they left us in the dark.

gan pickin ourselves-pulling out the

long har that covered our bodies-to

make a rope. It wur an awful sore job.

After all of us had been clean picked

we tried the rope and found it bout ten feet too short. Then I told my two pards

that they might take har enough out'n

the top of my head to finish the rope.

They tuck the har, and in less'n ten

yez may think I'm lyin 'bout this busi-

movin to keep warm, so we traveled as

fast as we could all that night. When

the sun got up we sot on a bluff bank

above the blessed old Massissippi, that

seemed a mother to us. Thar we enjoyed

down upon the river and thar on the

side next to us we seed a goodish sized

catfish laying a-sunnin itself near to

shore. The cat wur 'bout twenty-five

feet long-too big fur to snare-so we

looked about fur some other way of

"A few hundred yard above we saw

a big rope stretched across the river. It

wur a ferry rope, but then in our wild

state we didn't know as it belonged to

anybody. We went up thar and tuck

the rope, no one bein 'bout thar. One of

us had to swim the river to cast the rope

loose from a tree on the opposite side.

We'd got'r have the rope because it had

"Next we wanted some kind of good

live bait. While lookin 'bout for bait

long comes a little nigger boy drivin a

cow. We ketched him, and lashin him on

to the hook floated him down, swimmin

like a frog, to whar the big catfish wur.

The cat snapped the little nig up like a

"All hands of us tuck the rope over

our shoulders, and makin a dash inland

hauled the big cat high and dry. We cut

the fish open at once and tuck out the

little nigger all alive and kickin. When

we unlashed and turned him loose he

went off as limber as an eel, an the fust

thing he did was to hunt up his ole cow

and drive her along jist as gentle as if

him for a few minutes. He had but one

on it at one end a big iron hook.

flash and swallered him down.

ketchin him.

"As we sot on the bluff we looked

the sun like so many turtles on a log.

"Now, gents," said Buck, "as some of

minutes we wur all at liberty.

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THE GOLDEN CAVES

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS (M. QUAD.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

The vultures numbered hundreds.

on before and only two days ahead.

we ought to be able to."

keep our eyes open too wide."

day down the river is over."

The party remained in camp with the

soldiers only one night, and as in the

case of the outlaws the contents of the

wagons were not suspected. They were

looked upon as one of the hundred un-

successful expeditions already returning

only a few miles behind when a vigilant

outlook was maintained for the outlaws.

Three times during the day, when the

party was obliged to pass locations where

a foe could lie in ambush, scouts were

sent ahead to make sure that no trap

had been set for them. Their pace was

not so rapid as that of the outlaws, and

they approached the scene of the tragedy

the scout, who was riding in advance,

halted and waited for the others to come

Hovering over the grove straight ahead was a cloud of buzzards. What

their presence signified every man

"They are low down," whispered the

"Which means death," replied Joe

"The other party has been attacked

"Can't be otherwise. There's certain

to be a sight there which the women

should not be permitted to gaze upon.

Some of us had best ride ahead and see

Joe, Harkins and a third man were

dispatched on the errand, and they

found it one to try their nerves. When

they had approached close enough to get

a view of the camp they knew it to be

the camp of the outlaws, for there were

the horses and wagon. The vultures

numbered hundreds, and while a part of

them were running about on the ground,

others sailed slowly about in short cir-

cles and hesitated to alight.

from the ground.

"While they are waiting for a wounded

man or horse to die they sail high."

While yet two or three miles away

"What is it?" asked the captain as all

brought about by Taylor.

had closed up.

what can be done."

"Look!"

Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association. CHAPTER XXVL The ocean has its thrilling mysteries

and awful tragedies, and the plains and prairies have theirs as well. One of the outlaws walked off in the darkness to stand sentry for the next two hours, and the other four men laid down to sleep again, each taking his place as before. In two minutes the camp was as silent as the grave, and the specter of murder which came out of the gloom and hovered over the recumbent forms was seen by no mortal eye. At the end of five minutes a wolf's long drawn, faraway howl was beard,

and a shiver passed over the listening sentinel as the lonesome sounds reached his ears. There was a warning in that howl-a menace, a wail-which whispered of tragedy.

Taylor heard it as well, and he grow pale and held his breath. He had braced himself to carry out a part, but he was fearful that his nerve might give way before the end was reached. Ten minutes passed—twelve—fifteen-

It was time the powerful poison should begin to act. Taylor was watching and listening One of the men moved and groaned. "Say! Are any of you awake?" called Taylor as he sat up. "I've got terrible pains, and I can't keep still any longer." "So have I." replied one of the men as

he sat up. Three minutes later the others were aroused, groaning and cursing, and the sentinel came staggering in to gasp out: "Do something for me or I'm a dead

From the way he acted one would have thought Taylor the worst off of all. He groaned, gasped, writhed, twisted, but he had company. The outlaws rolled about on the earth like wounded dogs, and, curiously enough, none of them suspected the cause of their illness. The jug was brought and each drank again, hoping the flery whisky would ease the pains of what they believed to be colic. It was only after one of the men had fallen in spasms, foaming at the mouth and tearing at the earth with his fingers, that suddenly shouted: "By heavens, men! but I believe we

have all been poisoned." "How-who by?" shricked one of his "By-by this infernal cur, if anybody.

and I'll have his life!" Bob pointed at Taylor, who was apparently in convulsions, and then disgusted from the diggings. They were stooped for one of the rifles. As he did given three cheers by the soldiers as they so he fell forward upon the earth with a moved out, and camp had been placed ran away into the darkness. He did not dare go far, and yet it was horrible for him to linger within hearing.

Strong men who die by poison die hard. It is an awful end. The crouching, hiding, trembling murderer heard them rise and stagger and fall; they raved and wept; they prayed and cursed in their awful agonies they attacked each other and struggled in death. The night bird was driven away by the cries and shricks, and the wolf who sat listening and wondering was finally forced to flight by the wails and curses.

The Big Cheyenne, winding its way through prairie and plain, has seen the sun rise on many scenes of horror, but on none worse than that portrayed in the camp of the outlaws. Four men lay dead and stiff beside the little heap of ashes and blackened brands marking the site of the campfire. Some lay on their backs, their open eyes gazing into the blue vaults of heaven; others were face down, their limbs drawn up and their fingers dug into the soil.



Taylor leaned against a tree for support And as the first beam of the golden sun touched the dead, Taylor crept down to gaze upon his work. He came trembling and afraid. His face was ghastly pale, his teeth clicked together and his limbs could hardly support him as he walked. His own brother could not have identified him, so great was the facial change. He did not want to approach—he dreaded the sight which would meet his gaze, but some mysterious power forced him along. "Revenge is mine and I will

saith the Lord.' The fate which the outlaws meted out to the poor gold seekers had recoiled on their own heads, but there was yet another to be punished. Taylor leaned against a tree for support and surveyed the bodies lying before him. He had planned this. There was the wagon here was the gold-there the horses. He had but to drag the corpses to the bank of the stream and roll them in. and then harness up and move off. The Big Cheyenne would not yield up the corpses for days, and if found who could tell how they died or discover their identity? The route was clear of Indians, and he could tell a plausible story to account for his possession of so much treasure. He had invented a story and gone over it in detail fifty times.

Come! All are dead! Dispose of the corpses. The treasure is yours.

But the man clung to the tree in a dazed sort of a way. A look of terror crept into his eyes, never to leave them again, and he moaned in distress as he looked over the camp. The horses whinnied for water and a change to new

feeding ground, but he heeded them not. but he did not move. A full hour had passed when he suddenly broke forth in a mocking laugh, and this seemed to give him physical strength. He threw up his hands, shouted meaningless beneath the bushes, but not for long. Terror roused him up, and he faced the sun and dashed away over the earth as

men fly for their lives. Night has come again on the great exstrange and mysterious gestures.

"All dead! All dead! The gold is mine-ha! ha! ha!" "Revenge is mine and I will repay.

saith the Lord." It is Taylor, and he is a raving lunashriveled by the awful fire within. Let us wolves here—great wild eyed beasts alarms. But it is a silent love, born of on his lips warningly. Then handing

and it is not demonstrative. It waits for safety and civilization to betray itself. A month after Joe and his companions rode into that death camp I met most of them in Denver. They had come safely through all perils, their treasure had reached the mint to be valued and paid for in coin gold, and there had been one marriage-Joe and Bess. who are following at his heels and urg-A month later there was to be another ing each other to make the first attack.

equally satisfactory to all parties-Harkins and Lizzie. From their own lips I learned the story and have given it to you. If there was not enough love in it to satisfy the sentimentalists, blame them for concealing the fact from your most obedient servant.

The Story Teller.

By DAN DE QUILLE.



A very creditable piece of pantomime think they played spy on us and dis-Last summer I made one of a party (covered that we had struck the treasure. 'millionaire Comstockers" who wer They dared not attack us in the valley, as we would be on our guard, but I shall be greatly disappointed if they do not show their hands before our second

pouts or bullheads. "Knights of the angle" of the present day are apt to turn up their noses when mention is made of bullhead fishing. out after catfish he sinks all artistic

It is an easy matter to catch catfish. You have only to procure tackle strong enough to draw them out of the water, using a hook according to the expected fish appears to be a good deal regulated by the size of the stream or lake in which it is found. The larger the body of water the bigger the fish.

party of Comstockers, and were at it was noon of the second day before Washoe lake more for "meat" than sport. Of course all fishing is to some extent satisfying to man's inherent instinct for the capture and slaughter of all wild creatures of land, water and

We had strewed the shore with severa score of bullheads when we saw approaching us through the tules bordering the lake three men, who by their dress and lack of both coat and vest appeared to be ranch hands employed in the neighborhood. The men seemed to be merely strolling about in the enjoyment of a half holiday, as they carried neither guns nor fishing tackle.

The trio had probably sighted our tent and wagon from afar, and knowing from previous pleasant experiences that all true fishermen fail not to go forth well' provided with the wherewithal to counteract the bad effects of an accidental wetting had resolved to pay us a friendly visit, in full confidence that the rights of camp hospitality would not be neglected by our party. At all events the trio, moving in Indian file, marched up to our temporary camp pitched on the margin of the lake, and greeted us

with three stentorian "helloes! Their greeting having been duly an swered in kind, it was next in order to bear in mind the social amenities and uncork the "hospitalities" of the camp. It soon became evident that no one of the trio had ever been whipped when young for holding his breath. They

"Look at the horses!" exclaimed Joe. pable men. The animals had been staked out on ground furnishing scant pasturage at best. For three days they had had neither food nor water, and as Joe spoke they were making tremendous efforts to break their lariats or pull the iron pins "There are dead men there!" whispered Harkins, with pale face, "but the

ouzzards are afraid of the horses." The trio moved forward. They were greeted with whinnies of welcome from the suffering horses, but for two or three minutes they had eyes only for the bodies of the dead. But for the clothing on them it would have been hard to identify them as human beings. "There are only four, and neither of

them is Taylor," said Joe as he rode around the bodies. "There are no arrows here, no empty shells, no signs of a fight with the Indians. Let us ride through the grove and see if we can find the key to this mystery." They scattered and hunted for further evidence, but they found none. Taylor. living or dead, could not be traced.

"Here's his rifle," said Harkins as he dismounted and picked up a gun lying by itself on the ground.

'And it has not been discharged,' added Joe as he inspected it. "These dead men are his work, and the fact that he did not drive away with the team proves that something happened Let us relieve the horses and then get these horrible objects out of sight." When the remainder of the party came up not an evidence of the tragedy existed, but the story told them by those

who had drawn the corpses to the river and floated them off was shocking enough without the presence of the dead. The horses had been reduced to skeletons, and it was a full hour before their thirst was sufficiently satisfied to permit them to enjoy the fresh green grass at the other side of the grove.

The next surprise came when one of the men investigated the contents of the outlaws' wagon and found the treasure which had been responsible for so many crimes. While it was known that the men were hunting for the cave of gold, the idea that they had found it by demons. Half a mile away he hid had not been entertained. Whom did it belong to? The wreckage of the sea belongs to the finder. So with the wreckage of the plains.

The wagons were moved to the other side of the grove and the gold hunters went into camp. If the newly added panse. A dozen miles to the east of the treasure was to be taken away it must spot where the dead still lie in their be drawn by the horses which had stiffness the figure of a man rises from hauled it thus far and were now hardly the earth as the dews of heaven fall. It able to keep their feet. It would take is hard to tell whether it is the face of a a week to recruit them for the long pull | rale old Massissippi cat in this 'ere frog man or some wild beast. The eyes are to the fort. The camp was therefore sunken, the lips drawn, the cheeks like made as comfortable as possible, the those of one who has hungered for a treasure examined piece by piece and its week. He peers this way and that-he value estimated, and when this task skulks and crouches—he indulges in had been accomplished even the sweet. sad face of the orphaned Lizzie carried

a smile. I have written much of adventure and very little of love. Some of my readers may have been disappointed on that tic-a madman whose very soul is being score. There is love among the castaways floating on a raft in midocean. leave him to God, himself and the dark- There is love beneath the white topped face twitched and his arms shook. His ness. When the sun comes up again its | wagon of the immigrant slowly trailing | two pards crept near him and with their rays will not soften the pallor of an- across plain and prairie-in the gold

THREE NATIVES OF PIKE



over to Washoe lake on a piscatorial expedition. The fish there to be caught are principally that species of catfish known in the Atlantic states as horned

Generally, however, when a man goes feeling-he goes in for "meat."

As already stated, we were a small

All were stalwart fellows of six feet to six feet four inches in height, and all were big jointed and rawboned-not an ounce of superfluous flesh from head to heels. All wore beards of the billygoat style, all were shaded by huge sombreros, and all were somewhat above middle age; also were as much

At first our visitors were somewhat backward in speech and manner, but by the time they had made some progress in the congenial task of testing the several kinds of liquid provender with which tent and wagon were stocked their tongues were loosened; they felt quite at home.

Presently the tallest and apparently the oldest of the trio said the sight of catfish made him feel young again. "But, fellers," said he, "I don't much keer to fool with sich ornery, wuthless little tadpoles as you've been ketchin. I'm from ole Missouri, I am. Down thar, when yer ketch a catfish, you're a-layin in pervisions. When you've hooked yer cat you jist take yer line over yer shoulder, hump yer back, march inland and haul your meat ashore. It's jist as easy to ketch big catfish as little ones if thar's any big ones about; it all depends on the size of the hook and the bigness of the bait. Why, back thar on the old Massissippi I could gauge the size of the cat I wanted to an ounce jist

by the proper regerlation of the hook and bait. Now, fellers, jist you watch me. Ef thar's a catfish in this lake as is wuth a cuss I'll ketch him." "Yaas, fellers," said the other Pikes. "Buck, he's a cuss at fishin; you just watch his motion. He'll show yer how

to ketch cats." With a face as sober as that of a New England deacon, Buck went up the hill a few paces above our tent and got hold of about sixty feet of heavy fencing wire. This he dragged down to the edge of the lake, and turning up one end of it made a hook about two feet across. Going down the shore a few rods he returned with about half of an old red flannel shirt, which he fastened upon his hook for hait. Next he got a piece of plank about six feet long and fastened it upon his wire line for a float. This done, he took up the plank and launched hook

and all- out some two rods from shore with a tremendous plash. "Never mind me skeerin away yer little minners," said Buck to our party; "you've treated us like full grown white men and now I'll soon ketch you suthin wuth while-that is, s'posin thar's airy

Buck then seated himself upon a little hillock of tules and gazed out at his float with a comically serious look of expectation.

The other Pikes-for all three of our visiting brethren hailed from the land of "Joe Bowers"-gazed approvingly at what had been done, saying over and over: "That's the racket! Buck's got the true old Massissippi business!" Presently Buck began to show signs of nervousness. His eyes rolled, his hands upon their knees stood gazing inother dead face. There are gaunt, fierce hunters' camp, surrounded by perils and tently at the float. Buck laid a finger

heroism, self sacrifice and true merit, | his line to one of the men he extended | round like mad, but couldn't escape. | tles on a sudden left off boxin and went | their knees and implore God's mercy both hands as far as he could reach, showing that he had got a nibble from a fish at least six feet in length. This done he again laid a warning finger on his lips and resumed his line. Not a word was spoken and the faces of all three showed signs of intense excite-

Soon Buck's eyes again began to expand, the muscles of his face worked and at last his whole body was convulsed. Turning to his companions he held up his hand and waved them back toward the end of the line. The men understood the signal, and

moving back some twenty feet they took up the wire and, placing it over their shoulders, braced themselves and stood awaiting further orders. Soon Buck gave a wicked twitch at his line, uttered a wild whoop and,

ness, I'll jist show yez whar my mates got the har to splice out that rope." Then taking off his sombrero Buck springing to his feet, ran to where his showed that the whole top of his head pards, bent nearly double, were scratching gravel in a vain endeavor to climb was as smooth as a peeled onion. the sloping bank and haul in the line. "Waal," continued Buck, "after we got out'n that thar blockhouse we cut On reaching his men Buck gave sevand run for 'bout five hours acrost a eral bull teamster yells, bestowed a few stretch of country we knowed nothin vigorous kicks on each and then, seeing that no progress was made, he himself fell in and took the line over his shoulder. about, for we wur lost when we struck inter fields and fenced ground; besides, we thought all the bouses we seed wur After much hauling and whooping "Bein now naked we had to keep

the line began to move, but a moment after something gave way and the three Pikes fell flat upon their faces. Soon they arose and stood gazing at one another, their faces the picture of disappointment and mortification. At last Buck's face brightened somewhat, and signing to his men to hold onto the line he went to the edge of the lake to investigate. He hauled in his plank float; then getting into the edge of the water he pulled in the remainder of the line. Holding it aloft he showed the hook straightened out and the bait gone. The other Pikes went down to the

water's edge and each in turn examined what had been on the hook. One of them then made a mark on the beach with his foot, stepped off about six paces and made another mark. All three stood looking at the marks for a time, when the second of Buck's pards marked about two feet farther. With a sneering expression on his face Buck took up two cobblestones, and placing them some twenty-five feet apart turned to his companions, who gazed first at the two stones and then at Buck in the greatest astonishment. Buck gave an affirmative nod, and apparently that settled it; the faces of his companions cleared up at once.

The Pikes came up to where we were seated, when Buck broke the silence by saying: "Gents, I own that I'm aston-Thare air a catfish in that lake that it would be wuth any man's while to ketch. He's almost like one of the ole Massissippi cats. He's got a wagon load of meat in him." Altogether it was a very creditable

piece of pantomime, and there was no saying that the actors had not earned another treat. Meantime I sauntered down to where of flannel shirt that had been on the hook lying just under the water. In hauling in the wire Buck had cunningly

The wild Missourians live by catching

catfish.

This bit of impromptu pantomim

ended, we expected to see the Pikes take

All three seated themselves comfort-

ably before our tent, and "borrowing" a

little tobacco they filled their pipes.

After smoking for a time Buck opened

out on a new lay.
"Gents," said he, "you see it don't

take me long to size up the cats of any

place that I throw my hook into. I wur

born on the bayous of the Massissippi,

down to the south end of ole Missouri,

nigh to the Arkansaw line. I've been a

"Down thar whar I wur born every

second son was turned loose in the woods

to shift for himself 'bout as soon as he

wur weaned. They had so many chil-

dren down thar that they didn't keer to

raise more'n 'bout half of 'em. What

was done with the extra gals I never

found out. When the extra boy was

big enough to run alone they put a new

breechclout on him, hung a bunch of

hosshar round his neck, tuck him down

to the river bottoms and turned him

"The woods along up the river for fifty

miles above the Arkansaw line wur full

of wild Missourians of all ages and sizes.

After the first breechclout wur worn

out all went naked, and soon they wur

covered with a coat of har as long as the

beard of a goat. If the people ever

wanted any of the wild woods breed

they sot a trap for 'em, ketched 'em.

picked 'em clean of the extra har, put

boy a bunch of horsehair when they

"Why," asked I, "did they give each

"Waal, because the people down than

are tender hearted like, an not one of

'em would turn a child loose 'thout

given him the means of makin a livin.

The hosshar were for makin snares.

Out'n the hosshar they tuck and made

snares to ketch catfish. As soon as a

Missourian is weaned he begins to snare

catfish, and so pervides most of his livin.

He strikes out for the river jist as a

young duck makes for the nearest pud-

"When they are turned loose to run

some drove of the hairy ones that is led

by an old buck and so git good trainin.

Each drove makes its nest in a big hol-

ler sycamore tree or log; then turns to

and lives on the fat o' the land. They

eat the roots of the yearth, the fruits of

the trees, sich as roots, berries, paw-

paws, persimmons and the like, while

for meat they have the fat cats of the

back to the settlements?" asked one of

bout whose children they git. When

they want any they go out into the river

bottoms, set a trap and ketch 'em. I

wur ketched time o' the war. Then

they bout made a clean sweep of the

woods tribes. They wanted all the men

they could get, so sot traps all round

"I'll never forgit the time when me

and two others wur trapped. We wur

out in the woods diggin roots when all

at once we smelt a new smell. It wur

sich a good smell that all our mouths

began to water. We slobbered like so

many hounds. What it could be that

smelt so fine we did not know. We

tuck the scent and follered it up on the

keen run. In 'bout a mile we come to a

queer lookin little house. In thar was

the stuff that smelt so good. We dived

in and began fillin ourselves with the

good smellin stuff, when down fell a

"Yer see, gents, when they wanted to

ketch up any uv us wild Missourians,

they made a pen just like a bar trap,

baited it with corn bread and sot it.

When the wind wur right one of the

woods breed could smell corn dodger

door and we wur caged.

nigh on to three miles.

the bottoms.

"Do parents often take their children

clothes on 'em and set 'em to work.'

turned him loose?"

loose to root, hog or die.

catfish ketchur all my born days.

their leave. But no such thing.

"Was that the biggest catfish you ever caught?" asked one of our party. Buck eyed the man for a moment, and then asked where he was from. planted his foot on it, thus straightenin; out his hook and stripping off the bait. CHAPTER I. THE STORY OF THE FIRST PIKE.

"From Tennessee, just across the river and a little below where you got your big fish," said our man. "Waal, as for catfish," said Buck, "you can ketch 'em in the Massissippi of any size you want. It depends altogether on the size of the hook and the bait. With a full grown nigger—but, stranger, t wouldn't look well for me to take up all the time with my own explites, so I'll fust let you tell of any catfish you ketched on your side of the river." "So that was not your biggest cat-

"I'm not sayin beauty afore age, young It being evident that Buck was determined to have the closing speech, the boss of the commissary department was instructed to bring out the redeye for another round. The fishing rods were then stuck into the bank and left to catch or not, as luck went, while all hands stretched out upon the blankets

spread in front of the tent to hear. CHAPTER II. THE STORY OF THE SECOND PIKE.



opened by saying: "Gents, I can't tell you a fish story, for I never keered a lurn 'bout fishin. I might tell you some stories of 'gator shootin in Florida, cock fightin in Cuba, rattlesnake and porkerpine fights in Mobile and sich like things, for I was allers a dry land sport and better at gittin up dog and peccary fights and them kind of games than anything elst. I made mighty well for a good while travelin with two fightin peccaries that I picked up in Texas. I had a fightin coon to ketch the colored brother, a fightin armadiller from Honduras and other sich rackets, but my greatest show ventur was made down in

"Gents all, though I don't look it now, I was onct in a fair way to be a bigger man in the show business than old Barnum. My great exerbition was the edercated turtles. For nigh onto six weeks my show drawed powerful-was all the rage. All over New Orleans was seen in big letters, 'The Edercated Tur-

tles: the Greatest Livin Wonder of the "I had my hall crammed every day and every night. Larned perfessors wrote long articles 'bout 'the almost human intelligence of the giant soft shelled turtle.' I was making money hand over fist when an accident happened that busted my business-but of

with the woods breed they take up with that you'll soon hear. "My show was a beautiful one and 'highly instructive,' as it said on my bills. It was my pride to give an exer-With a light rattan cane in my hand I'd appear on the stage, take my place near the footlights and relate how I'd led the life of a hermit six years on Florida Keys and at Tortugas, edercatin my four turtles, which I'd hatched out in my bosom from the eggs, and which, as would be seen, had now attained a length of nearly five feet. I had a long speech that a newspaper fel-"Parents don't trouble theirselves

ler wrote out for me for six bits. audjence to sich a pitch that the cries of the word of command two of the turtles | their horses. would come marchin in from opposite sides of the stage. Then they'd lumber along down to the footlights, run out knowledge," said the indignant clergytheir heads and make a bow. Then the man, as they rode on. other pair would march in and take their places between the first, likewise

"Music then strikin up, the turtles would get up on their hind legs, take their places and dance a French four. They'd also do double shuffles and pat juba, which fetched all the nigs. They played leapfrog, made pyramids and wrastled; also their drill with wooden guns was very pleasin. The big thing after all was the boxin match at the wind up. That allers brought down the house, but it was that which at last busted the whole business. "One Sunday night, when two of the turtles was boxin and the other two

actin as seconds, the glove contest all at

once turned into a reg'lar fight. To the

astonishment of all the whites, and to

"Waal, when the trap fell we tore | the delight of all the niggers, the tur-

Long bout sundown some soldiers come to buttin heads. "Only a few dashes was made afore and tuck us out'n the trap. They tuck

us and put us inter the upper story of a off went the head of one of the turtles, and the other was butted clean out of blockhouse bout fifty feet high. Thar his shell, exposin to view two little Waal, we soon seed that ef we had a naked darky boys. rope we could git away. So then we be-

"A howl went up from the audjence, and seein that a rush was likely to be made for the stage, I gave the word to my turtles and we all skipped by a back door, rippin the little nigs out'n their shells with my jackknife. "Next day the papers gave the whole thing away. They told that to the back

shells of turtles had been added artificial heads and necks, that the belly part was too flaps of cotton cloth sewed to the edges of the shells, and painted to imitate shell, and fastening up in front with small, well concealed hooks and eyes. They had it about right. "But for the papers blowin the thing I would have taken my show up the river as far as St. Louis, and likely clean

on to New York. "In gittin up this show the worst of the job was findin little darkies of jist the right build. They had to have long necks and small heads to play the part of turtles. The masks were all the skins of turtles' heads greatly stretched and fitted with glass eyes, and the boys wore turtle slippers tanned till as soft as a kid glove. The animal stuffer who got up the rig charged two hundred dollars for it, and warranted that no deception could be detected from the front, nor would there have been any trouble but

for the fight between the two little nigs. The buttin busted out the show. "A curious thing was that in gittin up the show, when I first stripped one of the little nigs to fit him into his shell I noticed a peculiar scar on his back. I asked him how he got it, and he told me by bein put onto a big hook and used for catfish bait. Then he ups and tells me the whole story of his bein swallere l by a catfish twenty-five feet long; how he was taken out alive and with but one little scratch, all jist as Buck here has told us. I then thought him a awful little liar, but I now see that the poor child was simply tellin me a God's

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Miscellaneous Beading.

AN UNEXPECTED RACE. In one of the larger towns of Worcester county, Mass., used to live a clergyman, whom we will call Ridewell. He was of the Baptist persuasion, and very rigid in his ideas of moral propriety. He had in his employ an old negro, named Pompey, and if this latter individual was not so strict in his morals as his master, he was, at least, a very cunning dog, and passed in the reverend household for a pattern of propriety. Pomp was a we hadn't had the loan of him and used | useful servant, and the old clergyman never hestitated to trust him with the

most important business Now, it so happened that there were, dwelling in and about the town, sundry individuals who had not the fear of the dreadful penalties which Mr. Ridewell preached about before their eyes, for it was the wont of these people to congregate on Sabbath evenings upon a level piece of land on the outskirts of the town, and there race horses. This spot was hidden from view by a dense piece of woods, and for a long while the Sunday evening races were carried on there without detection by the officers, or others who

might have stopped them. It also happened that the good old clergyman owned one of the best horses in the county. This horse was of the old Morgan stock, with a mixture of the Arabian blood in his veins. and it was generally known that few beasts could pass him on the road. Mr. Ridewell, with a dignity becoming his calling, stoutly declared that the fleetness of his horse never afforded him any gratification, and that, for his own part, he would as lief have any a flashing eye, he cried: other. Yet money could not buy his Morgan, nor could any amount of ar-

gument persuade him to swap. The church was so near to the good clergyman's dwelling that he always walked to meeting, and his horse was consequently allowed to remain in the

Pompey discovered that these races were on the tapis, and he resolved to enter his master's horse on his own account, for he felt sure that old Morgan could beat anything in the shape of horseflesh that could be produced in that quarter. So on the very next Sunday evening, he hid the bridle un-der his jacket, went out into the pasture and caught the horse, and then rode off towards the spot where the wicked ones were congregated. Here he found some dozen horses assembled and the racing was about to commence. Pomp mounted his beast, and at the signal he started. Old Morgan entered into the spirit of the thing, and came out two rods ahead of everything. So Pomp won quite a pile, and before

dark he was well initiated in horse-Pomp succeeded in getting home without exciting any suspicions, and he now longed for the Sabbath afternoon to come, for he was determined to try it again. He did go again, and again he won; and this course of wickedness he followed up for over two months, making his appearance upon the racing-ground every Sunday afternoon, as soon as he could after "meeting was out." And during this time Pompey was not the only one who had learned to love the racing. No, for old Morgan himself had come to love the excitement of the thing, too, and his every motion when upon the track showed how zealously he en-

tered into the spirit of the game. But these things were not always to remain a secret. One Sunday a pious deacon beheld this racing from a distance, and straightway went to the parson with the alarming intelligence. The Rev. Mr. Ridewell was utterly shocked. His moral feelings were outraged, and he resolved to at once put a stop to the wickedness. During the week he made many inquiries, and he learned that this thing had been practiced all summer on every Sabbath afternoon. He bade his parishioners keep quiet, and he told them on the next Sunday he would make his appearance on the very spot and catch

them in their deeds of iniquity. On the following Sabbath, after dinner, Mr. Ridewell ordered Pomp to bring up old Morgan and put him in the stable. The order was obeyed, though not without many misgivings "At last, when I'd worked up the on the part of the faithful negro. As soon as the afternoon services were 'Trot out yer turtles' and the whistlin closed, the two deacons and some and stampin drownded my voice, I'd others of the members of the church face about, flourish my rattan and at accompanied the minister home with "It is the most flagrant piece of

abomination that ever came to my "It is, most assuredly," answered one of the deacons. tered the minister.

companions:

"Now, my brothers," said he, "let us school as a whole is free from this

wretches, and if they will get down on and bodies of many of the boys.

and promise to do so no more, we will not take legal action against them. O, that my own land, should be desecrated thus!" for it was indeed a sec-

tion of his own farm. As the good clergyman thus spoke, he started on towards the scene. The horses of the wicked men were just drawing up for a start as the minister approached, and some of the riders who at once recognized "old Morgan," did not recognize the reverend individual who rode him.

"Wicked men!" commenced the parson, as he came near enough for his voice to be heard, "children of shame "Come on, old hoss," cried one of the

ockeys, turning towards the minister. 'If you are in for the first race, you must stir your stumps. Now we go.' "Alas! O, my wicked ----"All ready!" shouted he who led in the affair, cutting the minister short. "And off it is!"

And the word for starting was given. Old Morgan knew that word too well, for no sooner did it fall upon his ears than he stuck out his nose, and with one wild snort he started, and the rest of the racers, twelve in number, kept him company.
"Who-a! who-oa-oa!" cried

parson, at the top of his voice. "By the powers, old fellow, you're a keen one !" shouted one of the wicked men, who had thus far managed to keep close to the side of the parson. 'You ride well."

"Who-ho-ho-o! who-a-o!" yelled the clergyman, tugging at the reins with all his might. But it was all of no avail. Old Morgan had now reached ahead of all competitors, and he came up to the judge's stand, three rods ahead, where the petrified deacons were standing,

with eyes and mouths wide open. "Don't stop," cried the judge, who had now recognized Parson Ridewell, and suspected his business, and who also saw at once into the secret of old

Morgan joining the race. "Don't stop," he shouted again; "It is a two mile heat this time. Keep right on, parson. You are good for another. mile. Now you go-and off it is!" These last words were of course known to the horse, and no sooner did Morgan hear them, than he stuck out his nose again, and again started off. The poor parson did his best to stop the bewitched animal, but it could not be done. The more he struggled and yelled, the faster the animal went, and

Q. How many miles of telephone ere many moments he was again at the starting point, where Morgan now stopped of his own accord. There was hurried whispering among the wicked one, and a succession of very curious winks and knowing nods seemed to indicate that they understood.

Q. What is the greatest candle "Upon my soul, parson," said the leader of the abomination, approaching the spot where the minister still

sufficiently recovered his presence of mind to dismount, "you ride well. 'We had not looked for this honor.' "Honor, sir!" gasped Ridewell, looking blankly into the speaker's "Ay-for 'tis an honor. You are

the first clergyman who has ever joined us in our Sabbath evening entertainments. "I-I, sir! I joined you!" "lla, ha, ha! O, you did it well. Your good deacons really think you tried to stop your horse; but, I saw through it; I saw how slyly you put your horse up. But you need not fear; will tell all who may ask me about it, that you did your best to stop your

beast: for I would rather stretch the truth a little than to have such a good jockey as you are suffer." This had been spoken so loudly that them spoke. the deacons had heard every word, and the poor parson was bewildered; you," she said. but he soon came to himself, and with

husband thinks you are wonderfully "Villians, what mean you? Why do clever." ye thus ---" "Really? Why, that's the way my "Hold on," interrupted one of the husband talks about you. He told me party, and as he spoke, the rest of how you reshaped and recovered that the racing men had all mounted their old parasol and so saved \$8." horses, "hold on a moment, parson. We are willing to allow you to carry until my husband had harped all one off the palm, but we won't stand your day on your cleverness in upholstering abuse. When we heard that you had and relining a baby carriage at a saving determined to try if your horse would not beat us all, we agreed among ourselves that if you came we would let do that was the way my husband you in. We have done so, and you talked about that parasol. Then he have won the race in a two-mile heat. got me to fixing over a last year's hat Now let that satisfy you. By the hokbecause you were working over an old ey, you did it well. When you want

to try it again, just send us word, and we'll be ready for you. Good-by !" As the wretch thus spoke, he turned his horse's head, and before the astounded preacher could utter a word, the whole party had ridden away out of hearing. It was sometime before one of the church men could speak. They knew not what to say. should their minister's horse have joined in the race without some permission from his master? They know how much he set by the animal, and at last they shook their heads with doubt.

"It's very strange," said one.

"Very," answered the second. "Remarkable," suggested a third. "On my soul, brethren," spoke Ridewell, "I can't make it out." The brethren looked at each other, and the deacons shook their heads in a very solemn and impressive manner. So the party rode pack to the clergyman's house, but none of the brethren would enter, nor would they stop at all. Before Monday had drawn to a close, it was generally known that Parson Ridewell raced his horse on the Sabbath, and a meeting of the church was appointed for Thursday. Poor Ridewell was almost crazy with

vexation; but before Thursday came, Pompey found out how matters stood, and he assured his master that he could clear the matter up; and after a writer in The Tribune, "you may rest day's search, he discovered the astounding fact that some of those wicked men had been in the habit of stealing old Morgan from the pasture, and racing him on Sabbath afternoon! Pomp found out this much-but he could not find out who did it !" As soon as this became known to the church, the members conferred togeth-

er, and they concluded that under such circumstances a high mettled horses would be very apt to run away with his rider when he found himself directly upon the track. So Parson Ridewell was cleared : but it was a long while before he got over

wags who delighted to pester him by be all day in giving out your notices! will take the gloss from his clothes, offering to "ride a race" with him, Do not think over them and clear your and the polish from his manners, subto "bet on his head," or to "put him again the world on a race." But them as if you had never seen them bring sorrow and disgrace upon his Ridewell grew older, his heart grew before, and were pondering them in family, and topple him into a drunkwarmer, and finally he could laugh with right good will when he spoke of

form of moral suasion in vain. The And so the conversation went on boys persisted in using the objection- ter that, 'One word more,' or, 'Just where the pieces were cast in the until they reached a gentle eminence able weed until the hygienic method another thought!' I do think it is United States branch mints. Coins which overlooked the plain where the was introduced. In connection with such a mistake to try to tell all one made in the mint at Philadelphia bear racing was carried on, and where some their physiology lessons they learned knows in one sermon." dozen horsemen, with a score of lookthe evil nature and effects of tobacco

Just then the auditor was obliged to its absence. ers-on, were assembled. The sight and other narcotics on the human sys- leave the car, but he could not help was one which chilled the good parson tem. This dispassionate presentation exclaiming to himself: "What a sensito his soul. He remained motionless of truth appealing to their reason, had ble woman!" It is to be hoped that der them perfect. The more that wountil he had made out the whole its effect, and the teacher had the sat- some day this sensible one will marry men are enlightened, so much the more alarming truth, then turning to his isfaction of seeing his pupils one after a minister.-Christian Witness. another abandon its use until the

APPLIED ELECTRICITY.

Interesting and useful information about the force that is worth remembering. Q. How many telephones use in the United States?

A. About three hundred thousand Q. What is the average cost, per mile, of a trans-Atlantic submarine A. About one thousand dollars. Q. What war vessel has the most

complete electric plant?

A. The United States man of war Q. How strong a current is used to send a message over an Atlantic A. Thirty cells of battery only.

Equal thirty volts. Q. What is the longest distance over which conversation by telephone is daily maintained? A. About seven hundred and fifty miles, from Portland, Me., to Buffalo

Q. What is the fastest time made by an electric railway? A. A mile a minute, by a small experimental car. Twenty miles an hour on street railway systems. Q. How many miles of submarin

cables are there in operation? A. Over one hundred thousand miles, or enough to girdle the earth four times. Q. What is the maximum power generated by an electric motor? A. Seventy-five horse power. Ex-

horse power will soon be reached. Q. How is a break in a submarine cable located? A. By measuring the electricity needed to charge the remaining unbroken part.

periments indicate that one hundred

Q. How many miles of telegraph wire are in operation in the United States? A. Over a million, or enough to encircle the globe forty times. Q. How many messages can be transmitted over a wire at one time?

A. Four by the quadruple system Q. How is telegraphing from a moving train accomplished? A. Through a circuit from the car roof introducing a current in the wire

on poles along the track. Q. What are the most widely separated points between which it is possible to send a telegram? A. British Columbia and New Zealand, via America and Europe.

wire are in operation in the United States? A. More than one hundred and seventy thousand, over which one million fifty-five thousand messages

A. Two million in the lighthouse at | ioned brick oven shovel. Housholm, Denmark. ted States are engaged in business depending solely on electricity? A. Estimated at two hundred and

TROUBLE FOR TWO MEN.

"My husband frequently speaks of

"Indeed !" returned the other. "My

"Parasol! Why, I never touched it

cal than I."

gan to flash.

us, that's all.'

gan again.

before I touched the hat.

other, becoming excited also.

"It's a wicked shame !"

get a new gown today."

ought to have said nothing.

"I believe our husbands -" she be

"I believe they have," chimed in the

"An outrage! They've just tricked

"It was a regular plot! And to

think how he's made me work! I'll

goods store and spent all the money

they could scrape together. And two

men got mighty little for supper that

night, and when they complained they

were promptly convinced that they

SHE SHOULD MARRY A MINISTER.

"If I were minister's wife," said

lady in the car, who was talking too

loud not to be overheard, reports a

assured I should take an interest-an

active interest-in my husband's work.

I should say to him: Richard, if you

want to do well next Sunday preach

short! If you want your congrega-

tions to grow larger and larger preach

short! If you want to draw them to

this church, that church and the other,

preach short! Always preach short.

But, Richard, have something to say,

always! Condense, condense and

condense! and then have an air about

you as if time were something, and

you could not afford to lose a minute of

it. If, on a Sunday morning, he seem-

ed to be in extra amiable mood I would

them! Do not, I beg of you, Richard,

"Impossible. I -"

fifty thousand. Q. How long does it take to transthat 'ere job ?" he asked. mit a message from San Francisco to Hong Kong? A. About fifteen minutes, via New York, Canso, Penzance, Aden, Bombay, Mardas, Penang, and Singapore.

"I'm sorry I hed it done." Q. What is the fastest time made by an operator sending messages by "that's easily remedied." He raised Morse system? his hammer, struck the iron a blow A. About forty-two words per minute.-Scribner's Monthly.

all right now." There was a moment's silence after minutes. Then he said solemnly: the introduction, says the Chicago Tri-"I'm sorry you done that." bune. Womanlike, each was mentally "Well, you were sorry it was done, "sizing the other up." Then one of

and now it is just as it was when it was brought here," was the reply. "I can't kerry it home that way," said the man. The folks want to use it. I guess you will have to weld it

"Wall, what's to pay?" "Eighteen cents." "Eighteen cents. Six for mending

"Nonsense; the thing that made me women folks.-Selected. THE COLDEST AND HOTTEST .- The coldest spot on the earth's surface is on the Eastern Slope, a shelving mountain that runs down to near the water's "But I never started to do that unedge, on the eastern bank of the Lena til my husband told me five times river in Northern Siberia. The spot about the hat. I wasn't going to admit in question is nine and a fourth miles that you could be any more economifrom Serkerchoof, about latitude 67 north, and longitude 134 east. Dr. "Well, really, my dear madam, l Woikoff, director of the Russian heard of that dress twenty-four hours meterological service, gives the minimum temperature of the place as being 88 degrees below zero. It is a Then she stopped and her eyes be place of almost perpetual caim. In the mountains near by, where windy

The hottest region on the earth's

your mind as you call attention to ard's grave .- Farm Journal.

Women govern us. Let us renof the mind of women very largely de-

NO. 49. States army it is now composed of the

following: Twelve ounces of pork or bacon or canned beef (fresh or corned,) or one pound and four ounces of fresh beef, or twenty-two ounces of saltbeef; eighteen ounces of soft bread or flour, or sixteen ounces of hard bread, or one pound and four ounces of corn meal. To every 100 rations, fifteen pounds of beans or peas, or ten pounds of rice or hominy; ten pounds of green coffee or eight pounds of roasted coffee, or two pounds of tea; fifteen pounds of sugar, four quarts of vinegar, one pound eight ounces of

star candles, four pounds of soap, four

pounds of salt, four ounces of pepper and four ounces of yeast-powder to each 100 rations of flour. THE MAKING OF SHOT. An English mechanic named Watts, early in the present century, invented the present process of making shot: He was a shot maker by trade, his method being to take a sheet of the metal, cut from it small cubes, place them in a revolving barrel, which he turned until by friction the cubes had become spheres. One night he dreamed that it rained shot, and in the morning, remembering his dream, he began to wonder what would be the effect on molten lead by allowing it to fall through the air. He carried a ladleful to the the top of a church steeple in Redcliff and dropped it into the most below. The result was satisfactory, and the first shot tower was soon after constructed. This method soon supplanted the former, and is now very generally employed. The height of shot towers varies with the kind of shot to be made, large shot requiring a longer fall than the smaller sizes. Ure says the highest shot tower in the world is 249 feet. The shot, after being taken from the water, are dried and sorted by sifting them in a copper cylinder perforated with different sized holes, and are then polished in a revolving cylinder with graphite. Sever-

al processes have been patented for making shot without the expense of the high tower. One substitutes a low tower, up the cylinder of which a very powerful current of air is sent, thus, in a short distance, producing the effect of a long fall. In another, the molten lead is poured on a revolv-ing table on which is placed a cylinder of sheet brass, perforated with holes. The table is revolved with a velocity of 1,000 feet a minute on the periphery, and the lead is thrown through the perforations in the sides, forming round, brilliant shot.

ONE MAN'S WAY .- A miserely old man one day went to a blacksmith's shop and asked the workman to weld power of arc light used in a lighthouse? | the handle on the blade of an old fash-"You jest mend it while I go down

come back," he said. The smith mended the shovel and left it standing near the anvil. Presently the old man returned. "Wall, how much is there to pay on

"Six cents," was the reply. The old man stood for a moment with his head bent forward and his eyes on the floor. Then he spoke: "All right," said the blacksmith

and unwelded it, saying, "There it is, This time the miser bent his head and looked at the floor for full five

"All right," said the smith, and in two minutes the work was finished.

it the first time, six for unwelding, six for mending it again." The bill was paid without more ado, and the shovel carried home to the

weather is the rule, it is not nearly so

surface is on the southwestern coast of Persia, on the border of the Persian gulf. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above 100 degs. in the shade, night and day; and to often run up as high Then two women went into a dry- as 130 degs. in the middle of the after-

VOLUME OF THE GULF STREAM .-The enormous volume of the Gulf Stream has long been a subject of curious investigation. The latest calculations on the "great ocean river" informs us that at least 90,000,000,000 tons of water pass cape Florida every hour! If this enormous amount of sea water could be evaporated the residue would be a quantity of impure salt so large that all the ocean vessels now affoat would only be equal to the task of carrying the one-hundredth part of it. And all this vast amount is held in suspension and passes a given point in

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol, regularly applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach, will remove the boards from the fence, let the cattle into his crops, kill his fruit trees, mortgage his farm and sow his fields with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his buildings, break glass out of his winthe blow, for many were the wicked venture to say: Richard, dear, do not dows and fill them with rags. It throat, and go poking along through due his reason, arouse his passions,

his "unexpected race." Be sure there read them straightforward, and then Tuless their attention is especialwas no more Sabbath racing in that say them all backwards! There is ly directed to it, few people notice the nothing so tiresome! I am not sure, tiny letters stamped on the larger silver but some Sunday I should say : Rich- coins of our currency at a point just A faithful teacher in one of the ard, if you get the least bit tedious below the junction of the arrows and "Horse-racing on the Sabbath!" ut- Boston public schools was greatly I shall fuss with my bonnet strings as olive branch held in the eagle's claws. troubled by the use of tobacco among a warning! And when you say, 'In The letters are "S," "O," and "C. C," "Dreadful," uttered the second dea- his pupils. He said he tried every conclusion, do not for pity's sake, go and stand respectively for San Francison until you reach a 'Finally,' and af- | co, New Orleans, or Carson City, no special mark, and are indicated by

WHAT A "RATION" Is .- A ration pends the wisdom of men. It is by ride down and confront the wicked habit that was injuring both the minds is the established daily allowance of women that nature writes upon the food for one person. For the United hearts of men.