

"CALIFORNIA JOE."

(By W. F. Cody.)



C N 1874 I was acting as guide to the Big Horn Mountain expedition against the Indians, of which Gen. Anson Mills was in command. One day we were marching along the very summit of the big divide between the Big Horn and the Powder rivers and came to a halt to rearrange the pack-train, saddles and so forth. We were fully 400 miles from the living place of any human beings. So when all of a sudden we saw a man on the hills at a distance in the rear we watched him pretty sharply. He was on horseback, traveling quietly along in the same direction we were headed. Gen. Mills asked me if I had any of my men out. I had none, and we made up our minds that it was an Indian.

As we drew nearer, however, I saw it was a white man, and in a few minutes I recognized my old acquaintance, California Joe. And a curious spectacle to behold he was. He was mounted on a tough, battered-up looking old bronco with a saddle that looked as though it might have seen service since the days of the Forty-niners. His dirty buckskin leggings had been so shrunk by frequent wettings and dryings that they were drawn up above the tops of his boots and nearly to his knees. His boot heels were so worn down that they were nearly obliterated and his buckskin shirt was a maze of grease and dirt. He had a Navajo blanket and an old blue army overcoat strapped to his saddle, while on one side of the bronco there dangled a piece of raw elk meat. His rifle was an old Hawkins muzzleloader.

"Hello, Joe," I shouted as soon as he was within hearing. "Where in the world are you going, away off here?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular," he replied; "jest out fer a mornin' ride."

Gen. Mills and the officers had heard of Joe, and when I introduced him all around they greeted him very warmly. They pressed him with questions and I did the same. But it was no use. We could get nothing out of him save that he was "jest out fer a mornin' ride," as he had said when I first hailed him.

"Well, Joe," I said at last, "don't you want to go along with us?"

"Waal, no," he said slowly; "leastwise unless you've got some tabaccer. I don't travel with no Government outfit unless they've got tabaccer."

a moment, and then suddenly dashed his greasy coyote-skin cap on the ground, and in a voice that thrilled curiously in contrast with his usual listless drawl, he cried out:

"At last!"

It was some time before he would answer any of the questions that were fired at him, but finally, in response to an inquiry by Gen. Mills, he said:

"Do I know anything about that grave? Waal, I reckon I do, bein' as I helped make it myself."

And then he told his story, slowly and with a good deal of dramatic power. The name he gave as being that of the occupant of the grave has now slipped my mind.

"The man in this grave," he said, "was one of a party of us that was trappin' and prospectin' ever so long ago at the mouth of the Columbia river; doin' a little work for the Astors trappin' and doin' a little work for ourselves trappin'. But there wasn't no lead in sight up that way that promised to pan out, so we all allowed we'd strike back towards the Missouri river, prospectin' as we went along.

"We went through Idaho and Montana and worked along in western Wyoming. One day while we was goin' slowly along down a tributary of the Shoshone river, all of a sudden we see a shinin' glitter in the bed of the stream. Nuggets! That's what they were. Big and little yellow nuggets scattered around in the bottom of the stream. No man hvin' ever seen the like of it. We never stopped to bother about our broncos. We jest splashed into that stream hands and feet and began clawin' out them nuggets. In less'n half an hour we had the bank heaped up and scattered all about with 'em.

"Then we thought about the broncos, and all I need to tell you is that we loaded down the broncos and loaded down ourselves with them gold nuggets until we couldn't carry another ounce. We threw away everything we had and could get along without and took nuggets on in its place. Then we struck out. Our plan was to get to the Missouri and then build a raft and float down to St. Louis, and we did, only when we got right where we are now standing the man lyin' under them stuns took sick all of a sudden and in two hours he was dead. We buried him and fixed that grave jest the way you see it now. Nothin' ever touched it. That I'd swear to."

"Well," asked one of the officers, "what did you do with your nuggets?"

"Oh, I cashed mine in St. Louis, went to New York, and from there went to Paris. It was nearly two years before the last of it was gone. Then I got over to England and worked my way

stirred up by it, and notwithstanding the old man's awful reputation as a liar, the circumstances of his triumphant expression when he first caught sight of the grave as well as his earnestness of manner and the circumstantial detail of his story—all this had more effect even on some of the officers than they cared to admit, and more than one wistful eye went sneaking back to the lonely grave when the order was given and the command resumed its march.

I won't deny that I was a good deal interested myself, and when we camped that night, a few miles further on, I kept a sharp eye on Joe's movements. I fully believed he would take the first chance to sneak off to that grave. I didn't know whether he had noticed me watching him and had given up trying to slip away from me or not, but pretty soon he gave me a wink and in a few minutes we were out of sight, talking together.

"Look here, Bill," he said as soon as we were alone, "do you want to see some fun?"

"Of course I do," I replied.

"Well, then, you come along with me; we can make a sneak right now," said Joe.

"But," I replied, "don't we need anything? Don't we need a pick or—"

Joe looked at me with a grave, almost melancholy expression for a moment before he replied. Then he said slowly:

"N—no, I guess we can get along without any pick."

He led the way and I followed. He started in the opposite direction from the grave, but, as I thought would be the case, he gradually began to circle around, until finally we were among some boulders overlooking the spot where the dust of the dead man was mouldering away among his buried treasure. It was a starlight night and we could see the gleam of the gray stones on the grave quite clearly. I was beginning to get quite in a fever to begin the resurrection business at once.

"Now," said Joe, "you jest squat yourself behind that there boulder fer awhile and you'll see more durn fun than you ever seen in your life before."

"But," I said, "what?"

"What?" broke in Joe. "What? Why, in less than an hour you'll see half that camp come prowlin' around here with picks and shovels and jackknives rippin' up the ground around that stone heap like a pack of pawin' buffalo bulls."

"Yes, but why don't we cut in now," I urged, "and get out the gold ahead of them?"

"Gold be durned," said Joe, contemptuously. "I never set eyes on that cussed grave afore this mornin'."

Well, Joe was right. Before we had been there half an hour shadowy forms began stealing in and out of the gloom. They came singly, they came in pairs and they came in groups of three and four, and such a clattering of picks and tossing of dirt as they made! They dug up about half an acre of earth before one after another, wheezing and blowing with the work, knocked off and melted away in the darkness, out of which they had emerged, leaving a sulphurous trail of language devoted to old Joe behind them. And how the old man did laugh—holding his sides and grinding his face into the ground to stifle the noise.

As for me, it was not altogether such fun as it was for Joe. I couldn't help thinking as I watched the lunatic's antics that it was only an accident that I was not a conspicuous star among them.

Yet I would have had good company. There were officers among them as well as privates.

Joe died with his boots on. Somebody shot and killed him at the Red Cloud agency in 1874.

PERSONAL.

Verdi has handed over to his friend Bolto a box containing the complete score of an opera, which is not to be opened till the great composer is dead.

President Kruger has presented a rare specimen of native gold to the Royal Geological Museum at Berlin. The gift is said to be worth about £300.

It is stated that Mr. Cecil Rhodes will soon return to London, his presence being necessary in connection with the settlement of certain difficulties arising out of the titles to land in Rhodesia.

The king of Siam is in England, and there is a discussion over his name. It is commonly supposed to be Chulalongkorn, but a member of the Athenaeum writes to the London Times to protest that this is a "mistransliteration." The real name, he says, is Kulalankaram.

Thomas Jefferson Sappington, who died a few days ago near St. Louis, boasted he once saved General Grant from capture by the confederates. Some men were lying in ambush for the general, but Sappington learned of their plans and warned Grant in time.

Sergeant Egan of the Boston police force has been admitted to the bar. He entered the Boston university law school in 1894, and was graduated cum laude last year. A few weeks later he passed the examination for the Suffolk county bar with honor. He has been on the police force fifteen years. He was born in Boston in 1858.

M. Limbourg, one of the testamentary executors of the late Duc d'Aumale, has, in a letter to the French Institute, given some interesting particulars about the value of the Chantilly estate. Since the year 1880 it appears that books, manuscripts, pictures, and various works of art amounting to nearly £50,000 have been added to the Comde museum. The total value of the collection is now appraised at £600,000. The library alone, comprising 13,000 rare volumes and 15,000 less valuable books and manuscripts, is worth £20,000.



HOW THE OLD MAN DID LAUGH.

Tobacco was rather scarce in the command, but such of the officers as had any contributed their mite, and Joe was supplied temporarily and agreed to go with us. His knowledge of the country made him invaluable as a guide, although he was generally trailing along behind with the soldiers, swappin' his lies for tobacco—for Joe was a notorious expert at drawing the long bow.

He kept along with us without event for several days, until rather late one afternoon, when we were nearing Cloud Peak, in the Big Horn Mountains, I had dropped back to ask Gen. Mills about how many miles further on we would go before camping, and found Joe, as usual, retailing a yarn for a chew of tobacco. While talking with Gen. Mills we noticed that the advance guard had come to a halt and were examining something on the ground with ever appearance of great interest. It was an unusual thing for the advance guard to stop for anything, so that our curiosity was greatly aroused to know what it was which they were looking at. It proved to be only a grave, but a grave made with such care, so beautifully and heavily covered with stones to keep out the prowling wolves, that it told a very touching little story of its own of devoted friendship.

As we stood grouped about it Joe came up. He looked at the grave for

round to the Pacific coast on a sailing ship."

Gen. Mills' lips were trembling with suppressed laughter as Joe wound up his yarn, for he knew the old man's reputation as a liar. At last he controlled himself and said gravely:

"Joe, you said every man and every bronco was carrying all the gold possible."

"That's the fact, Colonel."

"Couldn't have carried another ounce among you?" continued the officer.

"Not an ounce," said Joe.

"Well, now, if that's the case, Joe, what did you do with all the nuggets that belonged to this man here in the grave?"

"That's jest the pint, Colonel," said Joe, eagerly. "That's jest the pint. What did we do with all that man's nuggets? Why, we buried them with him and they are right there in that there grave now, and there's \$100,000 worth of them if there's a cent. That's why I've been lookin' for that grave for the last twenty years; that's why I wouldn't tell you only that I was jest out for a mornin' ride when you all wanted to know where I was goin'; that's why it all bust out of me in a heap when I seen the grave and I slammed my coyote-skin down on the ground and said I'd got there at last."

Only a hundred soldiers had caught enough of Joe's yarn to be pretty well

IS A VERY BAD BOY.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD DESPERADO IS CAGED.

Little Elmer Davis of Webster City, Iowa, Recently Made Away with a Horse, a Bicycle, and Tricycle and All in One Day.



ELMER Davis, five years of age, is the youngest criminal ever dealt with officially in the state of Iowa. Within a few days he stole a horse and buggy, a bicycle, a tricycle and a quantity of household goods. At the request of his parents he was sent to the State Reform School at Eldora.

Until a year ago the family resided in Webster City, says a dispatch from that place. From here they moved to Marshalltown. The father of the boy is an industrious and respectable man, who takes great pride in his children. They are always dressed neatly, if not richly, and the whole family is good looking. Little Elmer is the next to the youngest, small and very bright. Until a short time ago there was nothing out of the ordinary in his conduct. He was regarded as a promising child, and was a great favorite with the boys and girls of his neighborhood. His bright eyes and curly hair never failed to attract the attention of passers-by. His parents loved him devotedly, and had no thought that his precocity would take such a startling turn.

When the family lived here the little fellow was much admired by the neighbors, and the parents were highly esteemed. When the report came that the boy had developed into a thief, those acquainted with the family could not account for it and could hardly believe it to be a fact. When the report that he had been committed to the Reform School at the request of both of his parents was confirmed, people could only wonder. Several weeks ago the boy developed a mania for thieving. He was not at all particular about what he stole. The first thing that he happened to fancy would mysteriously disappear, and would finally be found in his possession. At first he confined his operations to his father's house, but when he commenced to appropriate and secrete the property of the neighbors, there was much talk and the parents of the boy were deeply mortified. When

bellows three times a day. The writer had the correct idea, although its practical application was clumsy, and he was a long time in reaching it. The best and only way to escape colds is to meet the causes that produce them and not to run from them.

Let the body be hardened by a cold sponge bath or even a cold plunge, followed by brisk rubbing with a "scratchy" towel every morning. Let the clothing be adapted to the season, though always as light as possible, but keep the neck uncovered—no turned-up coat collar, no muffler, no boa. Never let the temperature in the house rise above seventy degrees in the winter. Air every room systematically every day, no matter what the outdoor temperature may be. Always have fresh air in the bedroom; there is nothing poisonous in "night air," the popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding.

In a word, don't be always afraid of catching cold; don't coddle, but meet cold and wet and changes of temperature like a man—rather, like a horse and you will then run a better chance of being as strong as a horse.

Of course, you must strengthen your armor where it is weak, but if you recognize in yourself a weak place, a cold spot, don't cover it up with more clothes, but toughen it, and toughen your entire body until it is one homogeneous resistant whole.

HYSTERIC ON WHEELS.

Peculiar Hallucinations of Bicycles Becoming a Recognized Disorder.

"Bicycle hallucinations are becoming a recognized nervous disorder," said a doctor to a reporter for the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I know of half a dozen cases or more. One woman came to me and claimed she couldn't ride on a street where a street-car line was in operation. Every time a car came along she had a wild impulse to topple over toward it. She simply couldn't help it. Another woman said that whenever she rides her wheel she has an idea that somebody is scorching close behind her. She feels the scorchers' presence and expects every moment to be hurled to the ground. If she rides in company with friends she doesn't notice the unpleasant sensation, but it comes to her again as soon as she is alone. A man came into my office a few weeks ago and said there was something wrong with his eyes. I looked at them and they appeared all right. He told me that whenever he rode his wheel—and he was very

NEW BUSINESS.

Boys Hired to Manufacture Bicycle Tires to Help the Repair Shops.

New York Sun: There is already a distrust among wheelmen of the road-houses which have repair shops running in connection with their bicycle racks, and there is one place in particular which has come to be regarded with suspicion by persons who have had their wheels suddenly fall victims to incapacity when least expected. One philanthropist who was anxious to ascertain if the grounds for his distrust were good several times submitted his wheel when it was in perfect condition to the care of the boys in charge of the racks. Every time it was injured. On Sunday one man found a cut plainly made with a sudden slash of a knife in a tire at this same place, and there were, within the experience of a very small circle of persons, several accidents of the same character. The result was that the man in charge of the repair shop was busy all day, and there was not a bicycle under his care that had not been handed over to the charge of the boys who watch the wheels left there by the guests. There are already a number of patrons of the place who are convinced that the boys in charge of the racks have some interest in seeing the repair shop prosper. This is conducted by a young man who runs it entirely on his own responsibility. With the tack fiends supposed to be at work on the approaches to the cycle path and the other parts of the suburbs beset with little danger to wheels, bicycling is taking on new terrors. But there is none of them more difficult to avoid than these accidents that are so closely connected with the attentions of the rack boys at the suburban road-house.

How Mozart Composed His "Requiem."

If it had not been for a presentiment Mozart would probably never have composed his immortal "Requiem." One day, while he was sitting alone, lost in a melancholy reverie, a stranger entered the room, and, laying a handsome sum of money on the table, requested him to compose a "Requiem" in memory of a dear friend who had just died. Mozart agreed to do so, and he began work at once. Night and day he labored with extraordinary zeal, until finally his strength gave way and he became ill. When his wife tried to cheer him he said brusquely: "It's no use. I composed that 'Requiem' for myself, and it will be played at my funeral." Nothing could rid his mind of this idea. Nay, he was even convinced that the stranger was a visitor from the other world, who had come to



SOME PICTURES OF HIM TAKEN A YEAR AGO.

captioned the climax by stealing a horse and buggy and other articles, he concluded it was high time to resort to more drastic measures than corporal punishment, and so turned him over to the tender mercies of the state.

THE AVOIDANCE OF COLDS.

In a recent issue of the Companion a few words were said concerning the usual modes of catching cold, and mention was made of the various especially sensitive areas of the body, or "cold spots," but nothing was said as to the best means of protecting these spots and preserving the body in general from colds.

It is not always sufficient, however, to point out a danger; it is often of even greater importance to show how the danger may be averted. Most people properly recognize a cold as avoidable, and think they are greatly to be commended for the prudence they exercise in protecting themselves; but if they did but know it, they are really doing all they can to make themselves susceptible to colds by weakening their resisting powers.

A German professor once wrote a long treatise, with a learned title, on how to avoid catching cold. After tracing the history of colds from the earliest ages, studying their causes and symptoms, and cataloguing the remedies which have been used by the most eminent physicians of all times, he concluded with a short chapter on prevention.

His plan was to insure the back of the neck to drafts by having some one direct a current of air upon it from a

fond of riding—the ground began to slip away from in front of him and the whole landscape seemed to curl up—and it kept on curling as long as he rode. I fancied I knew what ailed him. He watched his front wheel too closely. I told him to sit up straighter and to keep his eyes off the wheel. I guess I cured his malady, for he hasn't come back. I have another patient, a young girl. When she rides she trembles violently and this imparts a trembling motion to her wheel. It doesn't appear to exhaust her, but she is very much worried because she can't stop it. I think she will outgrow the tendency as she gets older and stronger."

THE POPE'S COURT.

The court of Pope Leo XIII. comprises 1,000 persons. There are twenty valets, 120 house prelates, 170 privy chamberlains, six chamberlains, 200 extra-honorary chamberlains, 130 supernumerary chamberlains, thirty officers of the noble guard and sixty guardsmen, fourteen officers of the Swiss guard and police guard, seven honorary chaplains, twenty private secretaries, ten stewards and masters of the horse, sixty doorkeepers.

There Are Others.

Sprockett—Aladdin's lamp wasn't so wonderful after all. Baring—Why do you think so, Sprockett—Why, any night I can make a policeman appear by simply blowing out my lamp.

The Readers Do the Work.

Many Roads—I wrote a poem to-day. Reads it! Ain't writin' poetry a good deal like work? Many Roads—Not in di' case. It was a magazine poem.

RAM'S HORNS.

A fool's company is not hard to find. Opinions never change the weather. Honesty has never found a substitute.

Gold loses its shine, when it is gotten by guilt.

The best safe for your money is a prudent wife.

A giant among giants is not aware of his own size.

The ass might sing better if he didn't pitch his tune so high.

The man robs others who does not make the best of himself.

Nothing can happen without bringing good to those who love God.

Everybody says, "Go up higher," to the man who is "getting there."

Call a little man great, and other little people will throw up their hats.

To get the good out of the year, we must learn how to live each hour well.

Whenever an ass brays, he probably thinks he has enlightened the world.

The devil cannot be less merciful to men than they have been to each other.

A shallow man may always see the face of a fool by looking into a deep well.

We may stand on the highest hill if we are only willing to take steps enough.

If you talk to a mule about voice culture, take care to keep away from his heels.

The popularity of precious stones, now is—the pearl first, the ruby second and the diamond third.