

LIVELY TRIALS OF ONE TRAMP

From Poverty to Great Wealth and Then Quickly Back Again.

HOBO WILSON AND HIS WINDFALL

He Was a Generous Man, Was Wilson, and He Lived High While He Mingled with Chicago's Millionaires—Beauties of His Imagination. Name Carved on Many a Mile Post Between Scranton and Council Bluffs.

"A chilly town! A chilly town!" murmured Pemberton Wilson as he limped around to the sunny side of warehouse F and slowly let himself down to a recumbent position on the hot, tarry boards.

"A chilly town—that's what—even in the summer time," said Pemberton Wilson as he threw a stray nail into the muddy slip and lazily watched the rings enlarge and lose themselves in faintest ripples. "You take any train, and it lands

"Well, Rooster, how's everything?" you here, and the only comfort of him here is that there's so many trains out. I s'pose my stomach thinks I'm tryin to go without anything for a week just on a bet. The country lanes must be sightin for me. I wonder if turnips are gettin large enough."

To designate Pemberton Wilson as a "hobo" would simply corroborate his opinion of himself, says the tramp editor of the Chicago Record. He had carved "Hobo Wilson" on many a section shanty and milepost between Scranton and Council Bluffs, and there were friends who knew him as "Rooster."

At the bend in the river a coal vessel was being unloaded. The click of the machinery and the noisy dumping of the big buckets at regular intervals were soothing when the rhythm was understood.

"Hobo" Wilson tapped with his thumb, keeping time, and looked through the rigging of a lumber schooner in the boom, slip beyond at the coughing smokestack which reached up from a small planting mill. The mill was buzzing in changeable tones, like a nest of discordant bumblebees.

"It's smoke rolling from the stack drifted through the rigging, where the water and netted lines seemed to cut it into irregular shapes. "Hobo" Wilson watched drowsily until to his blurred vision there were many fantastic forms floating in the foggy maze. And he was not greatly surprised when one of these forms took on the outline of a dwarfish human being and floated slowly toward him.

"I'm livin on the air," said "Hobo." "But where did you come from?" "I just dropped in with the smoke. Don't know me, eh?" "That's what I don't."

"Listen, 'Hobo' Wilson. Do you remember last Saturday morning when you were at Hammond and divided your handout

"Now, what shall we do next?" asked the banker, putting his arm around Mr. Wilson's neck. "Oh, take a little ride and have something more to drink. Drive up to the bank and get a horse and a carriage. The other while the hands played and women at the windows waved handkerchiefs. Mr. Wilson leaned back in the cushions, thoroughly happy and counting his money, when he felt a sudden pain in his right foot.

The pain became more sharp. He raised himself to his elbow. He was getting the "hot foot." A heavy policeman was pounding the sole of his shoe. The club was lifted again, but "Hobo" Wilson drew back his leg.

"Well, I'm goin," whined "Hobo" Wilson, whose head was in a whirl as he came to his feet. He picked up his coat and limped around the corner of warehouse F, and at each step the cruel truth became clearer to him.

"Thank goodness for one thing," said he. "I can still taste the lobster."

The Future Language in China. The introduction of a uniform language in China is only a dream. Two hundred years ago the emperor Kanghi founded schools in various parts of the empire in the hope of accomplishing that end, but the result was disappointing. It may be accomplished in the future when railroads connect various parts of the country and bring the people closer together.

A Miser in High Life. Misers are not confined to one class of the community, but have been at least as common to the highest ranks as to the lowly. John Charlesell, the first duke of Marlborough, was the greatest miser in Europe. Yet when he was an old man, in order to save sixpence from carriage hire he would walk from the public rooms in his hotel to his private rooms in the city.

HOT DUELS OF THE DEEP SEA

The Swordfish, When Aroused, is a Very Troublesome Fellow, Indeed.

ALWAYS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

He is a Veritable Privateer and Wields a Trenchant Blade—Can Stab a Whale or Scuttle a Ship with Equal Ease—Fearless in Battle and Curious in Repose—Lively Scenes Off the California Coast.

A short time ago the attention of the passengers on a steamer off the southern California coast was attracted by what was evidently a fight between two sea monsters. The first appeared to be a mountain of foam first caught their attention. Then an enormous tail was seen tossed in the air. Then the monster breached and rolled over and over, beating the water into foam with resounding blows that

could be heard a mile or more from the ship. Nothing but the great black mass could be seen, and for 30 minutes the strange sight continued, to the wonderment of the voyagers. If the steamer could have approached, they would have witnessed a most unequal struggle between a large whale and a few insignificant size.

Beneath the water several swordfish were observed. The California water animal to death, running their sharp swords into its unwieldy form until the creature was in a perfect fury and could only fling its huge tail in impotent rage.

Such incidents are by no means rare at sea, and the presence of the swordfish as the cause of the trouble is often disputed, but in nine cases out of ten it is the offender, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle. The unrelenting and ferocious nature of the swordfish is not generally known, but it may be set down as among the most dreaded of all fishes. It may be said that the fish is utterly without fear and will attack any animal that comes near, charge anything that offends the eye.

The combats with its own kind are most interesting and may be compared to two expert swordsmen who have rushed to the contest, not with foils, but with rapiers, and fence for blood. Such a contest was observed in California waters, not long ago. Some fishermen noticed two big fish leaping out of the water and dashing along at the surface. Soon they saw that they were swordfish. The season was when the fish are supposed to be pairing and the males are unusually ferocious. They had made several rushes, and when observed were at close quarters striking each other with powerful blows like cavalrymen. This was unsatisfactory, and finally they separated and darted at each other like arrows, the water hissing as their sharp dorsal fins cut through it.

The writer later observed the wounds, which gave ample evidence of the ferocity of the attack. The fish engaged in the swordfish strike has been severely wounded, but that it is equal to that which drives a 24 pound shot from a howitzer can be believed from viewing the results.

In the waters of California at least three kinds of swordfish can be seen—Xiphias gladius, Xiphias abditus and Histioglanis gladius. The first is the most common and is the one which is most dreaded. It is the ordinary swordfish found on both sides of the Atlantic, in appearance trim and shipshape—a veritable privateer. It is a striking cousin of the mackerel. The principal feature is the sword, which is a continuation of the upper jaw into a sharp, point. The lower jaw is toothless, the lower one being hard or horny. The eyes are large and prominent, the tail sickle shaped and powerful, and the whole appearance of the fish denotes speed and activity.

It attains a length of from 5 to 9 feet, and when working at full speed it can pierce a wooden hull sheathed with copper. Many remarkable instances of this are known, and there is hardly a week in the year but something of the kind is recorded by shipping agents.

One of the most remarkable cases on record is that of the ship Dreadnaught, which was attacked by a swordfish on One day at sea near the coast of California, and soon after that the ship sprang a leak and was obliged to put into port. It was found, when she was drydocked, that a large swordfish had struck her. The sword had penetrated the copper, then the thick oak hull, passing through the thick line sheathing and finally entering the head of a barrel standing in a convenient place. The sword was broken off short, partly plugging the wound.

The ship Wanderer was struck in the south Atlantic in the same way, and the pumps had to be manned. When she was docked, the telltale sword was found. Some years ago a fisherman was rowing his boat along the shore of Staten Island when he was suddenly thrown from his seat by a violent blow. He recovered himself in time to find that the blade of a swordfish had been thrust up almost directly beneath him, so near, in fact, that it came near piercing his body. The fisherman stopped the hole as well as he could and pulled for shore. These instances—and they are but few of many—show that the fish are verily actuated by rage or by a constitutionally savage disposition. Undoubtedly they are not any enemy on sight without provocation.

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BOY WHO READ FLASH FICTION

Little George Bennett Looks for Thrilling Adventures at Sea.

FOUND IN FLAT-BOTTOMED BOAT

When Picked Up by Mrs. Lucy Carnegie, of the New York Yacht Club, He Unfolds a Tale Which Would Do Credit to the Fertile Imagination of "Old Sleuth" Himsel—Dime Novels Explain the Incident.

Mrs. Lucy Carnegie, the only woman member of the New York Yacht club, recently performed an act of humanity that many of her lordly colleagues would have disdained to trouble themselves with. Her yacht, the Duncannon, was steaming down Long Island sound, and when opposite Roton point at about 6 in the evening a drifting flat-bottomed boat was sighted, with a little boy in it. The yacht put about and took the boy on board. He was

apparently about 10 years old, was neatly dressed in blue knickerbockers and white shirt waist and said his name was George. There were no oars in the boat, and the tide had carried it out about three miles from shore.

After her little guest had refreshed himself Mrs. Carnegie asked him where he lived, where he got the boat and how he happened to be out in it so far from home. George thought for a time and then calmly replied as follows:

"I lived in London with my parents right down near where all the big ships come in. A few months ago my father and mother died, and I ran away from my uncle and went on board a big black ship that had a mean, gruff captain on her. After we were out a few days the captain beat me with a big stick and had me locked up in a dark room for nearly a week. When he let me out, we were some place on the gold coast of Africa. Big black fellows, with funny beads of gold around their necks and elephant tusks through their ears, ran around without any clothes on, yelling. The captain put me ashore and said to me, 'You young devil, be eaten alive.' Then he put me in a small boat with only a gun and a knife with a curved, sharp blade.

"As the ship sailed away, with the men yelling at me, I turned toward the shore and saw a thousand black grinning devils preparing to jump in the water and come out to me. Turning once more toward the retreating ship, I hurled a mighty curse at the brute of a captain, who stood on the bridge chuckling at my predicament. Then, resolutely facing the savages, who were by this time swimming out toward me, I saw that their number was too great for me to fight, and I lay flat on my back and pulled with a long, steady stroke down the coast. At first some of the savages tried to follow, but when I raised my rifle and sent the foremost into eternity the rest returned around rapidly swam to the shore. Then I proceeded on my way farther down the coast, where I landed and made my way inland. For 15 days I lived on nothing but lion and tiger flesh. My trusty rifle never failed me, but I could find no water at one time for three days, and I had to suck the blood from the game I killed to quench my thirst. I shall not dwell upon these hardships, though, but will say that I was on the time when I reached Cape Town.

"When I reached there, there was a ship lying in the harbor which was to sail that day for the United States. I took passage, paying with some gold I had found in the forest. I had an uneventful voyage to this fair country, but when we were coming into the harbor where you found me I saw a beautiful girl in that boat who found me in. I saw she could not reach the shore, so I went to the captain and told him. The brute exclaimed: 'Let her go. I can't bother with every one who sees in a boat!' At this I became angry. I tried to argue with him, but he would not listen.

"My blood fairly boiled with indignation. How could I, a man, stay in safety and see a beautiful girl perish? No, no; it would be cowardly. So, tightening my belt around me, I leaped into the surging waters, and with a powerful effort reached the boat. The girl had sprung away. She lay there, a beautiful creature, with long golden hair and a face like an angel. Long dark lashes covered a pair of eyes as blue as the deep sea, and her skin was as fair as alily. I bathed her face with water, and as she slowly opened her eyes and touched me with her soft tapering fingers I was thrilled to my innermost soul.

"At this point one of the ladies in the party which surrounded the boy laughed softly, and the men began to look a little uneasy. At the sound of the laugh George seemed to awake as if from a trance. His flashing blue eyes resumed their natural expression and a blush came on his cheeks.

"With a timid movement he looked toward Mrs. Carnegie's seat, and when she reached out her hand and took his he turned around and hid his face in her lap. The party were rather surprised at this, and besides all of them had become intensely interested in the story. They began to question him as to what had become of the beautiful girl, but George steadfastly refused to say another word.

Some time afterward, when he seemed to have recovered his composure, Mrs. Carnegie asked him, "What is your last name, George?" "George Bennett is my whole name, madam," replied George, resuming his Chesterfieldian air.

"And where do you come from, Mr. Bennett?" his questioner continued. "Danbury, Conn., madam. My father keeps a furniture store there at 1 Terrace place."

After much coaxing he was induced to explain that he had run away from his aunt's home. He was going to row out on the ocean, get picked up by some big steamer and then go to Europe.

When the yacht reached New York, Mr. Bennett was telegraphed for and came to claim his son. He told Mrs. Carnegie how he and his wife had sent the boy, their only child, down to his aunt's, who lives near Roton point, to get a week or so of fresh sea air. On Tuesday morning he

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Alaska. The discovery of this wonderful Alaska was made by the Indians, who would tell of the city which was built in the early part of July, from 5 to 6 p. m. It was on the side of the Pacific glacier. It first appears like a heavy mist and soon becomes clearer, and one can distinctly see the specter city, well defined streets and trees, tall spires, huge and odd shaped buildings which appear to be ancient mosques or cathedrals. Some claim it is a city in Russia, others say it is a city in England, but none can tell where and what it is. The mirage was given the name of "Silent City," as it appears to be like a dead city; there is nothing that would indicate it is inhabited.—Chicago Herald.

Birds That Make Queer Noises.

The bellbird or campener, which is found in South America and also in Africa. Waterton, the famous traveler and naturalist, states, can be heard at a distance of three miles. Its note is like the tolling of a distant church bell, and is uttered during the heat of the day, when every other bird has ceased to sing and nature is hushed and silent. How the bell bird utters this deep, loud note is not known, though it is supposed that a fleshy protuberance on its head, which when inflated with air stands up like a horn, is in some way the cause of it.

The hornbill, a bird which is widely distributed in India, the Malay archipelago and Africa, has also a very loud note. Its call has been described as "between the shriek of a locomotive and the bray of a donkey," and can be heard a distance of about a couple of miles. The barking bird also utters a very loud note; indeed, it is impossible to distinguish it from the bark of a dog. Its English name, says Darwin, is well given, for I defy any one at first to feel certain that a small dog is not yelping somewhat in the forest. The Toucan has also the same peculiarity.

Pedigree of Arabian Horses. The Arabs have no written pedigree; it is all an affair of memory and of notoriety in the tribe. Certain alleged pedigrees of Arabian horses, couched in romantic language and represented as carried in a small bag or hung by a cord around the animal's neck, have been published, but these are forgeries got up probably by horse dealers, Egyptian, Syrian or Persian. The breeding of every horse is a matter of common knowledge, and it would be impossible for his owner to fabricate pedigrees as to the names, even if he were so inclined. The Bedouins, it seems necessary to admit, are in general great liars, and they will lie (to strangers) about the age, the qualities or the ownership of a horse, but they will not lie about his pedigree, even when they can do so with impunity. To be truthful on this subject is almost a matter of religion, certainly a point of honor, in the desert.—Atlantic Monthly.

KING OF FORGERS. For Many Years James Guyon Has Foiled the Best Laid Plans of the Detectives.

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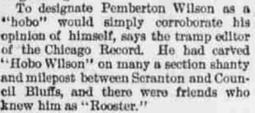
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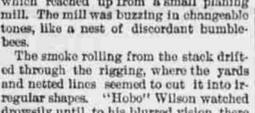
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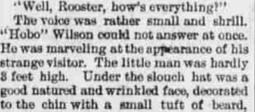
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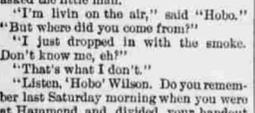
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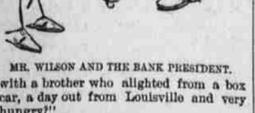
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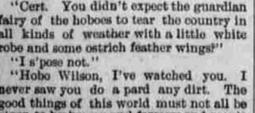
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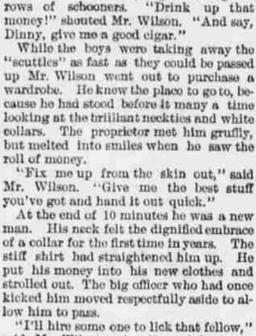
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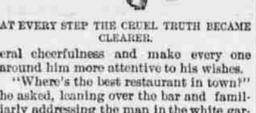
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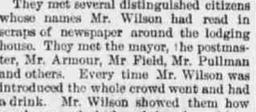
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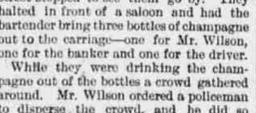
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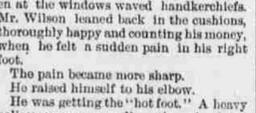
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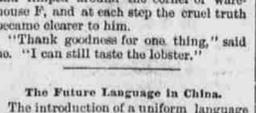
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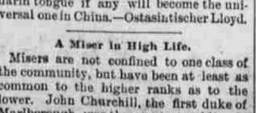
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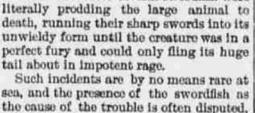
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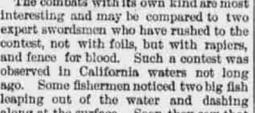
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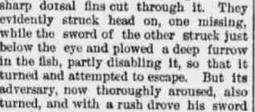
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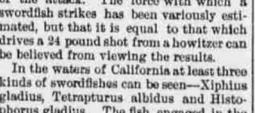
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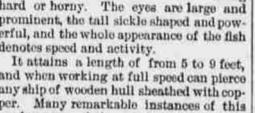
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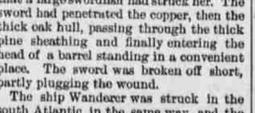
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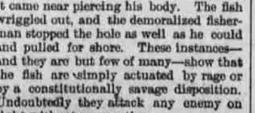
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