

CAPT. JIM McMILLANS TAME WHALE.

AN UNUSUAL FISH STORY.

Did you ever hear of Captain Jim McMillan's tame whale?" asked one of the old-timers recently in a down east town, with a party of seamen discussing the particulars of the Chinese difficulty.

Without waiting for an invitation, the speaker opened up with his story as follows: "Captain Jim McMillan was a retired sea captain who moved, with his family, to a small island 'down the bay,' near Deer Island, N. B., and under the protection of the Canadian flag. The island had a small harbor in which was a used-up weir that in former years had gathered up herring and other salt water fish so common in Passamaquoddy Bay. With a few weeks of repairing the brush enclosure, Captain Jim had the weir in good condition again for the first catch of fish. He arranged the gate for the high run of tides and went home to await returns.

"They were not long in coming, for the next day, when the veteran went off to investigate his newly-repaired weir, he was very much surprised and delighted to find an immense school of fat-looking herring leisurely swimming around the inside and evidently enjoying the place. The fish were unable to get out as the gate was closed, and there was considerable satisfaction in his first catch, since the fish had been rather scarce in the different weirs near and the herring were in good demand by the sardine factory owners at the neighboring places.

"Here was a lucky catch, indeed, as he could quickly find a ready market for these large-sized herring at Eastport, where they would later find a place in one of the big smoke-houses or be used as mustard sardines.

"The captain made a visit to Eastport a few hours later, told of his supply of herring alive in the weir and soon was offered a fair price; in fact, looked upon the lot of herring as worth \$100.

"When Captain McMillan returned to his Canadian home down the bay a few hours later, he was happy and his hopes ran high.

"We'll have plenty to eat when I sell this lot of herring," said he to his wife, who met him on the beach, and I'll buy you a new dress before I come back from Eastport, sure! A short time later in the day he got into his boat and pulled into the weir, when his hair stood on ends as he saw a very large and black-looking object resting on the water in the narrow enclosure.

"It looked like the body of a big snake and the aged seaman thought it might be the famed mythical sea serpent he had so often read about, but had never seen before. Before he could leave the interior of the big fish began swimming around the enclosure in a circle and it did not take Captain Jim long to get on the outside and drop the big gate in place. His weir full of herring a few hours before had been eaten up or gone through the several small breaks in the side of the enclosure, made by the fish, and this was enough to cause the captain to utter a few oaths, since no one was near at the time.

"He watched the big fellow a few minutes in silence, then said slowly, 'That critter cost me \$100 sure, and he may be worth that amount if I can get him—dead or alive, but the latter if possible.' He was not long in finding out that the fish he had captured was a very young whale, and since it was one of unusual length and very slim, might be taken for a big snake at a distance as the parts of the body came into view. It was not an easy matter to capture the fish alive without assistance, and determining to make the best of his recent misfortune, Captain McMillan set out for his home to inform his wife of the whale's visit, and what had become of their catch of herring.

"It was a big disappointment, but she cheered him up with the remark that 'even a dead whale was worth something.' The skipper went across to a neighboring island for help, later returning with two boatmen and a long coil of rope with which they expected to capture the whale alive. Repeated attempts were made to get the rope under the mammoth fish as it swam around inside the weir, but it was impossible to get near enough and finally the men had to give up the attempt.

"There is only one way to get the whale landed safely on the beach, that I know of," said one of the men, 'and that's to build on to your weir.' A little explanation followed, and it was decided to extend one corner of the weir like the two fences of a lane, up on the beach to high water mark, then drive the big fish on shore where it could be captured when aground and helpless.

"Work on the extension began that day and continued for three days, then the lane was completed all but one thing. How to make an opening for the whale to find a false escape up the beach was a question for the fishermen to solve, and it looked like an impossibility. One of the boatmen finally hit on a plan of lowering down a gate at the end, after removing enough of the brush weir at that place, and then to hoist it out of the water again. It required several hours of hard work to construct a suitable gate and sink it into place before the weir could be cut in the desired place, but this was finally done, and at the signal the false gate was arranged in position, then raised. Hardly had it reached the top of the water than the whale seeing what looked like a sure opening and escape in view darted up the narrow enclosure at a rapid rate of speed.

"The big fish could not turn, and less time than it takes to tell you the story was high and dry on the smooth beach. How that whale churned up the water with its tail when the tide began turning for the ebb, but in a few minutes the mammoth fish was as helpless as a baby. Captain McMillan measured the critter on the beach and found it more than forty-five feet

from nose to tail, but unusually thin for a whale.

"He did not want to kill his new-found prize and was at a loss how to hold it when the tide came in again, but concluded to build a small inclosure around the whale on the beach and at a future time expected to securely fasten a big hawser about the tail of the fish which would hold. He set to work and soon had the captive securely fenced in on all sides so that escape was almost impossible, and when the salt water of the Bay of Fundy again reached the young whale there was some fun for a short time. Next day the captain came to Eastport and from a blacksmith secured a stout iron band to fit securely around the outer end of the whale's tail, just back of the outer fin.

"In the band was an 'eye' to fasten on a light chain, and with his newly-made collar he soon returned home, and after some difficulty, at low tide, had the iron band fastened around his victim on the beach. When the tide again came in part of the fence was removed, and the chain was securely fastened on both ends, one being in the eye of the band, the sea monster was a prisoner.

"Captain McMillan concluded to allow his captive into deeper water than his cove afforded, so that the fish might be able to look after its supply of food during the day when he was not around. For a few days the captive whale made a lively time of it and tried to break away from the chain, but finally was obliged to submit, and after a short time devoured a quantity of food brought near the weir by the owner. Many of the island residents came from the neighboring places to see the captive whale on the chain, and Captain McMillan was asked why he did not exhibit his prize at the large cities across the border and along the Maine coast.

"That would have been easily enough done had the fish been dead, or small enough to carry about in a boat, but how could he get a forty-five-foot whale out of the harbor in safety?"

"It was not long before the big fish began to show signs of becoming tame, and on the approach of meal time was always found ready to devour the food provided.

"In several weeks Jim's baby whale had increased somewhat in length and also became quite tame, so that when the veteran seaman came near it in his boat his captive would play alongside. After two months had passed and the fish had increased in size to be noticed, Jim thought he had better secure a stouter chain to hold his pet, and again made a visit to Eastport for a longer and heavier piece of chain. This he soon secured and returned to his Canadian home to make the change, when he was much surprised and disappointed when he was told that the whale had broken the chain and disappeared into the deeper water of the Bay of Fundy. It was quite a shock to Captain Jim to find the broken chain and lose his whale after so much expense and trouble, but he returned to his house and talked over the loss with his wife.

"Never mind, Jim, perhaps the big fish will come back for his dinner as usual, as I've heard of such things, and you know, that wasn't no ordinary whale, neither. That whale was tame when it left these waters, and mark me when I say that you'll see the fish back when it's time for the grub to be served."

"The husband allowed that the whale was certainly tame, but how was he to again capture the big fellow if he shouldn't return to the cove for the customary noon meal.

"I'd better shoot the critter and be sure of the carcass this time; what do you say, wifey?"

"Don't you be too hasty, Jim, but wait for developments, as the whale will return often if it comes back once, you can bet. Only wait and see."

"At the appointed hour for feeding his former pet Captain McMillan went down to the ledge where he had stood so often on recent days and tossed the food into the bay to his friend, the whale.

"He threw the bucket of food to the water and watched it sink below the surface, but before the last particle had disappeared the dark form of a long, slender fish came to view, and when the tail was exposed there was the telltale iron ring and hanging to it a small piece of chain.

"That's my whale!" exclaimed Jim, as the big fish swam leisurely about the cove and did not seem to want to leave the small harbor when the food was gone.

"The old seaman remained on the rocks for a long time, and was then convinced that his wife was right about the fish which had come back to stay, evidently. Next day, and as fast as meal time came, there was the tame whale, and soon the islanders heard of Jim's lucky find. When Jim went out to gather up his lobster traps or haul in his fishing lines and nets the whale accompanied him, and always was rewarded by receiving a newly caught cod or pollock off the hooks. One day Captain McMillan started out on a fishing trip down the bay, and not far from Grand Manan, N. B., a fierce gale arose and a blustering snowstorm set in, which promised to last for several days.

"Mrs. McMillan and her children gathered on the beach near their home and watched closely through the storm for the husband and father, but nothing could be seen in the distance excepting the high waves in which no small boat could live.

"If Jim was out on that storm, he had little chance to escape, she thought, and as the day was nearly gone and no signs of her husband, she began to feel a little uneasy.

"The storm seemed to increase in fury, piling the waves high up on the beach, and it began to look as if another seaman was to be reported among the missing.

"But what was that long, low object she saw coming up the bay like a fast moving steamboat half buried in the water? The more she looked at it the more she wondered, and as

the object came nearer she was able to make out the form of a snake-like fish of a very large size, the head high up out of the water.

"Could it be her husband's tame whale back for his dinner at this late hour, she thought, as she supposed the fish had gone away early in the day. As it came close to the point of land on which she stood she saw that there was some object on its back that resembled a human being, and as the whale came into the small harbor with the speed of a steamboat under all steam, the form of her husband could be plainly seen. He lay across the whale's back, near the neck, with his arms over the side of the fish, holding on with a firm grip and in another minute Capt. Jim's form arose from the surf and was quickly clasped in his wife's arms. He followed her into the house and after a complete change of clothing followed by a warm drink, he told her how he had been saved from a watery grave by his faithful whale, which seemed to know considerable.

"When the storm broke this morning," said Jim, "we were well down the bay and before I could get prepared for the storm my mast broke off by the fierce wind. What followed I am unable to say, excepting that I struck in the icy water and was sinking when I felt something soft like, coming up under my hands, and you can bet I grabbed it. When I came to the surface I saw it was my tame whale, and then I felt safer than I had a minute before, although I was at a loss to know just what the big fish would do and where it would take me. I talked to the faithful whale as I would to a person, as I had done so often during the meal hour, and promised him extra rations if he landed me safely on our beach.

"You know the rest," continued the captain to his wife, "and here I am safe and sound after a ride of fully twenty miles on the back of a real whale, but a good one, I can assure you."

"Captain McMillan turned the fish to good use later, when he went out on his fishing trips, as he would fasten a stout rope to the iron band in the whale's tail and would be towed home faster than by sailing, or even steam, as the fish always came into the little cove. All went well for about a year and many tempting offers were made for the wonderful fish, but Jim would not part with his silent friend for any amount, as to the fish he owed his life. He was just beginning to teach the whale to tow his boat to different neighboring towns in Passamaquoddy Bay, when the long fish took sick and died.

"That was a sad blow to Captain McMillan, gentlemen, as well as his family, and it was a long time before they fully recovered from the shock and the loss of their pet.

"Captain McMillan didn't know just what to do with the body, but finally decided to give it a burial in the bay near his home and mark the spot with a gravestone in the form of a big buoy above the dead whale.

"This he carried out to the letter and the unique funeral services were held on the beach the following day and were attended by quite a large gathering of Canadian friends from the islands near.

"That ended Captain McMillan's tame whale, gentleman," said the speaker, "and I will now bid you all good-night," saying which, he gathered up his bundles and started for his home.—Lewiston Journal.

A Chinese Lad's Views on His Race.

Seldom, indeed, are the political and sociological views of a seventeen-year-old schoolboy worth consideration or even mention. Exceptional, if not unique, was the valedictory address delivered, June 3, on his graduation from the Atlantic City High School by Wu Chao-chu, the son of Wu Ting-fang, long and favorably known as the Minister of the Chinese Empire to the United States. Although the youth labored under the grave disability of acquiring knowledge through the medium of a language radically different from his own, his averages, we are told, were the highest in every department; and his address, which appropriately had for its subject the conservatism of the Far East, was marked by a rare maturity of thought. Young Wu began by admitting that the Japanese are relatively progressive, whereas the Chinese are justly looked upon as typical of Oriental conservatism. He recognized that a people whose conservatism is not ingrained may change easily from its ancient customs and manners to new. He pointed out, however, that what can be changed easily once may probably be changed just as easily again. A volatile and mutable nation that flickers with every wind may return to its old ways, and its very relish for novelties may prove an arch enemy to progress.—Harper's Weekly.

Animals as Imitators.

Some animals have wonderful powers of imitation. Dogs brought up in the company of cats have been known to acquire the trick of licking the paws and then washing the face. When a cat has been taught to sit up for her food her kittens have been known to imitate her action. Darwin tells of a cat that was in the habit of putting her paw into the mouth of a narrow milk picher every time she got the chance and then licking the cream off her paw. Her kitten soon learned the same trick.

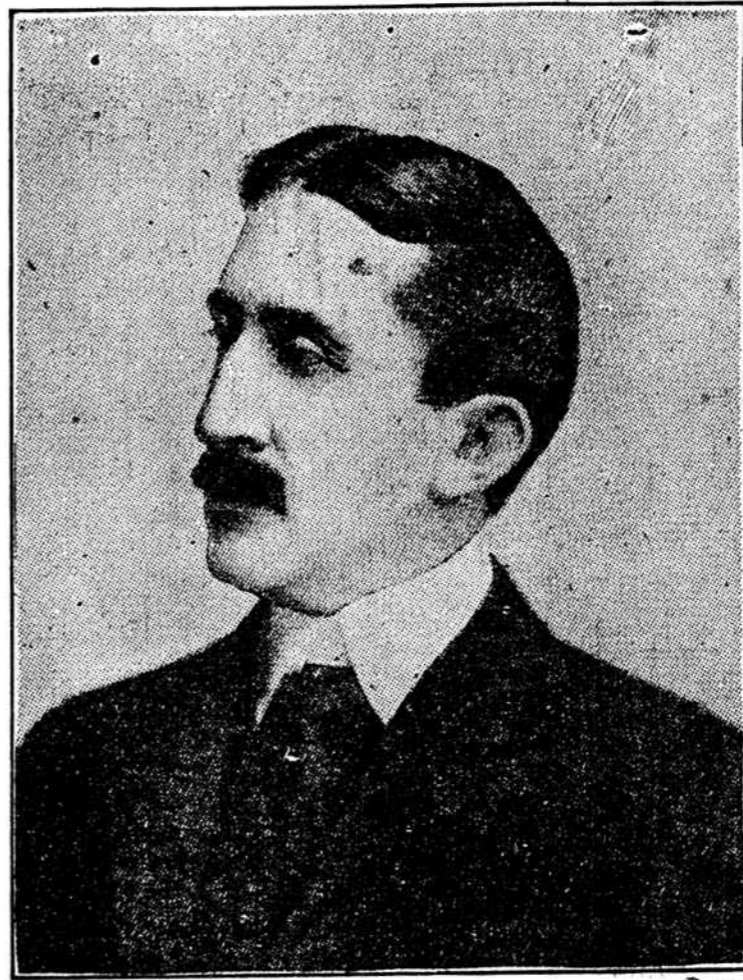
A lady tells of a rabbit that she keeps in a cage with a monkey, and says that Bunny has caught many of the monkey's ways. It is said that starving pigeons that have been brought up on grain will not eat peas to save their lives, but that if peacocks are put with them they follow their example and eat peas.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Knitting as an Exercise.

Knitting is declared by specialists in the treatment of rheumatism to be a most helpful exercise for hands liable to become stiff from the complaint, and it is being prescribed by physicians because of its efficacy.

For persons liable to cramp, paralysis, or any other affection of the fingers of that character, knitting is regarded as a most beneficial exercise. Besides, the simple work is said to be an excellent diversion for the nerves, and it is recommended to women suffering from insomnia or depression.—Kansas City Independent.

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.



EDWIN A. ALDERMAN,
President of the University of Virginia.

Dr. Edwin A. Alderman has been elected President of the University of Virginia, which institution has up to this time been ruled by a system of faculty government. With the election of Dr. Alderman the university re-

linquishes the democratic form of government impressed upon it by its founder seventy-nine years ago, and accepts the form generally approved to-day.

General Joubert's chair, made of ebony, bok horns and hides, and captured from his laager at Lasoben, near Lydenburg, is now treasured by Lieutenant-Colonel Urnston, at Glenmroven, South of Meil.

That meteors contain gold has been demonstrated before the Royal Society of New South Wales. This suggests that the thousands of tons of meteoric dust which falls upon the earth each year deposits gold everywhere.

In London we find there are sixty-five libraries, which contain reading rooms, and on the bookshelves are 600,000 volumes, which have 4,000,000 readers. Fiction forms eighty per cent. of the reading matter. The parks under the control of the council cover 3533 acres, and cost over £100,000 a year to maintain.

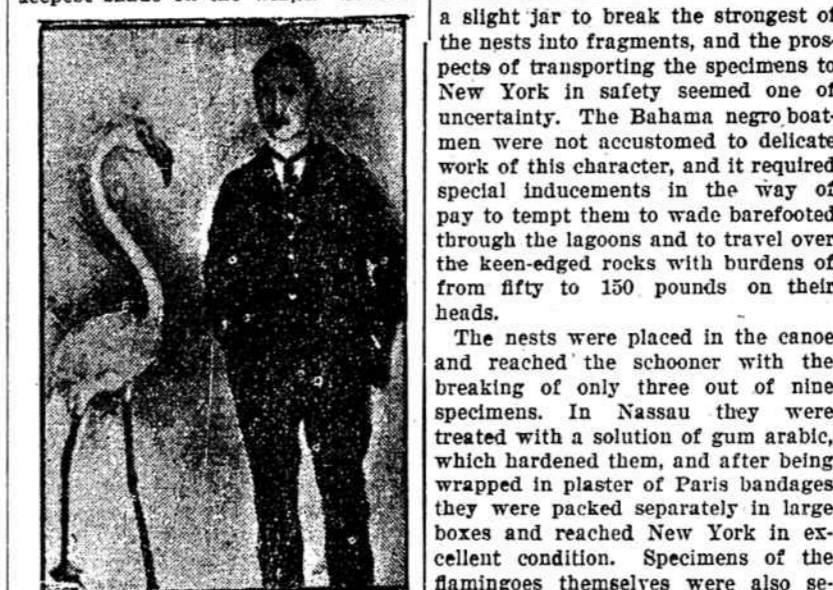
The Mexican Postal Department has taken a new and novel means of informing the public of the weather bulletins given out by the Weather Bureau. Every letter which passes through the office is now stamped with the indications for the next twenty-four hours. This stamping is done at the same time that the postage stamps on the letters are canceled and the receiving stamp affixed.

THE FLAMINGO AND ITS QUEER NEST.

By Walter L. Beasley.

After considerable difficulty, Professor Frank M. Chapman, of the Department of Ornithology of the American Museum of Natural History, has secured the first flamingo nests ever brought to this country.

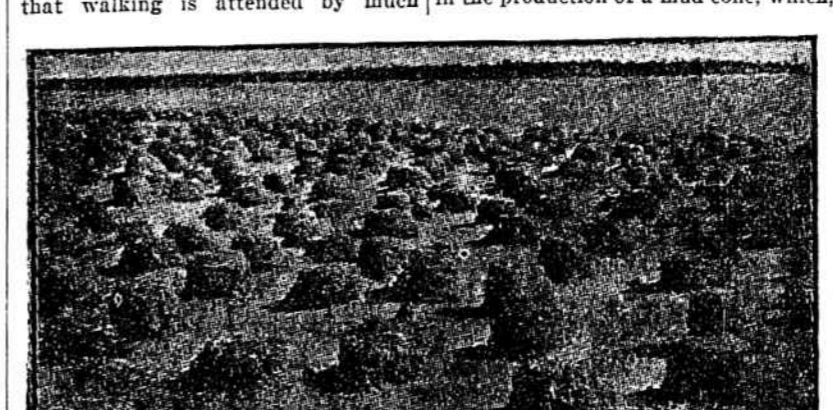
There are about seven species of flamingos, three of which are in America, frequenting the Bahamas, Florida and Cuba. In height the flamingo averages about five feet. If its curved neck were stretched to its full length the bird would tower above the head of an ordinary man. During May and June, the breeding time, the birds' bright-colored plumage is faded, but reassumes its most radiant hues deepest shade on the wings. Several



years are necessary for the bird to attain its full growth.

After a pleasant and uneventful journey we reached the heart of Andros without undue difficulty. Our schooner was left lying at anchor behind the shelter of some outlying reefs, and the final part of the voyage was made in small boats.

The locality is only a few inches above the sea level, and is characterized by wide stretches of shallow lagoons bordered by red mangrove trees, with occasionally bare bars of gray marl and outcrops of coral-line rock so eroded and waterworn into blade-like edges and sharp, jagged pinnacles that walking is attended by much



COLONY OF FLAMINGO NESTS, BAHAMA ISLANDS.

In winter. When first hatched the young have a straight bill, which, after a time develops into one of bent shape. The first plumage is grayish-white and passes through various tints of pink, rose, carmine, or vermillion to the full scarlet of the adult, which reaches its danger. Our tents were pitched on a sand bar, and preparations were made to visit the flamingo colonies known to exist in the vicinity.

A flock was seen which was estimated to contain about 700 birds—a sight of surpassing beauty. Although no shot was fired and a retreat was promptly made, the birds were disturbed by our intrusion, and either discontinued operations or removed to

in the colonies examined, was never more than twelve inches in height, but those as high as eighteen inches have been reported. In the slightly hollowed top of the adobe dwelling house a single white egg is laid.

The single nest here figured, however, has been excavated to a greater depth than the original in order to lighten it for transportation purposes.—Scientific American.

A Railroad Record.

An official of the Pennsylvania Railroad is authority for the statement that on July 16, 2100 passengers were sent out of the Jersey City station of the company in fifteen minutes.

THE CHUMP!

He'd tarried late; her pater's voice
Came to him like a shock;
"Hark ye, young man! Are you aware
It's almost twelve o'clock?"

"Yes, sir. But—that is—you see—
Your hat in such mishap?
Been sitting on my hat, and I—
I really couldn't go."

"And are you chump enough to get
Your hat in such mishap?
Hereafter hang it in the hall;
Don't keep it in your lap."
—Ed. Mott, in the New York Sun.



Jingles and Jest

He—"And did she break the engagement then?" She—"No, he broke the engagement. She broke him."—Judy.

Alice—"Herbert says he is a self-made man." Kitty—"How he must suffer from remorse."—Harper's Bazar.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."
In theory this can not fail;
But how about the corn crop when
It's beaten down by rain and hail?

Dashaway—"Did you have any trouble making love to Miss Flyer?" Cleverton—"None whatever. The trouble came when I tried to break away."—Life.

His glance was freighted with love,
"Some things are hard to express," he faltered,
"There's no hurry," protested the maiden, with a gracious smile.—Puck.

"Has your friend Fikins, the architect, put up anything lately?" "Yes; I tried to collect a bill from him yesterday and he put up a good bluff."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Gollyghty—"This is my new \$65 bathing dress, my dear. What do you think of it?" Gollyghty—"Think you get less for your money than anyone I ever knew."—Town Topics.

Highwayman—"Your money or your life?" Jones—"Sorry, old chap, but I'm just back from my vacation, and—"
Highwayman—"Shake, old man; so am I, or I wouldn't be doing this."—Judge.

"What are you grinning about?" "Can't help it. The sheriff has seized all my belongings." "And are you going to kick?" "No, but the belongin's will. All I own is a mule."—Chicago News.

"How on earth did you ever get a messenger boy to deliver your note and bring back the answer so quick?" "I took his dime novel away from him and held it as security."—Philadelphia Press.

The little bird its life must yield
To deck a lady's bonnet.
But it satisfies a baseball field
To have some flies upon it.
—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"Riches have wings," began the man who didn't have enough to become familiar with their peculiarities. "Yes," agreed the observer, "but when they get as big as John Rockefeller's or Uncle Russ Sage's they are too heavy to fly."—Cleveland Leader.

"See here!" exclaimed the angry man, "I wish you would muzzle that dog of yours at night. His barking keeps my baby awake." "I was just going to request you to muzzle your baby," rejoined the neighbor. "His nightly howling annoys my dog."—New Yorker.

Cittiman—"You've been living in the suburbs so long I suppose you've had considerable experience with servant girls." Subbubs—"Well, it's got so that when my wife is interviewing an applicant now she always begins by asking: 'Were you ever employed by me before? If so, when and for how long?'"—Philadelphia Press.

Young Hopeful—"Father, what is a traitor in politics?" This paper says Congressman Jawweary is one. Veteran Politician—"A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one." Young Hopeful—"Well, then, what is a man who leaves the other party and comes over to ours?" Veteran Politician—"A convert, my son."—Boston Transcript.

A Hint to the Husband.

In popular fiction, proverbs and cartoons, husbands are pictured as stupid animals, blind, perverse, born to be managed by some woman, and always, always devoid of tact. Who ever heard the phrase, "As tactful as the proverbial husband?" Who ever heard anybody say, "As clever as a husband?"

But the pathetic and absurd truth of the matter is that when a husband is clever he is twice as clever as his wife, for when he is managing her the most she bugs to hear heart the fond belief that she is managing him, and that he is at best a stupid old dear, fit for nothing else than to be steered along the path she thinks he ought to travel in.

I have sometimes been accused of saying harsh things of men—God love them!—but if so, here is where I make the amende honorable. I respect them more than they suspect. If women think men stupid, men know that women are contrary, and a clever man acts on the suggestion.—Lillian Bell, in Harper's Bazar.

Destruction of Russian Fur Market.

The wealth of Russia in furs is being rapidly sapped. It is reported that in a certain district of the Yenisei government, where fifty years ago hunters annually shot 28,000 sable, 6000 hares, 24,000 foxes, 14,000 blue foxes, 300,000 squirrels, 5000 wolves and 200,000 hares, hardly a sable can be found. The blame is laid to wanton destruction of wild animals in the course of hunting expeditions. No steps seem to have been taken to effectively put a stop to this.

Had 4000 God Fathers.

No person in the world had as many godfathers as did Princess Irene of Prussia, wife of Prince Henry. When she was born her father requested the members of the Hessia regiments forming a portion of his cavalry brigade to be sponsors for the baby. When she was christened about 4000 soldiers stood for her sponsors.

The Oldest Graduate.

The Rev. William Lawton Brown, the oldest living graduate of Brown University, has turned his ninetieth year. He is a resident of Wrentham, Mass., where he lives with a daughter.