possum sketches.

Zeb White Tells of His Glosest Shave While Making Moonshine Whisky.

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didn't cum huntin' around in an way, but sent spies to trap us. fust feller that cum along purdown at the schoolhouse. I can't

otoms

rsapa

the time, and do yo' look out or 500 feet of it."

"And he ran and did he turn out to be a spy?"

for suah, sah," replied the old man. two hours to pack up and git. He

erening, when the old 'possum | the still and hid 'em in the ravine, and of Tennessee was in a story- then I got Dan Shaw's oldest gal to mood, I asked him how close a watch the path and gin the alarm. Fur he had ever had from the revenue two days nuthin' happened. Then the while making moonshine whis-gal cum down to the still and said a dafter a little thought he replied: ba'r was rollin' the kegs of whisky they cum powerful clus to me around. I went up to the ravine and or fo' times, but on one occashun found three b'ars thar'. They had a soved in a mighty curus way. rolled one o' the kegs around 'till it knowed I had a still up yere in had busted open, and they was lappin' mountings, and they was jest bound up the whisky as if it was so much water. I hadn't any gun down thar', and as I had never seed a drunken b'ar they had to be mighty keerful. in all my life I jest kept quiet and let 'em go ahead."

"And did they get drunk?" I asked. "They did, sah-got drunk as reg'lar of to be a preacher, and he as three men. It was a sight to make hed to us on fo' different Sun- yo' laugh all over. I reckon every one o' them b'ars got a full quart apiece, I mistrusted him the least bit, and it was co'n-mash whisky without mer his fust sermon the ole wom- any water in it. At fust they was mighty jolly and went dancin' around 7eb White, if that preacher ain't and tumblin' over each other, but arter them revenoo spies then I'll awhile they got out o' sorts, same as wrefut all winter! I follered his men do. The biggest b'ar o' three mighty clus, and he ain't wanted mo' whisky, but the other two Baptist, Methodist, Presbyter- thought he'd had 'nuff and kept him Mormon or any other pertickler off. They was gittin' ready fur a row He ain't fur hell-fire nor agin when the artist cum sneakin' down a Reain't fur heaven nor agin it. He side-ravine. He was on the trail of est smellin' of everybody's breath | my still, and right thar' he was within

> "And he ran up against the bears?" I asked.

"Of co'se he did-of co'se. Yes, sah, he was right among 'em b'ars befo' he sah, we found him spyin' around knowed it, and they was mighty glad he hills and in the hollers and gin to see him. They looked at him fur a spell, as if wonderin' whether he was off on a trot, and the Nashville pa- drunk, too, and then they went in to afterwards had a long piece about hev sum fun. The big b'ar reached The next feller to cum wanted to out and got a hang on him and begun coal and iron, and he was sich an to dance around, and fur awhile the st-lookin' chap that I took him to artist was too skeered to holler. When

"THEY WENT IN TO HEV SUM FUN."

al in the darkness of night?" "'He skassly can't,' sez I.

"That set me to thinkin', and when the feller went to bed about nine lo kin allus git the smell of a still beter by night, yo' see, and from the way that feller was headed he would hev a plump on it. I played that I was a ar, however, and I skeert him so that and thanks the Lawd and sez to me: made back fur the cabin. Next Mawnin' I axed him to move on, and he tot out o' the nayburhood in a hurry.

thought I'd ketch on to the next man they sent up, but they was too tricky his nose befo' yo' take him in." wme. One day a feller appeared who aid he was an artist and wanted to paint some mounting scenery fur one the biggest men in New York. He drawed a pictur' of the ole woman on stop with Dan Shaw and he had paints

aindin' him in the least when my ole oman speaks up one day and sez: ook at that artist's nose yit?"

"Not so very particular-why?" "Cause it was made fur smellin' out back fur his paints and breshes." stills, and he's allus sniffin' about. He's out on the Bald Hill every mawnin'

Mard fur a week, and on two or three | he did begin to yell yo' could hev mashuns I tramped around with him. heard him fur a mile, but the mo' he found what he was arter, and he hollered the mo' it seemed to tickle the ked about buyin' all the land around | b'ars. When one got tired o' waltzin' me, but one mawnin' my ole woman him around another was ready to begin, and bimeby the feller got so weak "Zeb White, kin a man find iron or that his legs gin out and he fell down." "But didn't the bears hurt him?"

"Not a hurt, sah. That is, they didn't "But fur these last two nights the bite nor claw him. They did roll him langer has slipped outer bed and bin around purty rough, though, and fur the fo' or five hours. If he ain't hunt- the last ten minutes he was in a dead fur coal and iron then he's huntin' faint and purty nigh naked. I wasn't goin' to interfere, even if they had begun to eat him, and I wasn't goin' to ght cum agin I was on the watch. harm the critters who had done me sich a good turn. However, my ole woman dock, but climbed out of the winder | had heard the rumpus up at the cabin, hour later and started up the hill. and as she cum down to see what was the matter the b'ars got sight of her and skulked off. When she seen the artist a-lyin' thar', and I had told her the rest, she draps down on her knees

"'Zeb White, he had the nose of a spy, and a spy I knowed he was. The next feller may call himself the governor of Tennessee, but yo' jest look at

"And what did you do with the man?"

I asked. a smile. "The fust thing was to bring him to his senses. The next was to the bag in which it was stored had dis-Aper, and was so handy about it that I let him know that we knew he was a appeared. There were only four paseckoned he was all right. He went to revenue feller. Then we showed him some mounting scenery he hadn't never an old lady-the fourth the president of and breshes and things and used to seen befo'. It was a scene of a man in eastern college, and therefore to be plied. Work away by the hour. Nobody was tied up to a tree, with three other men considered above suspicion. If the car layin' switches over his back. We gin porter had taken the bag he had passed you \$3,000 damages!" I went on. him 100 apiece, and when we cast him out o' the artist bizness fur good and all. I think he did, fur he never cum

"And what of the bears?"

soon arter daylight to sniff the wind, later, and he was still too drunk to could not be used against her. As she this mawnin' when I opened the doah.' befo' they got over the headache. Yes, If she had taken it what had she done and I jest made up my mind to lay things—mighty curus things. Sum of be searched, and nothing had been around for an hour I went back. To low. I took four kegs o' whisky from 'em beat any tricks yo' see in a circus." | cond. The old lady might have taken | my great relief she had gone.

A FOREMAN OF THE JURY.

By Charles B. Lewis. 600000000000000

(Copyright, 1897.) As the Lake Shore train from the east rolled into Toledo one morning a dozen years ago, a detective was waiting to see the conductor and make an arrest ordered over the wire an hour before. A detective who has been in the business for a dozen years seldom meets anything that surprises him, but as this officer was asked to arrest a handsome, well-dressed woman on the charge of robbery, he opened his eyes in amazement. There were two handsome, welldressed women, and one said to him:

"Officer, this person has robbed me of jewelry to the value of \$6,000 and I want her arrested at once!"

The other looked at him in a cold, haughty way and made a gesture of contempt as she replied:

"Officer, this woman's charge is false, and if you detain me it will be at your

"My name," continued the first, "is Mrs. John Wickham, of New York city. I am on my way to Chicago to visit relatives. This person boarded the train at Buffalo, and we became quite friendly. I had the jewelry in a small satchel. Late last night or early this morning she obtained possession of it. I wish to have her arrested and searched."

"It you dare to do it I will have you sent to prison!" exclaimed the other.

Here was a straight charge and a firm denial, and the detective was nonplused. If the woman had stolen the jewelry, she must have the plunder about her person or in her baggage. He asked her if she was willing to be searched, and she promptly replied:

"Not only willing, but I demand it, in order to clear myself. Afterwards I will deal with this woman!"

The two ladies left the train and were escorted to a hotel. Mrs. Wickham identified herself as the wife of a New York millionaire, and sent a telegram to her husband to come at once, and a search of the other proved her innocence. None of the missing jewelry was found upon her. She gave her name as Mrs. James Taylor, of Buffalo, and she hinted that her husband would demand the fullest satisfaction for the insult forced upon her. By the advice of the chief of police, Mrs. Wickham attempted to get out of the affair as best she could, but Mrs. Taylor stood on her dignity and wanted \$10,000 for her injured feelings. She must either have \$10,000 in cash or she would sue for \$50,000 damages. Perhaps the two women might have reached some sort of a compromise but for the advent of Mr. Wickham. He heard his wife's story about the loss of the jewelry, and realizing that he was in a box he tried a bluff game on Mrs. Taylor. He struck the weak spot at once by demanding her husband's address in Buffalo. She refused to give it, and her refusal aroused suspicion that something was wrong. When pressed to give her identity she positively refused, and the result was a formal charge and her arrest in due

When the alleged thief was arraigned reumstances were so much against her that she was held for trial in the higher court. She continued to give the same name and address as at first, and added that she would see the case through without any assistance from her husband. Her policy was one of haughty independence. She had a fine wardrobe, considerable jewelry, and was also bound for Chicago. Her cash in hand amounted to less than \$100, but no sooner had she secured a lawyer than money was sent him to make a desperate fight for her acquittal. Wickham was not only an aggressive man, but he had to convict the woman or pay damages. He therefore aided the police in every possible way.

Buffalo was turned upside down without finding a James Taylor to fit the case. Every effort was made to locate the woman, but beyond the fact that she had taken the train at Buffalo nothing could be learned. There were plenty who said she was an adventuress and was guilty of the theft, but there were many also who contended that she belonged to some honorable family and was seeking to shield the name from scandal by giving a false one and withholding information. She didn't seem to worry at all during her commitment, and when the case finally came to trial she was in the best of spirits.

I am a quiet, steady man of family, not in the habit of reading the newspapers much. If I had not been drawn on the jury for that term of court I loubt if I should have ever heard of the case. As a juror I had to listen to and weigh all the evidence, and for three days the accused woman sat within ten feet of rae. The evidence was purely circumstantial, but not particuarly strong as circumstantial evidence. Mrs. Wickham had section No. 7, and Mrs. Taylor had section No. 5. Both "Oh, nuthin' much," replied Zeb, with | had hand-bags. Mrs. Wickham had said nothing about her jewelry, but sengers in the sleeper. The third was to some one during the night, but the have stolen it.

defense. If the prisoner preferred to wards her friends. If you do not think fight the case out without revealing "I killed one of 'em three or fo' days | ner identity that was to her credit and

it by mistake-even the college president might have been tempted. There was the train conductor, the car conductor and the porter. As the bag had not been opened by its owner between New York and Toledo, how could she swear that the jewelry was in it at Buffalo and beyond? Mrs. Wickham could only say that no one else but Mrs. Taylor could have taken the bag. and in all but one thing the prosecu-

tion made out a very poor case. I had been made foreman of the jury, and when we retired I found myself halting between two opinions. No legal proof had been advanced that Mrs. Taylor stole the bag, but if there was nothing wrong about her why should she conceal her identity? I was almost of the belief that she was an adventuress, but yet I had sworn to be guided by the evidence. On our first ballot we stood seven for conviction and five for acquittal. On that ballot I voted for conviction, but five minutes later I was using arguments against such a verdict. Deep down in my heart I believed Mrs. Taylor to be the thief, but if we were to be guided by law and evidence she must be acquitted. The second ballot showed eight for acquittal and four for conviction. The four men were pigheaded and obstinate, and we had been out seven hours before one of them decided to come over to the majority. The other three vowed they would hang out 'till doomsday, and we put in a long night in the jury room. After breakfast the next morning I went to work at them in earnest. I am neither an orator nor a magnetic man, but I went over all the evidence and presented it, pro and con, in such a manner that after we had been out about 30 hours a ballot showed that we were all for acquittal. This was the verdict announced in court, and Mrs. Taylor was at once discharged from custody. Within two hours Mr. Wickham had compromised with her for \$3,000 in eash.

As the days went by that verdict bothered me. Mrs. Taylor had gone to a hotel as soon as discharged, and Mr. Wickham had hired a detective to watch her. It was determined to discover her identity, if nothing more, The woman probably suspected that she would be watched. After a few days she went to Chicago, visited a lawyer's office, a bank and two cr three other places, and then bought her ticket for Buffalo. The detective had dogged her every movement, and she had made no sign that she was aware of his espionage. He saw her leave the hotel in a carriage for the depot, and as there was plenty of time he took a street car instead. When he went through the train she was not to be found. The man worked on the case for a week without striking her trail and was then hauled off. When this instance came to my ears I was conscience-stricken over our verdict. The woman must surely be a sharper, and we ought to have strained

a point and given her over to justice. Two months had gone by, and one evening I was waiting in the Union depot at Cleveland for a train. I sat reading a newspaper when a woman dropped into the seat beside me and smilingly asked if she was mistaken in thinking I was Mr. So and So of Toledo. I replied that there was no mistake, and then recognized her as Mrs. Taylor.

"I am so much indebted to you!" she said as she held out her hand and let her smile broaden.

"About your case at Toledo?" "Of course. The prosecution had a poor case against me, but my lawyer was fearful of a verdict of guilty, because I refused to reveal my identity. It of course looked as if I had something to conceal."

"But you didn't have?" "Didn't I?" she exclaimed as she

laughed heartily. "Did you live in Buffalo, as you claimed?" I asked.

"Of course not." "And isn't your name Taylor?"

"Not at all." "Then may I ask who you are?"

"You may because you proved yourself a good friend in my hour of need. I heard how you brought those four obstinate fellows over to your way of thinking, and I am glad of this opportunity to show my appreciation in a substantial manner. As to my name, I have half a dozen. As to who I am I make my living by my wits. If I were a man I'd be called a sharper." "Then you-you are an adventuress!"

I gasped. "That is probably a correct term,"

she laughed. "And you-?"

"I took the bag of jewelry, of course. You had no doubt of it in your own mind, and yet you stood my friend. Yes. I stole the bag while her berth was being made up at night and passed it on to a good friend of mine in the next ear. The haul divided \$3,000 between us, and for what you did for me I am going to present you with

I sat and stared at her with mouth wide open, wondering if I was awake or dreaming, and she took a pencil and eard from her reticule and said:

"Give me your home address and I will send the money by express tomorrow." "My heavens, woman, but did you

really steal that jewelry?" I whispered. "Why, of course I did!" she re-"And you made Mr. Wickham pay

"Of course. You didn't suppose I'd "Zeb White, hev yo' tooken a good loose he said he reckoned he would go lefense did not even hint that he might let him off after all that trouble, do you? What is the address, please? I It was a singular and yet a strong am one who fights her enemies and re-

\$500 is sufficient please say so and I

will increase the amount.'

I arose and walked out of the depot and he's gwine to find yo'r still befo' walk straight. The other two got clean lid not know the contents of the misswalk straight. The other two got class ing bag why should she be tempted? out a look back at her—so overcome this me. I could smell it myself off, but I reckon it was a week at least ing bag why should she be tempted? out a look back at her—so overcome that I could hardly have given my "That set me to thinkin'," said Zeb. this moonshine bizness is full o' curus with it? She was perfectly willing to name if asked for it. After wandering

000000000000000000000000000 SQUATTER TALES. Abe Hope Tells of the Biggest Water-

malon Ever Grown in Arkansas.

SY M. QUAD. Copyright, 1897.

of the old squatter's cabin, was a watermelon so near the size of a flour-barrel that I gasped at the sight of it and after I had walked around it three or four times I asked Abe Hope if that was the biggest melon be raised.

"That no account trille out thar'?" he exclaimed in tones of contempt as he glanced towards the patch. "Why, sah, that's one that wasn't wuth totin away to sell to the steamboat men! Any of the cull'd folks around yere would hev to be mighty hard up to steal that melyon. Shoo! Hu!"

"Then you have raised larger ones?"

"Stranger," said Abe as he picked at a sliver in the sole of his shoe. "I'm gwine to tell yo' 'bout the whoppinest melyon ever raised, and the old woman and all the folks around yere will back me up in it. I might lie bout wild eats or eat-fish, but a man would hev to be low-down to lie 'bout melyons. 'Bout fo' y'ars ago Kurnel Bunker cum along yere one day and

"'Abe Hope, folks dun tell me that yo' ar' the laziest man in all Arkinsaw, and I'm feelin' bad over it.'

"'What's the use in workin' when yo'

don't hev to?' sez I. "'But every critter orter hev an amhishun,' sez he as he takes off his hat to the cld woman standin' in the

"'Hev yo' got an ambishun, Kurnel Bunker?

"'I hev. I want to be gov'ner of Arkinsaw next y'ar. Everybody in the state except yo' has got an ambishun, and I've dun cum down to see if I can't stir yo' up. Yo' needn't hev no ambishun as big as a house, and one to make yo' sweat yo'r shirt, but jest sumthin' to keep the chills and fever off. Ar' yo' willin' to tackle an am-

In the truck patch, on the north side | -don't lick the ole woman-don't do nuthin' to skeer this melyon from growin' as big as a house.'

"That's what he said, and me and the ole woman used to walk around on tiptoes and speak in whispers. I reckoned that when that yere melyon got to be as big as a shed it would sort o' settle down and stop growin' and go to keepin' house, but it 'peared she had an ambishun, too. She kept growin' till she was mighty nigh as big as this cabin. and if I had cleaned her out she would have made a shed fur the mewl. It was her heft which made that big hole in the airth over thar'. I reckon that about 500 people cum yere to look at that melyon, and Kurnel Bunker said that my ambishun would carry me to the legislachur'."

"And you got the melon down to the county fair?" I observed as the old man

made a long pause.

"No, sah, we didn't," he slowly replied. "One day I got 16 men up yere with hand-spikes and ropes, and we rolled that melyon down to the river and a flatboat. Yo' kin see how she gullied out the airth as she went along. We got her on the flatboat all right and sot off to float her down the river, but arter we had gone 'bout ten miles the roof of that melyon begun to cave

"It was too ripe, eh?" "No, sah, that wasn't it. Fust thing we knew thar' was about 20 cull'd folks-men, wimen and chill'en-aboard us. They wasn't thar' when we started, and they hadn't swum aboard. They

had dun crawled out of that melyon." "You don't mean it!" "Every last word, sah. Yes, sahthem three fam'lies had dun squatted inside that melyon fur a cabin befo' it left my land, and they had eaten away 'till the roof got weak and fell in on 'em. They had dun dug out three big rooms inside, and hang me if they didn't



"THEM PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT AIN'T NOWHAR."

my ha'r cut,' sez I. "Then I'll tell yo' what to do.' sez he. 'We ar' gwine to hold a county fa'r this fall, and do you go at it and raise up the biggest watermelyon ever seen on the face of this airth. That shall be

yo'r ambishun, and it will be one to glorify the hull state. When that melyon gits the prize at our show the name of Abe Hope will be writ in letters of gold on the records of time, and with my own hand will I present yo'r ole woman with a hull pound o' snuff

and a new pa'r o' shoes.' "That's the way he talked to me," said Abe as he still dug at the sliver, "and I promised him that I'd hev ambishun. I had growed sum whoppin'

big melyons in my time, but I had never spread myself to see what could be dun with 'em. It was 'bout plantin' time then, and I fixed up the sile and picked out sum seeds and went to work. I 'lowed fur plenty of room, and put a bresh fence around the spot seed cum up and the vine begun to run, and I never did see anythin' like it. Thar was six melyons on that best."

"And it grew to be a whopper?" I queried.

"Stranger, a whopper of a melyon is one thing, but a whoppinest whopper is another. When she got to be as big as a beer-keg she was a whopper. When she got to be as big as a flourbar'l she was a whoppinest whopper. Arter that I couldn't find no words to call her by. She jest riz up and spread out and got big, and finally she was

the size of a hogshead." "You don't mean it?"

"Ask Kurnel Bunker, sah! He rid down yere one day and took a look at that melyon, and arter he had walked all around it he sez to me:

"'Abe Hope, them pyramids of Egypt a:n't nowhar' alongside this melyon. and the archives of time will be holdin' yo'r name when that of Napoleon has dun bin forgotten. Don't git drunk | cago Daily News.

"'If I don't hev to wear butes nor git | hev fo' or five cats and dawgs along with 'em! I reckon I was never so mad in all my bo'n days, but what could I do 'bout it?"

"What did you do?" I asked. "Rolled it ashore and let them niggers brace up the roof and live in it all winter. It wasn't no good to me any mo' as a prize melyon. When I met

"'Kurnel, didn't yo' 'peal to me to hev ambishun? "'I did,' sez he.

Kurnel Bunker I sez to him:

"'And didn't I hev it like a baby with the measles?' "'Yo' did, Abe Hope." "'And hain't I bin knocked out-

wrecked-busted and kerflopped by a passle o' niggers?' "'Yo' hev, and I can't blame yo' if yo'r ambishun has fled and yo' dun

turn about and never draw another long breath."

"But you have?" I said.

"Mebbe so, stranger-mebbe so," replied Abe as he stretched out his back to keep the mewl off. Bimeby the in the sun, "but if I hev I didn't skassly mean to do it! No, sah -I hain't got no mo' ambishun, and them pyramids of Egypt and archives of time and letvine, but the one in the middle was the ters of gold ain't gwine to bother me fur the rest of my life. Thar's a pipe and terbacker on the shelf and a jug of whisky on the floah, and yo' jest dun help yo'self and be at home and don't git up no talk to make hard work fur

Told Enough.

"Oh, don't worry about Mrs. Chatter; she knows a great deal that she

"My! What a wise woman she must be."-Chicago Jonrnal.

True. To the skater it comes That a little learning's A dangerous thing. -N. Y. Truth.

A Matter of Doubt. Miss Withers (coyly)-I'm probably older than you think I am. Mr. Frankly-Oh, I don't know .- Chi-