"JACKSON,"

—OR—

The Story of a Sea Dog.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

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"Wescott, strange to say, bore his sufferings more patiently than I had anticipated. I was touched by what seemed to me his devotion, his obedience, and I spoke kindly to him. But he paid no attention to anyone or anything, lying like a huge beast curling up in the bow of the boat.

"Ah, sir, those were terrible hours. I shudder as I call them to mind, and the recollection of them makes me more grateful than ever to old Uncle Robert for making it possible for me to quit the sea forever.

"We had now been four days knocking about in this terrible fashion, when one morning I was aroused by a shriek and cries of 'Captain! captain!' The buckle of my belt had been drawn up to its hole in order to keep my poor, collapsed stomach from grinding itself to pieces, and I had left the steward on watch and was catching a few winks of sleep, when that fearful shriek caused me to start up with a jerk.

"The beast was loose! Yes, these words describe the situation exactly. While I had been sleeping the giant mulatto had waked up in a frenzy, which the others had made futile efforts to control, had filled a tarpaulin hat with sea water and taken long and deep draughts of it. In a few moments he was a raving madman, frothing at the mouth and tearing his own flesh with his glistening teeth. It was a sight to strike terror to the stoutest heart. What I feared at first thought was that he would swamp the boat, for he threatened every moment to rise from his kneeling position. To turn the boat over meant quick and sure death for us all, for not one of us had strength enough to swim a stroke. But no, the maniac had other ends in view. With a deep, prolonged growl he threw himself upon the poor steward, and seizing the terror-stricken man with his huge hands he drew him into his lap as if he weighed no more than four stone.

"Then I felt my hair stiffen and my heart struggle to keep up its beat, for horror of horrors, what did I see? That huge beast in human form with a rapid motion bent the steward's head back and then set those terrible teeth of his into the poor man's throat. In an instant I was upon him. My own strength and vigor astounded me, but although I rained blow after blow upon the mulatto's head with the butt of my pistol, it had no more effect than the tapping of a lady's gloved hand.

"Meantime, the steward's face grew blacker and blacker. There was not an instant to be lost, and setting the barrel of my revolver at the mulatto's ear, I pressed the trigger.

"It seemed an age before I heard the sharp crack of that pistol. I suppose my hand was paralyzed, but it came at last, and the big black monster dropped his prey, and rolled into a heap in the bottom of the boat. For a few moments I saw nothing more, but gradually I pulled myself together and making a motion to the others to help me, we laid hold of the huge corpse and tumbled it into the water.

"Ah, that was a fearful deed, but I never regretted it, sir, never!"

Here Mr. Robert Ridley, retired mariner, paused, drew a long breath and then continued as follows:

"Towards nightfall we fell in with a vessel. We sighted her at sundown, and she was then a mere spot upon the distant sea, and we thought no more of her when darkness came; but next morning she was showing within an easy pull, and we then saw that she was a wreck, all three masts gone, and her thick shrouds trailing over the side, as though her hole was full of serpents crawling away from her. As we passed under her stern we read the name: 'Grace Tucker, Boston.' She sat high upon the water, and seemed a new ship; anyway, her copper was new, and the wet flash of it to the sun might have been seen for miles.

"We sprang aboard, all mad for water, and then for food. Figure our joy when I tell you we found a scuttle-butt full of cold water, with a dipper ready at hand to drink from. There was a dead man lying in the galley; he was a half-caste, and the atmosphere was so bad with him that two of us tumbled him over the side without ado. Aft was a long deckhouse; I entered it to rummage for food, and the first thing I saw was the body of a man lying upon the deck stone dead, with a living dog sitting alongside of him. When the dog saw me, he crawled like a dying creature on to the man's breast, and feebly showed his teeth. He was something after the breed of a water spaniel, but his eyes were red, and seemed on fire, and I felt scared somehow on seeing him alive, and, though I saw how weak he was, I had no heart to push past him lest he should fly at me.

"I called through the door to one of my mates: 'Jackson! Jackson!' meaning that between us we should secure the dog, but I had no sooner uttered the word 'Jackson,' than the dog crept off the dead man's bosom, and, weakly wagging his tail, comes to my feet and falls a-licking my shoe.

"'Why, Jackson, poor chap,' says I, patting him, on which he utters a sort of howl and looks up at me with his two fiery red eyes with such an expression in his face that you'd have sworn he felt as if it would have done him good to cry. There was an empty pannikin alongside one of the dead man's hands. I fetched some water and gave it to the dog, who drank it to the last drain, and on my saying 'Poor Jackson,' and patting him again, he howled as before, as though there was something in the name to break his heart. You may hear some dogs howl as he did when a street organ begins. I left him to rummage for victuals, and in a locker found some cold salt beef and a tin of white biscuit. On this I called my mates, and they all came in and we fell to. The dog had got again on the dead man's breast, and wouldn't stir though I threw him a piece of biscuit and then a bit of meat. The water had strengthened him, and he was shifting about as though uneasy in his mind, occasionally uttering a low growl and eyeing us steadily.

"'Likely as not we may have to stay here,' says a man named William, 'and if so that there poor chap'll have to come out of it.'

"Better tarn to,' exclaimed another; 'it's bad enough to be cast away after this here pattern. I'm for fresh air, shipwreck or no shipwreck.'

"But on our approaching the body the dog snarled and showed his teeth, and cut such capers on the corpse's chest that we all thought he was gone

"BLAST THAT DAWG!"

mad, and stood looking at him. At last I says: 'Poor Jackson! Come along, old Jackson! Poor old Jackson!' patting my leg, on which he drew up to me, and whilst I patted him and called him Jackson, he meanwhile licking my shoes or looking up at me with his tongue out as if his heart was ready to burst, the others sneaked the body off.

"I thought to see Jackson bolt out of the cabin when he found the body gone, instead of which, after looking around, he uttered a long howl, then came to my feet again and ate the biscuit and piece of meat out of my hand.

"We were nearly a week aboard that vessel before we were taken off. Luckily, there was plenty to eat and drink in her, but she was draining in water and needed constant pumping, and we feared for our lives should heavy weather set in. That model you see there at the foot of the obelisk is a true copy of her. I believe she had been struck by lightning. One of us, a man named Parsons, said that he guessed by the look of the corpses that they had been smote blind and had died of their blindness. But a derelict is nearly always a mystery when there's nobody left alive to tell the story. As much a mystery was it, too, why that there dog should have answered to the name of Jackson. Maybe his master was so called. Be this as it will, you had only to call him Jackson to bring him to your feet and convert him into the lovingest beast that ever wagged a tail.

"During the week we were aboard the wreck, that dog never lost sight of me. He followed at my heels like my own shadow, lay down with me, watched me as if he was human with a powerful intelligence working out imaginations in him. He was the first to sight the ship that took us off. I was lying asleep on the cuddy deck, and he awoke me by licking my face. I was vexed to be disturbed, and told him to get away, and turned over for another nap. On this he licks my face again and barked.

"'Blast that dawg!' says William, and he sits up to chuck a boot at the poor beast.

"'Hold your hand,' says I. 'Now, Jackson, what is it?' says I.

"He barked again and walked to the deckhouse door, looking behind him, and on my following the first thing I saw was a large brig within half a mile of us.

"Well, to cut this, we were taken off, and I took good care to carry Jackson along with me, for by this time the love between us was something beautiful. Throughout the passage home he lay in the clews of my hammock at night, and by day followed me about the deck; and laugh as you may, sir, I tell you I've seen tears of joy gush into his red eyes when I've allowed him to

HIS JOY WAS ALMOST TERRIFYING.

jump upon my knees and lie there and lick my hand. The master of the brig wanted to buy him from me, but I said no, not for ten times his weight in gold. 'I'll pawn the shirt off my back to repay you for your kindness, sir,' says I, 'but Jackson and me are friends that must not part if we can help it.'

"However, I couldn't take him to sea with me every voyage, and when I got home I gave him to my sister to take charge of. I went chiefly on coasting trips, and was absent for short spells only, and, lodging as I did with my sister when I was ashore, never did mortal man from the most loving of wives or mothers, from the most affectionate of fathers or brothers, receive such a welcome home as I did from Jackson. His joy was almost terrifying. It came to this, that when the neighbors heard I was to return they'd assemble in a body in the door to witness Jackson's delight. You would have thought he'd spring through the very roof When his demonstrations were over, he'd sit and grunt, with his eyes fixed upon me as though he were talking He was the only dog I ever met that seemed to know his bark didn't convey all that was in his mind I can assure you it used to affect me to see him trying to give expression to his thoughts by uttering sounds and maneuvering with his ears. I believe that a dead sailor's soul had passed into that there dog. Ha! but I do then! Never did the like of so much intelligence walk on four legs afore.

"There came a time when I shipped as second mate and carpenter aboard a coalman bound to a French port. This gave me a chance to carry Jackson along with me, the skipper not objecting. I had now had the dog about three and a half years—perhaps four. He was still an active, beautiful dog with a lovely brown coat of hair, fine as silk, and eyes as expressive as a pretty girl's. It came on to blow after we had left port a few hours, and the weather turned thick as mud in a wine glass. We got the vessel under easy sail; the wind was a little abaft the beam, and we were plowing through it reckoning on forty fathoms of water under our keel, when shortly after six bells of the first watch the vessel took the ground off the Norfolk coast; the masts went over the side and she was wrecked in a breath, beating hard with the seas bursting over her.

"There was bit of a deckhouse aft, and most of the men took shelter in it. I was making my way to that structure to join them when the deck blew up amidships, and to save myself from being washed overboard, I crawled into the little caboose, and when I was there, feeling horribly lonesome, I thought of Jackson, and putting my head out through the door I whistled on the little silver whistle I used to carry expressly to call him with. Whether he was aft with the men and they let him out, suspecting by his capers on hearing my whistle that he was going mad, whether he had been sheltering himself waiting for me to call him, I never could tell. The hull lay with a strong list, and the air was white with flying spray. All amidships the hold was yawning; yet five minutes after I had sounded that whistle I heard a scratching at the gally door, and on sliding it a bit open in bounded Jackson.

"He had scarcely entered when a lump of green sea struck the caboose. What followed is like recollecting the waking up out of a swoon. I remember finding myself in the water and of scraping at something with my finger ends. It was the top of the caboose, as you see it there; but I didn't know what it was till the day broke. In groping I put my arm through a hole and held by it. Just then I heard a yelp close beside me. I put my other arm into the smother where something showed black and caught hold of the dog—for the dog it was—and hoisted him on to my back with his fore-paws on my shoulders. The water was horribly broken and the tumbling of the caboose roof sickening; yet I held on with my arm through the chimney hole and the dog clung to my shoulders, encouraging me as it were by sometimes licking my face; and

AT LAST HE FELL SILENT.

whenever a bigger sea than usual ran at us, the poor beast would bark as though he thought to frighten it away from hurting me.

"We floated away from the broken tumble of the shoal into a run of the sea that was something regular, but the water was constantly washing over us. I cannot express what comfort I found in having that poor beast on my shoulders close to me, barking, and then giving a little growl as though to hearten me, and then licking my face. At last he fell silent. The gray of the dawn was stealing into the sky. I said: 'Jackson, how is it with you, poor beast!' He didn't answer. I spoke again, and finding him still silent, I pulled him down and found he was dead. I was too weak, too near my own death, to cry; yet I felt to be weeping in my heart when I pulled him down and saw that he was dead. My exhaustion was too great to suffer me to hold him long, and I had to let him go. His body floated off, and I lost sight of it.

"Shortly after sunrise a smack hove into view. The mate of her, seeing a black object, put a glass to his eye and instantly spied me waving my arm, whereupon he headed for me, launched a boat and took me aboard. I was the only man saved; the vessel had gone to pieces in the darkness and drowned all the others. That's the little yarn, sir," exclaimed Bob Ridley, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and rising. "Poor old Jackson!" and with a deep sigh and an air of abstraction, he led the way out of his summer arbor.

[THE END.]

Now About the Cabbage Crop?

Smith—There is one very strange thing about you.

Brown—What is it?

"You are a wholesale cigar manufacturer, and yet you never take the slightest interest in the tobacco crop."

"As a cigar manufacturer, what have I got to do with the tobacco crop?"—Texas Siftings.

An Even Thing.

De Smythe (at the boarding-house table)—I ordered dinner an hour ago and no sign of it yet. I wonder what time it will be when I have swallowed it?

Bjones (old boarder)—Not so very late. You see, you make up for the length of the wait by the shortness of the eat.—Judge.

Dirty Cups Made Clean

By rubbing with a flannel dipped in whiting the brown discoloration may be taken off cups that have been used for baking.

LEGENDS OF HAUNTED HILL.

Traditions of Love and Hate That Are Floating Around Among the Indians.

Haunted hill, in Frazier, on the road from Springville to Potterville, is an odd-looking mound which is wrapped up in the mysteries of several Indian legends, says the Tulare (Cal.) Times. Some of the traditions were told to us in 1874, when we first visited this region, and ever since we have endeavored to learn the true stories. The Indians are scattered and their legends are difficult to obtain; those possessed of intelligence will not or do not care to talk. But from white men living here many years ago, and who learned to speak in the Indian language, we have gathered the partial narrative of the legends of Haunted hill, known in the Indian tongue as "Wailing mountain."

Two legends are told—one a tale of Indian love and jealousy, the other the story of a dreadful and fatal battle between the Tule river Indians and their enemies, the Mexicans residing near San Diego, in this state.

Regarding the first tradition but scanty details can be obtained. It is probable the older of the legends and the time of its origin dates back ages ago, and it has been handed down from parent to child among the Tulare Indians for hundreds of years. This much only can be learned: A tribe living on the banks of the Tule east of the hill gave origin to the legend. Among some members of the tribe a bitter jealousy arose, having love for a source. A faction having won the affections of six women, the rivals resolved on sanguinary revenge. Abiding time and waiting an unguarded hour, they pursued these women to the top of Wailing mountain and murdered them. Every night, the Indians aver, the ground on the summit opens and the six women appear, only to vanish instantly. Since then no Indian will visit the hill at night.

The other legend is perhaps the more authentic; it is the one sadly told by the few surviving members of the once prosperous and numerous Tulare Indians. In brief, it is this: The Mexicans from southern California were wont to make raids into this valley and drive away the ponies of the Indians. Armed with superior weapons, they could defy the Indians. Driven to desperation, the natives resolved to offer battle, and, if possible, drive the marauders from the valley, otherwise to crush them. Learning this, the Mexicans came in larger numbers, prepared for the trial of strength. The opposing forces met in the valley at the base of the hill. The Indians, terrified at the Mexican weapons and the slaughter among their numbers, fled to the top of the hill. There, crouching behind the many rock ledges, they made a last desperate but ineffectual stand. Soon the Mexicans gained the crest, when disorder again prevailed among the Indians, large numbers falling at each volley from their enemy. Only the more cowardly escaped, the real warriors dying amid the rock piles, for no quarter was asked or given. It is told that five hundred Indians perished that day at the base and on the summit of this hill, which ever since is known to the Indians as the "Wailing mountain." Passing the hill at night the Indians say that the piteous wailing of the slain can be distinctly heard, hence its name and its dread to all aborigines of the Tulare valley.

NOT HEREDITARY.

You May Get Consumption in Various Ways, But Not by Birth.

The accumulation of evidence is becoming so great that every physician of experience is forced to share the belief of the communicability of consumption. There are also few physicians who have not had one or more cases that for years they had thought had been contracted in this way, writes Dr. Chappell, in the North American Review. How else than by communication are we to account for the rapid spread of consumption amongst savage nations, where this disease was unknown before civilized people began to visit them? This is true of our own American Indians, the inhabitants of Central Africa and many other countries. Intermarrying or any other condition which might make hereditary transmission a possible cause certainly could not account for its rapid progress. Besides, some of the best observers and investigators believe that consumption is not hereditary, and there is much positive evidence in favor of this view. With such evidence of the possibility of inhaling the bacilli the question would naturally be asked: How do the bacilli get into the atmosphere when they are not found in the breath of sufferers of this disease? We know positively that in these cases bacilli are present in the mucus which is raised after coughing. In its moist condition it is impossible for it to be inhaled, but when it dries and becomes dust it is blown about, and it is in this form that it becomes dangerous.

The Morality of Athens.

The city in Europe which makes the best showing, so far as morality is concerned, is Athens. Within the memory of the present generation, there has been no single matrimonial scandal that has taken place in the society of the Grecian metropolis, and the latter is about the only capital in the world which is absolutely without any chronique scandaleuse. The Athenians marry young and remain faithful to their marriage vows. This is not alone on account of principle, but is also attributable in a measure to the almost entire absence of the demi monde. What little there is of the latter in Athens is exclusively of foreign origin.

Different Kinds of Dogs.

People commonly imagine that in speaking of dogs they are referring to a single species which has many varieties. But in reality the name is merely a conventional one, under which are grouped in popular parlance all of the domesticated canines. The North American coyote is in fact much nearer to the grayhound, zoologically speaking, than the pug is. It is simply a wild dog. So is the wolf likewise. From just such wild types man's faithful four-footed friends are descended.

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 6, 1891.

WESTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

8:25 a. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol; also for Bluefield, Pocahontas, Elkhorn, Clinch Valley Division and Louisville via Norton. Pullman sleepers to Memphis and New Orleans and to Louisville via Norton.
10:20 a. m. for Radford and intermediate stations. No connection beyond.
6:15 p. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol. Connects at Radford for Bluefield and Pocahontas. Pullman sleepers to Memphis via Chattanooga.

NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

7:00 a. m. for Shenandoah; no connection beyond.
12:50 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to New York via Harrisburg and Philadelphia.
11:15 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and to New York via Harrisburg.
6:30 a. m. for Petersburg and Richmond.
12:45 p. m. daily for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman parlor car to Norfolk.
5:05 p. m. for Lynchburg; no connection beyond.
11:15 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.
Clinch Valley Division—Leaves Bluefield daily 7:00 a. m. for Norton, and 2:05 p. m. for Norton, Louisville and points on L. & N. R. R. via Norton.
North Carolina Division—Leave Pulaski daily 7:00 a. m. for Ivanhoe and 1:30 p. m. for Ivanhoe and Gossan and 8:10 a. m. (except Sunday) for Betty Baker.
For all additional information apply at ticket office or to W. B. BEVILL,
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THE EAST TENNESSEE, VIRGINIA AND GEORGIA RAILWAY SYSTEM, PASSENGER DEPARTMENT. KNOXVILLE, TENN., Dec. 5th, 1891.

TIME CARD IN EFFECT DEC. 6TH, 1891.

SOUTHBOUND.

	VESTIBULE. No. 11.	No. 13.	No. 15.
Lv. Chattanooga.	10:40 p. m.	1:10 p. m.	8:55 a. m.
Ar. Atlanta.....	3:41 a. m.	6:45 p. m.	2:40 p. m.
Lv. Atlanta.....	3:55 a. m.	7:00 p. m.	3:45 p. m.
Ar. Macon.	6:45 a. m.	10:10 p. m.	6:59 p. m.
Lv. Macon..	7:00 a. m.	10:18 p. m.	.....
Ar. Jessup... ...	12:00 noon.	3:35 a. m.	.....
Lv. Jessup.....	12:05 p. m.	3:45 a. m.	.....
Ar. Jacksonville.	3:55 p. m.	7:45 a. m.	.....
Lv. Jacksonville.	4:05 p. m.	8:15 a. m.	.....
Ar. St. Augustine.	5:25 p. m.	9:35 a. m.	.....

NORTHBOUND.

	VESTIBULE. No. 12.	No. 14.	No. 16.
Lv. St. Augustine	8:10 a. m.	4:10 p. m	.....
Ar. Jacksonville.	9:30 a. m.	5:30 p. m.	.....
Lv. Jacksonville.	9:50 a. m.	7:55 p. m.	.....
Ar. Jessup	2:00 p. m.	11:55 p. m.	.....
Lv. Jessup.....	2:05 p. m.	12:01 nigh	.....
Ar. Macon.....	7:15 p. m.	5:25 a. m.	.....
Lv. Macon.	7:30 p. m.	5:30 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
Ar. Atlanta.....	10:40 p. m.	8:35 a. m.	12:15 no'n
Lv. Atlanta.....	10:50 p. m.	8:40 a. m.	1:20 p. m.
Ar. Chatanooga..	4:00 a. m.	1.15 p. m.	6:45 p. m.

THROUGH CAR ARRANGEMENTS.

Nos. 11 and 12 are Vestibule trains, consisting of Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping Cars and elegant day coaches, and run solid between St. Augustine and Cincinnati. Leaves Cincinnati 11:30 a. m., arrives Chattanooga 10:30 p. m. Returning, leaves Chattanooga 4:10 a. m., arrives Cincinnati 5:50 p. m.

No. 15 carries Pullman Buffet Sleepers, leaving Cincinnati at 8:00 p. m., to Atlanta, thence to Jacksonville by No. 13.

No 21 carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper, Jacksonville to Macon, thence by No. 16 to Cincinnati.

Nos. 13 and 14 carry Pullman Buffet Sleepers, between Atlanta and Savannah, Atlanta and Brunswick, Asheville and St. Augustine; also coach between Atlanta and Birmingham, via Attalla.

Nos. 11 and 12 carry Vestibule Sleepers between Knoxville and Atlanta, via Chattanooga.

B. W. WRENN,
Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.

S. A. & O. R. R. CO.

TIME TABLE TO TAKE EFFECT 12:01 A. M., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1891.

West Bound. First Class. No. 3. Passenger. Daily, Except Sunday.	No. 1. Passenger. Daily.	Stations.	East Bound. First Class. No. 2. Passenger. Daily, Except Sunday.	No. 4. Passenger. Daily.
p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.
2.10	8.00	Lv. Bristol. Ar.	11.20	5.30
2.27	8.17	Walker's Mountain.	11.03	5.13
2.35	8.25	Benham's.	10.55	5.05
2.53	8.43	Phillip's Switch.	10.37	4.47
2.57	3.47	Abram's Falls.	10.33	4.43
3.03	8.53	Mendota.	10.27	4.37
3.19	9.09	Mace Springs.	10.11	4.21
3.31	9.21	Hilton's.	9.59	4.09
3.39	9.29	Nottingham's.	9.51	4.01
3.45	9.35	Moccasin Gap.	9.45	3.56
3.50	9.40	Gate City.	9.40	3.50
4.00	9.50	Marble Quarry.	9.29	3.40
4.10	10.00	Big Cut.	9.20	3.30
4.20	10.10	Spear's Ferry.	9.10	3.20
4.25	10.15	Tate's Switch.	9.05	3.15
4.28	10.18	Clinchport.	9.02	3.12
4.34	10.24	Natural Tunnel.	8.56	3.06
4.44	10.34	Horton's Summit.	8.46	2.56
4.51	10.41	Duffield.	8.39	2.49
4.58	10.48	Wisoley's.	8.32	2.42
5.04	10.54	Ward's Mill.	8.26	2.36
5.19	11.09	Wild Cat Summit.	8.11	2.21
5.35	11.25	East Big Stone Gap.	7.55	2.05
5.40	11.30 Ar.	Big Stone Gap. Lv.	7.50	2.00
p.m.	noon		a.m.	p.m.

D. H. CONKLIN, General Superintendent. C. L. BUNTING, G. P. A.

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