairs dawned on the duped that were waiting.

The first to recover his presence of mind was a tall long mustached Kentuckian.

"They have welched the pool!" bawled he, and then he made a wild leap over the counter and plunged his hand into the drawer of the desk.

Ten or twelve angry men followed suit, and in the confusion that followed a dozen hands were laid on the Kentuckian's collar.

"Hold on!" he yelled, "I don't belong to this concern. Keep your hands off from me. I am only trying to get even!"

Fortunately he was believed, and the suggestion conveyed in his exclamation was acted on by everybody that could lay hands on anything portable.

In a few moments a deathly quietness reigned in what was left of the poolrooms of the Ayers Company. Down the shadowy stairs was passing a procession of determined-looking men and boys.

At the head of the procession, borne aloft by two stalwart plungers, moved the walnut desk of the fugitive commissioners.

The bearers were heard to murmur in dulcet tones, "Heaven helps those who help themselves!"

Close after the desk was carried the big roll of carpet that a few moments before had been held down by the anxious waiting ones. Then followed articles of every description, from an ink well to a box of crayons.

The savage Kentuckian and Bates, the candy man, brought up in the rear.

"I had $7 50 in the pool," said he of the mustache, while he flaunted a book of blue checks triumphantly, "but I have cleaned out all the stationery; I thought it was a corking good bet, so I blew all my pile in and I got several of my friends to do the same thing, but,"—added he with an air that broded a Merry Christmas to Ayers & Company—"I am a Kentuckian. I was born in Kentucky. I was raised there, and by the blue grass and triple X of my State, if I ever lay hands on Ayers Company they will pay me what was coming to me or, well, I won't do anything to them, that's all. I know where I can find them, too. Just watch the papers soon."

Bates was enveloped in an immense rubber sheet, his portion of the booty.

"I had two bits up," grinned he, "and I'll cut dis thing into four bits and paint a sign on each piece to help me to sell de candy, see?"

But the fugitive firm will never come back to gather the echoes of profanity that float in their former dingy and fraudulent resort. They have only aided in building up a greater distrust for individuals of their ilk and hastening the final destruction of the parvenu pool-sellers.

A NEW ANIMAL.

Strange Eyeless Creature With a Horn Tail Found in Australia.

Once in a little while we hear that some geologist has discovered, or concocted, a fossilized antediluvian beast not yet known on the books. But the discovery of anything new in the animal and vegetable kingdoms of to-day is exceedingly rare.

The greater must be the surprise of the scientific world at the find which Professor E. C. Sterling of Adelaide lately made in the central desert of the Australian continent. The newly found animal is only a small mole, but, like its big neighbor, the kangaroo, it seems to be a remnant of a period beyond the ken of man. It resembles the kangaroo, for the female has a pouch in which to carry its young. Its general color is a pale gray, relieved on some parts by silvery and golden tints.

The face of this stranger presents a queer sight, it being simply a horny plate crossed by a dividing line and having two nose holes where there is no nose. The mouth is underneath this plate. Eyes there are none, and minutely small, round holes are the only outward indications of the organ of hearing.

The tail resembles a truncated cone, and is bald-headed, so to speak. As the mole has forty teeth, it is the more liable to toothache. Professor Sterling was astonished at the strength of the animal demonstrated by the rapidity with which it uses its forefoot, incumbered with enormous, oddly shaped nails. With these feet and the horny snoot it digs with such speed into and through the loose sand of that region that, once lost to sight, it cannot be traced again.

No tunnel marks the route of this underground traveler. With its hind feet it completely closes the passage behind it as fast as it progresses. Like its brethren in Europe and America, it subsists chiefly on animal food, ants and the larvæ of insects.—New York World.

Turkeys are 5 cents a pound in rural Kansas.

PAVEMENT MERCHANTS.

Boys Who Handle Trade During the Ever-Productive Holidays.

VOICES IN EVERY MINOR KEY.

Cheap Mechanical Toys That Seem to Overcome All the Laws of Gravity and Science.

While the regular tradespeople are disposing of their wares through their stores a vociferous and relentless opposition conducts a flourishing business on the street pavements.

None are so constant in their attention to the particular novelty they have for sale as the street gamin who puts up his institution beside a lamppost or a telegraph pole, where, rain or shine, he hawks his toy to the passing throng.

The embryo merchant congregates in greatest numbers between Geary and Ellis streets, along Market, and the buyers of Christmas presents are compelled to recognize him to quiet the minor twang to his full-grown voice. He will screech and bawl in your ear and lay hands upon you in an appealing and sincere way to call your attention to the fact that he is present and ready to do business with all comers, from the tiniest tot to the blustering grandparent who is out foraging for his daughter's babies.

The gamin tradesman is a terror.
His voice is beyond suppression.
His customers are legion.

One goes to bed at night after a weary chase for toys and nursery features only to be troubled by the harassing echo of the gamin's howling voice, beseeching nickels and dimes for the goods he sells.

The jargon to the passer-by sounds like the tongues of Babel with a cable-car accompaniment and a staccato of coupes on cobblestones.

"Git yer merchanical toys. Mary and John wid de kid in de baby buggy. Here yer are fer de jumpin' frog—a dime, 10 cents, a bit.——Her-e-e-e-e-e you are gents and kids watch de tumblin' clown on de shoestring slidin' along at de rate of twenty-tree reverlutions a minit.——Orstrich, orstrich, lady? Only 15 cents fer de whole cheese including de walkin' orstrich and the red wagon with de peoples in it.——Squakers, squakers, squakers; nickel each; won't hurt you nohow to buy one fer de children. Squakers, squakers.——I lika sella da tissa papa panzy, da chrisantha, da sweeta da rose. Ah only costa da dime. Sweeta wan.——Phwat's ailin' av ye? Your Tourkish insins. The koind to bourn in your boardwow and every wan smells like a colone factory. Tin cints. But tin cints.——See de perpetual motion rooster wid tree fedders wobblin' in de evenin' breeze. Watch 'im. Childrens cry for it and old maids laf. A nickel. Ony a nickel.——A Jack in de box an' a solid stem-windin' doll what says fadder and mudder by de simple pressin' of de back of de kid's head. T—t—t—t—twenty-five cents per each. What's de matter wid youse people anyhow? Is yer dough give out?"

Thus the merry game goes on and the population finds itself confronted with a perpetual cry for trade. From noon up to midnight during the holidays these little hucksters bellow at your elbow and never take no for an answer.

Any attempt to turn them aside and pass along is unsuccessful, for you only open the way to a different variety of kid, frequently more ambitious than his neighbor. A nod of approval, a glance of acquiescence and you are done for. There is no escape, and those who have tried it say that the plan of disgorging a dime or nickel will be found the most successful way of shaking the boys off. No baggage-buster or grip-yanker in a hotel ever showed the tenacity they possess.

These youngsters are learning the value of persistency in trade, and when they grow up into millionaires it will be said of some of them that they sold toys on the street corners when they were in their childhood. They jostle each other and contend for advantageous localities just as though they controlled the business of the earth.

Every one of them is supplied with a pocketful of change, which they make with surprising accuracy. If you make a 10-cent purchase they hand out eighteen nickels in one grab, and continue to yell out their little spiel with unbroken precision.

The most worthless toy in their hands can easily be disposed of at a good profit, and although their earnings frequently go into the "crap" channel, so well known to street urchins, it, nevertheless, gets into circulation, and few of them are troubled with bank accounts. When Christmastide has gone by they resume their relations with newspapers, and, altogether, manage to keep in the commercial swim.

Many of them grow up with a fair knowledge of the world, and not a few become successful citizens, with a record of labor and rustling to point to with the well-known and well-worn finger of pride.

Children's Carols.

The children's Christmas carol service at St Peter's Episcopal Church, Filbert and Stockton streets, will be held Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, when the young people will enjoy the pleasures of a Christmas tree.

CHEMIST LEDERLE'S FROGS.

A Friendship That Sprang Up After Some Experiments With Poisons.

Chemist Lederle of the Board of Health has some interesting pets in a glass jar in Chemist Martin's rooms in the new Criminal Courts building in Center street. They are a trio of frogs which he procured for the purpose of trying the effect of certain poisons upon. Then he became so attached to them that he couldn't think of killing them.

The jar is about a foot in diameter and nine inches deep. To prevent the frogs from jumping out Mr. Lederle keeps a sieve over the jar and a piece of paper in the sieve, on which is written in big letters, "Don't raise this up." In the bottom of the jar is about an inch of water, and in this stands a stone big enough for two of the frogs at a time to get upon it.

"Now I will exhibit my pets," said Mr. Lederle, raising the sieve carefully. One of the frogs showed a tendency to jump. "Hey, Billy," said Mr. Lederle, "be quiet now."

Carefully reaching down Mr. Lederle began stroking Billy on the back. After a moment he placed his thumb on one side of the frog, just above the abdomen, and his forefinger opposite and began to tickle the frog.

"Now croak, Billy?" said Mr. Lederle, and presently Billy croaked. "Now, then, once more," and Billy emitted a good clear croak.

"Now I will let you see them feed," continued Mr. Lederle. "I have a place here where I breed bugs for their special benefit."

He opened a drawer in a desk and a lot of croton bugs began running about and some dropped out upon the floor. Mr. Lederle caught a few specimens on the floor and dropped them into the jar with the frogs. Such a skurry as there was and a flashing out of long tongues! The bugs were all gone in a second or two. More were put in and were gobbled up. Finally some were put in which did not move as they lay on the water.

"The frogs won't touch them if they are dead," said Mr. Lederle, and he poked the bugs with his pencil. No sooner did he put the pencil down than the bugs began snapping at it, and even at his fingers. Bugs ran short before Mr. Lederle got through the show.

"I'll have to put some more candy in that drawer," said he, "for the bugs have already eaten up most of the papers that were there."

In another jar containing water and moss Mr. Lederle has some pollywogs growing. They have just reached the stage when their hind legs are appearing beside their tails and they are about to turn from water-breathers to air-breathers. Soon their legs will grow large and their tails be absorbed and they will become full-fledged frogs. They have not been taught to do any tricks.

THE MECHANICAL TOY DEPARTMENT ON MARKET STREET STARTLES THE PASSER-BY
[Sketched by a "Call" artist.]

GOATS IN BAGGAGE CARS.

Some Good Reasons Why They Do Not Commonly Travel That Way.

Six years ago the baggage department of the Northern Pacific road issued an order that no goats should be transported in baggage-cars. A pecular incident brought about the general order. A goat had been placed in a baggage-car that was bound for the Pacific Coast. During the trip the animal had eaten the leather straps that held the brass checks to the trunks. When Portland was reached the checks were all on the floor of the car, and there was no way of identifying the trunks. It took nearly three months to straighten out the tangle and the general order was issued.

The rule has never been disobeyed until the last few weeks. C. E. Stone, city ticket agent of the Northern Pacific ticket office in St. Paul, generally makes contracts with traveling shows that pass over the road.

He had an Uncle Tom's Cabin company recently, with bloodhounds and a donkey, that was booked in towns along the road. Among the properties of the show was a small wagon in which were seated two goats that were used to give a street parade. Contrary to orders Agent Stone took the goats and had them put in a baggage-car with the bloodhounds and the donkey. In the same car were two bicycles belonging to a man and his wife. During the night the goats dined on veritable wind-pudding, for they ate up the pneumatic tires of the bicycles and chewed the cork handles of the bicycles for a dessert.

The owners of the bicycles filed a claim with the company. The claim was referred to the baggage department. When it reached Agent Stone there was a copy of the prohibitory order attached to it, with instructions that the one who was responsible for the violation of the rules should pay the claim of $60. Agent Stone will "dig up" a portion of his monthly stipend to settle with the claimants.—Minneapolis Times.

The Last Straw.

Nodd—You say your baby doesn't walk yet? Mine does. Same age, too. Your baby cut his teeth yet?

Todd—No.

Nodd—Mine has, all of them. Your baby talk?

Todd—Not yet. Can yours?

Nodd—Great Scott, yes.

Todd (desperately)—Does he shave himself or go to a barber's?—New York Truth.

NEW MOUNTED POLICE.

Eight Men on Horseback to Patrol the Mission and Richmond.

OFFICERS TO BE RETIRED.

Lazy Ones Will Be Weeded Out and Veterans Will Go on the Pension List.

The improvements in the Police Department are being developed as rapidly as possible, with the object of placing it, according to Commissioner Gunst, second to none on this continent.

The first step in this direction was the placing of Captains Douglass, Short and Stone on the pension list in the month of July last and replacing them with younger men in the persons of Captains Wittman, Spillane and Robinson. At the same time Sergeant Cohen and Policemen Asher, Gallagher and Harrold were placed on the pension list, and it was authoritatively given out by President Tobin that the work of placing men over 60 years of age who had served twenty years in the department or over on the list would be carried on until none such were left on active duty.

The names of those eligible for retirement were published recently in THE CALL, and it was then stated that at the next quarterly meeting of the Pension Commissioners, on the first Monday in January, several of them would be retired. Since then there has been considerable speculation as to who among the number would be chosen for retirement by the Commissioners. Among those eligible are Property Clerk Cullen, Sergeants Lindheimer, Shields, Brown, Houghtaling and Cornelius Martin and Detectives Bohen and Bainbridge. There are also several patrolmen. It is improbable that all will be retired at the next meeting of the board, but that some of them will is looked upon as certain.

There are others to whom the change will come within a very short time. The police captains were instructed recently by the Commissioners to hand them a list of men in their divisions who are practically policemen in name only; in other words, members of the force who are too lazy or too indifferent to perform their duties satisfactorily. Two of these men have already been weeded out, and it is expected that after the holidays there will be several more.

The almost wholesale changing of sergeants from one division to another that took effect last Saturday is another evidence of the intention of the Commissioners to improve the efficiency of the force. The reason of the change, although not given for publicity, is well understood. Sergeants, when they have been for any length of time in a certain division, are supposed to get on too friendly terms with the men, with a consequent lack of discipline. An instance of this kind came to the knowledge of the Commissioners recently and the sergeant was fined $25.

The seventy-four new men and five new sergeants are distributed over the different divisions and are doing duty. A number of beats have consequently been curtailed, so that the patrolmen will only have half the distance to traverse that they had before. A new district west of Steiner street, under the supervision of Captain Wittman, has been established, and Sergeants Tobin and Christiansen were detailed there. At present they and the men are reporting on duty at the Central Police Station until a station can be secured in the district.

There are now three mounted policemen in that district, Charles P. Schaefer, William H. Hanley and Robert de Guire. Schaefer and Hanley have been on mounted duty for some time, but De Guire was only detailed last week. Yesterday Policemen Michael Shanahan and C. M. Shore reported to Captain Gillin for mounted duty in the outskirts of the Mission district, and in a few days Policemen John P. Carson, Alfred C. Winzler and John T. Edner will report to Captain Gillin for similar duty. These mounted officers will patrol the San Bruno road, the Ingleside district and other outlying districts.

This completes the list of mounted patrolmen, making eight altogether—five in the Mission district and three in the Richmond district.

A Polite Senator.

One day, when Minister Ransom was in the Senate, as he was going down the Capitol steps he saw approaching a very dull, long-winded man. Ransom was alarmed. He was in no mental or physical shape to bear the brunt of a full-fledged bore just at that moment. As the dull one drew near, Ransom, in his desperation, greeted him with sour shortness and hurried by. The other had paused; but at this brief dismissal, as it were, turned away up the steps. Ransom was smitten of conscience at his own rudeness. It was foreign to his polite and flowery instincts. He must do something to take the soreness out of the man. Ransom turned pleasantly when some ten steps separated him from the bore, and called out: "Good-by, Simpkins! I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins!" At this Simpkins began to betray symptons of returning. "But don't come back, Simpkins," remonstrated Ransom wildly motioning with both arms. "I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins; but don't come back—don't come back!"

FAMOUS SCOTCH REGIMENTS.

They Are Known at Home by a Long List of Nicknames.

The brigade of Foot Guards of the British army do not like to be called "The Chuckle Chucks," but for stealing hens and ducks in Dublin the people of that fine city gave them that name. The First Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment) glory in the name of "Pontius Pilate's Body Guards," for they are the oldest regiment in the army. But I would not like to enter the sergeants' mess of the Twenty-first Royal Scots Fusiliers and ask them if they were "The Glencoe Butchers;" such, however, is the nickname of this fine regiment, for their records show that they were in the vicinity of the Glen during that cruel and cowardly affair. The Twenty-fifth King's Own "Scots Borderers" are known in the Highland regiments as "Cumberland's Royal Standbacks." This was the regiment that the Clan Cameron gave such a cutting up at Culloden. They were then called "Semple's Regiment." The Camerons slew 128 of them. That was terribly good work, seeing that they received the charge of the Camerons four deep, front rank kneeling.

The Ninth Norfolk Regiment delights in being called "The Ninth Holy-boys." They have carried that name since the days of Wellington. The way they came by it was because they sold their Bibles in Spain for wine.

I stated in a former letter of how the gallant "Forty-two" got the name of "The Bricks." The Fiftieth Regiment is known all over the army as "The Blind Half Hundred." They certainly deserve the name, for they charged a stone wall, taking it for a column of the French. Since 1809 the famous Seventy-first Highland Light Infantry has been known as "The Glasgow Keelies," and in Ireland its sister regiment, the Seventy-fourth Highland, is called "The Limerick Butchers." During the troubles of 1866-67 they were ordered to charge the mob which was pelting stones, etc., into their ranks. The order was quickly obeyed, and many of the rioters received a touch of their bayonets; hence the nickname.

The Twenty-eighth Gloncestershire Regiment gets the name of "The Old Brags." This is the regiment that wear their regimental number in front and in rear of their helmet. At Quatre Bras they were attacked in a field of corn by the Polish lancers. The rear rank turned about, so that they showed and fought with two fronts. In after years they used to brag about this plucky affair and the honor they gained; so they are still "The Old Brags."

The gallant old Seventy-ninth Cameron Highlanders are known since 1871 as "Queen Victoria's Own, Own," and the Ninety-first Argyles are sometimes called "Sandy Campbell's Bairns." Out of Scotland they are called "The Lord God of the Highlands Own Highlanders." When they wore the trews (Campbell tartan) they were called "John Duke's Half-dressed Highlanders." The Ninety-second Gordon Highlanders are known in every mess of the army as "The Gay and the Gallant Gordons," but as they were late for the Crimea, the other Highland regiments called them "The Johnny Come-lates." Again, in 1874, they had so many Banffshire men in the regiment that they were called "The Buckie Highlanders." The famous "Thin Red Line," the Ninety-third Sutherland Highlanders, got the name of "The Rories" in the Crimea. Every other man was a Rory (Roderick) Fraser or Macleod. The Ninety-third still boasts of being the tallest regiment in the Crimea. It is said that their "Grenadier Company" measured 6 feet 2¾ inches at that time.

Now that there are so many changes taking place in the army these sobriquets are dying out, just like the old numbers, for all the numbers have been replaced by names. If we go as far north as Inverness and ask any old person what regiment is the Second Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, "Duke of Albany's Own" (Rosshire Bluffs), few could tell you that they are the old Seventy-eighth Highlanders.

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