

THE RETIRED ARMY OFFICER'S TALE.

"During the summer of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, while stationed at Vancouver Barracks, near Portland, Oregon, I received orders transferring me to Plattsburg Barracks, on Lake Champlain, in the eastern part of the state of New York."

"Delighted with the thought of returning to civilization once more; at the same time realizing that it would probably be a long time before I would again visit the Pacific coast, I decided to visit the far-famed Yosemite Valley before leaving for the East. So taking a coasting vessel I left for San Francisco, arriving there in due time without any but the best of weather, and most pleasant sailing.

"That year, 1879, marked the first decade of the existence of the Union Pacific railroad. Great swarms of travelers were attracted to California by its beautiful scenery, its wonderful climate, and its natural wealth. For those, attracted by the scenery, the valley of the Yosemite was the "Mecca."

"At the Baldwin House, where I was staying in San Francisco, I met two gentlemen from "Old Virginia" who like myself were bent on a pleasure trip. They were going to leave for the Yosemite the next day and invited me to join them. I decided to accept and we left early the next morning by railroad, for a small town, the name of which I cannot at present recall, where we would have to take a stage to finish our journey.

"We arrived at the end of our railway journey without any incident worthy of mention, and after a good night's rest we took the stage, at an early hour in the morning, for our destination.

"It was a cold, damp, foggy morning, not at all propitious to the most comfortable traveling. Our coach, an old and well worn Concord, was well filled with passengers who were destined to become very tired before their journey would be completed. As usual there were some nervous persons among the occupants of the coach who had their fears of highwaymen and stage robberies.

"One little, old man, with a squeaky voice had finished relating some former unfortunate meeting in this particular way and the passengers were reflecting in silence, when, just as the coach turned a sharp bend, after ascending a long, steep hill, we were startled by the crack of a revolver and a deep bass voice commanding the driver to stop. There wasn't any doubt in our minds, about the owner of that voice being "a lone highwayman" of California.

"The Virginia gentlemen had taken the precaution to arm themselves; and as to myself, I had my officer's pistol, and the moment I heard the voice, I leaned out the door, aimed, shot, and wounded the robber in his right arm which fell useless to his side. The Virginia gentlemen ably aided me; one commanded the robber to throw up his other arm, and the other brought a rope from the driver's box and we bound him hand and foot.

"After the usual 'I told you so,' 'that's just my luck,' and other comments, had been made by the startled passengers, we put the robber into the stage coach and proceeded to the end of our journey, where we turned him over to the proper authorities.

"Our prisoner proved to be Sontag, the notorious "outlaw of the Sicras," and later I learned that he was sentenced to a long imprisonment in the state Penitentiary and that he died, shortly afterwards, long before his term had expired."

Just as the story was thus brought to an end, the whistle at the old Pail Factory sounded the supper hour and in a few minutes the Fish Hatchery was entirely deserted.

H. H. A.

Of the twenty-three men who received honors at Harvard this year, eleven are prominent athletes.

A "Whisker Club," consisting of twenty Seniors in the Law School, has been organized at the University of Michigan. Dear Seniors you will be behind the times unless some one of you will cultivate a full beard in which to graduate.