

### The Murder in a Belfry

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**Castaway who Spent Four Years with a Race of Giant Men Fridays.**

from the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Mr. Dan F. McIntyre has had some remarkable experiences on the seas. He has spent a good part of his days whaling in the Arctic ocean and hunting the sperm whale in the south Pacific seas. Mr. McIntyre's ship was wrecked on a coral reef, and he was the only man of the crew who survived. His companions were washed up on the rocky beach of the Marquesas islands and killed. Mr. McIntyre still bears an ugly scar over his right eye that he received during the storm, and when he came to his senses, he found himself clinging on the rocky shore with a group of natives bending over him. Here he remained for four and a half years, the only white man on the island, when he was picked up by a French warship. Relating his experience yesterday said:

"The Marquesas group on which I found myself consisted of sixteen islands, twelve of which are fringed by the most beautiful coral reefs. The majority of them is about forty miles. The natives, away back in those times, passed from one island to the other in big canoes and small sailboats. They used a kind of oar called a paia. The sea was stormy; but the natives were well acquainted with the weather, and knew when to venture. The islands are located in latitude 10° S., longitude 155° W.

"The people belong to the Malay class, having dark, straight hair and swarthy complexions. Like the Fiji Islanders, they are very tall and muscular. A few of them were very smart in English. I never fought or since saw such powerful fellows. They are rather bright men, and live, like the Samoans, on the fruits of the land and catch fish. I could not see much cultivation. I told them that my fowls were the only game to be abundant; in fact, there were no other animals on the islands. The natives used many different kinds of weapons. I taking life easily, occasionally hunting and fishing.

"My life for four and one-half years among these people was pleasant, taking it altogether. For the first months I could scarcely endure it. I had been taught to believe that I would have led a more miserable existence. Day after day I climbed the highest mountains, and as I gazed across the horizon, looking for ships, but none came. As time went on, however, I tried to console me in their unorthodox way. I appreciated their kindness, and, being a Bible student, learned enough of their language to be able to converse with them.

"Life then became less unbearable, and I prepared myself to wait for a vessel to come along. The king of the island made me a namesake of his, and I lived with him until he died. When I heard I would have to stay for some time I built a house, and, to amuse myself, I, as in the habit of going into the forest and gathering coconuts, lemons and lemon trees to plant about my home.

"The king tattooed his name on my leg, which made me a privileged character, and, although I was afraid of his relatives, I broke any rule of his laws I did not wish to observe. The king would not allow any of his people to insult me or treat me rudely. In this respect I may say that I was greatly admired by all the natives. There was one thing to do, namely, to get a white man, and the many of them envied my little skin.

"One day I was on the different islands were hostile to each other, and most of the time were at war. The king would never allow me to mix in any of their fights. He held me too precious a sight. Once I was captured by a neighbor, and he kept me for several days. I thought I belonged to their enemy, and they decided to take me all over. They started on my lower limbs, but the pain was so great that I begged them to stop. The French and in that manner I escaped. One day a French missionary had visited the island forty years before, and, failing to Christianize the natives, they left. One of the old men had learned enough of the French language to tell me that if I begged him to go to my king and inform him of my plight. This he did, when my master made peace with his enemies and I was free. If they had disgraced my face I don't believe I should ever have come back to America.

"When the French ship came along it boarded me and took me to the island Ohatie, where there was a number of French missionaries. I remained for two years before I returned to San Francisco. The French man-of-war was making soundings and surveys for the purpose of finding a new harbor. The French king learned that they established a coaling station in the island where I spent four and a half years of my life."

McIntyre's story of how he astonished the natives with an engineering feat on the Marquesas island where he was so long a castaway is very good. They had, from time immemorial, carried water in calabashes, but their drinking water from springs always gave an prominence in the background of the principal settlement. In that tropical climate this was a serious matter. McIntyre suggested to improve upon it. First convincing the king that he had a much better plan, McIntyre was granted the necessary assistance, and succeeded in bringing a sort of bamboo pipe made of the spring to the settlement, so that the natives thereafter got their drinking water without any labor whatever. It was a great improvement.

When Mr. McIntyre came back to Pittsburgh he found it so greatly changed that the old similarity city was new to him. Finally, however, by diligent inquiry, he located his brother, a liquor dealer, who lived in the city. One day we went out, ordered a glass of beer at his brother's bar, and, without making himself known, engaged in conversation with him.

"You had a brother Dan?" said he.

"Yes," was the reply; "but he was drowned in the Pacific ocean—went down with his ship."

"But," was the rejoinder of the returned sailor, "I met a fellow, not so very long ago either, who claimed he had recently seen your brother. He said he had a great story of how he had lived in the island for years, with savages on an island."

"Impossible! He's dead—a poor Dan!"

"No wonder you doubt that! Know Dan if you saw him?"

"Yes, indeed! Add twenty years more to each of our lives and I'm sure I'd still be able to recognize you, McIntyre, if I could only see him alive again, in any part of the world or under any circumstances."

"But years have already passed, and Dan has been dead a long time," said McIntyre.

"He might have slipped away from you—but I don't know him anyhow; save as you're born."

"Well, then, John, I saw Dan McIntyre, your brother, and I'm not drowned. Here I am; and I'll prove it to you."

Recognition really followed very soon; and the liquor dealer became a counter jumper and embraced the brother, seemingly returned from an oceanic grave.

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**Fall River Manufacturers Haughty.**

THEY REFUSE TO LISTEN TO THE STRIKERS' PROPOSALS, AND THE STRIKE WILL GO ON.

At Fall River, Mass., Messrs. Walcott and Harlow, of the state board of arbitration, yesterday afternoon met the executive committee of the manufacturers' Board of Trade and submitted to them the agreement to go to work on a basis of twenty cents a cut on print cloths, and ten cents a cut on muslin. The board began an investigation by the state board into the claims of the weavers' demand for a restoration of wages paid in 1884.

The strikers refused to listen to the offer of compromise. The weavers have issued an appeal to the public for sympathy and aid. They claim that they suffer from serious reductions of wages when business was dull, and that they are asked to make wages restored to something like what they were five years ago. The strikers are making a profit now, though then, they refused to restore wages.

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**Lost for Twenty-five Years.**

HIS RELATIVES FOUND THAT HE HAD ACCUMULATED QUITE A FORTUNE FOR THEM.

St. Louis, Mo., March 29, says the Globe from Waterville, Me., that a young man named J. M. Haynes ran away from his home in the town of Winslow fifty years ago because his father insisted on educating him for the ministry. For twenty-five years no trace of him was found and both his parents died. A year or two ago a distant relative from Waterville found him in St. Louis. He was very eccentric, a firm believer in spiritualism, and severely economical. The news of his death, which occurred last week, reached Waterville. He died in

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