

IN THE ODD CORNER.

SOME STRANGE, QUEER AND CURIOUS PHASES OF LIFE.

Feccular Methods of a Kentucky Horse Trainer—The Oldest Railroad Man in Maine—A Chicken with Rabbits Feet—The Shoogy-Shoo.

The Shoogy-Shoo.
I DO be thinking, lassie, of the old days now;
For, oh! your hair is tangled gold above your Irish brow;
And, oh! your eyes are fairly flax! no other flower so blue;
Come, nestle in my arms, and swing upon the shoogy-shoo.

Sweet and slow, swinging low, eyes of Irish blue,
All my heart is swinging, dear, swinging here, with you;
Irish eyes are like the flax, and mine are wet with dew,
Thinking of the old days upon the shoogy-shoo.

When the meadow-larks would sing in the old Glenair
Was one sweet lass had eyes of blue and tangled golden hair;
She was a wee bit girleen then, dear heart, the like of you,
When we two swung the braes among, upon the shoogy-shoo.

Ah, well, the world goes up and down, and some sweet day
Its shoogy-shoo will swing us two where sighs will pass away;
So nestle close your bonnie head, and close your eyes so true,
And swing with me, and memory, upon the shoogy-shoo.

Sweet and slow, swinging low, eyes of Irish blue,
All my heart is swinging, dear, swinging here, with you;
Irish eyes are like the flax, and mine are wet with dew,
Thinking of the old days upon the shoogy-shoo.

—Winthrop Packard in the Chap-Book.

A Kentucky Horse Trainer.

Readers of George Barrows famous "Lavengro" will remember the "whisperer" who tamed the fiercest horse simply by whispering in the animal's ear some magic gypsy words. Logan county, Kentucky, has a noted horse tamer, but he is no whisperer nor does he know aught of Rommany magic. His methods are far different and more primitive. He is, strangely enough, a Shaker, and an honored member of that sect. His name is Lorenzo Pearfield and he lives at South Union.

Mr. Pearfield is now close to 70 years of age and weighs about 200 pounds. Now, there are plenty of people in good old Logan who weigh near on to 300 pounds, despite the cry of hard times and starvation that the all-vertices raise in that section, and there are plenty of people in Logan county very much older than 70 years, but it is these two attributes combined with another that distinguishes Lorenzo Pearfield.

There is not another man in Logan or any other county, so far as known, who is 70 years old and weighs 200 pounds who is noted as the most successful horse breaker in his section. Yet this is true of the colossal old Shaker. The secret of his success in this direction seems to lie in his great strength and courage. He is absolutely fearless and almost as strong as an ordinary horse. He has a system all his own, which consists in first demonstrating to the perfect satisfaction of the horse that he is the master of the situation. To do this it is sometimes necessary to throw the horse down and sit upon his head, which Mr. Pearfield does in the most approved style. After 300 pounds has sat upon his horse's head for a little while he is satisfied. Mr. Pearfield then hitches him to his little cart and drives about and looks at the country. So great is his fame as a tamer of wild horses that the farmers for miles around bring him unmanageable horses to break, and none has baffled his skill and strength.

Oldest Railroad Man.

The oldest railway man in New England if not in the country is Waterman Brown, who, though 80 years old, is still employed at Woburn, Mass., as gate tender, having been employed by the Lowell road sixty-six years. He lost an arm in an accident while firing on the road in 1850. He is eccentric, and is so renowned as a collector of curiosities that people all over New England send him presents of queer things. Among the curiosities he has is a bit of the first rail laid on the Lowell road in 1834. He has a model of the Stephenson, the first locomotive, and he owns the first engine bell ever made. He has 400 circus tickets in a trunk. They were given to him in the last thirty years, and he never used them.

It was Tuesday morning two weeks ago that Mr. Brown received a small box containing a solid silver elephant arranged with a pin to fasten it to his lapel. In the box was a note, unmistakably written by a woman.

He was told the other day that there would be an assistant to help him soon and that then whoever was in charge must be there every minute right at the gate. "Railroading is getting too nice for me," he said. "I have to be here from 5 in the morning to 11 at night and Sundays. I can eat my dinner in just seven minutes. I have any cap right by the chair where I can get it, and the house is right over there, side of the track."

His memory, especially concerning the history of the road, is wonderful. He said:

"I guess people don't know that the Boston and Lowell railroad was built more to carry freight than for passen-

gers. You see it was this way: In 1834, I guess it was, two men were driving around in a buggy. They were looking over the ground with an idea to build a fifty-foot macadam road from Boston to Lowell, to team cotton over. The old canal wouldn't accommodate all of it even then. Well, just about that time they got wind of the engine Stephenson had made and they turned to that instead of their macadam road. But I ran the first gravel train, yes (laughing), you can say that I ran the first gravel train on the road with oxen."

A Happy Family.

There was a happy family at the West Thirtieth street police station in New York the other night which was the outgrowth of persecution. When the summer began the cats around the building began to make declarations as to the summer games, and midnight vaudeville were held on handy roofs and in convenient alleys. They became somewhat of a pest and received assaults from people who were disposed to regard them as disturbers of the peace. The police when coming in from the 12 o'clock post would frequently take a fling at some Thomas cat who happened to be making a detour of the street in search of a chorus.

Finally things reached such a pass that a cat was as good as gone when he appeared in range of a flying club. Frequently a fusillade would occur that sounded like a tenement house falling down. So unerring became the aim of some of the policemen that they would kill a feline serenader at thirty paces with their clubs. The boys of the neighborhood took a hand in the sport and the man who has the contract for collecting dead animals in that district was in a fair way to make a small fortune. Then the neighbors complained and Policeman Shay determined to subdue the cats by more humane means. Night after night when he came in from his post he would bring scraps of meat, crackers and other food, which he distributed in front of the station-house judiciously. At first the persecuted animals came to the feast gingerly, but after a week or two they came out in droves shortly after midnight and partook of the supper spread before them by the animal-loving cop.

As time went on the cats came to know their benefactor and they passed around the word that he was "all right." Those who came to sing remained to eat, and when they had eaten they went quietly away. Feline animosities were forgotten, and now they gather on the front porch as though they owned the place. The other policemen have suspended hostilities and the war has been declared off. Sometimes ten or twelve sleek-looking tabbies can be found dozing around the entrance, waiting for Shay to come in, and it is a dangerous thing to attempt to disturb any of them.

Chicken With Rabbits Feet.

This country seems to be especially productive of freaks in the animal



A GOOD CIRCUS INVESTMENT.

world. The museums do not get hold of all of them, and the scientists are puzzled to explain their probable cause.

Here is a picture of a chicken with rabbit feet. The photograph of the curiosity was sent in by Mr. Sleight of Peshtigo, Wis. The chicken was one of a family of nine, all of which had rabbit feet.

Sentenced for 209 Years.

Williston Palmer is the name of a white man against whom there are sentences of 209 years in the Georgia penitentiary. Palmer was originally sent up for eleven years from South Georgia for burglary. Shortly afterward, while working in the mines of Dade county, he attempted with other convicts to escape, and in the melee that followed he killed two of the guards. He was tried some time ago for the killing of the first guard and got ninety-nine years. He was then put on trial for the killing of the other man and got ninety-nine years more.

Slaughter of Bohemian Sportsmen.

Bohemian sportsmen during the year 1895 shot and killed 50 men, women and children and wounded 2,194 persons, chiefly gamekeepers. They also killed, among other game, over 15,900 dogs, 7,762 cats, two horses, fifteen cows, 132 calves, 276 goats and 123 sheep. For this they had to pay collectively over \$500,000 for doctors, fines and indemnities, and to spend 74,388 days in jail. The Austrian government collects the statistics.

At the jubilee festivities of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, one of the features that appeared most to interest him was the exhibition of the female fire brigade of Koenigsen. There are 150 of these young women, from twenty to thirty years old, directed by a male commander—who is married.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

A Little Heroine, a Story of the Peninsular War—Ghost Stories That Caused Laughter—True Nobility, a Poem.

True Nobility.
OR this true nobleness I seek in vain,
In woman and in man I find it not;
I almost weary of my earthly lot,
My life-springs are dried up with burning pain.
Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look again,
Look inward through the depths of thine own soul.
How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?
Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes.
Then wilt thou light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt never more be sad and lone.
—James Russell Lowell.

A Little Heroine.
Baron Lejeune, who played a conspicuous part at the siege of Saragossa during the Peninsular war, narrates in his "Memoires" a singular story of that terrible time, a story that speaks equally well for the chivalry of the soldiers of France and the courage of a Spanish girl.

There had been fearful carnage within the walls of the unfortunate city; even the convents and monasteries were reeking with evidences of warfare, and the inhabitants of Saragossa were in a desperate plight. A band of Polish soldiers, belonging to the French army, had been stationed on guard at a certain point, with or-

from one to another, and then, moved by a chivalrous impulse, they lowered their sabers and muskets, and with one accord a hundred voices called out, "Do not be afraid little one! We will not hurt you!"

And the Spanish maiden passed with her gruesome burden between a double line of her country's foes, who made a silent salute as she crossed their boundaries and returned to her desolate home.

A Ghost Story.
A party of people had been telling ghost stories, the ghosts in every case being accounted for in some matter-of-fact way which aroused the laughter of the listeners when they came to an end.

At last the host was asked for his contribution.
"I saw a ghost once," he admitted, "and although it's a good while since I've thought of it I can well remember my fright."
"I was a boy about 12 years old, and I had been out fishing all day. I stopped to take supper at my uncle's farm on the way home, and after supper went out to the barn with my cousin Sim, while he did the milking. Then Sim and I sat down in the hay-loft for a while discussing some plans, I have forgotten what, and it was dusk before I started on my lonely walk home."

"I had never known what it was to be afraid, but I did remember as I started off down the long lane, close to the graveyard, that some foolish girls had said ghosts walked in that lane after dark."
"Just after I had turned into the lane I saw what seemed to be a shadowy figure walking, or rather fitting, a short distance in front of me. Involuntarily I lagged a little; the shadowy figure seemed to do the same."
"Then I hastened my steps, and still the fitting figure in shadowy garments kept before me, at exactly the same distance. In spite of myself I began to feel frightened, and then I turned out of the lane on to the loneliest

MY PICTURES.

When the last leaves sadly drop
And the squirrel shuts his shop
And the autumn winds are howling
I hang in the chimney-top
Then upon the hearth I see
Splendid pictures made for me
There's the wood so dark and wide
Where we always loved to hide
Through the trees the sunbeams shine
And the woodcock moves about
The faded leaves can see
Peeping from the hollow tree
There is a grand old man
Here the log with mosses white
Where I used to sit and play
Wishing, wishing for
Shiny sparks beneath it lay
Like the sparkles in the brook
Oh if they could only see
All my pretty pictures here
But the brands begin to smolder
Crumble down to ashes gray
And that means it's time for bed
For a little sleepy-head

—From the Youth's Companion.

stretch of road anywhere about, and saw the hovering figure still before me the perspiration started out of my forehead in beads.
"I put up a damp hand to a still damper forehead and brushed away a whisp of hay which had been hanging from my hat brim in front of my eyes. I saw no more of my ghostly companion. It is needless to say, and I was so ashamed of myself that it was years before I could make up my mind to tell such a joke on myself."

Explained.
Having been absent from school for a whole day, a small boy was called out from his class the next morning by the head master, who wished to know the cause. The boy replied that his brother went to have a tooth pulled out, and that he went to "holler" for him.

"What?" said the schoolmaster, "you had to holler for him?"
"Yes, sir," said the boy.
The schoolmaster, believing that the boy was telling a lie, immediately went for his cane, and threatened to thrash him soundly if he did not speak the truth.

"I am speaking the truth," said the boy. "It is like this, sir. My father is a green grocer, and goes his rounds every morning; and father's got asthma very bad, and cannot call out what he's got to sell, so my brother goes with him to holler for him; and he, having his tooth pulled out yesterday, I went and did the hollering for him."

The boy was placed at the top of the class.
Old gossip is a sort of human sieve, through which the years sift out the good, leaving behind only the husks and gritty parts.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Some Statistics Relative to the Ute War—The Whites Killed and Wounded—Cost Uncle Sam Over Eighty Thousand Dollars.

The Vacant Chair.
E shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening prayer.
When, a year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye;
But a golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

We shall meet but we shall miss him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening prayer.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell,
At remembrance of the story,
How our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bear our banner
Thro' the thickest of the fight,
And upheld our country's honor,
In the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only;
Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now;
Sleep to-day, O, early fallen!
In thy green and narrow bed;
Digres from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

The Ute War Ten Years Ago.

The last attempt to forcibly convince the Utes of the majesty of Colorado law cost just \$80,314.72, when all the bills were allowed, exclusive of interest, which has since piled up to quite a fortune within itself. Two whites were killed and four wounded. This happened in August, 1887, when all the White River valley was included in Garfield county.

Under their treaty the Utes could occupy the unsettled part of their old reservation, not only for the hunting ground, but to pasture their herds or ponies, goats and cattle. This privilege they used to the utmost, and they became very undesirable neighbors for the whites, who were just occupying the country themselves. A young Ute buck gambling for ponies designated as a stake a horse belonging to a white man. He lost, and when the winner went to take the pony and found that it was not his a warrant was sworn out for the Ute on a charge of horse stealing. Arrest was resisted, the Utes scuttled into the hills and the sheriff's posse was swelled by every man in the country that could carry a gun. The Utes knew every inch of the hills, and the whites knew only the valley trails. No one knew where the Utes were and terror seized the whole region, every ranchman feeling that a band of hostiles might sweep down upon him at any moment. Urgent appeals were sent to Gov. Alva Adams, who is governor now, showing such a condition of affairs that the whole state militia force was sent into the field. United States troops were sent in from Fort Duchesne, too. The militia found the Indians at the mouth of Miller creek, but while complicated military strategy was in progress the Utes stole away. Next day scouts found them at the Forks of White River, where Buford postoffice is now. There was a lively running fight, in which the only casualties of the "war" occurred, as before enumerated. Then the Utes, minus from seven to twenty of their men—no one knows how many—abandoned their flocks and raced back to Utah. The settlers took in the ponies and cattle, the goats were left to the mountain lions, and the Utes abandoned the idea of anything more than brief and fugitive visits to Colorado. Colorow, after having permission of the whites, paid a last regretful visit to the White River Valley and then died in his lodge in Utah. Since then the Utes, though bad tempered enough, have had no leader whose name bore any terror to white ears, and so have avoided any collisions, sneaking in and out by unfrequented ways.—Denver Republican.

Sheridan in Battle.

Gen. Horace Porter in his "Campaigning With Grant" in the Century says of Sheridan at Appomattox: "No one could look at Sheridan at such a moment without sentiment of undisguised admiration. In this campaign, as in others, he had shown himself possessed of military traits of the highest order. Bold in conception, self-reliant, demonstrating by his acts that 'such danger makes great hearts most resolute,' fertile in resources, combining the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius, it is no wonder that he should have been looked upon as the wizard of the battlefield. Generous of his life, gifted with the ingenuity of a Hannibal, the dash of a Murat, the courage of a Ney, the magnetism of his presence roused his troops to deeds of individual heroism, and his unconquerable columns rushed to victory with all the confidence of a Caesar's tenth legion. Wherever blows fell thickest there was his crest. Despite the valor of the defense opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets, never to rise again, and he would not pause till the folds of his banner waved above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe. Brave Sheridan, I can almost see him now, his silent clay again quickened into life once more riding Rienzi through a fire of hell, leaping opposing earthworks at a single bound, and leaving nothing of those who barred his way except the fragments scattered in his path. As long as manly courage is talked of or heroic deeds are honored the hearts of

CAPT. DREYFUS' IRON CAGE.

If intended to hold a small regiment of wild beasts. The French government feels that it has Dreyfus safe at last.

Very Much in Love.

"While Admiral Porter was in command of the Mississippi squadron, and at a time when they were most actively engaged," said Capt. Lloyd G. Harris, of St. Louis, "a young ensign made his appearance on the flagship and astounded the admiral by asking him for a leave of absence. 'Why, sir,' roared Porter, 'don't you understand that no officer can leave at this time, no matter who he is or what his excuse?'
"But, admiral, it is a case of life and death; I must go."
"But you can't go; it is impossible."
"Please hear me, Admiral Porter. When I entered the service I was engaged to as pretty a girl as there is in northern Illinois. I have just got word that one of those miserable home guards has been courting her, and my friend says it looks as though if I didn't come back pretty soon I will lose her. Now, admiral, I think under the circumstances, you might let me go for a week, at least."
"Porter's heart melted; the ensign got leave, went home and married the girl in triumph."—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Narrow Escape.

To the Editor of the American Tribune: Few, except old veterans, know how nearly Jeff Davis came to being tried by a court-martial in Georgia soon after his capture. Maj.-Gen. Wilson, commanding the cavalry troops, by members of which Davis was made prisoner, had convened a court of which Col. C. G. Thomson, of the seventy-second Indiana, now a resident of Lafayette, was made president, and while the judge advocate was looking around for ink and paper to record the proceedings a telegram from the War department was received ordering Davis to be sent to Washington. Soldiers who were on the scene say the war spirit was far above fever heat just then, and if the Washington dispatch had been delayed about forty-eight hours the Government would have been saved a large expense and much worry in deciding what course should be pursued toward Davis.—J. E. R.

There is nothing faith can not make noble when it touches it.

You need not say I want to get away from my daily business or from any domestic concerns in order to show my faith. No, no, stop where you are and show it.—D. L. Moody.

Some men grive two dollars' worth over every dollar they lose.

a grateful people will beat responsive to the mention of the tallmanic name of Sheridan."

Modest, but Self-Reliant.

General Grant neither overestimated nor distrusted himself. He was modest and inclined to claim less than his due, but he was also self-reliant and persistent. An anecdote, related by Mrs. Sherwood in her "Epistle to Posterity," sets forth his disposition to accord to others their due and to claim little for himself save the virtue of "getting there."

Mrs. Sherwood told him on one occasion that an English officer who had been present at the dinner given him by the Duke of Wellington in the Waterloo chamber had told her in London that he thought him a very learned soldier.

"Well, I am not," said Grant. "I had neither the genius of Sherman, nor the learning of Lee nor Macpherson. I only meant to get there."
In 1855, just after the close of the war, General Grant visited West Point, his old alma mater, accompanied by Mrs. Grant.

"We were in the library," writes Mrs. Sherwood; "the examination was going on, and Professor Bartlett left the room, coming back with Grant on his arm. The professors rose to receive him. I think poor General Grant nearly sank through the floor; he winced as he never had done in the face of the enemy."
"Those dreaded professors rising to do me honor! Why, I felt all the cadet terror all over me," he afterwards said.

He was more comfortable when he got outside and began shaking hands with all mankind and whomankind, but no one who saw that notable scene could forget his modesty.

Caged Like a Wild Beast.

Capt. Dreyfus is the man who was condemned by France to exile on the penal island, Cayenne, off the coast of French Guiana for revealing French army secrets to the enemy.

When Dreyfus was first placed on the island a hut was erected almost in the center and placed at his disposal. Near by three other huts were erected, one for the officer in charge, the second for the six soldiers doing guard duty and the third for two convicts who acted as servants.

Now a great iron cage has been built around the hut occupied by Dreyfus. It was begun six months ago and has just been completed. It cost 60,000 francs to build and is as elaborate as



CAPT. DREYFUS' IRON CAGE.

If intended to hold a small regiment of wild beasts. The French government feels that it has Dreyfus safe at last.

Very Much in Love.

"While Admiral Porter was in command of the Mississippi squadron, and at a time when they were most actively engaged," said Capt. Lloyd G. Harris, of St. Louis, "a young ensign made his appearance on the flagship and astounded the admiral by asking him for a leave of absence. 'Why, sir,' roared Porter, 'don't you understand that no officer can leave at this time, no matter who he is or what his excuse?'
"But, admiral, it is a case of life and death; I must go."
"But you can't go; it is impossible."
"Please hear me, Admiral Porter. When I entered the service I was engaged to as pretty a girl as there is in northern Illinois. I have just got word that one of those miserable home guards has been courting her, and my friend says it looks as though if I didn't come back pretty soon I will lose her. Now, admiral, I think under the circumstances, you might let me go for a week, at least."
"Porter's heart melted; the ensign got leave, went home and married the girl in triumph."—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Narrow Escape.

To the Editor of the American Tribune: Few, except old veterans, know how nearly Jeff Davis came to being tried by a court-martial in Georgia soon after his capture. Maj.-Gen. Wilson, commanding the cavalry troops, by members of which Davis was made prisoner, had convened a court of which Col. C. G. Thomson, of the seventy-second Indiana, now a resident of Lafayette, was made president, and while the judge advocate was looking around for ink and paper to record the proceedings a telegram from the War department was received ordering Davis to be sent to Washington. Soldiers who were on the scene say the war spirit was far above fever heat just then, and if the Washington dispatch had been delayed about forty-eight hours the Government would have been saved a large expense and much worry in deciding what course should be pursued toward Davis.—J. E. R.

There is nothing faith can not make noble when it touches it.

You need not say I want to get away from my daily business or from any domestic concerns in order to show my faith. No, no, stop where you are and show it.—D. L. Moody.

Some men grive two dollars' worth over every dollar they lose.