

MR. SEGEE'S HEAVY LOAD

A STARTLING FIND IN THE VICINITY OF LILY LAKE.

How the Washington-like Mr. Ritchie, The Matter-of-fact Mr. Kemp, and Mr. Segee of "Enchanted City" Fame Unearthed the Metal-Exciting Episodes.

Ever since Captain William, alias Robert, Kidd buried untold wealth at St. John, the Bay Shore, Saunders' Point, Long Island, Deer Island, Passamsquoddy, Quaco, Wood Point, Dorchester, Oak Island, Goat Island, Grand Pre, Boot Island, Kingsport, Hall's Harbor, Scot's Bay, Parrsboro, Isle Haut, Advocate Harbor, and numerous other places along these shores, "as he sailed," people have buried money in a good many holes, searching for this treasure in every one of the above hiding-places. It was the habit of the famous mariner, after his crew had finished digging a hole and lowering the treasure into its depths, to ask who would guard the gold.

A big negro would invariably answer "I will." Then Captain Kidd would give an illustration of that exquisite humor which was one of his charming characteristics. "Guard it, then," he would say, playfully drawing a pistol and shooting the negro. The black man would fall into the hole, and his treasure would speedily be covered with his mother earth.

This little comedy was enacted at St. John, the Bay Shore, Saunders' Point, Long Island, Deer Island, and the several other places, already enumerated. The negro that fell into the hole at Lily Lake, St. John, had only agreed to guard the treasure for a limited time. That limited time, according to the statement made by Mr. Manfred Ritchie, of Portland, was only up to this year. And that was the reason why it was only last week that Mr. Manfred Ritchie dared to dig for a treasure the hiding place of which he had known, as he stated, for many long years.

About three weeks ago, Mr. Ritchie happened to be talking to Mr. Jacob Kemp, another well-known citizen of the North end. The conversation turned on buried treasure.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Ritchie, "I happened to be jiggling from school one day, and I was digging away in the ground with a cane, and I dug pretty deep, and at last I found some copper nails and some pieces of oak."

Mr. Kemp was interested. "Where was you diggin'?" asked Mr. Kemp.

At first Mr. Ritchie told him that he had been digging at Cat Back; but afterwards concluded that it was on the Strait Shore road, near Ghost Rock. It was some time since Mr. Ritchie was a boy, hence his uncertainty as to the exact spot.

Mr. Kemp was interested. He hunted up Mr. James Harding, who is more familiarly known by the euphonious title of "Jimmy the Bum." Mr. Harding is an expert mineralogist. He possessed a divining rod, which is of great service in his scientific researches. The mineralogist was only too ready to go on a prospecting tour with Mr. Kemp. They concluded to try the Strait Shore road first. The mineral rod worked like a charm. Mr. Kemp was happy, and so, for that matter was Jimmy the Bum.

Mr. Ritchie soon learned that Mr. Kemp and Professor Harding had visited the vicinity of Ghost Rock. He also heard that Mr. Kemp proposed going into mining operations on a large scale at that place. Mr. Ritchie, perhaps from anxiety to have a monopoly of any other copper nails or pieces of oak that might be found, told Mr. Kemp that the Strait Shore road was too public a place to dig. Mr. Ritchie then told of a much more secluded spot by Lily Lake where, according to a chart in his possession, a priceless treasure was awaiting those bold enough to take it away.

Widely varying reports of the seeking and the finding of the Lily Lake treasure have appeared in the daily papers this week. Progress feels called upon to give the correct version of the affair, which differs very materially from the other accounts.

Mr. Ritchie showed Mr. Kemp the chart. This chart, according to Mr. Ritchie, who it is devoid of imagination as George Washington, was a copy of the original map, showing the locality of the treasure, the original being in the possession of Mr. Isaac G. Oulton. Mr. Ritchie has a friend who has a different story concerning the chart that was shown Mr. Kemp, but as this friend, on a visit to Lily Lake, drew that chart, his ideas may be somewhat biased.

The particular friend of Mr. Ritchie's and other friends of Mr. Ritchie's, proved useful in other ways. They had helped Mr. Ritchie to mould five bars of zinc. They had helped him manufacture a box out of the oldest deals, bound together with the oldest nails, that they could find. They helped him put the bars of zinc in the box, and fill it up with dross. Mr. Ritchie and the friend that afterwards drew the chart drove to Lily Lake with the box of treasures, and buried it beneath the roots of a tree.

On Tuesday night of last week Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Kemp started for Lily Lake to dig for the treasure. Some of their friends also went, but not in company with Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Kemp. Mr. Ritchie may have known that they were watching the digging from bushes near by, but Mr. Kemp did not.

It is generally supposed that people who dig for buried treasure do so with as much silence as possible. However it be Mr. Kemp was not particularly silent. His remarks so amused one of the gentlemen in the bushes that he was forced to cough so as not to laugh.

"What's that noise?" said Mr. Ritchie. "Go on with your diggin'," said Mr. Kemp. "It's nothin' but a blamed owl."

The watchers in the bushes were disappointed, for although Kemp and Ritchie—especially Kemp—dug some pretty big holes, they found no treasure. Mr. Ritchie afterwards stated that he had not been to the place the night before, and that he was not able himself to locate the place where the box was buried. At any rate, the two went home about twelve o'clock. Mr. Kemp wished Mr. Ritchie to return to the diggings at two o'clock a. m., but Mr. Ritchie refused. Next morning about seven o'clock Mr. Kemp returned to Lily Lake, accompanied by Jimmy the Bum, who took his rod with him. The rod refused to turn, so the professor decided that there was no treasure in the vicinity.

Mr. Kemp lost faith in Jimmy, and called upon Mr. Ritchie, urging him to continue the search for the treasure. Mr. Ritchie said that he thought that they would better take a third party with them, as they would certainly have better luck if they did. Mr. Kemp thought so, too.

The third party Mr. Ritchie suggested was Mr. John Segee, a gentleman who had many years' experience in treasure-hunting, as had his father before him. Mr. Segee, according to his own story, met the Angel Gabriel in Clark's Alley, one evening, years ago, and told him of an enchanted city under Delaney's hills. So ever since Mr. Segee has been cutting into a solid limestone cliff there, hunting for the enchanted city. Mr. Segee did not need much persuasion to join the Lily Lake expedition. His only fear was about the ghost that guarded the treasure, so Mr. Ritchie had to inform him that the ghost's time was up. Mr. Ritchie said that he himself had been awaiting the release of that spook ever since he had come into possession of the chart.

On Thursday night of last week the three adventurers started for Lily Lake, with a bag containing a pick, spades and a hatchet. The guests invited by Mr. Ritchie for some reason failed to put in an appearance. Mr. Kemp is a man of very different character from Mr. Segee. Mr. Segee, as one North End gentleman says, is "the essence of superstition," while Mr. Kemp, according to the same authority, "would have dug for that box until he got it if the devil had appeared with horns, unless the devil was bigger and stronger than he was."

The diggers had not dug long, before they struck a stone, which, with infinite pains, was rolled away, leaving a considerable cavity. The superstitious Segee gazed into the hole, and said, in sepulchral tones, "It's a grave."

"Grave be——!" said the matter-of-fact Kemp.

Then Mr. Segee bethought himself of his enchanted city. He thought that the opening was part of a sewer that led from it. So in an even more weird manner, he exclaimed, "It's a sewer."

Mr. Ritchie says that the expression of supreme contempt on Mr. Kemp's face caused by this remark was something wonderful to behold. In tones equally expressive Mr. Kemp cried: "Sewer be——! Had Adam a sewer?"

Mr. Kemp was evidently expecting to find treasure of an even earlier date than the time of Captain Kidd.

At length the treasure-seekers unearthed a large box that looked as if it had laid in the ground for many years. According to Mr. Kemp, it had been there so long that the roots of a tree had grown completely around it. The hatchet did quick work.

Something glittered in the pale light. "Ashes," said Mr. Kemp. "It's gold," said Mr. Segee.

Mr. Kemp indulged in some characteristic remarks concerning Mr. Segee's theory, but qualified his first statement by saying that it was "silver—silver ore!"

But when the silver ore was removed, and five large bars of metal, with a skull and cross-bones and the date "1750" on each of them were brought forth, Mr. Kemp was quite as excited as Mr. Segee. "It's bars of bullion," he said, and began to chide himself for agreeing to a third party. In his abstraction Mr. Kemp was observed putting one of the bars into his pocket. "Here," said Mr. Ritchie, "that's not fair."

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

MRS. LEAR USED A WHIP.

SHE CURLED IT ABOUT THE CYCLISTS' SHOULDERS.

Because He Had Too Much to Say—An Episode of the Road That Does Not Reflect Credit Upon any of the Parties—Settled Out of Court.

HALIFAX, July 26.—The sensation for the week, in this city where "sensations" are infrequent, was the affair at Bedford in which three or four very prominent people figured. It was a quartette consisting of T. K. Warren, employed by Musgrave & Co.; Dr. William May, a wealthy physician of Washington, who is spending his summer here; Percy Lear and Mrs. Lear, of this city. The story of this trouble may be briefly told. Mr. and Mrs. Lear were driving in a buggy; Mr. Warren and Dr. May were on bicycles. It was dusk. The cyclists came up behind the carriage. The course of the carriage was irregular, making it difficult for the wheelmen to pass. Warren got by safely, and as it to celebrate his success rang his bell with gusto. May had more difficulty and when he succeeded in passing gave vent to his thankfulness, or displeasure, whichever it was, by making some remarks to the occupants of the carriage. Whatever it was that he said, the language enraged Mrs. Lear, and she urged on her horse after the flying bicyclists, who seemed to become alarmed. They are both heavy men and the horse overtook the wheelman. Then Mrs. Lear raised her whip and dealt a blow to the doctor's shoulders. Warren was not in it. At Wilson's hotel there was a repetition of hostilities. Dr. May decided to invoke British law. W. B. Wallace is summing up at Bedford and the lawyer, being so handy, was retained by Dr. May and instructed to bring an action against Mrs. Lear for wilful assault. The summons was served and the time of trial fixed for this (Thursday) afternoon. In the meantime proposals and counter proposals passed between the parties for an amicable settlement outside the courts. Those efforts proved successful, and Dr. May is now armed with what he considers an ample amende honorable. Mr. Warren is glad to have nothing more to do with the unpleasant incident, and possibly Mrs. Lear has learned that there is such a thing as having too hasty a temper.

Mrs. Lear came to Halifax years ago as a member of an opera company. She met Mr. Percy Lear, son of the late James Lear, who died suddenly at Moncton a couple of years ago. They married and settled down in this city. Mrs. Lear has a fine soprano voice, and she was very frequently heard at the best concerts here. The Orpheus club more than once engaged her as their leading soloist, and she was praised by the critics. St. Andrew's Presbyterian choir made her their first soprano, and at present she forms one of the quartette which leads the singing at the universalist church in this city.

Both Resigned and Looked Pleasant. HALIFAX, July 26.—The dinner by the three national societies of Halifax to the Governor General will take place in Halifax hotel on August 7th. His excellency has accepted the invitation to be present, so that, whatever might tend to keep him longer at the capital or elsewhere, he will no doubt be in his place of honor at the societies' table in due time. There is also not the slightest doubt that the banquet will be a brilliant and pleasant affair, or "unction" as the members of the Studley Quoit Club would prefer to call it. And this success will be accomplished notwithstanding the little friction experienced in perfecting the arrangements. Lord Aberdeen is a Scotchman and the North British society would have preferred to be solely responsible for the banquet. But his excellency is well known to be a home rule sympathizer, and the Charitable Irish society consequently had a peculiar interest and attachment to him, and made a proposal that the Scotch, Irish and English societies unite in tendering to Lord Aberdeen a complimentary banquet on his visit to Halifax. The executive of the North British society, to whom was committed the duty of arranging details with similar committees from the other societies, is composed wholly of liberals in politics, except that the president—Dr. A. H. McKay, superintendent of education—is a conservative. Party feeling in Halifax runs high, and in that sentiment the members of the North British share. The executive of the North British society had the right to nominate its president to take the chair at the banquet, but Dr. McKay waived his right and the committee endorsed his declining to officiate. They named Hon. W. S. Fielding, president of St. George's society, for the part, on the ground that he is premier of the province. Following the example of the North British, the charitable Irish society could not do otherwise than allow Mayor Keele, president of the society, also to relinquish his right to preside in favor of the premier. The Irish society is next oldest to the Scotch, and

when Dr. McKay declined to officiate the man who would naturally have succeeded to the position was Mayor Keele, the chief magistrate of Halifax. But owing to the way Dr. McKay had waived his right there was no chance for Mayor Keele and the Irish society, and they don't feel any too well pleased about it. There is not the best of feeling in the North British either. There was a sharp discussion and some pointed questions were asked at the meeting where the report of the committee came up for approval. Some of the conservatives in the society could not see why the North British president should not have maintained his right to the chairs at the banquet, and they indicated pretty plainly that out of deference to his society he should have done so. The fact that premier Fielding was nominated made it harder rather than easier for them to swallow the pill. It took two hours for the society to confirm the committee's report, the chief feature of which was the unhappy chairmanship of the banquet. The fact that Mayor Keele was also shut out from the honor did not reconcile the Irish society to the deal. The friction however has pretty well passed away by this time, and, as already stated, the banquet will no doubt be a big success, even though Mayor Keele and Dr. McKay sit at a "lower seat in the synagogue" than premier Fielding, president of the youngest, and by the way, of the financially poorest society. Premier Fielding "got there," as he has often done before in other contests.

Gold Mine Stock Does Not Boom.

HALIFAX, July 26.—The group of merchants on Water Street, located near Central and Pickford and Black's wharves, are the possessors of moderate amounts of Memramcook gold stock, ranging in value from \$350 down. Mr. J. A. Chipman has a little more than he started with and he got it the day before the report was published showing the wretched results of the tests. A slice was offered at auction by R. D. Clarke, which Mr. Chipman jumped at for 8½ cents per share. He went home that night happy with his newly gained wealth only to wake up in the morning, read his newspaper, and find his little pile had melted into thin air. The pleasure of getting stock at less than half what he paid for his former holding does not console Mr. Chipman when he remembers that after all he can't sell any of it to Mr. Neily at 50 per cent., or to anyone else for anything. "That offer, like the mine, did not 'pan out.'" The whole thing may as well be put down in the profit and loss account now as at any other time. It is bound to go there at last.

MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC.

How a Well-known Musical Critic Had an "Orchestra Chair" on the Sidewalk.

During one of the beautiful moonlight nights of last week, on a residence street of this city was seen an unusual instance of the dolce far niente indulged in by a well-known citizen. In a neighboring house a number of voices were blending harmoniously in rendering an extensive repertoire of familiar airs, such as have been heard again and again at any period during the last twenty-five years, and including, of course, a number of the current melodies—ancient and modern so to speak. The gentleman referred to was observed, seated very comfortably in a camp chair on the sidewalk, several doors beyond the house where the voices were, enjoying his pipe (in which he frequently takes much solid comfort), the moonlight and the music, which latter he at times applauded vigorously. He was supported by a gentleman friend and wife standing by, and in his cool composure, offered a perfect illustration of otium cum dig. It was refreshing simply to look upon him. He does not carry a chair about with him on moonlight nights as a matter of habit, but on the occasion referred to the chair was kindly loaned him by his gentleman friend, who was solicitous for his creature comforts. It is whispered to the writer that the gentleman who was seated as above described bore a striking resemblance to a well known musician, and because of his applause it is believed the music must have been good, that is, it there was no mistake in the matter of identity.

Travelling Cobblers.

A Richibucto correspondent writes: This town in common with many others has its sensations from the appearance of tramps. Sometimes they consist of bands of gypsies, pedlars and the well known umbrella mender. Of late, however, there has been quite a sensation caused by the arrival on the campus of a "quartette of cobblers." Being respectable in dress and manners, they were entertained at one of the principal hotels. Judge of the surprise caused by advertising themselves as ready to push their trade. They showed themselves conscientiously endeavoring to monopolize the business of the place in that line. Suspicion as to them as part of a gang of fakirs.

Why not have long selected cane in your chairs? Splint chairs resented. Dural, 19 Waterloo St.

A MERRY WAR OF WORDS.

THE CHIEF OFFICER AND CARPENTER OF THE CRUISER CURLEW.

Pass the Time Away and Amuse a Lot of People with a Free Fracas—Trying to Iron the Carpenter Whose Political Pull was as Strong as the Mate's.

There was war in the harbor Wednesday evening. There was trouble on the cruiser Curlew, the pride of the Bay of Fundy and the terror of the American fisherman who steal the herring fry that otherwise would be taken to Eastport by our own men and sold for sardines. If we do wrong ourselves it is some consolation to know that we prevent others. But to return to the war or perhaps it was mutiny. The D. S. S. Curlew was lying at the West India wharf on Wednesday evening, her brass guns had just received their last polish, Captain Pratt had gone into the town on business intent, and the first officer, Mr. Kinney, was abait the binnacle talking to a lady. Up at the to'castle the carpenter was amusing himself with some children who wore uniform, but were perhaps boys out on vacation. They would not be very formidable antagonists if no better than they looked.

The carpenter was noisy and Mr. Kinney came forward to see what was the matter and there the fun began.

"Did you say you were going ashore?" said Mr. Kinney.

"Well if I did, what have you got to say about it," was the carpenter's reply.

"You're not going ashore tonight, I tell you," said the first officer.

"Whose going to stop me?"

"Well, you'll see, if you try it. You go up that ladder now and see how quick I'll stop you!"

"You'll do a—— of a lot. I suppose you'd shoot," said the carpenter.

"No! I would not shoot, but you just try it," said Mr. Kinney.

"I don't want to go ashore," said the carpenter, "but," taking off his coat and cap and laying them on a box of biscuit, "you're not big enough to stop me, if I wanted to," and he placed himself in a pugilistic attitude.

Mr. Kinney first buttoned up his coat, in a sort of a "stood like a warrior" taking his rest with his martial cloak around him" style—then he pulled it off—ordered Jack to bring him his irons, and throwing the coat with all its glory of gilt trimmings, trimmings that have no doubt scared many a Yankee, on the gun carriage, he waded in so to speak and caught the carpenter by the back of the neck, running his thumb and forefinger well under the shirt band. The carpenter who had perhaps spent some time on a prairie schooner, became somewhat frightened when he heard the call for irons, mistaking it for shooting irons, and got quiet.

As Mr. Kinney held him by the neck another officer, probably the captain of the cockpit, (or if they don't have a cockpit, they should have,) caught the carpenter by one arm, Mr. Kinney in the meantime having appropriated the other. The chief boatswain of the top came back with Jack when he brought the irons; in fact the whole crew was present except the chief butler or baker if they had them on board. If Jack had known his business, and it may be said right here that he showed a fearful lack of military or naval training and Sir Hibbert Tupper should see about it, —if Jack had known his business he would have unlocked the irons or handcuffs before he handed them to Mr. Kinney.

He didn't, however.

Mr. Kinney dropped the carpenter so that he could get the irons in shape, and the carpenter made a dive down the companion-way.

"Hurry up, with a light there!" said Mr. Kinney, and he dove down the spout after the carpenter. The chief butler dove next, then the captain of the cockpit dove, and the chief boatswain did likewise.

Jack had gone for a light and was merrily singing, "Now I'm the Ruler of the King's Nav'ee;" he stubbed his toe and came down with a crash.

At this point there was some heavy talk coming up from down below decks.

"The voice of the carpenter was heard to say; 'I may be a small man but you're not big enough to do anything with me. d—— your irons, you needn't think that because you come from Novy Scoshy that anyone's scared of you?'"

Then the voices sank gently away in soul-stirring murmurs and Mr. Kinney came up the ladder, donned his blue and gold, closed the buttons firmly over his massive chest and moved majestically abait the binnacle.

The majesty or dignity of the Dominion's naval service had been satisfied and the mutiny, or the row, whichever you please, had been quieted. Slowly and sadly the sun sank to rest, its last rays falling on the clad slopes of York point, till it tinged with glory the plate glass and brown stone residence of Peter Shilling—slowly it declined sad at the bloodless tragedy that had occurred within a stone's throw of the Custom house and but a few steps from Lantulum's junk yard.

A TARTAR FROM WAY BACK.

Conductor Henderson's Patience Tried By A Wayward Woman.

Her name was Todd. Miss Todd we will call her, though she may have been Mrs., but if so, her husband knows he has a better half, and a good deal better. She was coming down to Fredericton Junction in the cars last Monday morning. She was neatly dressed, and had placed her satchel and basket on the seat in front of her, her sunshade beside her, and appeared to be at peace with the world, and well pleased with herself.

Quietly and calmly in his usual cheery style, came Conductor Henderson through the car. He little thought of the trial that was before him, and this emphasizes the uncertainty of human happiness.

He took up the tickets till he came to the seat occupied by Miss Todd, then he struck a terror, in fact, a total terror.

She handed him a ticket which read "St. Stephen to Fredericton," the opposite way to that she was going. It was also out of date, and worse still, had been travelled on and punched, but had not been taken up.

With a smile that would pass her on any other car, in fact was so heavenly that it would be a passport to the moon she handed Joseph the discussed ticket.

Joe looked at it. He looked at her, then he looked at the ticket. He turned it over with a sort of a can-I-believe-my-eyes expression and then said:

"You can't pass on this ticket, its no good! Didn't you know it was no good?" and Joseph looked as pleasant as possible.

"Well! it's all you'll get, good or no good. I won't give you another!"

"Then you'll have to pay!" said the conductor, "you can't ride on that!"

"What's the reason, I can't," she said, with that provoking smile.

"It's no good, I tell you, it's been used once and you can't use it again! You must pay!"

"I will not pay, so there!"

"You will have to get off, then," said Joseph.

"Well, I won't get off," she said.

"You won't pay?" again asked Joe.

"No! I will not!"

Joseph then signalled the engineer to stop the train.

After three or four jumps and bangs it came to a standstill.

As soon as it had got perfectly still, her gentle voice was heard to murmur, "I'll pay now, I don't want to get off!" and that heavenly smile brightened her face once more.

Joseph pulled the rope; the train gave a bound and the passengers had reposed themselves for Kasiagornis, when that cheery voice was heard to snap out in accents sharp and decisive, "I will not pay!"

"Then you'll have to get off!" said Joseph, and his hair began to bristle under his cap, and the faces of the passengers were a study.

"All right! just you put me off. Remember there is law and you'll get it—just put me off! I'll not pay!"

The train was again stopped, and the conductor and brakeman were just preparing to fire her off the car when once more the awful stillness was broken by that angelic murmur, "I think I'll pay!" and smiles, tons of them, nothing else can express them.

Once more the train was started. She quietly laid her pocketbook down with a sigh of exquisite content, and that provoking but sweetly modulated murmur like the ripple of pebbly waters passed through the car, "I will not pay!"

Joe jumped for the bell rope. He pulled so hard the rope broke and he almost fell. She looked at him with that smile like sunlight on the water and said in surprise: "Oh! you're stopping the car are you? what is that for? I'll pay!"

Well, pay them, and he once more signalled the engineer to go ahead.

She overhauled her pocket book, and quietly drawing forth the condemned ticket she reached it out to the conductor, with the smile and the remark, "there's my ticket, can't you pass me on that?"

The conductor was mad but he stood it like a Christian is said to stand such things. "You must pay!" he said, "you must pay!"

"Will you put me off the car if I don't?" she asked.

"Yes I will!" he said.

Then I guess I'll pay," she said.

She began to fumble through the pocketbook, and the train was once more on its way.

She found the same old bit of ill-used pasteboard and offered it again, Joe was about to stop the train when she paid up with the same smile.

Joseph then continued his rounds. He was down at the lower end talking to a Boston passenger when Miss Todd went down to him and asked him in beautiful accents with a face beaming with smiles, can you change me a five dollar bill please? After all the trouble he had had with her he still behaved like a conductor.