

HE SHOT THE SQUIRREL

YET THEY THOUGHT HE NEVER BEFORE FIRED A PISTOL

Because he shot it with his eyes shut—An Apt Pupil in the Use of Firearms—A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing—Sam Gave a Receipt.

"Speaking of the Nevada desperadoes in the palm days of the new mining camps," said an old Comstock lode miner, "did you ever hear how Sam Brown robbed the Bodie stage? At least it was laid to him, though nobody cared to say very much about it so long as Sam was alive. After Sam got filled full of slugs and buckshot from Van Sickle's shotgun and was put away under ground, Simmons himself said that it was the long-haired Brown that held him up. Simmons, you understand, was the stage-driver; everybody in Nevada knows of Simmons; or did at that time."

"On the morning of that day this happened, the stage pulled out for Bodie with Simmons on the box and a box of old coin under the seat consigned to the Standard Company. The owners chose to send it that way rather than take chances with the express company, which was getting robbed pretty frequently about that time. There was a full load of passengers inside, made up of about the usual rough kind of crowd that travelled over Nevada stage lines in those days, but there was one exception, in the shape of a mild and pious-looking man, who gave his fellow passengers to understand that he was a clergyman who had come out from the East to introduce a little gospel and morality into the ungodly community gathered about the bonanza mines. A man of that sort, so innocent and unsuspecting, was looked on as a prize by the rough-and-ready passengers, and they had no end of sport with him, filling him up with terrible stories of killing and stage robberies and telling stories and using language that in no way were proper for a clergyman or any one else to hear. He looked shocked, but stood it pretty well, and when they made a general show up of their weapons for his benefit he seemed a little shaky at first, but afterward showed considerable interest and examined the shooting irons one by one, asking questions about them, and how they were carried, loaded and fired."

"He was handling with a sort of horrified interest a No. 45 revolver that a rough ranchman had passed to him when the coach stopped while Simmons got down to knock a cobblerstone out of the off leader's hoof. They were at the foot of a rocky slope, on which was a growth of tall, scattered pine trees."

"How do you use this weapon when you wish to kill anything?" he asked, hesitatingly, holding the pistol timidly at arm's length."

"Why, you just take aim and pull the trigger," said the ranchman, winking to the others. "Let's see you bring that squirrel down from the limb overhead. Look out and fire ahead of you or you'll hit some of us."

"The pious man raised the pistol gingerly, with the air of bracing to a serious situation, without seeming to take aim, and shot his eyes and fired. Down tumbled the squirrel to the ground, with its head split clean off."

"If you'd aimed at that 'ere squirrel with your eyes open, you wouldn't 'a hit him," said a passenger from Missouri, with a loud haw haw at his own wit. The whole party laughed and had great fun pretending to compliment the clergyman over his remarkable shot."

The day wore on to evening and from the twilight of the valley the stage passed into the deeper darkness of a canon. The conversation somehow had fallen again upon the subject of firearms, and all of the four pistols in the coach happened to be in the clergyman's hands or within his reach, just as somebody out in the road ahead hailed the driver. The stage stopped and at the same instant the clergyman pushed open the door, scooped in all the firearms, stepped to the ground, and turned with a pistol in each hand, cocked and presented at the passengers who attempted to follow him."

"Will you oblige me, gentlemen," he said, in a very polite, but decided tone, "by staying quietly in your seats. You at the windows please hold your hands outside; you'll find it quite comfortable to rest your elbows on the casing. Now all stay just as you are and there'll be no unpleasantness. We want nothing of you but to keep still."

"There was not a firearm left on the inside of the coach—it might have made no difference had they all been there—so the passengers kept quiet and listened to what was going on outside."

"Sam Brown, thinly masked by a black veil, and in no way disguised as to his voice, was holding a conversation with the driver. Emerging from the shadows of the canon, he had suddenly appeared by the side of the leaders, pulled down on the driver with a revolver and ordered him to halt. The driver had obliquely complied, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Hullo, stranger."

"Hullo, Simmons."

"You're slow to-night. I've been waiting more than an hour for a little express package you've got for Standard."

"Say, put that pistol down. It might go off," protested Simmons uneasily.

"It won't say nothing if you don't. But if you want to get your passengers into Bodie on time, you'd better knock that boddie from under the box, for I'm in a hurry. I'll give you a receipt."

"There was nothing for Simmons to do but shuffle the box out into view with his feet—for Sam did not trust the driver's hands out of his sight—and hand it down, after which Sam handed Simmons a receipt signed 'Road Agent' to clear him from any suspicion of having himself taken the property."

"That done, Sam retired backward into the shadows with the box under his arm. His clerical-looking confederate also stepped back, with his pistols still covering the stage, and the coach was then allowed to move on. He first, however, took the addresses of the men whose pistols he had borrowed, and the weapons were mysteriously returned to them soon after their arrival in Bodie."

A Fakir Outfaked.

The street fakir was stationed on the corner of East and Mission streets, New York, with a machine that an inventor could spin around, and "if it stops at a watch yer get the watch, but if it don't yer sure

of a smoke," such was the language of the fakir. A man stood by and watched things for a few minutes. He saw several cigars given to speculators, but the bright steel index never stopped on the watch or the revolver. He carried a very stout cane. Going up to the turntable he stood abreast of the watch, and held his heavy cane fairly up and down. He put down a nickel, gave it stopped right over the watch. The crowd cheered and jeered, and the fakir tried to look as if he liked it. After depositing the watch in his pocket the stranger edged around the table till he stood abreast of the revolver. The cane was again held straight up and down, and another nickel was thrown on the table. The index was sent flying around and it stopped right over the revolver. The crowd was too surprised to cheer any more, and before the fakir had recovered his composure the stranger walked off. An officer from one of the ships near by had watched the whole proceeding, and going after the stranger asked permission to see the cane. The stranger handed it to the sailor, who found it weighed eight or nine pounds. It was a powerful magnet.

PRODUCING PEARLS.

How Man Helps the Oyster to Lead a Profitable Existence.

Peeling pearls is a little trick which Parisian jewellers have reduced to a science. They will take a pearl which is apparently so imperfect that it is scarcely marketable, and, with a skill bordering on the marvelous, will peel off the outer layer and develop a lovely gem.

A pearl is made up of layer of "nacre" and animal tissue. The nacre is that beautiful iridescent substance which gives to mother of pearl and the lining of sea shells their chief beauty, and it is especially attractive in the pearl oyster. The layers of nacre and animal tissue alternate, so that the skilled jeweller can peel an ugly, discolored pearl and make of it quite another jewel. The tools employed are a sharp knife, extremely delicate files, soft feather, and pearl powder. The layer of nacre is hard and difficult to cut, but the pearl renovator chips it off bit, by bit feeling his way with the edge of his knife, for the layer is too thin to be seen by the unaided eye.

In one of the workshops of Chicago is a man who is specially devoted to pearls. He claims that a perfect pearl is the most beautiful of gems and says that the time is coming when pearls will be fashionable again. He exhibits with some pride a large pink pearl, and said that it had been artificially started. This brought out the fact that in China and Japan pearl oysters are not only cultivated, but are forced to produce pearls.

A pearl is the result of an oyster's efforts to remove a source of irritation. If a grain of sand or some other hard substance finds its way into the shell the oyster begins coating it with nacre, which gives the irritating intruder a smooth exterior. The oyster deposits nacre over the offending object as long as it remains a source of irritation, and Chinese have taken advantage of this peculiarity of the solitary mollusk. They make little pellets of earth which have been dried and powdered with the juice of camphor seeds, and during May and June plant these in the oyster. The shell is opened with a mother-of-pearl knife, care being taken not to injure the oyster, and the earth pills are laid under the oyster's beard. The treated mollusks are then placed in cans and pools and left undisturbed until November, when they are dredged up, opened and the nacre-covered pellets removed with sharp knives. The pellets are usually found fastened tightly to the inner surface of the shells.

The Chinese pearl farmer then turns jeweller. He drills a little hole into the pearl at the place where it was fastened to the shell and removes the dirt. The cavity is filled with yellow rosin, and the opening sealed neatly with a tiny bit of mother-of-pearl.

But a Frenchman has improved on this method. He found that the Chinese killed many oysters by forcing the shell open to deposit the earth pellets. The ingenious Frenchman bored holes in the shells of pearl oysters with a small drill and then introduced through the opening little globules of glass. He plugged the holes with corks and left the oysters alone to manufacture pearls. In six months the glass nucleus was covered with a pearly deposit, and the Frenchman reaped a beautiful harvest of pearls. He did not have to bore holes in the pearls to remove the centre, and his product brought higher prices than the pearls made by the Chinese.

These artificial pearls have much of the lustre and beauty of the real gems, but are sold at a much lower rate by honest jewelers. Experts can color pearls black, pink, gray and other colors by the use of chemicals. For instance, a pearl put in nitrate of silver turns black. But pearl raisers know a trick worth two of that. Certain kinds of fresh water mussels bear pink pearls, and pearl oysters produce different colored pearls, according to the part of the oyster which is irritated by the foreign substance. The artificial pearl producer knows this and plants his seed accordingly. In Washington is an artificial pink pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, and its heart is a bit of seaweed.

Perfectly round pearls which weigh over twenty-five grains each are scarce and command large prices, but such pearls are natural. Artificial pearls are usually flat on one side.

MARVELLOUS JENNY LIND

Interesting Reminiscences of "The Swedish Nightingale."

Among the most interesting of those of whom John Addington Symonds gives reminiscences in his recently published autobiography is Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, of whom the image has faded away for the present generation, like that of all whose power was displayed on the ephemeral sphere of the stage. He gives a very charming account of this simple-minded, gracious and womanly singer, who had the highest devotion to her art, saying, "I sing to God," and whose home life and manners were those of simple affection and womanliness. Jenny Lind had passed beyond the bloom of youth when Symonds saw her, and her marvellous voice was beginning to lose its power, but her

artistic method was as pure as ever and her expression as magical. The following is his impression of her singing:

"Mrs. Goldschmidt came on second in 'On Mighty Peans.' She was quite in black and looked to me a old, worn lady, with a large head and a small person. She wore no crinoline, and her dress with its loose waist reminded me of grandmothers. At the first tones of her voice I quivered all over. It is not her wonderful execution, her pathos, varying expression, subtle flexibility, that surprised me, but the pure timbre, which so vibrated and thrilled my very soul that tears came into my eyes. The volume of sound she threw out and then diminished to a whisper which permeated the room, the diminuendos and crescendos, nightingale metallic strokes, brilliant accents and floods of swift, successive notes I expected. But I had not realized such quality of voice. In parts above and below it is going."

He gives a charming picture of the home of the Goldschmidts at Oak Lea, and this account of the aging cantatrice singing to her bird is very graceful:

"A blackbird hung in a cage outside the door. Mrs. G. went up and talked to it. 'Come pretty bird, pretty, pretty, little bird, do give us a little song; we want to hear you sing so much, you pretty, pretty, little bird,' in such a coaxing way that the bird, who had been shy at first, got down and came close to her and put its head on one side to listen. Then Mrs. G. sang to it roundels and long shakes, and high, sharp notes, which made the bird most inquisitive. But he continued silent until she turned to go, and then he gave a loud, shrill chirrup, as if to call her back."

INDIAN FIGHTING COURAGE.

Terrors in White Settlements Whom Run Away From Hostile Redskins.

"It takes a special kind of courage to fight Indians," said Major Ragsdale at the "Little Gem" in Topeka. "They're pretty sure to surprise you and as hard to catch. Their yelling and whooping alone are enough to stampede men not trained to their style of fighting. Sometimes they fight under cover, and you catch a fire from an enemy you can't get a sight of, and again where there hasn't been one to be seen, they seem all to spring out of the ground at once and charge you as though nothing could stand their onset. Then there's the knowledge that if they catch you alive you'll be skinned alive, or burned, or your life tortured out of you by slow degrees in a thousand different ways they can think of to make you suffer. There's many a stout-hearted desperado, a terror in white settlements and not afraid to have a pistol or shotgun scrap any hour of the day or night with a man of his own color, who doesn't count for a row of pins in an Indian fight."

"Take Sam Brown of Nevada for a case in point. He wasn't afraid of any man that wore boots, and he was the terror of the mining camps everywhere he went. The Pute Indians got bad one time and a party was organized in the camps to go against them. Sam joined the volunteers, and everybody in the party and all that stayed behind were talking about the big deeds Sam Brown would do, and chuckling to think of the way those redskins would be wiped out when they run up against him."

"Well, when they came upon the Indians things didn't turn out quite as they had expected. It was the whites that got licked in short order, and those that weren't left on the ground stampeded for safety. Sam Brown was one of the first ones to run, and the pace he set his horse as to get away from those redskins was something that beat quarter racing in the way of reckless riding. As they stampeded down a canyon, every man trying to be the foremost to get away, Sam hailed Joe McMurtie, who was riding a better horse than his:

"Oh, Mac! Pull your horse a little so I can come up. We'll ride safer together."

"McMurtie's answer to that friendly invitation was to bend down to his horse's neck, set in the spurs, and get out of that canyon ahead of Sam and back to Bodie as fast as his heels could carry him. He knew Sam Brown, and that it that worthy once got alongside of him he wouldn't hesitate to shoot him off his horse so as to get a better mount for himself. After they all got back to the settlement he didn't go round to places where he was likely to meet Sam, lest it might stir him up to unpleasant recollections of their Indian campaign—people were that considerate of others' feelings in those days when the other happened to be Sam Brown."

REVERSED BY A COLLISION.

An Old Brakeman Tells of a Queer Railroad Accident in the West.

"The most remarkable wreck I was ever in," said an old Louisville brakeman, happened on the Short Line between Pewee and Beard's some years ago. It was a frightful wreck. I had charge of the La Grange accommodation, and was bound to Louisville. We were following hard upon the trail of train No. 32, also bound for Louisville. Train No. 14 was coming in our direction. It had been delayed to make up the time and sidetrack between Pewee and Beard's on schedule time, so that train No. 32 would have the right of way."

The delay was what caused the trouble. The side track I am telling you about was just behind and under a hill. Train No. 14 had just backed on the side track, and before the switchman could shift the switch train No. 32 came dashing around the hill. The engineer saw the danger. He turned down the throttle with his hand above the whistle and brakes. His efforts were of no use, however. Train No. 32 turned in on the side track and went crashing into No. 14. All the cars of the train, fourteen, were stripped off the track as clean as if they had been peas in a pod. The shock of the two trains meeting was, of course, terrific. The whole of train No. 32, including the locomotive, toppled off the track. Remarkable as it may seem, only the cars of No. 14 were thrown off the track."

"When the two trains struck, the engineer of 14 had his hand on the throttle about to stop his train. The shock threw him out of the cab and the wrench threw open the throttle again and reversed the engine. When the cars had been stripped off the track the locomotive went 'wild' down the track toward Lagrange. We of

the Lagrange accommodation had by this time reached the curve. I was at the head of the train as lookout. I heard the sound of a locomotive approaching and signalled the engineer of our train to reverse his engine. He had hardly time to jump to the throttle when the wild locomotive crashed into us. I was thrown, I reckon, fifty feet, and came out of it with two broken legs. No one else was hurt, but the Lagrange accommodation was a day late. No, I don't railroad any more."

Just the Man They Wanted.

Rev. Mr. Bedell, who used to preach Methodist doctrine in Calhoun county, Georgia, was what is called "a jack of all trades." While he was living at Newton it is related to him that a young runaway couple seeking to get married came to the ferry at that place and called for the ferryman, when Bedell responded to their call and put them across the river. While doing so the young man inquired for a blacksmith, as he wanted some repairs made on his buggy. Bedell replied:

"I am a blacksmith and will repair it."

"The young man next inquired for a hotel to stop at. Bedell replied:

"Come with me; I keep the hotel and will entertain you."

"The next inquiry was for the Clerk of the Court of Ordinary in order to procure a marriage license. Bedell answered:

"I am the clerk and can issue you a license."

"He finally inquired for a minister to perform the marriage ceremony. The man of many occupations was again equal to the emergency and informed the would-be bridegroom:

"I am the minister and will perform the ceremony for you."

ALL THROUGH ONE GATE.

Let us fancy a state of affairs like this: Suppose that nothing to eat could be raised or produced in England; suppose a war, in which all the ports of England were so effectively and continuously blockaded that no food whatever could be imported for a year. What would become of the people? At best only a few could leave the country; the vast majority must remain. The question answers itself. Such a situation is not likely to occur; God forbid that it ever should, but the grim fancy may teach some of us a lesson that we can use to advantage."

For example, a lady is speaking of an occasion when she was very ill. What her ailment was she did not know. It first appeared in November, 1890. Up to that time she says she had been healthy and strong; never needed a doctor. At that time she felt, not so much that she had been attacked by illness as that she had *tapered* into it. She was languid, tired, and weak, without perceiving any reason why she should be so. "At first," she says, "my appetite failed me, and I have no desire for food. I could partake only of liquids, and after the simplest diet I had great pains at the chest. Sometimes I was seized with giddiness, and had pain across the forehead and temples."

"I became so low and weak that I was confined to my room for fortnight, and could barely walk across the floor. I continued to grow worse, losing strength daily. In the early part of December, 1890, I thought I would try a medicine that had greatly benefited my two daughters, one of whom had suffered from weakness and indigestion, and the other from poorness of the blood."

"The name of the medicine is Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I procured it from Mr. Shirliff, the chemist, in Goldhawk Road. After I had taken the Syrup two days I found myself a little better. My appetite returned, and what I ate digested and gave me strength. By the time I had taken two bottles I was completely cured, and have since been in the best of health, not requiring medicine of any kind. I have recommended Mother Seigel's Syrup to many of my friends, and they have found benefit from its use. If by publishing this letter other sufferers may come to know the curative powers of this medicine, you are at liberty to make it public. I will answer any inquiries. Yours truly (signed) Mrs. S. Buckingham, 22, Oaklands Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, September 18th, 1892."

The reader will notice that Mrs. Buckingham speaks of her two daughters, one of whom had been cured of weakness and indigestion, and the other of poorness of the blood, by the Syrup. On this point we merely desire to suggest that both the young ladies were (as their mother knew) troubled with the same complaint—one perhaps in a stage a trifle more advanced than the other. Poverty of blood means simply a lack in it of the vital elements, which food alone can supply; and no food can supply them unless it is perfectly digested. Thousands of women are thus afflicted, and are being constantly saved by the fleet of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup on the stomach and the other digestive organs."

Then what do we make of the illustration which introduces this article? This: The human body is like the population of a great country—it must be fed. Every muscle, bone, and bit of flesh is merely food altered into that form by the digestion. Yes; even more than this. Our illustration goes deeper than we thought. While it is not supposable that England could fail of assistance from her own soil, the human body in *no way helps itself*. All its support must come from the outside, and all pass through *one gate*—the stomach. We thus see the great work done by the Syrup in keeping this gate always open and available."

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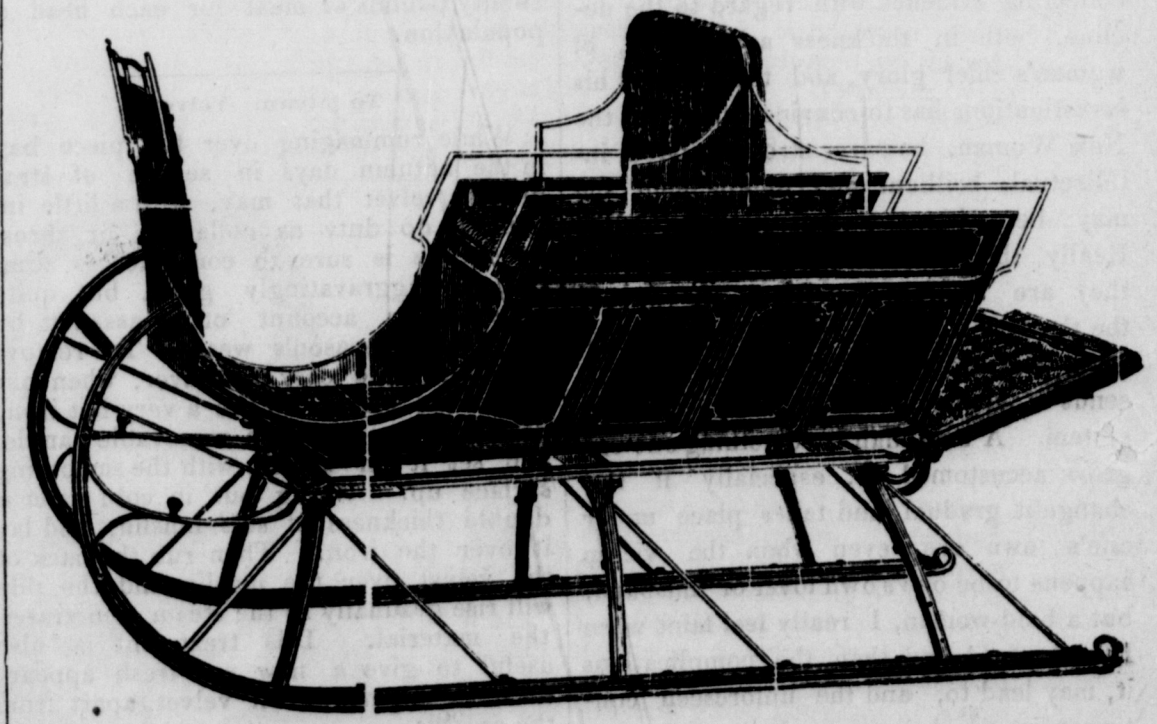
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