THE DAILY HERALD, PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1887.

A DRUMMER'S TALE.

morning and found my wife crying bitterly. with a few kindly disposed neighbors around her offering their sympathics. But, ah, why dwell on the sleepless nights and days of in-

happiness, but now was so desolate.

with failure in every instance.

of air from the front window.

in the rear portion of the house.

"I was advised by friends to sell the prop-

"From time to time I advertised in a gen-

eral way offering a reward for information

"My room in the house was on the first

back parlor. From the back parlor a glass

door connected with a small veranda that

stood at the side of the house. It was my

habit in warm weather to leave the doors

open in both parlors, so as to get a cool draft

"One night I sat up later than usual writ-

How seldom we ever hear a "commercial drummer" relate any anecdote or incident tense anxiety and suspense that followed? Λ that borders on the pathetic. The boys gen- for Mabel. Copies of the photograph which house to house search was made in the city erally like to get together in the smoking car I have now in my pocket were distributed or in the steamer cabin or in the slow going among the police and city detective force. I stage coach while en route, and vie with each | offered a large reward for information of her other in telling tales more questionable than whereabouts. In the personal column of the delectable. At home they are indulgent papers I intimated that any one who had kidfathers, kind hearted husbands and liberal naped the child for the purpose of obtaining providers in things substantial and things [the diamond cross could keep the cross and that bring happiness to the house. Frequently return the child to any place and I would go we meet men of this last class who are fore- after her and no questions would be asked; most in trade, zealous for the interests of neither would I prosecute them. But all this their firm whose large yearly sales will attest | was of no avail. I gave very little attention the vigor, the energy, the intelligence with to business for some weeks, and was almost which they pursue the restless dollar. One completely prostrated by the blow. To add of these gentlemen was recently my com- to our troubles my wife became indisposed panion on a tedious journey by stage through and finally lost her appetite and at last was a desolate portion of western Montana. The seriously ill. During her delirious moments country surrounding us was devoid of vege- she would call pitcously for Mabel. tation of any description. A forest fire had "A consultation of physicians was held and left a few blackened, charred pine tree tranks I was advised to prepare for the worst. It standing like grim sentinels over this region | came about a week inter-after many nights of solitude. Birds and insects, although it of weary watching my wife fell into a peacewas midsummer, had given the locality a ful slumber from which she never awoke, wide berth. Once in awhile as we ascended The end came one fine Sabbath morning a grade we could hear the laborious breathing when the church bells were summoning the of the four horses that hauled the lumbering | people to worship, vehicle. Even the driver seemed to be affected by our melancholy surroundings, for he business harder than ever in order to stifle poked his head around the side and looked and forget the effects of my bereavements. I into the windows and said: "Say, gents, ain't became reckless and lost considerable money this jest h-H" that ordinary caution would have prevented.

We both thought it was nearly so.

A long silence ensued, during which my companion seemed to be lost in a reverie. He was perhaps 50 years old. His eyes were mild in expression and blue in color. His forchead, high and expansive, was crowned I still held the memory of my wife too sawith a heavy growth of iron gray hair. He cred to think of any one else in that light. was of average stature and build. Add to this a neat fitting suit of navy blue and you have his description, except a heavy from relative to Mabel's whereabouts, but met gray mustache, that gave him a slightly military appearance. He was just such a man whom one would want to go to when in or parlor floor immediately in the rear of the trouble or doubt.

"Yes, sir," he mused, "this is solitude here in this desert, but then there are times, even in the midst of a populous city, that one can feel a deeper desolation, a more lasting solitude and loneliness than can be experienced here in this wilderness. In fact, the best part of my life has been one of solitude, and yet I had everything that money could buyfriends, business, plenty of occupation-but alas! no home, yet I lived in a comfortable house, well kept and with efficient help."

I was growing interested and asked him if he would tell me all about it if it would be agreeable.

"Yes," he continued, not seeming to have noticed my slight interruption, "it will be two hours yet before we arrive at Gallatin, and as we are the only passengers, I will relate it to you, if you are interested."

"I am, very much so," I replied, "but if it makes you feel unhappy to dwell upon the account of it, perhaps we better change the subject."

"Thank you," said he, "but as the subject of my story is now pleasantly situated in life, with a prosperous and devoted husband and a bright little child, and with all the comforts of a happy home, it will not distress me nor interfere with my good appetite to tell it.

"The event in question occurred over twenty years ago, in the city of Chicago, 1 rifle, then lived near the corner of Michigan avenue and Twelfth street, and was engaged in the grain commission business. I also owned a fifth interest in a foundry engaged in the daughter of one of the earliest settlers in the known to miss my man. city. We were much devoted to each other, quiet prosperous for a young man. A little girl was born to us, and for about five years nothing occurred to mar our happiness. My wife would meet me every night with a smile and a loving caress. She was very affectionate in her disposition, and I am very thankful to remember that I never In the meantime our little Mabel was growing into a sweet child, and was loved by all who came in contact with her. Her gentle bear- back to you and mamma? ing, her good temper and her generous nature (traits that one would not look for in one of her tender years) won her hosts of friends. Here is her picture as she appeared then." And he handed me a small photograph from an inner pocket. It was the picture of a very pretty, intelligent looking child. Her features were regular, the face being oval in shape and the mouth rather small. The eyes, with long lashes, were looking upward; a head of golden hair surmounted this remarkably beautiful face. On the child's breast, suspended by a gold necklace, was a handsome diamond cross. The picture itself, in point of artistic

HIS ARGUMENT.

"But if a fellow in the castle there Keeps doing nothing for a thousand years, And then has -everything! (That isn't fair, But it's -what has to be. The milk boy hears The talk they have about it everywhere.)

"Then, if the man there in the hut, you know, With water you could swim in on the floor, (And its the ground. The place is pretty, though, With gold flowers on the roof and half a door!) Works-and can get no work and nothing more.

"What I will do is-nothing! Don't you see? Then I'll have everything, my whole life through.

Ent if I work, why I might always be Living in huts with gold flowers on them, too-

And half a door. And that won't do for me." -Sarah M. B. Piatt in The Century.

lying in the port of Honolulu. We left the port in ballast only, and were two men short of our complement. Capt. Wheaton was a Barnegat man, and the crew all English speaking people, and for the first fortnight no ship ever had better weather.

At the end of the fortnight the fine weather "My home was broken up. I plunged is to was broken by a rousing gale, which struck us during my night watch, and all hands had to be called. We had a hard time of it during the first hour, and were finally compelled to lie to, and it was while we were bringing Three years passed; I still lived in the old the ship to the wind that the captain was house which had been the scene of so much washed overboard by a heavy sea which boarded us. With him went one of the sailors, the hencoops, several spare spars and erty, move elsewhere and take a wife. But booms, and a lot of deck raffle, and by the time the ship had shaken herself clear of the foam it was too late to render any assistance. Indeed, it was a serious question just then whether any of us would live another half hour. The storm did not break for nearly twenty hours, and the old ship was so strained and knocked about that her life was ended. The gale had scarcely abated when she began to leak faster than the pumps could throw the water out, and on the seventeenth day of the voyage we had to abandon her. When we had been affoat for four days in the open boats we were picked up by the American bark Yankee Boy, bound from Boston to San Francisco

ing some letters that I wished to send by the On the 4th day of Sept., 1860, as the Engearly mail next day. I was sitting at my lish whaling ship Lady Bascombe was neardesk in a little room off my bedroom. It was ng the equator, being about midway benearly midnight, and the housekeeper and tween the Marquesas group and the Galapatwo servants were in their rooms overhead gos, and the time being H o'clock at night, she was hailed from out of the darkness, and

"It was very quiet; nothing but the five minutes later had Capt. Wheaton scratching of my pen and the ticking of the aboard. He had been affort for three days little clock on the mantel in the next room and a half on a small but well constructed disturbed the absolute stillness of the hour. raft, which was provided with a sail, and had During a pause in my writing I fancied I carried him safely and buoyantly an estimaheard a slight noise at the glass door. I lis- ted distance of 120 miles. The captain was ened and as it was not repeated I resumed in good health and spirits, but would answer my writing. A few minutes later I heard no questions until he had seen the captain of the knob of the glass door turn softly as if the Bascombe. The sailors knew that he some one was trying to get in. At the same must have been wrecked, but that he should time I thought I saw the shadow of a man be alone and in such seeming good health in that dreary spot was a great mystery to them.

"There hung on the wall of my room a Capt. Moore of the Bascombe had heard of Winchester rifle which had been my good the loss of the Starlight, and when Capt. Wheaton introduced himself he created a big and trusty companion during my sharpshooting days when I was in the Wilderness with sensation. He was at first taken for an im-Gen. Grant. There had been some burglapostor; but he had letters and documents in ries committed in our block the week prehis pocket to prove his identity at once. vious and I had cleaned and roloaded the That being settled, he told his story. I have heard him tell it four or five times over, and "It was the work of a moment to cross the can relate it almost word for word. When Capt. Wheaton was swept overboard advance into the back parlor. It would be he gave himself up for lost. He got but one look at the ship, and realizing that she was driving away from him and he was beyond rescue, he ceased swimming and hoped to drown at once. Just then a hencoop floated within reach, and in a second he changed his mind and fastened to the float. He was clear on the point of floating all that day and far into the night. Then he lost consciousness, but did not let go of his float. He remembered nothing of the next day until about an hour before sundown, when he opened his eyes and came to his senses to find himself lying on the sands, his float near by, and the storm cleared away. He was stiff gan to press the trigger when a child's voice and sore and bewildered, and he crawled furcalled out: Dou't fire, papa; it is me come ther up the shore and went to sleep again, and it was sunrise before he again opened his eyes. An hour later he know that he was on an island about three miles long by one mile wide. It was well wooded, containing several surings of fresh water, and there was an abundance of wild fruits to sustain life. There was not an inhabitant or sign of one, nor did he find any living thing except birds and monkeys. Wheaton was not only a good seaman, but a well educated and well posted man, and he had sailed on the Pacific for many years. There was hardly an island in that ocean which he had not set foot on and could recognize by sight again. After a bit he began to figure on its location, and he made out that he had been driven ashore on an unknown and uncharted island lying very close to the equator, and in longitude 120 degrees west. This put him midway, on a northeast and southwest line, between the Marquesas group and the Galapagos Islands. He had visited both groups, and as both were inhabited at that time he could not have been mistaken in his location had he gone ashore on any one of them. He found proofs satisfactory to himself that the island was of volcanic origin, not over 12 or 15 years old, and that the luxuriant vegetation was due to the tropical climate. The birds, of which there were several species, could perhaps have flown there from some of the other islands, but how the monkeys reached the spot was a puzzler past her and went into the dining room, where at the moment, a carriage drove to the gate, a the captain never got over. That he found 'em there was proved when he was rescued, there being two pet animals on the raft. When the castaway came to walk around his island he found the wreck of the Scotch immediately put her hand into that of the brig McNeil on the east shore, and the wreck of the California ship Golden Bar on the west coast. Both crafts had been reported lost with all on board two or three years bethem, but he had proofs again. He had the name board of the ship and some papers bework of building a boat to enable him to es-I always felt that the old man must have now married, and is the mother of as lovely had a jolly life of it for the ten months and over he was on what he called "Wheaton's Island," but he dwelt on the fact that it was terribly lonely. It went harder with him, because he had a wife and six children, and death. He found several barrels of whisky and a lot of tobacco in the plunder, but he "A marvelous story, indeed, Mr. Clark," was not content to sit still and enjoy himself. snid I. "Let us go in and lubricate," and we He put in two months on his boat, and had just got her finished when a storm set in and she broke her moorings and drifted out to sea. Anxiety and exposure, aided by the worry about the folks at home, laid the old must turn to a raft if he ever got away. He worked at it at odd hours, being ill and

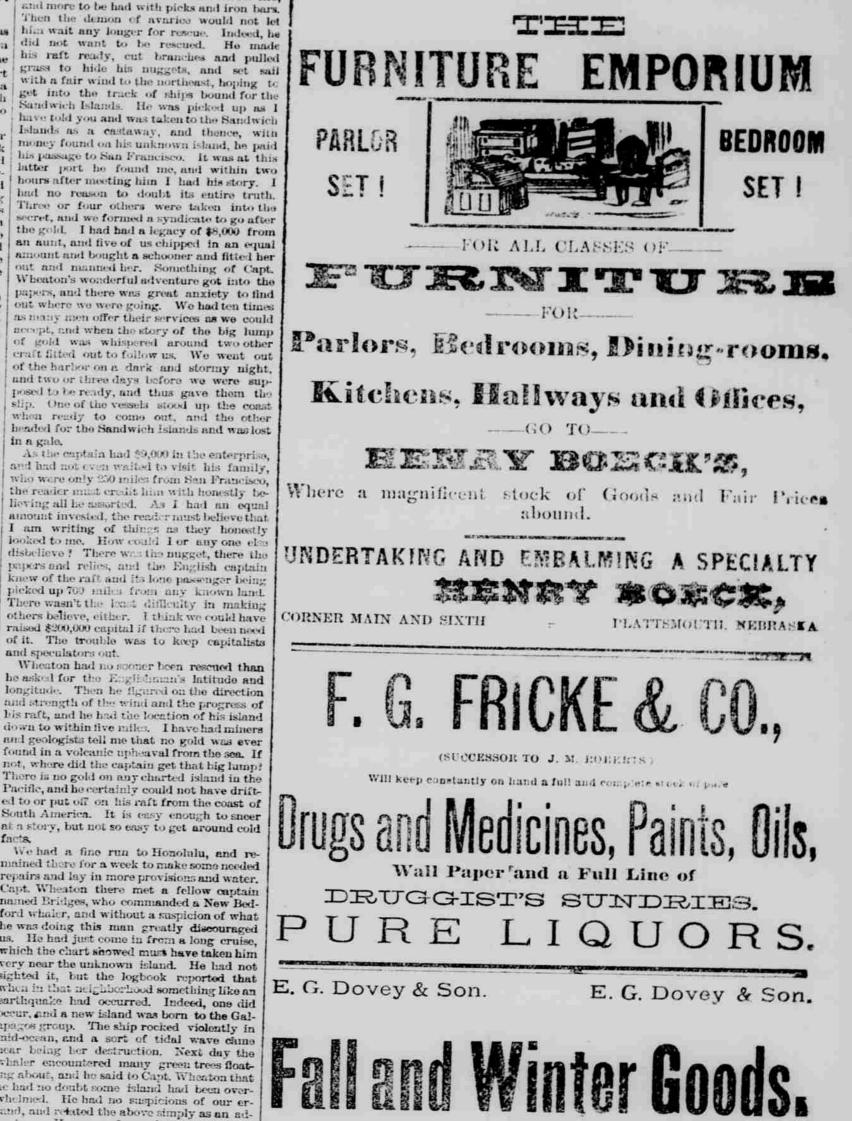
making a start, hoping every day to sight a sail. He had a signal flying by day, and almost every night he kept a fire going, but rescue never came.

One day, two weeks before he set out on his voyage, the captain made a great discovery. In a rough, wild place in the center of the island, where a mass of rock was thrown up in great confusion, he found a lump of gold as big as your fist. Ayel more than that, he found masses of it so heavy that he could not lift them. These chunks, he said, were as pure as his big nugget, and that I not only held in my hand, but saw the certificate of assay reading that it was 91 per cent. pure gold. He sold it at the mint in San Francisco for over \$12,000, and that in my presence. In the course of three or four days the captain piled up such a heap of gold on his island that he dared not estimate its value. There was THE WONDERFUL ISLAND. enough to make a dozen men rich for life, and more to be had with picks and iron bars. Then the demon of avarice would not let It was in October, 1859, that I shipped as him wait any longer for rescue. Indeed, he second mate on the Starlight, which was then did not want to be rescued. He made his raft ready, cut branches and pulled grass to hide his nuggets, and set sail with a fair wind to the northeast, hoping to get into the track of ships bound for the Sandwich Islands. He was picked up as 1 have told you and was taken to the Sandwich Islands as a castaway, and thence, with money found on his unknown island, he paid his passage to San Francisco. It was at this latter port he found me, and within two hours after meeting him I had his story. I had no reason to doubt its entire truth. Three or four others were taken into the secret, and we formed a syndicate to go after the gold. I had had a legacy of \$8,000 from an aunt, and five of us chipped in an equal amount and bought a schooner and fitted her out and manned her. Something of Capt. Wheaton's wonderful adventure got into the papers, and there was great anxiety to find out where we were going. We had ten times as many men offer their services as we could accept, and when the story of the big lump of gold was whispered around two other craft flited out to follow us. We went out of the harbor on a dark and stormy night, and two or three days before we were supposed to be ready, and thus gave them the slip. One of the vessels stood up the coast when ready to come out, and the other headed for the Sandwich Islands and was lost in a gale. As the captain had \$9,000 in the enterprise,



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ALSO REPAIRING PETER MERGES.



skill, was splendidly executed. "Well," my companion resumed, as he carefully replaced the picture, "time went on, and as Mabel grew older it was her custom to meet me near the house on my return home from my office.

"At the end of one pleasant day in Septemper I closed my desk, and glancing at my watch, saw, to my annoyance, that I was twenty or twenty-five minutes behind my usual going home time. I hurriedly left, and, hailing a passing car, was soon walking toward the house on Michigan avenue. I noticed that Mabel did not meet me, and supposed she was in the house with her mother.

"The servant opened the door for me, and Summediately inquired for Mabel. I brushed in the kitchen ordering from the market man my wife was just sitting at the table to pour the tea.

"One glance between us, and simultaneously we asked, 'Where's Mabel?'

"'She went to meet you fully twenty minutes ago,' said my wife, rapidly. As she arese, we both rushed to the door. I seized my hat and ran to the gate, looked up and down the street, then opened the gate and walked hurriedly to a group of children playing near by. "'Oh, Mr. Clark, let Mabel come and play

with us,' cried one little girl.

"'I don't know where Mabel is,' replied I, vacantly.

... "The child had never been out of sight of her with the children my anxiety and fears camp. The child walked nearly three miles and planks, and within a week he began the increased. Suddenly I thought of the dia- to our house and arrived there at midnight. mond cross, which, by the way, you might have noticed in the picture. This cross was the gift of my own mother to Mabel in her will. The child was very proud of it, and we a child as she was herself. allowed her to wear it once in a while, but never out of her parents' sight. Close questioning developed the fact that one of the servants had placed this cross on Mabel's neck that afternoon. The cross and necklace night and found her father. were worth over one thousand dollars. Here, then, seemed to be a case of robbery, followed by kidnaping. I hunted for Mabel up and down the avenue, without success.

"When I returned to the house, I found my wife pale with anxiety. She, too, had ransacked the house for our little one with no better success. The neighbors joined in the search, but one and all were unsuccessful.

which was telegraphed over the city. The is 2,556, of which only 592 are Americans. papers next day also contained an account of There are but 134 foreigners altogether in the

room, take de in the weapon, cock it, and certain death for the burglar if I shot at manufacture of light castings. I owned the him, for I had picked off many a rebel while home we lived in. My wife was the only I was in the Wilderness, and never was

on the wall of the house next to mine.

"I stood thus for perhaps two minutes in and, take it altogether, I was considered no little suspense when the door knob was again tried and a head appeared just abovthe edge of the woodwork below the glas-I assumed that the barglar was on his kness trying the lock. I immediately called out in a loud voice;

"Throw up your hands or I'll fire at you,' and taking deliberate aim at the head I gave her a cross word or look while she lived. | counted, 'One, two'-just then my finger be-"I dropped the rifle to the floor, a cold per-

spiration covered me and I trembled from head to foot. I staggered to the door and with nervelass fingers unlocked it somehow, "The next instant my long lost child was

being nearly crushed in my arms and I wept the first tears of joy in my life. "By this time the housekeeper and two ser-

vants appeared, the gas was lighted and the uproar increased by one of the girls going into hysterics.

"A policeman came to inquire the cause of the disturbance and was amazed when I grabbed him around his ample wrist and exclaimed, 'Thank God!' When the housekeeper told him about it he rubbed his sleeve over his eyes and said he was glad too, and went out. A reporter for a morning paper came and got the facts in the case. My Mabel had grown about a head taller. She was thinner than when she left us three years before. She was ragged and dirty, but then I had her back again.

"She was taken in charge by the housekeeper, who had by this time restored the hysterical woman.

"Perhaps you would like to know where my child had been all these three long years. "It seems that on that eventful September day she was walking down the walk to the gate expecting to meet me. Her mother being man got out and said: 'Mabel, your papa has sent me to bring you down town. He will give you some nice candy."

"The child said, 'Wont that be nice? and man. It was the work of a minute to drive

"The villain removed the diamond cross and gold necklace from her neck. He after- fore. The one was a whaler and the other a ward, for a trifling sum of money, hired a trader. The captain not only said he found band of gypsies to keep her with them. These gypsies afterward went to Minnesota. The child was cared for by an old woman. longing to the brig. He found and buried the They made my darling work hard for skeletons of thirteen sailors, and among the them. At last they, in their wanderings, debris of the wrecks he secured a large neared Chicago, and the old woman, during quantity of clothing, considerable money, her mother or myself, and as I did not find an ugly fit of temper, drove Mabel from the some bedding, a lot of tools, ropes, boards "I tremble when I think how nearly I cape

> "Her husband is well to do and often tells with pride of his wife's pluck when she, a

mere child of 9 years, escaped from the gypsics and walked into town in the dead of he knew that they would be mourning his "Well, here we are at Gallatin."

did.-"W. E. S." in Arkansaw Traveler.

Resident Foreigners in Japan.

The popular idea which assumes that many foreigners reside in Japan, and that large man on his back for several weeks, and he numbers are employed in the government probably had a close call from slipping his "I afterwards went to the police station service, is very erroneous. According to the cables. He got up slowly, and as he had been and gave a description of our lost darling latest returns the number of foreign residents wasteful with his materials, he found that be public service, of which number only seven- despondent, for several months, and when it "I returned home about 1 o'clock the next teen are Americans .- Boston Transcript. | was finished he hesitaedt a full month before

Pacific, and he certainly could not have drifted to or put off on his raft from the coast of South America. It is easy enough to sneer at a story, but not so easy to get around cold facts. We had a fine run to Honolalu, and re-

and speculators out.

mained there for a week to make some needed repairs and lay in more provisions and water. Capt. Wheaton there met a fellow captain named Bridges, who commanded a New Bedford whaler, and without a suspicion of what he was doing this man greatly discouraged us. He had just come in from a long cruise, which the chart showed must have taken him very near the unknown island. He had not sighted it, but the logbook reported that when in that neighborhood something like an earthquake had occurred. Indeed, one did occur, and a new island was born to the Galapages group. The ship rocked violently in mid-ocean, and a sort of tidal wave chune near being her destruction. Next day the whaler encountered many green trees floating about, and he said to Capt. Wheaton that he had no doubt some island had been over-whelmed. He had no suspicions of our errand, and related the above simply as an adventure. However, from that hour we all lest heart. Figure as we would we could not shake off the conviction that it was the unknown island which had been destroyed in

the same manner it was born. After a long and tedious run from the Sandwich Islands we finally drew near the location. Then for days and days we sailed to and fro, and at length realized that the island had gone. It was not there to enrich us and to prove the captain's story, but still we found proofs. We discovered more than 100 trees floating about as we sailed this way and that, and after we had given up all hopes we made a still greater find. The boat which Wheaton had made and lost turned up there on that vast expanse of sea. It was sighted from the masthcad one morning, and two hours later we had it alongside. It was waterlogged, but floating well enough for all that, and its find was the strongest link in the whole chain. We hoisted her on board and brought her to San Francisco to exhibit to the silent stockholders in our enterprise, and that relie was the only thing we could show them.

That's my story, gentlemen, and if you're unsatisfied you are no worse off than your humble servant, who lost his all in the venture .- New York Sun.

The Statues of New York.

Great as Gotham is, unquestionably as is its metropolitan character, all abiding as is its domination in commerce and in trade, it must be conceded that the foreign element has so long held possession of our municipality, has for so many years ramified every channel of influence and of rule, that the native spirit, the pride of home, which have done so much to adorn Boston and to make it beautiful among its sisters, here has absolutely settled into a rut of indifference, and the few public effigies we have are just this side of the bombastic and the absurd. Wall street has a statue of Washington

that is thoroughly good. There is nothing in the City Hall park.

It is given over to tramps in the daytime, to thieves and loafers at night. With the exception of the City hall itself, its

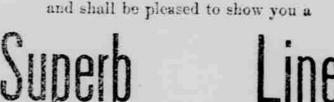
come to Union square, where there is a passable statue of Lafayette and a very fair presentation of Lincoln. Coming to Madison square, in many respects a most beautiful, a most attractive, a most charming spot, we are confronted by a heroic statue of Seward which is perfectly preposterous, and one of Farragut which needs explanation, and there we end .- Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

A California detective has just purchased two Georgia hounds for tracking criminals. He paid \$150 for them and \$50 expressage.

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