

OLD APPLE WOMAN.

of apples... "I've had a great discovery... The garden pear-tree in its shape is not unlike a pear."

THE DEFEAT OF THE FLYING DUCK

By FRANK WELLES CALKINS.

"Ye replied Bonhomme, in answer to my query, 'we had thieved to contend with often in the fur traffic and sometimes for furs the freight goods to considerable value.'"

"The bold attempt at stealing known to all my trading experience was the scheme of running off with the entire cargo of a steamer. This was made by the captain and crew of the boat Flying Duck, and came within an ace of success."

"The Duck was the first to reach our post that spring. We noted that she had a new captain and pilot, but thought nothing of this incident of change, which was not infrequent."

"The boat was small and of light draft, and as we had done a great trade in buffalo hides that winter we were able to load her. We put our junior clerk, Joe Amor, aboard, and as the Duck promised another trip before fall, three of our fur trappers took passage aboard for a visit to St. Louis."

"These passengers were our clerk, Barefoot Kelly, and two brothers named Langsey. The crew consisted of pilot and six ordinary roustabouts, one of whom acted as engineer. They appeared to be a jolly lot of fellows, and there was no act of violence among them to cause suspicion until the boat reached Woodup Island, about 200 miles below our post."

"While the Duck was taking on wood our men went ashore to stretch their legs. There was but one chopper at the wood camp, and as he labored with the crew, there was no one to visit with, so our men finally got their rifles and whittled away the time shooting at a mark. It was no doubt owing to this trivial incident that our company was saved the loss of a cargo of furs and hides worth more than \$30,000."

It was Mistress De Vere, that's so proud of her name. Fell to boatin' 'n' day of her kin in the... "The first apple woman," said Nora McHugh.

Nora McHugh, you've the blame for it in you, are in the anger could drame o' restin' in you. We'll be spuin' you, to the guile in you, there's a man in you, Nora McHugh.

"So the deserted ones left him grinding his teeth—for of course the Duck had not paid for its wood—and sped down the Missouri. By vigorous work with the paddles they were able nearly to double the speed of the current."

"It was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon when they set out on their well nigh hopeless chase, and, without food, they worked like beavers until sunset. A couple of loons, shot from the raft, furnished them a dry and unpalatable supper, and they pushed on, making not less than eight miles an hour until about midnight."

"At this time they discovered lights on the river below, and for a moment believed that they were about to halt an up-river boat. Then they saw that the lights were stationary, and a cautious approach within the shadows of a bluff bank showed them the Flying Duck fast aground. This seemed proof positive that her pilot was disabled, for the river was high, and no competent pilot would have run so light a boat aground unless he did it deliberately."

"Our men kept out of sight of the crew, who were out in the shallows evidently trying to 'jack up' her bows, and running their raft ashore and concealing it, went into hiding to watch the paravers. They were about gone on, but all had the feeling that the Duck was stuck for an unloading."

"They were right. Long before daylight the steamer's lanterns were seen flashing between her and the opposite river bank. The Duck had two large rowboats, and these were conveying her heavier freight, some twenty tons of buffalo hides, ashore."

"Very soon the paravers started the move. They went to their raft and shoved off, drifting across the river in darkness, about a mile below the stranded steamer. Then they made their way cautiously above and took to some bushes very near to where the freight was being landed."

quietly, and she slowly and awkwardly swung round and came on to make a landing. "Presently Amor could look in at the open window of the pilot's cab and see her captain at the wheel. With the pilot disposed of, the boat's crew and the lieutenants waited equal in numbers—and on board the Flying Duck were the company's most valuable bales of beaver, fox and other furs. Amor's breath came quick and fast, and he groped for a light. All depended now on the adroitness of his three plucky trappers."

"Knowing just what movement to expect, Amor trained his rifle on the pilot. The boat was drifting awfully fast to the bank, and the crew stood well out on her bow to cast off her rope."

"These cried to their supposed mates on shore to stand by to make fast to a tree. The trappers, leaning back among the bales and half concealed, paid no attention until the boat had come so near that it would be impossible for her to sheer off without striking the bank. Then they leaped to their feet and sprang forward, with their rifles leveled."

"At the signal Amor, too, ran swiftly up, holding his gun on the pilot's cabin, where the captain saw in a twinkling what had happened, and froze in his tracks. He rang three bells to his engineer, but his order came too late. The Flying Duck bumped against the bank, and his late passenger was hurled to face him and what was left of his crew on the cleared foredeck, and without arms. They glared like trapped wolves at their fangs, but they were quickly disposed of. The pilot was struck a blow with a punctured shoulder, and the man at the engine made no resistance."

"Our men managed the boat to Port Pierre, where they waited for a pilot, and then they set out on their delivering their prisoners to the authorities there. "It turned out that the Flying Duck had been leased, ostensibly for the fur traffic, but really to serve as a grand bait and got away with it. Her capture, under the circumstances, was certainly a notable exploit, and I am glad to say that Amor was promoted, and the others rewarded somewhat."

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TALES OF ADVENTURE

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

"Now that I have told the story of my three months' association with Abraham Lincoln, there are two things of which I feel that I must speak. The first question relates to the circumstances of the assassination of President Lincoln. It has never been made known to discover, all I have often wondered why the negligence of the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre on the night of the 14th has never been divulged. So far as I know it was never even investigated by the police department. Yet, had he done his duty, I believe President Lincoln might not have been murdered by Booth. The man was John Parker. He was a native of the District and had volunteered, as I believe each of the other guards had done, in response to the President's first call for troops from the District. He is dead now, and, as far as I know, he has never been mentioned in the history of the family. So it is no kindness to speak of the costly mistake he made."

"It was the custom for the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre to remain in the little passageway outside the box—that passageway through which Booth entered. Mr. Buckingham, who was the doorman at Ford's Theatre, remembers that chair was placed there, and the guard on the evening of the 14th. Whether Parker occupied it at all I do not know—Mr. Buckingham is of the impression that he did. If he did he left it almost immediately, for he saw a snake coiled around the rope, which was only a few inches from the cliff. The snake began to descend slowly, with his head nearest Hutchinson. Most of its body, however, was wrapped around the rope, and Hutchinson was successful in reaching it with the hammer."

"After he had hit it several blows on the head he saw its coils were relaxing, and placing one foot against a piece of projecting rock, he shook the rope and the rattler dropped fifty feet to the bottom of the quarry. As the man was swinging clear again the other two rattlers, which he had not seen till then, struck Booth. The rattler which was nearest him struck him on the head, and he was killed by its fall. It had ten rattles, which were taken by Hutchinson as souvenirs of the encounter."

"When, after a quiet sleep, I woke up about daybreak on November 23, my first thought was that on that day I should be killed. It was as if a solemn distinctness, I tried to shake off the impression and to laugh at my weakness in listening to that voice a single moment. But, while I met my companions and went about the forenoon, the voice would always come back. Once I actually came very near sitting down to write a cheerful note to my wife and children, but a feeling of shame at my superstitious emotion came over me, and I desisted. Still the voice would not be silent. I busied myself with walking about among my troops to see that they were in perfect fighting trim for the battle, which we expected to open at any moment, but the voice followed me without cessation. I made a strong effort to appear as cheerful as usual, so that my officers might not notice the state of my mind, and I think I succeeded. But what I could not conceal was a restless impatience that the impending action should begin."

"The forenoon passed without any serious engagement. About the middle of the afternoon Schurz was halting on horseback, with his staff, when he heard a shell coming, as he judged, straight toward him. 'This is the one,' I said to myself. The few minutes I heard it coming seemed very long. It struck the ground under my horse, causing the animal to give a jump, broke the forelegs of the horse of one of my orderlies immediately behind me, struck an embankment about twenty yards in the rear of me and then exploded, without hurting any one. The effect was electric. The voice which I had heard in the morning, called out: 'This was the one, but it did not kill me after all.' Instantly the premonition of death vanished, and my usual spirits returned. I never had such an experience again, but I have in vain tried to find an explanation for that one.—The late Carl Schurz, in McClure's Magazine."

"An Odd Bet. From 'The Characteristics of Sport' by George H. Board, in the Metropolitan Magazine, the following is taken: One of the most singular wagers which might be taken to be the outcome of a growing industrial war was made and decided in 1811. Sir John Throckmorton, at that time bet a thousand guineas that he could have a coat made in a day, from the first shearing of the sheep to the last stitch of the tailor's needle. According to the agreement, five in the morning Sir John gave two South-down sheep to Mr. Coxeter. The sheep were shorn, the wool 'spun,' the yarn 'spooled, warped, loomed and milled, reeled, dried, dyed and pressed.' At four o'clock in the afternoon it was in the hands of a tailor. At exactly twenty minutes past six that workman finished his task and the completed coat was presented by Mr. Coxeter to Sir John, who put it on and appeared in it before a crowd of five thousand applauding spectators."

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"SCIENCE & MECHANICS. French engineers are directing submarine wireless messages sent to the navigating officers. Cold drinks are bad for the digestion; therefore, the police of Berlin have issued an order forbidding hotel-keepers and others to sell beverages below a certain temperature. The limits of the universe have not yet been discovered, but Professor Simon Newcomb, one of the highest authorities in astronomy, estimates the number of stars at about 100,000,000,000. A noted scientist says that the Atlantic Coast is sinking and that some day New York and Boston will be under water. As the subsidence is only about an inch a century, however, it will be some time before our newspapers are entirely submerged. The Experiment Station Record reports from a German authority that action in the form of static perturbation has been converted into solar activity of a diastatic form and found to be a valuable material for supplementing skim milk in calf feeding. The relative economy of treating milk in Europe, including the United States, are spoken of in the article, as a whole, being a summary of a paper presented before the German Dairy Society. An interesting operation was carried out recently in Liverpool. Six traveling cranes with fifty-foot jibs, which had been built on the ground level at King's Dock, complete in new cranes ready for work were lifted, each in one lift, on to the rails on top of the new lofty two-story sheds. The Mercy Dock Board's fifty-ton floating crane Hercules was used, and although the weather was boisterous, the cranes were safely placed. Signor Castelnuovo, a Milanese, has recently ascended the highest of the three peaks called the Dent d'Audoubert in the Mont Blanc Range. It is 11,400 feet high, the last few hundred yards being a smooth and practically perpendicular rock. Nearly all the most celebrated mountain climbers in Europe, including the Duke of the Abruzzi, have vainly attacked the peak, which had come to be regarded as inaccessible. Signor Castelnuovo was twelve hours in making the ascent. Woman Scores. A man and his wife were once staying at a hotel when in the night they were aroused from their slumbers by the cry that the hotel was afire. 'Now, my dear,' said the husband, 'I will put into practice what I have preached. Put on all your indispensable apparel and keep cool.' Then he slipped his watch into his vest pocket and walked with his wife out of the hotel. 'When all danger was past he said: 'Now, you see how necessary it is to keep cool.' 'The wife for the first time glanced at her husband. 'My dear,' she said, 'it is a grand thing, but if I were you I would have put on my trousers.'—Boston Herald.

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"A SMALL DISCOVERY. 'I've made a great discovery,' said little Willie Blair. 'The garden pear-tree in its shape is not unlike a pear.' 'The apple-tree beside the wall is round as a can,' said little Willie Blair. 'Like a big apple—round likewise I find the cherry-tree.' 'And now I see that all the pines grow like big cones in air,' said little Willie Blair. 'I T. McClellan, in Youth's Companion.'

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. 'Mr. Conductor,' said little Louis Rhodes, pulling at a gilt-buttoned coat sleeve, 'please tell me a story. Bless my life!' exclaimed Captain Sam, of Express No. 55. The train had just pulled out from Newcastle, and as there was a long run without a stop, the tired conductor had dropped into a seat to rest a bit, when Louis came up and asked for a story. 'Bless my life!' said Captain Sam. 'I don't know a story to my name, except 'Here is the House That Jack Built.' 'Don't tell me that,' answered the little boy. 'I know that myself,' and began to rattle off: 'This is the house that Jack built; this is the cat that lived in the house that Jack built; this is the rat that caught the cat; this is the dog that worried the rat; this is the fowl that worried the dog; this is the cow that milked the fowl; this is the farmer who owned the cow; this is the man who rode the horse; this is the horse that carried the man; this is the cart that carried the horse; this is the ox that pulled the cart; this is the plow that pulled the ox; this is the sower that sowed the seed; this is the corn that grew from the seed; this is the sheaf that came from the corn; this is the barn that stored the sheaf; this is the door that opened the barn; this is the horse that ate the hay; this is the mill that ground the wheat; this is the flour that made the bread; this is the baker who baked the bread; this is the man who ate the bread; this is the farmer who owned the man; this is the man who rode the horse; this is the horse that carried the man; 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