Historical Society
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Cook County Herald.

VOLUME III. GRAND MARAIS, MINN., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893. NUMBER 15.

ONCE MORE!

Once more along the river-side
Are willow-tassels swinging;
Once more among the woodlands wide
Are robins gaily singing.

Once more the whirring corncrake cries
Amid the dew-wet clover,
O'er woodland green the cuckoo flies,
A merry, careless rover.

The leafy woods are all a-chime,
The skylark's notes are thrilling;
Once more a gladder, blither rhyme
The poet's days are filling.

A CAPE AQUARELLE.

The steamer time-table said, "Passengers can land and have one hour to inspect this typical New England fishing village, with its queer rambling streets, its ancient houses, its old wharfs, once the scene of activity, now silent and deserted," etc.

I stood at the end of the landing-place and looked down the long street with the walk on one side and the harbor on the other, then turned and watched the crowd rush past to take the town by storm, staring at the windows of the houses, overrunning the quiet little grave-yard, intruding everywhere; in fact, doing everything that rude, vandal excursionists do the world over.

I desperately struck into a straggling side street, and in a few short moments, to my astonishment, they were left far behind.

I stopped and looked about.

Behind me the town lay, a narrow fringe of gray, colorless houses bordering the inner harbor. Here and there a thin pencilled column of smoke rose straight up as from a fire in a desert, the air was so still and hot.

A monotonous droning filled the ear, reminding one of the cicadas of Provence. From some ship yard came the dull measured stroke of a caulker's hammer, sounding like the tappingo f a woodpecker; again the "peep! peep!" of a sand bird; these are the only evidences of life. The spell of sleep is over everything, and I stand looking unconsciously right ahead till the sudden noise of the excursion boat blowing off steam arouses me, and I see a low cottage, the last on the lane, surrounded by a meagre yard fenced with drift wood held together by pieces of rigging.

Before the door is a pretentious porch or arbor constructed of the gray, bleaching ribs of a whale. An enterprising morning-glory vine is endeavoring to envelope and clothe its ghastliness, but it protrudes and stands out from the flabby, sunkilled wreaths like a white sepulchre. A cobble-stone walk edged with pink conch shells completes the dreary ensemble.

I am about to turn back to the town, for it is not very pleasant paddling about in the shifting sands under the broiling sun, when I see a little crouched-up figure sitting on a block of wood in the shadow of an old dory, and so much the color of the surroundings as to be almost unnoticed.

It is a woman, gray and bent with years, looking fixedly at me with queer, canny eyes, her lips moving as she counts the stitches of the knitting in her hands.

I push open the gate on its rope hinges and enter, asking politely for a drink of water. Never stopping, she nods toward the well. I help myself and then sit down near her remarking,

"This is a beautiful day."

"Sun draw water in the mornin'
Sailors take warnin'.

she answers, never taking her eyes off me. It was so unexpected I started, but rallying said,

"Well, a nice fresh breeze won't hurt us."

In sad, monotonous tone, she replied,

"When winds blow fresh across the main
And mists scuds up from the lea,
There's apt to be some rain
And a choppy sou' east sea."

"Well, well," I laughed pleasantly, though I didn't feel a mite that way; "you're quite a rhymster, mother; got verses for all kinds of weather."

The laugh seemed to please the old sybil for an instant, then the small eyes grew sad again and she said, nodding toward the village:

"Stayin' below?"

"No, just came down and going right back."

"Then nobody sent you here?" leaning forward.

"No; I just strayed this way to avoid the crowd. Why do you ask?"

"They send people here to bother me. They say I'm crazy, crazy Nell, you know; ever hear tell of her?"

"No; but tell me, mother, how do you live in this wilderness?"

"All the day I knit stockin's an' mits an' lots of nippers for the fishermen to wear when they're fishin'. They're not all bad. They give me food and things for them, sometimes a little tea; but it's a poor life, lad, a poor an' sorrowful life for old crazy Nell, with only her thoughts and the sea's moans for company; an' death passes me, that only longs to go, and takes the young an' strong, that wants to live; but the day is nigh at hand now; soon I will see my Malcolm, my bonny boy, my husband—gone, lad, gone, gone, and only married one day; think of it; me all alone, alone for forty weary winters, and forty wearier summers, waitin' to die an' go to him. Do you think he has forgiven me?"

"Suppose you tell me your story," I said, gently, rather touched by her plaintiveness.

"My story? aye; and what joy would ye find in the vagaries and mumblin's of an old crazy woman like me, I canna tell."

"He built this house for me, his bride. Oh, but I was a happy girl then; yes, an' one of the tidiest and prettiest of the village, and often I was told of it, and he was the smartest and bravest of all the fisher lads that went out to the banks; every one loved him, myself most of all, tho' I was a bit pert and liked my own way; well, well, the day of rest is nigh to me now. Hearken then, sir, an' I'll tell ye a tale of the sad, sad sea; a tale of its cruelty to one I loved; a tale that's brimful with pain, an' woes an' griefs; ah, God, that he should go! wild an' awful the tempest raged when he dared an' perished!" After a few moments of weeping and muttering to herself she began her disjointed narrative anew.

"Softly the gray mists hung far o'er the smiling bay, an' the sun sparkled on the little ripples that were so weak they hardly broke on the shore that fair September morn we two were married. But as night came on, great, dark, towerin' storm clouds, leaden hued, scurried across the heavens, an' the fierce red lightnings glowed an' flashed on a roarin' sea. From the dark south came up the gale, drivin' before it straight unbroken rows of mountainous billows, crowned on top same as with white yeast; then, like a fiend turned loose with shriekin' yells an' bellowin's, down swooped the storm an' whipped big clots of foam from off the waves, an' hurled the heavy swell far up the groanin' shore. Truly, the earth seemed frightened with the madness of the seas.

"But in the house here we were havin' a merry time. We had a lot of the women and children from town and a couple of the young men who were just in from a trip and stopped over to see us married. Old Cap'n Thomas and the minister had each just said a grace, and we were about to fall to and eat when suddenly some one heard a faint signal gun. In a minute feast and everything was forgotten; off rushed the whole company, men, women and children, Malcolm and me with them, to the beach. What did we see in the darkening evening light? A vessel way out seaward, pounding on the bar! Not a stick nor spar did she have standing; shorn of everything by the force of the shock when she struck, and the big waves dashin' and lashin' clean over her.

"Not a minute do we waste, but all hands help drag the life boat down to the edge of the surf and then quick call for volunteers, brave fellows who count themselves nothing if they can only save some one else's life. My Malcolm felt no fear; he was the first to spring forward and, though I clung to him and beseeched and sobbed, would not heed me. He gave one last embrace to me, his new-made wife, and turned to the boat.

"Vainly I begged him to remain with me that first day of our wedded life, but no, he counted his duty before all else. Oh, that I had died then! My heart was filled with a dark terror; 'twas torn and rent apart with anguish that he would go; my head was swimmin' and reelin,' and crazed with the cruel smart of his first refusal I mocked and cursed him there. Aye, cursed him for what was only right, for the boat was but poorly manned, there were so few men at the beach, and of them some were old and almost crippled; but in my selfish ravings I felt no pity for the poor ship in distress, screaming again and again that I wished it would break up before they got started, and that if they went I hoped never to see any of them again.

"Slowly my Malcolm left his place at the bow of the boat; if I live 'till I'm a hundred, which God pity me, I hope I won't, never can I forget the look I saw on his face in the wan light.

"'Nell, darling, kiss me goodby. Won't? Ah well, God bless you!' and he was gone!

"Down on the sand I fell in a dead faint. What then? Ah, yes. I lay there but a moment; the wet sand on my face brought me to. I stared about me; none were left but a little knot of women and children huddled together, crying and peering through the gloom at the struggling boat, and a couple of old men still standing waist deep in the water where they had helped shove off.

"Now the surf is passed; they are tossed on the great waves; down, down they go far from sight in the mad sea; then they come again up, up, 'gainst wind and tide, now toppling on the point of some monster billow, only to go plunging down to meet the next, and pulling with might and main to reach the wreck that labored and strained on the bar and threatened to go to pieces every second.

"Now they work round under her stern and are hidden from us by the hulk, but soon we see them again carefully approaching from the lee side; but even there it seems too rough to try to board her. Then we know from the motions that they have cast a line, which must be caught, as now we see a dark shape suspended over the boat for an instant; the next, a vast, mountainous wall of foam overwhelms them, the gale bursts out afresh, and when we can get our breaths and look again they are gone! Nothing is left but the raging line of breakers black with wreckage! Ship and boat are no more!"

Calmly she wiped her streaming eyes and concluded:

"At daybreak eight bodies had washed ashore; four our own men and four strangers; the rest of the ship's company, nobody knows how many, and the fifth of the boat's crew—my own Malcolm, were never recovered!"

The heat which pulsated around us like a draught from a hot furnace, and the dramatic intensity of the old dame's recital, had so worked upon me that I was in a sort of addled comatose condition. The few sounds of life from the village were unnoticed; even the warning whistle had blown some minutes before entirely unheeded; so I had to take the Cape train back to town, but somehow I didn't feel like complaining.—American Cultivator.

SQUARING IT.

The Captain Was in too Big a Hurry to Spit on It.

A good story has been told of a lisping officer having been victimized by a brother officer—who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves—and of his "getting square" with him in the following manner: The cool joker—Captain Blakeney—was always quizzing the lisping officer—a lieutenant—for his nervousness and said one day at mess: "Why, nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you no brave man is ever nervous." "Well," inquired his lisping friend, "how would you act thpothing a thell with an inth furthee thould drop ithelf in a walled angle, in which you had taken shelter from a company of tharp thooterth and where it wath thertain if you put out your nothe you'd get peppered?"

"How?" said the captain, with a look at his brother officers. "Why, take it coolly and spit on the fuse." The party broke up and all retired. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on parade, when along came the lisping lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked to a cluster of officers: "I want to try an ekthperiment thith morning and thee how extheedingly cool Tom Blakeney can be." Saying this he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in its hottest part a powder canister and instantly retreated. There was but one door of egress from the quarters and that opened on the parade ground. The occupant gave one look at the canister, comprehended the situation and in a moment made for the door, but it was fastened on the outside. "Charley, let me out if you love me!" shouted the captain. "Shpit on the canister!" shouted he in return.

Not a moment was to be lost; the captain had at first snatched up a blanket to cover himself with, but, soon dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounded, sans everything but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed onto a full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him brought out the whole of the occupants of the carracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front to hide himself. "Why didn't you thpit on it?" inquired the lieutenant. "Because there were no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain. "All I've got to thay then ith," said the lieutenant, "that you might thafely have done it, for I'll thware there waehn't a thingle grain of powder in it."

Sugar-Candy Thieves Trapped.

An oriental prince having been repeatedly robbed of his sugar-candy, which was kept in an open earthen vessel in a small inner room, with tobacco for his hookah, conserve of roses, and other choice matters, bethought him of a way to discover the thief, and did so in this wise:—Having caught a doxen or so of wasps, he clipped off their wings and dropped them into the jar of sugar-candy. The room was open to all the servants, but nothing occurred till the dusk of the evening, when one of them going to the room ostensibly to bring some tobacco for his master's hookah, was heard to set up a fearful yell. The master at once knew that his bait was taken, and rushing into the room with several servants, caught the pilferer in the very act, as with a handful of sugar-candy he had grasped some half-dozen wasps.

Why Lightning Is Zig Zag.

Lightning is zig zag because, as it condenses the air in the immediate advance of its path it files from side to side in order to pass where there is the least resistance to its progress.

HUNTING ANTELOPE.

THE MOST DIFFICULT OF FRONTIER SPORTS.

Keen Eyes and Delicate Olfactories—Curiosity That Often Proves Fatal—The Fleet and Graceful Animal Has Great Tenacity of Life.

To hunt the antelope successfully requires more than ordinary skill. With the exception of mountain sheep antelope are the most difficult animals of approach on this continent. A bear will stand up and actually seek a fight; a buffalo bull will run at first, but once wounded, a stand-up fight to the bitter end is the probable outcome; an elk can be approached and slain without exercising extraordinary precautions, and a deer is sometimes as dangerous and belligerant as a mountain lion, writes Lieutenant Partello in the San Francisco Chronicle.

On the other hand the antelope first, last and all the time depends upon his legs for safety, and it is fair to say they are the fleetest as they are the most graceful of quadrupeds. There is no fun in store for the greenhorn who attempts to hunt this animal without understanding its ways and habits.

I have frequently seen an antelope with one leg shot away and hanging by the tendons alone outrun and escape from the fleetest plains ponies. Their race is not a long one (seldom beyond six or seven miles), and it is possible that an American horse of good mettle might run them down, but as a rule nothing on the prairies can catch them, and the greyhound is about the only four-footed beast in existence that can be depended upon to keep pace with and possibly outrun them. No animal in the world possesses a keener sight, except the giraffe.

In stalking antelope the principal point is to keep out of sight and next to keep out of smell. Do not imagine because a band is a couple of miles away, apparently feeding, and all with heads down, that none are on the lookout.

The chances are ten to one that you are seen first, although they may not move. Always hunt over broken ground and undulating prairie. If on horseback, dismount and skirt the ridge ahead, as your horse's head always comes into view before you yourself can see beyond. Do all the crawling possible. Such is the red man's method, and he generally bags three times as much game as any two white men, unless the latter adopt the same tactics. Ninety per cent of all the game secured by Indians is shot within 300 yards. I have watched and studied their methods on the frontier for many years, and know this to be a fact.

When a band scents or sees you they run across the wind for 900 or 1,000 yards, and then turn and run straight up the wind.

The species are victims of intense curiosity, and at times have walked straight into death traps, all the time knowing and scenting danger, yet so unbounded is their curiosity to investigate strange and unusual objects that they are unable to withstand the temptation to look a little deeper and satisfy this truly feminine instinct.

A hunter in full knowledge of this failing either flags them or sticks weeds into his hat while crawling. So long as not seen, and particularly not understood, they will not run, but merely bound a few steps at a time, then halt, or else run around the strange object in a circle.

Get to the leeward, between them and the sun, when the latter is about to drop behind the hills; then walk slowly toward the game with as little motion as possible. Unless scented there is little danger of disturbance or of flight, for this particular animal, gifted with such keen eyesight, cannot see anything that is between it and the sun. I have often approached to within 100 yards of a band by adopting the tactics named, and yet they did not become alarmed. Buffalo will also pass to the windward, like their cousins of the antelope family, but they will stand no such foolishness as sunblindness. A red flannel shirt is extremely fascinating to antelope, also a red handkerchief or anything else of a crimson hue. As a rule these animals browse in small bands of fifty or sixty, and if in large numbers, among the foothills; on the open prairie or elsewhere a close examination will discover them to be congregated in smaller groups of four or five dozen, who, amid the multitude, keep closely herded to themselves.

They are neat, clean cut, handsome and as dainty as a lady in their diet, feeding as they do on the tenderest stalks of grass and the delightful prairie clover.

I once made an important discovery hunting which I have frequently tried on antelope with marvelous success. It is to load with two bullets instead of one. A second bullet, well lubricated, can be driven down from the muzzle after the breech is loaded, or inserted in the breech beforehand, and acts as no impediment whatever to the proper discharge of the cartridge.

The method named, however, is of no service whatever except at short ranges. At distances beyond 200 yards it proves a total failure; but within that range it works like a charm and gives excellent results.

IN A CROW CAMP.

Every-day Life Among the Tribes of Indians.

The great camp of the Crow Indians is a few miles from this fort, on a lofty bluff overlooking the waters of the Little Big Horn River. These are the River Crows, the Mountains Crows having their tepees and lodges back among the Big Horn range mountains. I visited the tepee of old Plenty Cones, the head chief of the tribe, but at the time of our arrival he would not see us and did not want to talk. A buck informed us that Plenty Cones was just then laboring under bad medicine, caused by a long and fruitless chase after horse thieves, says the Philadelphia Times.

Peeping into Deaf Bull's lodge we discovered great excitement, the attraction proving to be an old blanket spread on the ground around which were gathered half a score of bucks playing cards. It wasn't the highly civilized game of poker they were engaged in, but a sort of "match who can" game, in which the one who mated any other card took all the winnings. It was a clear case of gambling, and the stakes were perforated elk teeth, which answers nearly all North American Indians as a substitute for money. One buck had raked in nearly all the stakes, and his last opponent was a young warrior of about twenty-five years of age, who was at last completely frozen out. When that calamity did occur he sprang up and made a proposition in his native language which must certainly have meant business to the end, for the squaws and others came crowding around and the game began again with great earnestness. When it was over the buck arose to his feet, tossed his blanket to the ground, then followed the balance of his clothes down to an old cotton shirt.

Having almost denued himself, with a whoop and a yell he leaped out of the tepee in one bound, and started on a dead run toward the other end of the village, where he darted into his own wickiup out of sight and view. Few white men would have been so prompt in paying a debt of honor.

In matters of dress the Crows are further advanced than any other Indians on the continent. Some of their young men essay dudish manners. For instance, they bang their hair in front, instead of wearing it pompadour, which is the Crow style, and let it fall gracefully in long braids down the back. Then they paint their bodies all manner of colors and wear no end of eagle's feathers. The looking-glass (generally a small circular mirror purchased from the trader) is their constant companion. The maidens wear a sort of light and airy Mother Hubbard costume, highly colored stockings or leggins (usually a flaming red), and paint the parting of their hair a bright vermilion.

Sometimes a scandal creeps into their quiet lives, as was the case of Pretty Eagle and the wife of Bull-in-the Water, which resulted some time since in a genuine elopement. Pretty Eagle, who is one of the gayest lotharious in the camp, for a long time had been slyly paying his attentions to Mrs. Bull-in-the-Water, and at last he ran away with his neighbor's wife. In revenge the wronged husband ran off with Pretty Eagle's horses, which was getting more than even with his adversary, for the value of all wives in Indian communities is rated at so many horses or ponies.

Bull-in-the-Water cached the horses, but the very same night a party of Piegans out on a raid accidently crossed the trail of the stolen stock, followed it up, found the horses, and in turn, stole every one of the animals, and carried them away to their reservation in the North. Pretty Eagle and Bull-in-the-Water do not speak now as they pass, and it is remarked that both warriors go afoot instead of horseback since their late unpleasantness.

The Pope's Seal.

The seal ring worn by the pope, and used by him on official documents to which his signature is attached, has on it the engraving of a fish, with the cipher of the wearer. Since the thirteenth century every pope has worn a ring of this character, and it is shattered with a hammer when the wearer dies, to prevent its use on a forged document.

The Chinese Language Leads.

German authorities estimate that almost a third of humanity speak the Chinese language, that the Hindoo language is spoken by more than 100,000,000, the Russian by 89,000,000, while the German is spoken by 57,000,000 tongues, and the Spanish by 48,000,000.

STINGY HUSBANDS.

Men Who Grudge Every Cent Which They Give to Their Wives.

"I see a good deal of the mean side of human nature in my business," said a woman hairdresser the other day to a Washington Star reporter. "But the worst of it is shown by husbands. There isn't anything meaner in this world than a mean husband. For instance, one customer of mine has a husband who is a vegetable crank. He never eats any meat himself, and so he will not have any bought for the household. His wife used to get pretty nearly starved. For a while she had an arrangement with the green grocer by which he procured for her and sent home beefsteaks. The steaks figured in the family bills as so many pecks of potatoes or so many quarts of beans.

"She used to have beefsteak at lunch when her husband was down town. But one day he came home unexpectedly in the middle of the day, and then there was a row. He said she was a deceitful creature, and she replied that it wasn't possible for a person to be sincere and truthful on a diet of bread and butter and greens. However, he used to watch her more closely after that, keeping an eye on the refrigerator and even insisting upon doing the marketing himself. I believe his theory was that the eating of flesh rendered people more fleshy. He thought that the consumption of cabbage and green peas reduced the elements of animalism in human beings and was calculated to render them more soulful.

"So his wife, not being able to obtain any substantial food, began to grow alarmingly thinner. Finally she decided on a new plan. It was suggested by accident. A dealer in second-hand clothing called at the house and offered the highest cash price for any garments that might be discarded. The lady bethought herself of an old coat of her husband's. With the price of it in her pocket—she always had to account strictly for every penny that she got—she went down the street and indulged in a luxurious meal at a restaurant. She confined herself to meat; there wasn't a vegetable on her bill of fare.

"By and by the old-clothes man became a regular visitor. On each occasion he carried away a pair of trousers, a waistcoat or a coat. With fair but not extreme economy the price of one article would frequently pay for two or three meals. That this sort of thing could not go on forever was quite evident. One day the husband discovered that the greater part of his wardrobe had disappeared. His wife attempted no concealment. She said frankly that, being driven by hunger, she had sold the things to buy food. Furthermore, she was determined to persist in that course until a proper allowance of money was given her to buy meat or anything else she liked. She expected that the furniture would go next; in short, she openly defied him.

"Now, what do you suppose that man did? He gave in helplessly, and there has not been any trouble since, I believe. That case affords a first-rate illustration of a theory of mine, which is that the only way to manage a man is by firmness. The average husband if he can bully his wife will do so, and that is the reason why most women are bullied more or less."

LOST THE GIRL

A Good Story on a Western Theatrical Man.

They tell a good story on Billy Gorman on the New York Rialto. Billy, whose middle name is Edward, met a fascinating young soubrette on Broadway, and made rather an impression, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. He told her his name was Will Edwards, dropping the Gorman, and gave his address as Taylor's Exchange. The young lady promised to write, and, what is more, did so, but when the letter reached the exchange they, thinking the letter belonged to William Edwards, a well-known manager, it was forwarded to him at Klaw & Erlanger's Exchange. Possibly when both read this article the mystery will be cleared up, and Billy will again regain his girl.

Speaking of Billy Gorman, it is not generally known that Billy's name is Goeman, and that the change was made when he worked in the Brunswick hotel, New York city, many years ago as a bell boy. On his first salary day he struck an Irish bookkeeper named McCarthy, who insisted that Billy's name was Gorman, and that it would remain that way on the books. He also gave him a severe lecture on anybody who had Irish blood in him that went back on the Ould Dart. As Billy could only draw his salary under the name of Gorman, Gorman it was, and is to this day.

RATHER EXCITING.

A Fight Between a Kangaroo and a Hippopotamus.

"Talking of fights, I was once turned out of bed at 1 o'clock in the morning by one of my keepers, who came in with the news that the big kangaroo had jumped a six-foot fence into the next stable, in which there was a large hippopotamus. When I came down there was the queerest kind of a duel going on. The kangaroo stood up to his belly in water, while the hippopotamus, with wide-open jaws, snapped at him right and left.

However, the kangaroo managed to get in a good right and left with his front legs and scratched the hippopotamus in the face tremendously. When the amphibian came to close quarters the kangaroo jumped up, gave him a tremendous blow with his hind legs and then managed to get on to dry land. I caught the kangaroo with a big net, and after all the fighting there wasn't so very much harm done."—McClure's Magazine.