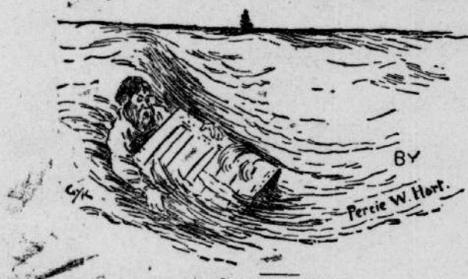


## The Secret of the S.S. Good Fortune



By Percie W. Harb.

The tale I have to tell is so strange, so weird, and so unprovable, that I must preface it by stating that what I say herewith is absolutely all I know about the subject. It will be noted by the reader that on several important points my descriptions are vague and uncertain—but quite enough is known, and told, to refute the assertion that "there is nothing new under the sun."

In the month of June, 1894, I walked the streets of New York without a cent of money in my possession, and without a friend in the whole city. Like many another poor unfortunate, it seemed impossible for me to find a niche in the world of labor into which I could fit. I subsisted entirely by the charity of a few good Samaritans, and became more and more dependent as the uneventful days dragged by.

On a certain sunny afternoon I managed to elude the vigilance of the watchman at a steamship dock, and walking out to the end of the pier, I escaped myself among some piles of hemp, and there went to sleep. It was night when I awoke, but as there was no one to wait for my homecoming, nor indeed, any home for me to go to, it made no particular difference.

Still, I was, as you may say, all slept out, and there were several hours to dispose of before I could have an opportunity of passing out of the gate unperceived. So, with noiseless footsteps, I wandered around among the piles of merchandise until my attention was attracted by the cabin lights of a steamship that lay at one side of the pier.

With the exception of these lights, which were, of course, situated well aft, no sign of life was visible; and although I stood alongside the gangway between the wharf and the spardeck, I could distinguish no watch or bar to prevent me from going aboard. Inspired by a feeling of curiosity as the carelessness which left such a splendid opening for the dock thief, that I knew fairly swarmed hereabouts, to make way with portable property, I walked cautiously up the steep incline, and as I started to swing off the end of the deck, almost walked over the recumbent figure of a man. Before I could recover my startled faculties and retrace my footsteps, the sleeping sentinel gave a groan, and I had barely time to drop down behind a water-but before he arose to his feet and commenced pacing backwards



Gy. K.

and forwards. Here was a predicament indeed! I knew that if discovered I should be handed over to the ignorant police justice who would be utterly unmoved by any statement that I might make. Unless I could get off the ship at some other point, or the sentry should once more relax his vigilance, I should probably be caught and sent to jail as a vagrant, if not an actual thief. It may well be imagined how I cursed the idle curiosity that had led me to place myself in such an unenviable position.

But repining was worse than useless. I determined to reconnoiter the possibilities of escape, and watching my chance when the sentry's back was turned, I stole away in the darkness. The steamship, as near as I could judge, was of the typical "tramp" class, with spardeck cut away between the masts for the better accommodation of cattle shipments. In the forward cut I stumbled over a quantity of stores, which had seemingly not been taken care of by the steward—hams, barrels of flour, canned goods and as nearly as I could judge, several hundred loaves of bread were piled up in a disorderly manner. Much as I marveled at this further exhibition of lack of discipline, it was certainly a lucky find for me, and I made no delay in breaking off a loaf of the bread and munching it greedily.

The greater part of the cut was occupied by a large number of packing cases, and while making my way over them I was surprised to discover by the hollow sounds given forth that they were seemingly empty. Just about the middle of the cut I almost fell into a small space which had been left between two cases in stowing; and in recovering my balance I wrenched loose one of the boards on the side. Again my idle curiosity proved my curse, for without any set purpose I lowered myself down and

crawled inside the huge box through my improvised opening. To my great astonishment, I found nothing but a byer of stone ballast in the bottom; and I reasoned that doubtless the other cases were similarly equipped, and that the weight was to keep the boxes from being shifted in a heavy sea; although, as they were closely wedged in between the bulwarks this extra precaution seemed superfluous.

Then in an instant I had made the resolve that was to cause me so much danger and anxiety in the next few weeks—but unfortunately no hint or suspicion came to me in time.

Here, I reasoned, was an opportunity especially sent by Providence for my benefit. Unless betrayed by some unforeseen complication, I could lie unsuspected in this snug hiding-place until the vessel was far from land. The steward's stores would supply the necessary food; and, best of all, some distant land would probably afford me opportunities that my own country seemed to deny me. I would become a stow-away, brave the captain's wrath, and strive to win his sympathy by working industriously at any work that he might set me at. To will was to act; and with scarcely a pang of conscience I conveyed ten loaves of bread and a few cans of beef and tongue to my hiding-place; then, piling the rocks around the sides, found myself in comfortable if not luxurious quarters. Perhaps I might have changed my mind had time been given me, but as soon as morning broke the steamer was cast loose from the dock, and in a few hours the increased motion plainly told that we were out on the ocean.

I determined to hide my time for a day or two, and although the confinement was irksome, I braved it out until the sun had risen and set four times. My reasons for this procrastination are not easily explained, but an indefinable feeling of dread made me hesitate, and—as the sequel proved—saved my life. There were several things which I had noted from my hiding place that caused me to wonder. In the first place the Good Fortune (as I had ascertained the name of the steamship to be) carried a surprisingly large crew, although the majority of them were not visible until the second day out. And, for another thing, the strict discipline that I had always heretofore seen on shipboard

was not maintained; for almost every evening was occupied in carousing, and I never heard the slightest protest from the captain or any of the officers of the deck. Finally the fragments of a conversation which I overheard between two of the sailors impressed me as being remarkable, to say the least.

"Last cruise, eh, Bill," said one.

"And I'm glad of it, too," growled his comrade.

"Well, so am I, to tell the truth. It is wonderful that we've never been suspected in a whole year."

"That's the skipper's skill—and I, for one, don't grudge him his half share, especially as he provided the vessel."

"Well, you and I have near eight thousand apiece, and I'll be nearer ten when we quit. That's more than we'd make in a year at cattle-punching."

"But it's in such mean stuff. Earnings and watches are all right, but it won't be so easy to sell them."

"Melt down the solid and—" here the speaker walked away, and left me wondering, but still unsuspecting.

On the fifth day out I was apprised by the bustle around me that some thing of unusual interest was transpiring. To my great surprise I noticed that spars and ropes were scattered round the deck in seeming confusion, that the smokestack was partly taken down, that the boats were swung inboard and hidden under tarpaulins, and that the English flag was fastened to the main shrouds, union down. This, of course, I knew was a signal that the ship was in distress and required assistance; but when I noted that every man on board was equipped with two revolvers and a murderous-looking bowie knife, I felt sick at heart, and a mist came before my eyes.

Overpowered by fear, I kept well hidden in my packing box, but I will briefly

narrate what happened as overheard by me from conversations during the next few days.

The good bark C. B. Jones, of Broxport, Me., bound from Buenos Ayres to Boston with a cargo of hides and tallow, sighted the steamer "Good Fortune," of Bournemouth, with flag of distress flying. As all the steamer's boats were gone, the first mate and four seamen took the long boat and rowed to the Good Fortune with the humane intention of relieving the signaled wants of the steamer, bringing a barrel of pork and a bag of biscuit. So weak, as it seemed, were the crew of the steamer that they could scarcely lend a hand to hoist the provisions aboard. After quite a long delay the long boat started to return, but Capt. Jones was astonished to see that the boat contained six others in addition to his own men. And as they neared the vessel he failed to distinguish the smiling, cheery face of his first mate. Before he could recover his presence of mind the men clambered up the sides, and as he advanced to speak with them the foremost intruder drew a revolver and shot him through the heart. The scanty crew eagerly threw up their hands in surrender, but after they were bound the cold-blooded monsters murdered them, as well as the captain's wife and child. A few hundred dollars in the captain's cabin, a few watches and a little money from the forecastle and some miscellaneous articles comprised the whole plunder, and the ship was scuttled and sunk. In due course she was announced as overdue and missing, as many another good ship has been before; but what a fiendish ingenuity was displayed in destroying the ship and her entire crew, so that not one should live to tell the tale. Some prizes, it seemed, netted them thousands, but in the majority of cases a dozen human lives were sacrificed for a mere trifle.

With my brain almost unbinged by the horror of being in the power of these demons, I lay long in a sort of stupor. When I came to my senses I found myself struggling in the water, with naught between my life and eternity but my packing box. It floated me bravely, however, and when the darkness had cleared away I was picked up by the Altania, of the Cunard line, and conveyed back to New York.

Whether the Good Fortune—lying name, as she herself was a lie—sunk in collision with a rock or iceberg, or whether she still ranges the seas unchecked, I know not; but drowning seems to me all too light a punishment for the wicked deeds of its crew.

### AN AMERICAN GIRL.

A Bit of a Story Which Has the Merit of Truth.

Here's a bit of a story that comes from London and has the rare merit of truth. There was a certain young American girl in London who had come over with only the courage of youth and the point of a pen to keep the wolf away. She hadn't the easiest time in the world, let me tell you.

One day she presented herself at the office of an editor who had bought "stuff" of her. The great man was busy, but as she insisted on seeing him she was allowed to enter. She had a bundle of manuscript in her hand, and she begged the editor to read it at once. Oddly enough, he consented. It was a story.

It was a story about a young woman writer who purchased a typewriting machine on the installment plan. All went well till the final payment of one pound was due. She hadn't the money and couldn't get it. Twice the people who sold the machine gave her additional time. At her wit's end, the poor girl begged him to wait just two hours. She gave him something to read, and she wheedled him a little, and he offered to wait.

So she sat down at the machine and rattled off a pathetic story of her own struggles with fate and of her fruitless efforts to raise money to pay for the typewriter. When she finished she put on her bonnet and went to a newspaper office, sold the story and brought back the money in time to save the machine.

It was a prettily told story and a pathetic one.

"By Jove," said the editor, as he finished reading it. "I always said you could do fiction, but you never would. Come around next week, and I'll let you know whether we'll publish it."

The girl hesitated.

"If you please, sir," she said, "won't you decide now?"

"Why?" asked the editor, in surprise.

"Well," said the girl, "you see, the man who came after the typewriter is waiting for the money."—Chicago Record.

Times Change and We with Them.

"Da-a-aring," she said, and her head snuggled closer to his manly shoulder.

"George da-a-aring, do you love me?"

"Helen," he cried, fervently, "I love you more than words can tell. Life seems all too short to spend in kissing you."

The weary cycle of the years rolled on. Spring came and went. Clark street was repaved and fell into decay. Aldermen went to Europe, and were replaced by others who in turn grew rich and went away. Again George and Helen stood together, this time in the grand hall of their suburban villa.

"George," she said, "don't you love me?"

"Of course I do, old girl," he said.

"But it seems to me that life is too short to spend it kissing you."—Chicago Times.

### WORK IN THE GARDEN.

Bill Arp Recommends It as a Remedy for Indigestion.

The Value of a Good Garden to the Family—Makes Excellent Dinners for Little Money—A Saving in Doctor's Bills.

"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day." That is the way we feel just after a good dinner, especially if we have earned it—worked for it bodily and wanted it. But I have heard folks say they were never hungry and not even the odor of cucumbers and onions in the dining-room would excite their appetite. I have heard others say that they had the appetite, but were afraid to indulge it because of indigestion. Such folks are to be pitied. They have my sympathy. But I sincerely believe that work or physical exercise is a remedy for both. I suppose that Shakespeare suffered in this way, for he says: "Now let digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." Certain it is his death was sudden and premature, for he lived only 50 years. Milton understood this trouble, too, for he says that "Adam's sleep was sweet, being bred from pure digestion." That's the secret—working in the garden—I inherited that trait from the old man—Adam, I mean—and I sleep sweetly, too, after I have worked in my garden. There is no insomnia about me, but Mrs. Arp suffers from it sometimes when I am snoring like a hippopotamus.

I was ruminating about the value of a good garden to the family—and I counted up the cost. We have five in the family, and the dinner cost us only five cents apiece, and there was enough left for two or three more. We had a small piece of middling meat, about half a pound, that was boiled with the beans, and there were seven different kinds of vegetables from my garden. The butter and buttermilk were home-made. The rice and cornmeal and huckleberries cost a little—not much. Everything was well-cooked, and all that was wanted was an appetite and good digestion.

I am reasonably proud of my garden, for it is all my own work. I prepared the ground and dressed it and opened the furrows and planted the seed and cultivated the plants and killed the weeds, and it is my special pleasure to watch everything as it grows, and gather the vegetables and wash them at the back door and call the good wife and children out to see them and listen to their compliments. We have had a long drought, but I had fortified against it. Every hill was first spaded out a foot deep and filled with water, and after it had soaked into the ground I filled up the hole with a mixture of soil and barnyard scrapings and sifted ashes and put on some more water. Every furrow I opened for beans and peas and beets I let water run into it, and then put the fertilizer in and planted the seed. I had 80 holes to dig for tomatoes and 40 for squashes, and as many more for cucumbers, and notwithstanding the drought, everything has grown vigorously. It is hard work and takes patience to lay the foundation in this way, but it pays. My squash vines cover a space of four feet square to each hill, and my tomato plants are five feet high and full of healthy fruit. Well, now, to tell the whole truth, I have a hydrant in the center of the garden and when the dry, hot weather was at its worst I opened small trenches close by the roots of the plants and turned the water on and let it run slowly and soak in and afterwards covered the trenches with dry dirt. This, too, is trouble, but it paid well. Some folks sprinkle, but that does harm and no good. It bakes the surface and never reaches the roots—sprinkle nothing but grass. Where water is plenty and convenient there is no excuse for a poor garden. It is better to dig deep and fertilize and cultivate a square root well than to skin over half an acre "nigger fashion," and see it all dry up when the dry drought, as Cobie calls it, comes.

The intensive system is the best for gardens, I know from long experience. It made me sad to see the crops on the railroad between Marietta and Atlanta the other day. Acres and acres of corn not six inches high and cotton almost invisible. It did look like perishing to death in the name of the Lord. It is a poor country, I know, but they could sow it down in peas and gradually improve it so that a Georgian wouldn't be ashamed for travelers to look out of the car windows as they ride through it.

It is astonishing how much influence one good farmer has over the neighborhood in which he lives. They are very envious of each other and will try to keep up with the best. I hear some say that their oats crop is a total failure, and will not be fit to cut. I see a few acres of oats in a field not far from me that will make a good crop. Of course there is something in the land, but there is more in the farming. Deep plowing to begin with is absolutely necessary in farming. I don't mean deep turning, but deep plowing. I know a farmer who always follows the turn plow with a bull-tongue in the same furrow, and he makes good crops whether it rains or not. My good neighbor, Widow Fields, has no hydrant in her garden, but she always has the finest garden in the town, and the secret is deep plowing and fertilizing. I can overlook her work from my window, and it excites me to keep in hailing distance. She has an acre in the highest state of cultivation, and will make more on that land below Marietta. Work on the gardens must not stop. Keep planting successive crops every ten days or two weeks, and have a fresh supply. A good, large family can live well on an acre for five months in the year. Raise your own strawberries and raspberries and buy wild berries enough for jam and jelly. Then, if you have grapes and peaches around, you can live like a prince and always have something nice for company.

garden will help to make it attractive, and my wife wants all the old-fashioned herbs, like sage and mint and balm and thyme and calamus and camomile. She has horse radish enough for a hotel.

Gardening is the first work of which we have any history, and it is the most pleasant and healthy of all occupations. If a man is a good gardener he will be a good farmer. As you travel overland through the country you can tell a good farmer by looking at his garden, just as you can tell a good wife and daughter by looking at the flowers and vines in the front yard. They are a sign of good taste and refinement and good housekeeping and contentment. They save doctor bills, for half the diseases come from diseased minds—mental misery—borrowing trouble and nursing it. The cultivation of flowers is a good tonic for indigestion. I have noticed that the people who are most diligent in such occupations are the least concerned about politics and silver and gold and the next presidential election. The farm and the home absorb them, and are a bigger thing than the spoils of office. The average politician wants something for nothing. As Cobie says: "He is just sidwiping around hunting the orthography of an office," and when he gets it the first lesson he learns is how to log-roll. He will vote for anybody's bill if he will vote for his. You tickle me and I will tickle you, is the motto, and they call it a compromise of conflicting interests. Congress has at last voted every member a private secretary with a \$1,200 salary. Merciful heavens! When will this thing stop? Now let them apply for a receiver and sell out the concern.

But I am off the subject, and will get in a bad frame of mind and have a fit of indigestion; and so I will quit and go to my garden, where I am always calm and serene.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

### QUEER COINCIDENCES.

Striking Occurrences, Many of Which Have Become Historic.

The late well-known archaeologist, Albert Way, crossing Pull-Mall, cannoned against an old gentleman. After mutual apologies cards were exchanged. On each card was printed "Mr. Albert Way." The older gentleman, dying, left his fortune to the other Albert Way.

The planet Neptune, which had for countless ages revolved in the heavens unseen by anyone on earth, was discovered simultaneously and independently in 1846 by Profs. Adams and M. Leverrier, the two most brilliant astronomers of the day.

Some few years ago a shepherd boy placed a sleeper on the railway line between Brighton and Falmer, with the result that the train was thrown off the rails. One year later to a day—almost to a minute—that same youth was struck by lightning and instantaneously killed within a couple of miles of the spot at which the accident occurred.

Sir Walter Besant tells of the following curious coincidence which happened to himself. "I was consulting," he says, "an artist with regard to the face and features of a character which he was illustrating for me and I briefly described to him the kind of face I had in mind. He was meanwhile rapidly sketching a face on a piece of paper he had before him. 'Will that do?' he asked, showing me the exact portrait of the man I had been thinking of."

The four King Georges of England all died on the same day of the week.

A lady lost a ring on "the Underground." She returned and reported the loss. At that moment a train entered the station, when her ring was found on the step of her carriage, having completed the circle in that position.

At a place of worship in Rotherhithe, some little time ago, the minister was telling how Wellington said at a dinner of one of his great battles: "If darkness would only come it would save him." Hardly had he uttered these words when the gas went out in the chapel.

In 1890, a few weeks before the censor-taker began his enumeration of the people of Elm Grove, Va., the town authorities counted their own population, preparatory to filing articles of incorporation. The following was the remarkable result: Number of males over 21 years of age, 148; number of males under 21 years of age, 148; number of females over 16 years of age, 148; number of females under 16 years of age, 148.

Some Zulus were on exhibition in Aberdeen and a gentleman who had begun in South Africa himself went and began to talk with the men in their own language. One of the natives was exceptionally shy, which rather attracted the gentleman's attention. He looked at him more closely and recognized him as a man who had worked for him in Natal and had run away with a pair of trousers which did not belong to him.

—N. Y. Mail and Express.

### THE SHERIFF CURSED HIS FATE.

Years ago the earned of western New York found it a matter of great difficulty to collect juries for the trial of cases. One case was adjourned from day to day, on account of the mysterious disappearance every morning of some of the 12 men who had been drawn and sworn on the jury; there were never more than eight of these unwilling victims to be found at one and the same time. One morning, however, when the sheriff's patience had entirely departed, his face flushed with the excitement of victory. "It's all right now, your honor!" he cried, joyfully; "you can try the case to-day, for we'll have the jury by 12 o'clock, sure. It ain't but ten o'clock now, and I've got 11 of 'em locked up in my barn, and we're running the 12th man with dogs, your honor!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

### MODERN LOVE.

He—When did you love me most?

She—The day you loved me most.

He—When did you love me least?

She—The day you loved me least.

He—When did you love me best?

She—The day you loved me best.

He—When did you love me worst?

She—The day you loved me worst.

He—When did you love me truest?

She—The day you loved me truest.

He—When did you love me falsest?

She—The day you loved me falsest.

He—When did you love me kindest?

She—The day you loved me kindest.

He—When did you love me cruellest?

She—The day you loved me cruellest.

He—When did you love me sweetest?

She—The day you loved me sweetest.

He—When did you love me bitterest?

She—The day you loved me bitterest.

He—When did you love me truest?

She—The day you loved me truest.

He—When did you love me falsest?

She—The day you loved me falsest.

He—When did you love me kindest?

She—The day you loved me kindest.

He—When did you love me cruellest?

She—The day you loved me cruellest.

He—When did you love me sweetest?

She—The day you loved me sweetest.

He—When did you love me bitterest?

She—The day you loved me bitterest.

### CYCLONE STREAK.

The Sage of Rocky Creek "Telling of the News."

Plenty of Wildcat Stills and Everybody Kin to Everybody Else—Black Jack Changed His Breath—Deacon Joiner's Gallantry.

If you want to see the most loveliest strip of country on the broad bosom of the earth perhaps—if you would love to live forever and then turn to something good to eat, you will please remember that Rocky Creek is still running down stream and ain't gone nowhere.

No doubts you have likewise also heard tell of them pleasant places in regards to which I have sometimes spoke—Pocum Trot, and Huckleberry Ridge, and Weaver's Woodgarden, and Tucker's Mill, and the Panther Creek settlement. But when the crops are laid by and the fish won't bite, if you want to take a few days off and make the time pass quick and pleasant pack up your duds and come with me and we will go over into Cyclone Streak.

Plenty of Wildcat Stills.

So far as I know, and so far back as the records run, nothin' very good has ever come out of Cyclone Streak, unless it might be a few great gobs of fun. It is a wild and rough and reckless scope of country, with a strange and peculiar people. The woods are full of wildcat stills, and they make moonshine whisky in them parts even unto the third and fourth generations. It would seem like everybody is kin to everybody else in Cyclone Streak. It would seem like the revenue officers got in there amongst em and found a big copper still and two or three barrels of "white ink," as Aunty Lucas was wont to say. They tore up the still and emptied the barrels right there on the spot. In the meantime they had run in on Billy Bledsoe and two or three of the Hankins boys running the thing in the dead hours of night—caught em in the act, as it were. So consequentially Billy Bledsoe and the Hankins boys have now gone to jail in reply to papers of compulsion from the general government.

But from what they say about it neither one of the gang knowed anything for certain about the still to start with. They had started on a camp fish that night and just happened to stumble up on the "ding thing" over there in the swamp. Under the circumference of the surroundings they didn't think it was any harm to shove up the chunks and take a drink in passin. That is the way they sung the song at first, but the revenue officers were on the trail, and they hit the ground so hot under the boys till they had to change the time. Then they all owned up to running the still for that one round, but they swore the thing belonged to old man Steve Hankins, the uncle of the Hankins boys. Now old man Steve swears he never heard tell of the deed before. To hear him tell it, he never did see but one wildcat still in all his born days, and that belonged to old Buck Ridley.

Since writin the above Luke Bledsoe, a recent cousin to Billy, rid by to tell me that old man Steve Hankins is now talkin through a different hat. The revenue men come down on him last Saturday and called on him for the history of that still. Whereas old man Steve went over there in the swamp and examined the shattered fragments of the thing and then swore by the livin and the dead that it was the property of old Buck Ridley—the same one which he had borrowed to make a run 13 years ago this summer. Nevertheless, old man Steve had to pack up a few dirty duds and go to jail.

By this time things are warm in considerable over there in Cyclone Streak. I am lookin every day to hear from old Buck Ridley, which, according to the evidence in the case, he is the man which owns the still at the present writin. But when you get the next news I will bet the best mule on the place that old man Buck never owned no wildcat still. Raley I don't reckon he would know one if he was to meet it in the big road.

As everybody knows there are stills and stills—plenty of stills over there in Cyclone Streak. But it would seem like they don't belong to anybody in particular. Billy Bledsoe and the Hankins boys got caught running the machinery and climb in around the productions thereof, but they jest happened to find the "ding thing." If it didn't jest naturally grow up there out of the ground, I reckon the last cyclone must of blowed it in from somewhere up in the hill country.

It may be that the revenue men think they have got a dead open-and-shut case for the government but they don't know the people of Cyclone Streak. They may break a few kindred ties, and bring on a general family disturbance, and blow in a whole lot of time and money. But finally at last they will find out that that wildcat still has belonged to everybody in Cyclone Streak more or less, but to nobody for certain.

### ONE BOTTLE OF SORRY GOODS.

"Talkin about the troubles in Cyclone Streak," says Andy Lucas to me the other day, "that makes me think of the time when me and Will Tom Pickets got the only bottle of rale sorry goods I have ever saw. I never did run very deep on the still business, you understand, Rufe, but I don't have to stop and tell you that I have always managed to clamber up around my share of white ink and sperite-of-santa-anna. It jest naturally run in the blood of the Lucas family, as you know, and I was raised in the business."

"But onct upon a time—it was Christ mas eve and the weather as cold as fugius—me and Will Tom Pickets started to a breakdown dance somewhere up there in the hill country, and on the way we had to pass through Cyclone Streak. Presently we both raged dry and then we drawed straws as to who would replenish the stock. Will Tom won and lose. So I took the bottle and went down into a dark and lonesome way, laid the bottle on a log, covered it with four bits, gave one loud, kept whoop and left it there. We waited a little while, and when I went back down the swamp my money was gone and the bottle was full of spirits!

"Well, me and Will Tom we bit off two or three little chunks as we driv on to the party, and when we got there by gatins we had to stay out in the cold wind two hours in orderment to cool off and brace up. We didn't take any more that night. We didn't need any more. We had took two or three little nibbles and they lasted till next mornin. But we passed the bottle around amongst the boys one time only, and to my own personal knowledge our bottle of spirits from Cyclone Streak bring on five variegated cases of drunk that night. And then, by gracious, when we started off on our return back home next mornin there was six or seven drinks left."

"Drivin along way on down there this side of Deer Creek we met up with Lige Runnels, and he made out like he was ravin crazy for a drink. We pulled the bottle from Cyclone Streak on him and the old man bit off a tremendous big plug of it. Then we driv on, but some of the Runnels boys told me after that that old man Lige didn't show up at home till about daylight the next mornin, and didn't look natural and right for three days.

When we struck into the old stage road up there at Bunk Weatherford's Bunk he hailed and wanted to know what was what. By this time there was about four or five drinks in the bottle and we delivered the goods to Bunk. As to me and Will Tom, we didn't need no more. It come to pass that day that Bunk took one strong nibble at the bottle and then pitched in and made a big eggnog. Consequentially the doctor was over there at the Weatherford place the next day, and by fast and furious work he brought the family through without a funeral.

"That was years and years ago, Rufe, but I never will live long enough to forget that bottle of white ink from Cyclone Streak."

He Changed His Breath.

That brings to mind one day last fall when Black Jack Wiggins, from Cyclone Streak, changed his breath on me. We struck up together in town that day and nothin' would do Black Jack but I must write out a speech for him on free silver at sixteen to one.

But in the main time Black Jack had smoked his old pipe and et parched goobers and drunk corn whiskey till he didn't know anything for certain and his breath was tremendous bad. He put his arm around my neck and talked so close and confidential like till I naturally couldn't stand it.

"I am 16 hands high, I weigh 183 pounds, I wear a number seven shoe, my name is Black Jack Wiggins and I hail from Cyclone Streak," says he with his mouth in three inches of my face.

"That perfectly all right with me, Ma Wiggins, as to the size of your shoe and what you weigh and where you come from," says I, "but for the love of our common country and the great cause of free silver at sixteen to one, go and do something to change your breath—eat a raw onion if you can't do better."

And then, long-sufferin reader, what do you reckon come to pass between me and Black Jack Wiggins, from Cyclone Streak? Dad blame him, he got a raw onion and et it to change his breath, took another drink, come back and locked arms with me and preached free silver at sixteen to one for three mortal hours.

The Lady from Cyclone Streak.

But it was given unto Deacon Joiner to bring on the most gooneyest confusionment you ever heard tell of with a lady from Cyclone Streak.

It would seem like the lady was golt to a place somewhere up the railroad on a visit to her kinner, and she had went from Cyclone Streak over to the station to take the train. She had a baby with her, and likewise a shotgun which she was taken to some of the men folk of the family.

It also came to pass that Deacon Joiner was also over at the station that day, and if any man loves the women better than the deacon, he will have to eat a few to prove it. So when the train blowed the deacon he sidled up to the lady from Cyclone Streak and told her he would be pleased to take the baby and the gun and help her on the cars. The lady was more than willin. But in the main time it turned out that the lady never had seen the railroad train before and when it dashed up to the station she was so took after her that she got down the road towards Cyclone Streak. The deacon he took after her at full speed, with the baby in one hand and the shotgun in the other, hollerin at everybody to stop that lady. But the lady didn't have any shotguns and babies to tote and she left the deacon in that race like he was hitched to a post.

About that time the high sheriff come ridin up the road. He saw the lady runnin and heard her screams. He saw the deacon after her with a baby in one hand and a shotgun in the other. He arrested the deacon for assault with intentions of murder, and before he could get the facts straight the lady was two miles down the road and turnin the wind for Cyclone Streak. But the sheriff then got on his horse and went and brought the lady back. She took the baby and the shotgun, which made the deacon feel a whole lot better. But she didn't go nowhere on the railroad train, and from that day to this if you want to make the lady's name you

can't do better than to call her the lady from Cyclone Streak.

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