THE FAINT PAUL DAILY GLOBE: MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 24, 1890.

A GREAT OCEAN CHASE How Three Portuguese Sailors Ran Away With a Whaling Bark. ide and us on the other After a Terrible Experience They Were Finally When within three miles of the bark we fired a gun for her to heave to, but not the slightest notice was taken of it. Our two pieces of ordnance was then Caught. A British Survey Brig Loses Several of Its Men in the Fight. or cutting her on as we noped for we were still a guarter of a mile away when she passed the point. The threePortuguese were shouting and cheering, while the white man was at the wheel. Orders were given to fire, and two solid shots went whizzing at-her, but to pass over her without dam-age. We then fell into her wake and could not bring a gam, to hear and we An Exciting Story Full of the Most Thrilling Narratives. In the year 1860 I was one of the crew of the British survey brig Advance, which was surveying the islands to the south of the Sandwich group, King-man shoal, Palmyra island, and other shoals and islands had not been closely surveyed, and we were spending the summer in this work. The brig was a craft of 200 tons, and, being a govern-Three days later, having had only light breezes, we raised Enderbury island, which is the easternmost island of the Phœnix group. The wind had been fair for the bark to lay this course, and this group also offered the pirates a cood refuge and a beautiful climate. We approached it from the west, ran in to within two miles of the beach and then worked slowly along the southern shore. The charts showed no haven of refuge on either the south or west shore, but located a bay on the north. We hoped to trap them if they were there by making a circuit of the island and coming upon them from a different direction unexpected. As the breeze was light, we were all day ment vessel, was under strict discipline. She was armed with two cannon, and carried a supply of small arms. In those days the inhabitants of some of the South Pacific islands were a bad-natured lot, and nothing but the sight of a strong force would prevent them from packing troublesome yields to a from making troublesome visits to a vessel anchored close inshore. About the middle of September we were at Fanning island, when a heavy were at ranning island, when a heavy gale came up from the west, and we had to run for the open sea to the east. The gale struck us about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and hung to us until noon the next day. During this time we were running a little east of north, and having all we could do, and when the gale brack we were at least 200 miles the gale broke we were at least 200 miles to the northeast of our island. It was forty feet of water off the reef. forty feet of water off the reef. Next day we had to work up the west shore against a head wind, and night came on again before we had fairly turned the corner and headed to the cast. We came to anchor again, but such was the impatience of Mate Cum-mings and his must that thus set off in mid-afternoon before we got the brig about, and she had scareely been headed back when a whaleboat came down upon us from the northwest, and after a half hour of hard work we got her crew aboard. Then we heard a very nteresting story. mings and his men that they set off in their whaleboat to explore the coast in advance. Ten miles to the east they found the boat anchored in the bay There Were Eight of 'Them. i first mate, two harpooners and five hands. All belonged to the British whaling bark Penrose, of Liverpool. Twenty days previously she had run into Honotulu and discharged half a eargo of oil and shipped three Portu-guese sailors to replace hands who had peen lost at sea. On leaving Hono-lulu she had cruised to the southward, laking a whale occessionally, and on away. The mate should have returned and taking a whale occasionally, and on the day the gale broke she lowered for whales about 200 miles north of the group we had been surveying. Three boats were down at once as the bark ran into a school. As the breeze was light only a shipkeeper was left aboard, and he was a sailor who was just re-rovering from a burt covering from a hurt. The three Portuguese were in the cap-tain's boat, which made fast to a big bull whale within a quarter of a mile of but white within a quarter of a mile of the bark, and was immediately struck and disabled, and the line had to be cut. Meanwhile the other two boats had gone to the eastward after the school, and they had no sooner made fast than their victim ran off at full speed. Owing to the direction of the wind the shipkeeper could not work down to the captain. His boat was a wreck but was acting as

His boat was a wreck, but was acting as His boat was a wreck, but was acting as a float to sustain the crew. In this emergency the three Portureses offered to swim to the bark and return with a spare boat, and they were told to go. They reached the craft in safety, but had no sooner got aboard than the yards were trimmed, her head was brought to the south, and she sailed within 300 feet of the captain as she made off. The dark-skinned rascals inade no bones of the fact that they were running away with the ship. Inwere running away with the ship. In-deed, they boasted of it, and derided and insulted the men hanging to the itoven boat. It was a Heartless, Cold-Blooded Thing

o do. The two other boats were five

southwest, heading directly for us, or to fall off and run dead to the west. We all looked to see her head into the wind and wait to be boarded, but the rasea and wait to be boarded, but the rascal had not thought of it. She suddenly shifted her course to the west, and hop-ing to cut her off, we shifted ours north-Each was now the leg of a transfe. It was plain trom the start that we should be within a cable's length of her at the meeting point, even if we did not cut her off. She would have shore on one side and usen the other Each Craft Had All Sail Set.

built two pieces of offinance was then shifted over to the starboard side and loaded with solid shot. If the rascals refused to surrender they must take the consequences. Each craft held dead to its course, but again the bark proved better sailing qualities. Instead cutting her off as we hoped fo

age. We then fell into her wake and could not bring a gun to bear, and we had the further morification to see her walking away from us. The Portuguese ran up the American flag and dipped it three times, and our crew fairly danced in their indignation. The only thing we could do was to follow her, but we at sea again as to where we should set eyes on her again. Three days later, having had only

the breeze was light, we were all day working down the south coast, and as the sun went down we anchored in

laid down on the chart. She was with-in 200 feet of the beach, her sails furled and stowed, and was heard of before she was seen. The Portaguese were drunk, as they were singing and shout-ing so they could be heard half a mile away

The mate should have returned and reported the case, but he did not. He believed his party strong enough to re-capture his craft, and he therefore pulled down to make the attempt. He did not surprise the pirates, as he hoped to, and when he attempted to board was driven back to his boat in great disorder nearly every man being

disorder, nearly every man being hurt by blows of capstan bars. It was nearly daylight before the boar returned to the brig, and as it was a perfect caim we decided to wait until daylight before making any further move. As day dawned there was every prospect of a continuance of the caim, and two boats. each containing eight armed men, were dispatched to get possession of the bark. Our first mate had charge of one and Cummings of the other, and I was in the first boat. Our in structions were to board at any sacrifice, but to spare the pirates for the gallows if possible.

"People about here suppo so poorly constructed that the gun dismounted itsen. The bark lay stern to-ward us, as the tide was running out, and we pulled to board her on either Captain and mate had both left re-

THE WRONG CRIME, hanged. A Man Guiltless of One Murder Who Had Committed Another. Bones of a Dead Man Whose Name Could Never Be Ascertained. How the Prisoner Received His Sentence, and the Fatal Day. Circumstantial Evidence Always Punishes the Guilty People. I am a strong believer in circumstan tial evidence. Twenty years' service as a detective has satisfied me that it punishes a thousand guilty men where it wrongs one. Now and then there is newspaper talk about this or that person having been sent to his death while

innocent of the crime, and young law-yers will shake their heads and declare that circumstantial evidence is a dan gerous weapon. If the innocent suffer now and then through this cause, they also suffer through perjury of witnesse and other ways. A man perfectly in-nocent of any wrong cannot possibly be convicted in open court of a crime.

The first, the last, and the only case I ever knew of personally occurred in Virginia soon after the close of the war. In some features it resembled the Birchall case. A Rhode Island soldier had returned to Virginia after being mustered out of the service, and had

mustered out of the service, and had invested some money in lands. He had other money to invest, and made trips to different parts of the state, having his headquarters at Staunton. Near Charleston, W. Va., lived a young lady with whom this Rhode Islander, Stephen Chase by name, fell in love. The girl had two or three other admirers, and there was more or less hard feelings be-tween the men. On one occasion, when all met at the house, there were some hot words between Chase and a young man named Talbot. There would have been a fight but for the girl's interference. Both men had something to say about getting even with each other, and their

getting even with each other, and their expressions had great weight a few weeks afterward when related by witweeks alterward when related by wit-nesses in court. The unpleasantness occurred of a Sunday afternoon. On the following Wednesday Chase started out for Charleston on horseback to again visit the girl. This was the last ever seen of him alive. The horse came back the next morning with blood on the saddle, and the matter was reported to the authorities and a search insti-inted.

uted

After a row of two hours we came to the entrance of the bay, and there was the bark before us. She had a snug an-chorage, and everything aloft was as tidy as you please. She wasn't over half a mile away, as it was not a deep bay, and we were no sooner in sight than we heard a cheer from her decks, followed by the boom of a cannon and the sound of a round shot over our heads. In rummaging the vessel the men had discovered an old six-pound cannon which had laid in the hold for

and there was a fresh cut on his check, which he said he had got by a fall. He was ill at ease, and when he rose to go he said: many years. This they had hoisted out, loaded with a shot intended for the feet of a dead man, and fired from a carriage that he was a good catch. Inside of a week I had sufficient evidence to war-rant his arrest. He had gone to the home of an uncle on Elk river, about volvers aboard, and these were now used by two of the pirates. While we were sweeping up they killed two men and wounded a third, and a fourth man ten miles away, and it was there I found and arrested him. He was sifting on the porch alone when 1 drove up, and was wounded as we boarded. The Portuguese ran to the cabin for shelter, Portuguese ran to the cabin for shelter, and we found the white sailor dead at the foot of the mainmast, they having clubbed him to death the night before. While we were planning to attack them in the cabin, they dropped from the windows to swim ashore. Luckily the alarm was raised in time for the boats to overhaul them, but one resisted so desperately that he had to be killed. The other two were brought aboard and made secure, and about noon the brig came down. They were trans-ferred to her, and that evening, while in the cabin to be questioned, one of them attacked the captain and was shot by the second mate, who had them in as soou as I announced my errand he grew very white and gasped out: "What am I charged with?" "What am I charged with?" "Murder." "Good God! But who-who ---" "Good God! But who-who ----" "The murder of Nathan Chase." "But when-where?" "On the afternoon of the 15th. You know where the body was found." "And you say I killed Chase?" "That's the charge." "That's the charge." "Thank heaven! I'll go with you willingly. I had no more to do with his death than you." He was lodged in jail, and everybody believed him guilty. He had no par-

was out only fifteen minutes, and when a verdict of guilty had been rendered the judge sentenced the prisener to be The Day of Execution was set about eight weeks ahead. It was as plain as day that the verdict and sentence were stunning surprises to Talbot, though experted by everybody else A multi war and everybody Talbot, though expected by everybody else. A guilty nan could not have eounterfeited his amazement. He acted as one just aroused from sleep. I had worked up the case for the state con-scientiously, and with a feeling that Talbot was a red-handed murderer. He had no sooner been convicted than I be-gan to doubt his guilt. His lawyer and his uncle also had their doubts, and ouly two or three days after the senhis uncle also had their doubts, and ouly two or three days after the sen-tence I began to investigate on the other side. I did it without hope of re-ward and simply to satisfy my con-science. science. If Talbot didn't murder Chase who did? Having gone on the theory that Talbot did, all other clues had been left unworked. I first began inquiries as to who might have been in the neigh-borhood that day. After considerable time I found that a houseboat, in which were several colored men, had tied up to the bank of the Kanawha about half a mile from where Chase was shot. It a mile from where Chase was should that came the day before he was shot, and left the evening of the tragedy. Some of the occupants of the boat had been seen chasing a hog in the words. If these people had done the killing there was enough of them to carry the body to the thicket. The boat had gone

down - the river, and I at once proceeded to Point Pleasant in hopes of hearing something. This was three months after the murder, but alintermediately I struck a clue. The most immediately I struck a clue. The houseboat had topped there, and in a fight on board a colored boy had been shot in the knee and been flung over-board. He was rescued by a passing skiff and given up to the authorities. His leg had to cone off and he was still on his head; in jul 1 acceptoned his on his back in jail. I ascertained his name, and learned that he was cool and close-monthed, and then went to see him. As I leaned over his cot, I said: Sam, I Have Bagged the Whole

Crowd,

and got most of the money. They are going to swear the murder on to you. "Swar it on to me!" he exclaimed, rousing up in an instant. "Why, sir, I

Swar it on to me!" he exclaimed, rousing up in an instant. "Why, sir, I didn't eben dun know about it till arter we had shoved off." "How much money did you get?" "Not a two-bit piece, sah. Old Peter an' dat man Huckins dun said dey would keep it all deirselves. Dat's what the row was about." I had found who had killed Chase. The boy in jail, who answered to the name of Sam, said that two of the men were after a plg when Chase came in sight, and the plan to kill and rob him was formed in a moment. They des-poiled the body, hid it in a thicket, and got away unseen and unsuspected! I followed down the river after the house boat, but heard of it at Parkers-burg, only to lose it forever. It had been run down by a steamer just above that town in the night, and it is be-lieved that all the crew were drowned. Sam, however, was all the witness needed on the stand. I was now sure that Talbot did not murder Chase. I was now sure that Talbot did not

murder Chase. Then where and how did he get that money, where was he on the day of the murder, and what crime Chase Had Not Reached the Farm that day. It was nearly a week before his body was found in a thicket ten rods off the road. He had been shot through the h-art as he was riding alone, and his body had been carried into the woods and hidden. I came into the case the day the body was found. I was the one who found had he committed to berray such signs of guilt? It was no use to go to him for pointers. Even when I told him that I of guilt? It was no use to go to him for pointers. Even when I told him that I could clear him of the charge of murder-ing Chase he would give me nothing to work on. I therefore set out one day over the road where he had been seen. I entered the woods, beat them up for two miles on each side of the road, and was about giving up the search when my dog made a discovery. In a thicket to the left of a hog path which led off the highway, and on broken and stony ground, I found a lot of human bones. They had been somewhat pulled about, but the skeleton of a man was there. There were shreds and patches of cloth-ing, a dozen buttons, remains of a pair of boots, and the iron frame of a satchel was close at hand. The hogs and the I came into the case the day the body was found. I was the one who found it. It had been robbed of all personal property, and coat, vest and shoes were missing. For two or three days I believed the object of the murderer was robbery. Then I learnt of what had passed between Chase and Talbot, and I had an-other clue to work on. Things came about curionsly. I found two men who had seen Talbot near the spot where the murder was committed, and about the murder was committed, and about the murder was committed, and about the hour. I found others who had seen him in possession of a large roll of bills. There were yet others who said he had told contradictory stories. The young lady was a powerful witness against Talbot. On the evening of the murder he had come to the house in an excited state of mind. He looked pale, and there were find, with the looked pale. was close at hand. The hogs and the buzzards had eaten up everything which they could swallow.

ing. No one had gone out from the hotel and failed to return. In those carpet-bag days there were many strang-

OUTLIVED. I often hear it spoken now, the name That once had power my innocent soul thrill, To kindle all my face with sudden flame, And all my heart with secret rapture fill, I listen calmly to it, wondering Where vanished they-those old-time hope

legend

The regular price of half-soling and heeling a pair of shoes in the neighbor-hood is \$1. Mrs. Pollock reduced the price to \$5 cents.

nood is \$1. Mrs. Pollock reduced the price to 85 cents. The men shoemakers heard of the re-duction and they boycotted their sister in the trade. They said her work was no good, etc. By this time printers' ink had been heard from. People from a distance had read Mis. Pollock's adver-tisement and they beaucht their shoes

isement and they brought their sho

tisement and they brought their shoes to be repaired. Soon the woman shoemaker had more trade than she could attend to. When the news of boycott became known wealthy women of the town took an in-terest in her case. They drove up to the door of the humble woman shoe-maker in their fashionable carriages and left big bundles of shoes. Mrs. Pollock now found that she could not accommodate all her customers.

In an interview with Mrs. Pollock now found that she could not accommodate all her customers. Last Friday she engaged a male assist-ant. Both are now kept very busy. In an interview with Mrs. Pollock she said: "Yes, 1 am kept busy now, thanks to the good people who give me their work. I am making a good living; all the children are going to school. I manage to clothe and fead them well

manage to clothe and feed them well

manage to clothe and feed them well. I can do better at shoemaking than working ont. If I went out working I could only make \$1 a day and board, and then it is a question whether I could get work every day. I can make \$14 to \$20 at my trade. That is pretty good wages for a woman "

HAVE WOMEN ANY SENSE?

Business Woman's Journal. One of the cleverest newspaper

women I know confessed to me recently

on the other hand, I could ornig myself to write the perfect 'trash' which I see is most popular I could double my in-come. As it is I reconcile my, self-re-spect and my pocketbook by pursuing a medium course."

medium course." I have talked with many experienced

a Bit.

Where vanished they-those old-time hopes and fears That used to blanch my check or swiftly Before my sight a blinding mist of tears. meet the eyes now, tranquil, unconcerned. Where once a single frightened glance 1

stole— Those eves that long ago a pathway burned Into the inner temple of my soul. I hear the old, familiar voice, unmoved, Whose faintest tone was music in that day: No quickened pulse proclaims the voice be-

loved, My quiet heart goes steadfast on its way. No bitterness, no shadow of regret Comes up to mar my peace with secret doubt: would not live the past again, nor yet Be quite content to have it blotted out,

Wan mem'ry, hovering near the far-off grave Of our young love, calls back, across the waste. That all she finds is cold and lifeless, save The few pale, mourning flowers herself has placed.

Sleep on, thou short-lived love; thy grave is

deep; Thy life was bitter, but thy rest is sweet; Though o'er tny burial place none pause to Tho weep. It is approached by none save unshod feet. --Racket.

THE GAMBLERS.

Detroit Fress Press. Helena, in '83, was a rough mining own. The Northern Pacific railroad had just been built into the place and civilization had not yet had time to drive the rowdy element into the savage haunts of isolated mining districts. It was in those days the people first spoke the name of their city with a noticeable accent on the first syllable. Habit became second nature and the ustom still endures.

I remember walking along a business thoroughfare in the evening with the This Writer Says Newspapers Don't Seem to Think They Have thoroughfare in the evening with the sounds of bolsterous voices, clinking glasses and repulsive oaths on every hand. I entered a gambing den, its broad doors were wide open and the great electric arc light invited me to a study of the crowded room. Noise, noise, noise; rattling chips; 'a snip, snip, snip as the imperturable faro-dealer dealt his cards; laughter, sallies of wit, shrill profanity and now or then a sigh or a groan. If he has the moral courage to face a scene like this. that she had become an utter pessimist in her opinion of newspapers and of the stuff they print. Her writing is principally along the line of specials supposed to be of moral courage to face a scene like this, the student of human-nature can read more character over a green cloth in general interest to women, and adapted for the columns or departments de-signed for the feminine mind. She also half an hour than in any other place in handles for her own paper most of the out of town exchanges, and she has found it, she says, to be an almost in-variable rule that the sillier and more a week. I watched a game of draw poker. Till the day of my death I will never forget

the day of my death I will never forget it. The players were three in number. At the right hand side sat a man whose tout ensemble bespoiet the villian. He wore a black slouchen hat, which was drawn low down over his eyes, with the brim bert so as to shade them from the gaze of the other two. Not a move-ment, not the turn of a card escaped him. At every stage of the game he had figured out his exact chances: he him. At every stage of the game he had figured out his exact chances; he knew precisely what to do at any given time. He played for gain. He was constantly on the lookout for treachery. He was silent. He had the devil in his beart. He was a gambler by profession. At his right was a young man with a

heart. He was a gambler by profession. At his right was a young man with a face flushed with flquor. His counte-nance reflected his feelings. His eyes were mirrors, and in them the gambler at his left saw every hand he played. The youth talked much, boasted occa-sionally, and sneered often. Neverthe-less, he lost and lost heavily. The remaining player was a middle aged man, swarthy of feature, and rough of dress. He wore a flannel shirt, and held his cards with two great, rough hands that knew toil with a pick newspaper women on this topic of late, and their testimony is invariably like that quoted above. Many, however, unite with her in drawing from these facts an erroneous conclusion to the effect that the women readers of the newspapers do not want good things, nor even know them when they see

and held his cards with two great, rough hands that knew toil with a pick and shovel. He played recklessly and, like all reckless players, his luck was wonderful. He watched only his own hand; he sniled good naturedly at the voluble and liquor-heated youth, for he was winning and a winner generally smiles. The gambler and the youth lost Ateadily to the miner, the first because his cards were poor, the latter because his face was an index of his cards, good or bad, an index which the miner,

or bad, an index which the mmer.

words



Lord Coleridge of England,

The Chief Justice of England, Lord Coleridge, will prepare an Article for THE COMPANION, entitled SUCCESS AT THE BAR; OR, INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF FAMOUS LAWYERS.

The Marquis of Lorne, Princess Louise,

The Marquis of Lorne has contributed an extremely interesting account of Life among the Highland Peasantry of Scotland, illustrated by drawings made expressly for THE COMPANION by her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, M. D.,

the Eminent Surgeon, who attended the late Emperor Frederick, will contribute a Paper of a similar character, entitled INCI-DENTS IN THE LIVES OF FAMOUS SURGEONS.

Free to New Subscribers who send \$1.75 now, will receive the paper to Jan. 1, 1891, FREE, and for a full year from that date. This Offer includes the FIVE DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS and the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS. Mention this Paper. Address,

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good digestion, use Angostura Bitters. Sole Manufacturers, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggists.

DIED.

newspapers do not want good things, nor even know them when they see them. The contrary is proved by the success of really first-class peri-odicals designed especially for wom-en, such as Harper's Bazar, the Womañ's Journal, Good Housekeeping, and these newer claimants of popular favor, the Business Woman's Journal, the Woman's Cycle, and the like; while the high-class monthlies confidently count on three-fourths of their readers being women. IMESON-In St. Paul, Nov. 21, 1890, James W. Imeson. Funeral from residence, cor-ner Annapolis and South Robert, on Mon-day, at 2 p. m. AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND

The fact is that women have no voice and choice as to what shall be set for their perusal in the newspapers. With two or three notable excep-tions among our large newspapers, the women's departments are edited by men. The stuff furnished by the syndi-cates comes next: and the articles to be used are negative chosen by men who al-

being women. The fact is that women have no voice

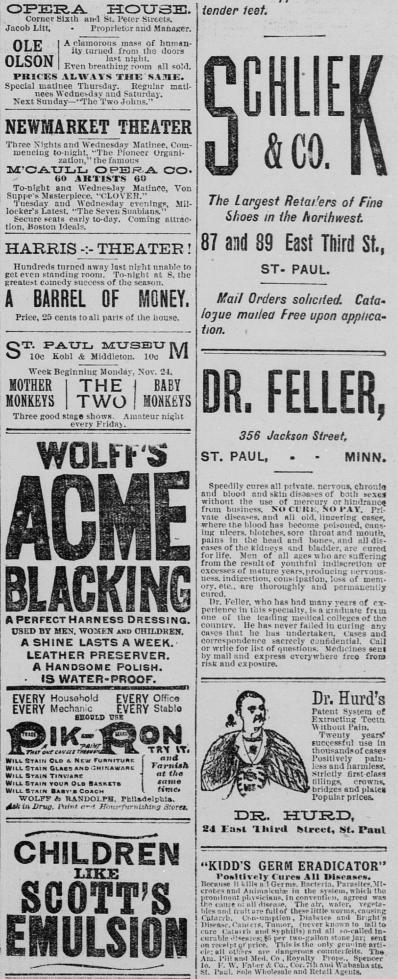
Gentlemen's Cork Sole Hand-Made Shoes keep the feet warm

Burt and Packara's Double Sole Korrect Shape Shoes, lace To stimulate the appetite and secure and elastic side, \$6.00.

> Ladies' Walking Boots, suitable tor winter wear, in new sty.es and shapes.

Light-Weight Overshoes to F:+ All Sty.es of Shoes.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Felt Shoes and Slippers for cold and



nour after the bark made off before the nen cut loose from their dead whale to 'athom the mystery. The found the wreck of captain's boat to discover that vreek of captain's boat to discover that only one single man remained with it, he others having been pulled down by he sharks. By the time they had heard is story the bark was more than hull down, and just then the gale broke. The boats were laid head-on to the sea, and drifted slowly to the east, dividing heir men, so as to give each an equal show to live out the gale. During the sight the second mate's boat was lost light of, and, as it was never heard of again, 'it must have been swamped. If ad we been running a course the sur-viving boat could not have fetched us, but as we brought about to return to the island she got the chance to do so.

As soon as the story had been told our captain decided to go in search of the stolen bark. It was a question, however, whether she had outlived the She must have received the full zale. force of it, and being so short-handed she was liable to disaster. The main question was whether she would send a desired was whether she would send or drift. We had adopted the form er course, as the brig had a habit of flood-ing her decks when lying head on. The mate of the stolen bark, whose name was Cummings, felt certain that the Portugese would let her drift. In that case we would have to cover a hundred miles of ocean to the wast. a hundred miles of ocean to the west-ward before beginning to look for them. What did they want of the craft? What could they do with her? There was only one reasonable answer. They would run her down among the South-ern islands, find some safe spot to lay her away, and then "have a good time." This meant eating, drinking, smoking This meant eating, drinking, smoking, and having no work to do. They would not dare to try a long voyage, nor to put into any prominent port. As they would need the services of the ship's keeper, it was not likely that they would do him any harm. It was Mate Cummings' belief that the Portuguese would head for Christ-mas island, a hundred miles to the south of where we had been surveying, and the brig's course was accordingly laid.

the brig's course was accordingly laid. On the afternoon of the third day after picking up the boat we sighted the bark dead ahead. We were then not over twenty-five miles from the island. The twenty-nve miles from the island. The stolen craft had evidently been taking things pretty easy. She was under short sail when we first espied her, although the weather was fine and the breeze fair. The thieves had no fear of pur-suit, and perhaps all were captains ex-tept the shipkeeper and would not obey had bother's orders. We had her almost built un when the fellows because cap buil up when the fellows became sus-

Then They Set Everything Below

and aloft, and to our intense chagrin we discovered that the bark was a faster sailer than the brig. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we sighted her, and as darkness fell she had gained a couple as darkness tell she had gained a couple of miles on us. Having got the alarm it was hard to tell what they would now do, but after a long consultation our captain decided to round Christmas island on the north and west, and hay a course for Jarvis island. The bark was headed directly south when we last saw her.

island on the north and west, and lay a course for Jarvis island. The bark was headed directly south when we last saw her. Next day at noon we were to the west of Christmas and running down on our course, when we suddenly discovered the bark on our starboard quarter, standing out from the southeast end of the island, where she had been in hid-ing to let us pass. She had not seen us on account of a wooded peninsula mak-ing out for several miles, and we felt sure we had her in a box. The wind was from the west, and it was a bit of go to the west, in the we felt off as we headed for her. She couldn'i po to the west, nor were there men enough aboard of her to turn her on her were. The bark was about five niles off as we headed for her. She couldn't go to the west; nor were there men heel and heat her back to the northeast. Her only recourse was to stand to the

by the second mate, who had them in charge. A week later the other com-mitted suicide, and thus the villains were got rid of without trial or expense. We aided the bark to navigate down to Samoa, and there the British consul took her in charge and planned her future movements.

ALL TRANSACTIONS ENDED.

A Father, Having Buried His Son,

Finally Closes Accounts With Him. A young gentleman, says the Calgary Herald, who lately left his home in

England, having exhausted his credit. telegraphed to his parents: "Your son Walter was killed this morning by a falting chinney. What shall we do with the remains."

shall we do with the remains." In reply a check was sent for £20, with the request, "Bury them." The young gentleman pocketed the money and had an elaborate spree. When in a condition for writing he sent his father

DOSSESSION

Further Than This

condition for writing he sent his father the following note: I have just learned that an infamous scoundrel named Barker sent you a fictitious account of my death, and swindled vou out of £20. He also bor-rowed £10 from me and left the coun-try. I write to inform you that I am still alive, and long to see the parental roof again. I am in somewhat reduced circumstances, the accumulation of the last five years having been lost -a dis-astrous stock operation, and if you astrous stock operation, and if you would only spare me £20 1 would be ever thankful for your favor. Give my love to all.

A few days later the young man re-ceived the following dignified letter from his outraged parent: My Dear Son: I buried you once, and that is the end of it. I decline to have any transactions with a ghost. Yours in the flesh. FATHER.

Bravery of the Kentucky Girl. London Daily News.

Kentucky girls have long enjoyed a

Tabot had a lawyer from Riemond, who defended him ably and well, but without hope of success. The young man claimed to him that he found the money and that he spent the day in the woods. Further he could not or would not go. Previous good character and general reputation were of course urged in defense, but the lawyer might as well have kept silence. The jury

se me to be poor, but 1 am not. I saved several thousand dollars during the war, and I can keep a wife in luxury." He Exhibited the Roll of Bills o her, and she laughingly admitted

fail a word in admission. Here was a curious state of affairs. I had worked up evidence to prove him guilty of a murder he did not commit, and for a murder he was really and truly guilty

murder he did not commit, and for a murder he was really and truly guilty of. 1 could furnish no proof whatever. The governor had to interfere, and the courts bad to set him at liberty. The end of the affair was no less tragic. Within two weeks after Tabot had regained his liberty he started to leave the country, but had not pro-ceeded down the river five miles when the boat blew up and he was numbered with the lost. with the lost.

A PARROT'S PRANKS.

Mysterious Peculations Traced to an Innocent-Looking Bird.

Philadelphia Times.

For some months past the family of believed him guilty. He had no par-ents, and was about twenty-five years old. He was trying to establish a reat estate and insurance business in Dr. L. L. Mayderry, a dentist-surgeon of Reading, has been greatly puzzled estate and insurance business in Charleston, assisted to some extent by his uncie, but things were so disorgan-ized that he made but poor headway. When arrested he had over \$2,000 in greenbacks on his person. Chase was known to have had about this sum with him. When questioned about this money by his friends he could make no satisfactory answer. He finally claimed to have found it on the highway. He had to admit that he was seen near the spot were Chase was killed, but strenu-ously denied having seen the victim that and inconvenienced by the disappearance of one small article after another servant was at once suspected of the thefts and sent away, but finding that they still continued she was taken back, and the mystery remained as profound as ever. The puzzling part of the matter was the articles selected, for the thef would often pass over more reached there to often pass over more valuable things to purloin trifles of no worth. Spools of thread, thimbles, a pair of gold eye-glasses, pens and small coins disapously denied having seen the victim that beared from under their very no When his case came to trial we had il, the family say, they were beginning o suspect magic. At last Dr. Mayderry missed a valua-

When his case came to trial we had nothing but circumstantial evidence, but were well satisfied with that. What could be stronger? Known to be jealous of Chase and his enemy; seen near the spot, suddenly possessed of considera-ble wealth; takes no part in the search; steals away from Charleston to let the matter blow over; furnishes every proof in his demeanor that he is guilty; refuses to account for his time on the day of the murder; gives no sat-isfactory account of the money in his possession. ble shirt button, and, concluding the affair had gone far enough, engaged a detective to ferret out the thief, but,

and that gote far chough, cheaged a detective to ferret out the thief, but, after a week's work, the officer con-fessed himself bafiled. However, acci-dent solved the mystery a few days ago, when Mrs. Mayderry detected her green parrot in the act of carrying off a breast-pin. She watched the bird, which looked carefully about to see whether it was obseroed or not, hop with its prize to a large knot-hole in a corner of one of the rooms and drop the breastpin in. She called her daughter then and em-ployed a small boy to creep under the house, which sits close to the ground, and bring out whatever he should find, which proved to be a miscellaneous and remarkable collection of small articles, comprising all they had missed. The slyness of the bird in purloining the things had been marvelous, and since she has found that she is detected she has made no further attempt to steal. I had discovered that he spent nearly all that day in the woods, and that on his return to town his clothing was torn and muddy. There was just one point in the case where we were lame, Chase weighed 180 pounds, and Talbot was a dapper little fellow who didn't quite balance 168. He had no more muscle than a woman, and the question was how he got the hody from the read has made no further attempt to steal.

muscle than a woman, and the question was how he got the body from the road into the thicket. There had been rain the dav before, and the ground was soft. We found the prints of feet, and they were too large for Tailoot. We could not find that the body had been carried in there on the saddle, neither had it been dragged over the earth. It was a question that vexed me many days and nights, and the only way i could satisfy myself was by figuring that Taibot had a confeder-ate. All things considered, this did not seem likely. Aud again, I remembered his words and his conduct when arrested. He was almost terrified when charged with murder, but as soon as I said that it was the murder of Na-than Chase he exhibited instant and great relief. There was something queer about that, and it bothered me. Taibot had a lawyer from Riehmond, who defended him ably and well but What They Wear. The majority of literary ladies seem to affect certain colors for their growns. Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer is generally in Mrs. Ena Dietz Crymer is generally in browns, Mrs. Mary Bryan in pink or black; Mrs. Hodzson Burnett often wears crimson; Miss Gilder, orown or gray; Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, a light gray; and Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, black velvet. Probably they study what is suitable to their special study what is suitable to their special style, for they always look becomingly dressed.

Syrup of Figs.

Produced from the laxative and putritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and head-aches, and curing habitual constipation.

More columns of "Want" ads, in the GLOBE than in any other paper.

carpet-bag days there were many strangers coming and going and it was no one's business to watch over them. Whether this poor fellow was going into Charleston, or leaving it, could not be told. It might have been that Talbot decoyed him there on pretence of selling him land, or he might have accidental-ly met him. The prisoner awaiting exe-cution showed by his demeanor that he was the mighter of the man whose bores I had found, but he wound not iet fail a word in admission. Here was a curious state of affairs. I had worked up evidence to prove him guilty of a murder he did not commit, and for a

At last there was a "jack-pot." The youth dealt and every one passed. The miner dealt with a like result; but when

the gambler dealt he "opened." To do this he was obliged to have a pair of jacks or better. The miner had watched him deal much as a cat watches a mouse. In deal much as a cat watches a mouse. I saw in the miner's eyes a gleam so de-termined, so reckless, that I involuntar-ly started. He played calmly. Cards were drawn and bets made. The miner wagered his last chip. The youth, with a howl of wrath, threw down his cards, and the gambler drew out of his pocket some shiping rold pieces. He naced

and the gambler drew out of his pocket some shining gold pieces. He piaced them on the pile of chips. The minor took a large, ugly-looking six-shooter from his pocket and put it on the table, then he laid down an equal amount of gold and demanded to see his oppo-nent's hand. Three kings and two aces!

Three kings and two aces! "A full house," said the gambler, calmly. He reached out his hand to take the money. "No you don't," cried the miner; "see this hand!"

He laid his five cards face upward be-fore the players. He had not even a pair. The gambler smiled contemptu-ously and made another movement to take the money. "Wait! You've seen that hand, now look at this one !"

look at this one !"

look at this one!" His revolver was pointed full at the gambler's breast, and his eye gleamed along the barrel. The gambler never winced. He awaited in apparent cons-ternation for a second. "Boys," said the miner, appealing to the bystanders. "he took them kines

"Boys," said the inner, appearing to the bystanders, "he took them kings from the bottom of the pack, an'he slipped the cut before dealin'—" Sping! Sping! Quick as a flash the gambler had

Quick as a flash the gambler had drawn a weapon and shot his opponent, killing him on the spot. I was dazed and can remember noth-ing more, but as I left the hall amid the confusion that followed, I recall these words, spoken by some one beside me: "-Joe Henderson. Good 'nuff feller, but I allus 'lowed he'd die with his boots on Caw't stick to combilu' any

boots on. Can't stick to gamblin' an' live nohow!"

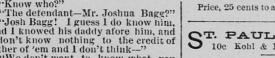
COBBLES SHOES.

A Woman Has So Much Work to Do That She Has Hired a Man Assistant.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 23.-Mrs. Pollock is the name of a woman who re-pairs boots and shoes at Pittston. A year ago her husband, who was a first-class mechanic, died, leaving her alone in the world to provide for a houseful of young children. At first Mrs. Pollock proposed to go

first business was rather slack. The women in the neichborhood started the story that Mrs. Pollock was "daft" trying to do a man's work, and that if she had the interests of her chil-dren at heart she would go out to work. Mrs. Pollock paid no attention to the fault-finding. She was determined to succeed as a "cobbier." A friendly heighbor suggested it would be a good idea if she would unvest in a little print-er's ink. Mrs. Pollock thought the idea

EVEN WITH THE FAMILY. She Knew Their Record and Didn't Hesitate to Tell It. Detroit Free Press. "Now, madam," said the attorney for a little, wiry, black-eyed, fidgety woman who had been summoned as a witnes in a breach of the peace case, "you will please give your testimony in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?" 'Know who?"



"The defendant—Mr. Joshua Bagg?" "Josh Bagg! I guess I do know him, and I knowed his daddy afore him, and I don't know nothing to the credit of either of 'em and I don't think—" "We don't want to know what you think, madam, Please say 'yes' or 'no' to my question." "What question?" "Down know Mr. Jochua Bagg?"

"Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?" "Don't I know 'im, though? Well, I should smile! You ask Josh Bagg if he knows me. A sk him if he knows any-thing 'bout tryin' to cheat a pore wid-der like me out of a two-year-old steer. Ask him if-

Ask nim if—-" "Madam, I——" "Ask him whose land he got his cord-wood off of last spring, and why he hauled it in the night. Ask his wife, Betsey Bagg, if she knows anything about slippin' in a neighbor's paster lot and milking three cows on the sly. Ask-

"See here, madam-"" "Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of Ask Josh Bagg about that unce of his that died in a penitentiary out West. Ask him about lettin' his pore ole mother die in the porehouse. Ask Bet-sey Bagg about putting a big briek into a lot of butter she sold last fall—"

a lot of butter she sold last fall—" "Madam, I tell you-—" "See if Josh Bagg knows anything about feeding ten head of cattle all the salt they would eat, and then letting them swill down all the water they could hold just 'fore he driv them into town, and sold 'em. See what he's got to say to that!" "That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to——"

"That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to——" "Then there was old Azrael Barg, own uncle to Josh, got rid of his native town on a rail 'tween two days, and Betsey Bagg's own brother got ketched in a neighbor's hen-house at midnight. Ask.losh—"

"Madam, what do you know about

in the world to provide for a houseful of young children. At first Mrs. Pollock proposed to go out washing for a living, but she began to figure and came to the conclusion that she could make more on the "bench." She had not mastered the trade completely, but had a general idea of repairing, as she assisted her hus-band in his work when he was hard pushed. She threw her sbingle to the breezes and waited for customers. At first business was rather slack. The women in the neighborhood

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA "BEST & GCES FARTHEST."

Best results, largest circulation and most advantageous rates are given by the GLORS, the great want' medium.