

DOUBLE CROSSING NATURE

BY NATE UREFAKE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM TELEPATHIC DESCRIPTIONS



a gigantic crag which projects from the side of a precipice. The people do not walk upside down as might be supposed.

Macon, Ga.—A crowd of grief-stricken colored people assigned an assignment of fine pear trees to a grave at Bollingbroke just at dark, thinking they were the remains of Tooger Adams, a negro woman, whose death was due to a stab from another negro woman in Tybee. The police had the case and worked it out; finding the dead woman formerly lived in Bollingbroke and notified friends that the remains would be sent on the afternoon central train and when the box arrived containing the pear trees it had so much the appearance of a coffin case that the party took charge.

For some reason, not explained, the casket did not get off at Macon and the negroes who were waiting at the train took the pear trees off with the deepest sorrow and care, carried the box to the home of relatives and sat up, sang and prayed all night.

The word was out that the body was terribly slashed by

ton has been unquestioned, even as the parrot's popularity has grown.

But this time a hen was at the bottom of it, rather a setting of eggs, which Chessen found in a nest reposing in the middle of a big pumpkin which he purchased from Herbert Culp, a truck farmer. The little brown hen had made entrance through a hole which a hungry cow—all cows are hungry in a pumpkin field—had bitten out of the gamboge vegetable. As Chessen, who boasts that he drives a good bargain, gave only 15 cents for the pumpkin, and there were 14 eggs in the parrot nest, he thinks he is the financial gainer, though he may have to exhibit again to re-establish his reputation for veracity.

Chessen took the pumpkin in his hen-houses, and now a setting fowl is clucking over the eggs. He expects to sell the pullets, when they are hatched, at from 35 to 50 cents apiece.

Dyspepsia, Kan.—In a single night this burg has passed into history and all because of the sidetracking of \$50,000 worth of ostriches here. The ostriches were bound for Los Angeles, Cal.

It is said the birds had not been fed since leaving Africa and the first thing they did was to eat up all the freight cars which provided their homes. Then they descended upon this town, first devouring a \$200 plate glass window in George Erickson's poultry store about midnight. The town marshal fled when he saw the things that the ostriches relished. Inadvertently he ran right into the flock in his flight. They looked him over, smelled him, but passed on to more savory delicacies in the shape of the railroad depot. Having eaten this they started in on the homes of the residents and when dawn came there was only a crumpled mass of ostrich language and some human cuss words, where the town once stood. Most of the residents fled in their night clothing to Hawkeye, a near-by village, and have formed the Society for the Prevention of Wearing Ostrich Plumes. The birds are now roaming the country devouring everything in their way. The militia company at Hawkinsville may be called out.

Later—It wasn't. The ostriches died.

Atmosphere, N. C.—Physicians who were performing an operation for appendicitis upon Herman Graustark in this city to-day were astonished when they extracted four \$5 gold-pieces from the appendix of the patient.

The currency was piled in the appendix when extracted and one report has it

UNUSUAL OCCURRENCES in the animal and other kingdoms are always the most interesting to the American people. The editor realizes that of late there have not been enough "queer" happenings, which, seemingly violate nature's laws, and though usually law-abiding he has endeavored to supply the want. In pursuance with this policy Nate Urefake, the renowned and much-traveled naturalist, who declined President Roosevelt's offer to accompany the executive on his East African hunting trip, was employed to scout up hundreds of unusual, yet interesting occurrences. The tour took several months and from time to time the author mailed the following accounts of the strange things which were reported to him. Only this week Mr. Urefake's dreams came to an end, and he delicately confided that he had sworn off "for good."—Editor's Note.

This is not a local option town. Some of the city officials missed the rare sight, being too tired.

Morning After, Ark.—In a part of this county which is seldom frequented was found today a tree growing downward into the ground. It is the only case of its kind in the world. Your correspondent saw the rare sight. The roots of the tree project several feet above the ground and are of the palest green, while the leaves, some of which the writer dug up, are white and taste not unlike celery.

The only explanation of the strange occurrence was given by an old Indian who is said to have lived in this section 200 years. He is known as Big Chief Kiek-a-Hole-in-the-Sky, and he declares that long ago the chief of the happy hunting ground vented his wrath upon Big Chief Kiek-a-Hole-in-the-Sky's great-grandfather, who had planted many trees. He caused the seeds to be planted upside down, thus accounting for nature's reversal. There was once a whole grove of this inverted timber.

"Heap much too plenty bunk," sighed the aged redskin, as he turned to re-enter his cabin.

Firewater, Minn.—Josh Stillings arrived in this city to-day from a hunting trip and told a wonderful story, which upon investigation of the quality of the liquor which Mr. Stillings carries, your correspondent found to be an absolutely true tale. Mr. Stillings said:

"I was hunting bars up north and had traced a big one into a clump of trees when, to my surprise, I saw fly towards me a full-grown jack rabbit, equipped with eight pairs of wings. The rabbit flew faster than the fastest train I ever rode upon. When my astonishment had somewhat subsided I aimed my rifle at a point about a mile ahead of the queer animal and so fast did it fly that it ran right into the shot. After half an hour's walk I came upon the carcass, which had frozen stiff. The wings were of fluffy down and curiously shaped. I was anxious to bring the flying rabbit home, but that night it was mysteriously stolen and so I have no proof for my story other than what little I have left in my flask. Have another drink, friend?"

Your correspondent then saw a whole flock of flying rabbits. The phenomenon is wholly unaccountable.

Gwan, N. J.—The most wonderful sea fish ever seen appeared off this town twice during the past few days—once by night and once by day. The reptile is shaped like a serpent and planted between its eyes is a gigantic headlight, which is only visible at night and which marks the reptile's progress through the waves. The constant sputter of electricity in the form of dots and dashes led summer residents here to believe that the serpent uses its tail for a wireless instrument and thus conveys messages to others of



THE FLYING RABBIT INCIDENT

its species who are in deeper water. The serpent seemed to like this little summer village until its appearance at night when it is supposed that the loving couples on the sands either made it envious or gave rise to nausea. Then it disappeared, its tail flicking off the telegrapher's "39," which means "good night," and sometimes "never again." For several days the young women bathers deserted their favorite haunts on the sands and the young men wittily said that at that time there was some excuse for not getting their pretty bathing suits wet.

Delingpath, Cal.—Probably the most wonderful mistake which nature ever made is that which was unearthed here in the birth of a cow with its horns on its rear hoofs. It has no horns on its head. It was several months before the horns on its hoofs began to sprout. It is a very savage animal and none dare go near it, for it fights just as does a game rooster and is more vicious. The owner, Mr. A. J. Hirschfield, is planning to breed the species and hopes to develop a new sport to take the place of both chicken fighting and bull fights. He held a contest last week between a bull dog and his "devil cow," the name which residents of this section have applied to the animal and the cow reduced the canine to mince-meat, giving rise to a new industry—that of the manufacture of bull-dog sausage.

Ding a Ling, China.—The belief of five-year-old American boys that if they die through the earth they will slide out in Chinese territory was illustrated in a familiar vein to-day when your correspondent arrived in a little suburb outside of Ding a Ling, in which all the houses are reversed and hang thus from

the woman's assault and for that reason, together with the long delay after death, the box was not opened. At the hour for the funeral the colored pastor had his text: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Pallbearers, mourners and attendants, after the usual custom, actually buried the pear trees.

When the next northbound Central passenger train came bearing the corpse of the dead woman and the funeral attendants were notified, there was amusement and surprise. Winship Cabanis, one of the most prominent farmers of the community, found the mistake when he made a search for the pear trees.

Alton, Ill.—Nature in an Altonian mood, brought another wonder to the door of James Chessen of East Alton, noted as the owner of the famous swearing parrot. When Chessen first proclaimed the versatility of his parrot's powers in profanity the bird was dubbed a nature-fake. So Chessen invited a number of persons, among them a divinity student, to hear the bird rehearse. Since then Chessen's reputation for truthfulness in East Al-



INSPECTING THE MAGIC MOONSHINE WELL

that the money was labeled "issue of 1904." Mr. Graustark is cashier in the First State Trust Company of this city and consequently was immediately placed under arrest on charges of misapplying the funds of the bank. He pleads innocence, declaring that he must have accidentally swallowed the coins while biting them to see if they were genuine.

Whee, Tenn. (By long distance telephone).—Your correspondent had quite a (hic) time to-day in this (hic) hamlet. He had quite a severe cold when he struck (hic) here and was one of the hicers who were present at the discov-(hic)ery of a magic well on the city hall square. The well flows real moonshine whisky (hic, hic). This is a dry town (hic). The well is a pub-(hic)-lic utility. Jim Orson made the (hic) wonderful discovery. It is considered very (hic) probable that the well will be enjoined from flowing by the supreme (hic) court. You have to drop 15 cents in the (hic) well to make it flow. Your corres-(hic)-pondent is broke.

PARIS CREEK, N. M.—This town was deeply stirred up and Paris Creek society circles were unusually agog upon the arrival of your correspondent. The whereof of this was the birth of an ossified chicken from out of a hard boiled egg. This strange occurrence took place on the farm of H. J. Seaman, a wealthy countryman.

Mr. Seaman avers that he placed the hard boiled egg in the mother hen's nest simply to coax her to lay and she, being deceived into the belief that she had laid the egg, proceeded to hatch it out, the process taking four months.

The wee chick has no feathers and much resembles a pottery creation. It walks mechanically. Its small legs working in sockets, while its neck does not wag like that of the ordinary fowl in search of food. The youngster appears in good health and will probably live. So hard is the chick's body that Mr. Seaman will paint the stars and stripes where the feathers should be and when the paint is dry he will present the wee fowl to the Smithsonian institution at Washington, which has been seeking just such a phenomenon for the past 80 years.

Tuscaloosa, Nev.—One of the quaintest exhibitions of mother love which ever drew tears to the eyes of a matinee girl was that which this small bustling city witnessed to-day when a number of town officials off on a junket, returned to tell of the manner in which a mountain lion protected its young.

The officials had come to a point in a mountain pass and were surprised to see a little distance ahead of them a male and female mountain lion rolling a gigantic boulder down the side of a hillock. Deftly the pair placed the big rock against a hole in the face of the mountain and then departed in search of food. It was marvelous in the eyes of the city officials and they proceeded to investigate. In the cavern they found seven lion cubs, playing peek-a-boo, secure from attack.

The watchers hid a short distance away and a few minutes later were greeted by the soft footfalls of the returning lions. The male, knocking a small rock beneath the boulder, allowed it to slip a few feet to the right and both animals passed into the cavern and out of sight.