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THE  
**SOUVENIR,**

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**SMITH & PATRICK,**  
PUBLISHERS AND COMPILERS.

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TIFFIN, OHIO:  
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## PREFACE.

A copy of the long-looked-for *SOUVENIR* now lies before you. We are aware that it goes before relentless critics; but, dear friends, please do not judge us harshly, please remember that this, our little venture, is written, published and printed entirely by the youth of the nineteenth century. And consequently it cannot be even thought to be perfect, yet we have tried to do our best. Wishing you a pleasant journey, we are, with well wishes,

THE PUBLISHERS.

MARENGO, ILL., Nov. 1st, 1874.

Ill. Survey to Genl. Newton 75

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THE TEXAS SQUELCHER.  
A Bunkum County Ballad.

BY W. H. S.

Whew ! how i' scorched and sing'ed !  
That hot day in July !  
By thun-der ! the heat jost fayed the yarth,  
And crackled and histered the sky,  
The sun beat down and sweltered,  
Like a prairie fire as d' worse,  
It showed through the m'rrer as d' ment and hide,  
And into the house like a curse !

Ole Sal and me was riling,  
Along of the Wild Horse Trail ;  
With both of us gradual me-ting down  
And shodding of our cut bal-e-le,  
Sal, that's my mare, and as jarty  
A heat as you oft-n sees ;  
Though -ne eyes s'as blind, w' let I 'on't deny ;  
And she' -shaky about the knees.

She was wading up to her fetlocks  
In sweat, from the fearful heat,  
That pelted down till we both was played ;  
Jest whipped, and rigaler beat !  
We'd been to Brodicks grocery,  
Fer a few of Medford rum,  
A pound of powder and shot—or so,  
And some things fur folks to hum.

Them times was the "old prime-evil !"  
Every stump was a grisly bar,  
And injins jest laid round in tribes,  
Lifting hosses and har,  
And playing the mischief ginerall !  
In their sneaking, snaky way,  
Skulking around like grey coyotes,  
Assered of the light of day.

And the meanest out is the Pi Ute,  
They are jest the durnedest of critters ;  
The cross of a snake and a catamount—  
Jack ! toddle around them bitters !  
Straight, without sugar or water,  
Is the stuff fur fever and chills,  
Or anything else ; jest take enough,  
And then sink doctors and pills.

I've used it and know fer certin !  
Wall, yes, it was hot, I said,  
And Sal and me was about did for,  
Jest half alive and dead,  
Aploughing through the hotness,  
And glare, and sweat, and dust,  
Jest three miles distant of Hunkers Flat,  
And both of us dern nigh bust.

THE TEXAS SQUELCHER.

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When I got to the Jackson Crossing,  
Whar the branch cuts through the trail,  
I got down to listen my windpipe a bit,  
A blowing a perfect gale,  
Sal was washing it down by hoggets,  
And I was a'most as bad ;  
When there cum a growl in the bushes—a crash !  
And Sal up raring like mad !

She busted away and started !  
Jest split fer her very life :  
With my rifle strapped onto the saddle behind  
And me nothing else but my knife !  
I knowed at on't twas a grizzly,  
And in mebbe I spotted a tree  
And the uncommon time I made up it,  
Was comfortin'—very—to see !

The varmint cum up dissapinted,  
And rared round promiscuous with rage,  
Till he saw 'twas no go, when he sorter cooled down'  
To a clost case of regular siege.  
Plump—chunk—serene he squatted,  
Down thar to the fat of the tree,  
With a hungry cannibal sort of a grin,  
And we set l—him and me !

Three or four yards from each other,  
Me and that grizzly set.  
Like a couple of overgrown Shanghai hens  
A settling it out for a bet,  
One hour ! and settling tired !  
Two hours I was yet—and three :  
Four hours and getting dusk ! till at last,  
I struck on a bright idee.

Not nothing partial after this'ing,  
 Jest a hint to let him know,  
 That he wasn't exactly wanted around,  
 And give him a lie to go,  
 Party and easy and graceful,  
 Ho-quitted under the tree,  
 With his little, fery, wicked eyes,  
 A blinking savagety.

I emptied the flask of spirits  
 All over his hide and hair:  
 And he rooster growled and shook his head,  
 But he kep a setting thar,  
 Till I stru k a light to my tinder,  
 And drapped it onto him plump!  
 Puff!—them spirits caught, and the grizzly yelled  
 And tuk ten yards at a jump.

Crackling, roaring and blazing,  
 Like a camp fire in a wind,  
 He wade for the underwood, leaving a trail  
 Of smoke and surks behind.  
 Then / m-de sharp cracks for fluckers,  
 Whar I found O's Sal all right,  
 And not a bit—at least she looked  
 Not any the worse for the fright.

Next day we rosted a party,  
 To find what was left of the bar,  
 And a pile of half-baked nest and bones,  
 Burnt and blackened, was all they war,  
 A mile fr-on the pl ce he started—  
 Reeking and steaming still  
 Yee, t-king de-ee make a chap thisty like,  
 Thank ye! I thin I wi L.

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# HARPOON AND HANDSPIKE:

—OR—

## THE BOY WHALER OF THE SEA.

BY "HARRY ST. CLAIR, JR."

### CHAPTER I.

HOW ANDY SHIPPED ON BOARD THE "WATER WAIF."

**T**HERE was a great commotion at Eagle Cliff, and even in the adjoining village of Hornville evidences of excitement might have been seen. To tell the simple truth without any unnecessary digression, one of the young inmates of the great mansion was missing. Do not draw upon your imagination, dear reader, and fancy that this personage was a young lady and the mysterious disappearance, an elopement. It might perhaps half deserve the latter name

but the boy of sixteen who had been seen at breakfast time, and who was a nephew of the wealthy owner of Eagle Cliff must have eloped with the private purse of the aforesaid gentleman, for it was also missing, and with it several hundred dollars. Quite a rumpus was raised and for several days a rigid search was kept up, much to the secret amusement of young Sam, the wealthy man's heir and adopted child. As the days passed by and no tidings of the runaway were gleaned, he would laugh and chuckle to himself in private, which fact, curious in itself, would have made a sharp person if a witness of this merriment, suspect that Sam knew more about his father's former favorite than he chose to tell. And the young scoundrel might well gloat over his well carried schemes, for by one successful blow he had rid himself of one who had threatened to succeed him in Col. Hudson's esteem, and fasten a crime upon his own name.

But this has nothing to do with the manner in which Andy Hudson shipped on board the *Water Waif*, the reader exclaims. But Andy did not go on as a passenger, nor yet as one of the crew. It was almost midnight, and darkness covered the land and ocean, when a wet form crawled up the dingy side of the whaler, bound for the icy deep on the morrow, and slipping past the one sleepy seaman who composed the entire watch, stole below. This was how our hero shipped on board the *Water Waif* without signing any articles.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WHALER CARRIES PRECIOUS FREIGHT.



HATS that you say, Harding? A stow-away eh? Bless my soul but that's a strange thing; whoever heard of a stow-away on board a whaler. If we were an East Injyman it wouldn't be so very hodd as the Britishers say.

"A boy of course. Well dash my toplights but I hate to have a runaway on board my ship; however we must make the best of it. Bring the lad in here and I'll interview him like those blasted landlubbers of reporters did me after the Betsy Ann disaster at Conners' rock three years ago," and Captain Barton of the dingy whaler puffed out huge clouds of white smoke and lay back in his hammock, which was swung in the cabin, a freak of the man that was in perfect keeping with his general character.

A moment later the cabin door opened, Andy Hudson was shoved in and the door was again closed by the mate. At first our hero had been sullen, but a few words from the captain put him at his ease. Captain Barton was a

singular mixture; at times stern and even harsh, and at others, kind and gentle as a woman.

When a man did his best in performing his duty, the captain asked no more but aided the seaman to the best of his power.

Singular as it may seem, the captain had his daughter on board the "Waif," and Andy started back in amazement when some half hour later, while in the midst of an interesting conversation with the captain, the door opened and a young girl of thirteen, dark eyed and beautiful as an Hourii or a poets dream bounded in like a gazelle. She stopped short however at sight of a stranger, but the captain presented Andy, who was several moments in regaining his self possession.

"This young rascal has been running away from his home, Rosebud, but I have heard his story and don't blame him, seeing that both of his parents are dead and an uncle his nearest relative. Dush my tarry wig as old Backstay Jack would say, you two would make a fine couple, bless my soul if you wouldn't," said the jolly old captain, and ended his grotesque performance by bidding Andy bring the blushing girl into the large cabin where supper was served.



### CHAPTER III.

#### THE HARPOONER'S FAVORITE.

IT was a strange name for a dingy whaler, and so Andy thought as he leaned over the side and gazed into the vast flood during his watch that night. But the presence of the captain's pretty daughter on board told him where the words "*Water Way*" originated, and Andy would have been certain that the vessel had lately been rechristened, even if he had not found one day the name "Thunderbolt" cut in a post down in the hold, the work of some industrious sailor of years before, no doubt.

Days and weeks passed swiftly by, and the whaler was now making a difficult passage through icebergs and fields of ice.

Several whales had been sighted but all too distant. When then, one fine morning the cry of "there she blows" came from the lookout at the masthead, every one leaped to their feet and were on the alert.

A few moments later and two light whale boats were skimming over the stretch of water and heading for the stream of water, which, shooting upward proclaimed the fact that the cause of the commotion in the sea was a huge whale.

The captain commanded in one of the boats, and the mate, Mr. Jeffrey, in the other, while seated in the bow of each was a harpooner. Andy was pulling an oar in the Captains boat and he heard the latter say it was a "spermer" meaning a sperm whale.

"Softly, men," exclaimed the captain in a low tone, as the whale, after sinking, rose near them, and the strokes of the experienced crew were now given almost noiselessly, while the boat sat firmly in the water. Thad Spriggins, a tall, gaunt Yankee, full of pluck and strength, arose in the bow and held his harpoon, which he considered as an old friend, ready. The sun made the deadly weapon glitter, and thousands of prismatic rays seemed darting from it, as the harpooner had dipped it in the water.


Andy could hear a puffing, splashing noise behind his back, for according to the rules of aquatic sport his face was toward the stern. Then came a whistling sound; a heavy thud; a sudden violent jerk and then he knew the rope was whizzing out. Soon they were shooting through the water at a rapid rate. The whale came to the surface and another harpoon was dashed into him.

An hour afterward he was spirting blood, and later in the day, the huge whale was brought alongside the "Water Wail" and the entire crew were hard at work.

As this work does not merit a description we will pass it by, letting it suffice to say that the entire whale was cut up and the oil safely stowed away.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE RIVAL WHALERS.

N spite of the dirty work and cold climate, Andy felt as happy as a king, and he really had no cause to feel otherwise. The Captain had taken a great fancy to him, going so far as to call him his boy.

This liking had been greatly augmented by a fact which had come to light during one of their conversations. It had happened that the name of Hudson seemed familiar to the captain and one day it came out that Andy's dead father had been master and part owner of the brig on which Mr. Barton had served as mate. His friendship for the father now descended to the son, and Andy was privileged beyond all reason.

The presence of Rosebud on board kept things in order and as the captain was a gentleman himself, he had a separate table from the crew, a thing seldom seen on board a greasy whaler.

At this table there were four persons, the Captain, his daughter, Andy and Mr. Jeffrey, the mate. Another whale had been captured, and the captain had great hopes

of filling and getting away from the frozen deep long before the winter came on. But things were not fated to go on in this quiet strain. A third whale had been stowed away in the hold, and a fourth sighted, but here a difficulty arose. A second whaler made its appearance from behind an iceberg, and the captain recognized it as an old enemy of his, the "Ice King."

Boats from the two vessels were lowered and the rivalry began. Those from the "Ice King" were nearest, and would undoubtedly have put the first harpoon in the whale, but some noise made by them scared the huge leviathan of the deep and it disappeared. Coming up between our friends and the "Water Walf" they were soon near enough for the experienced harpooner in the mate's boat to send his weapon up to the socket in the quivering mass of flesh. The whale was secured at last and a dispute arose between Captain Barton and the commander of the "Ice King," who was a fierce looking fellow. During the row one of the "Ice King's" men fired a pistol, the ball grazing Barton's head. This was more than he could stand, and whipping out the revolver he always carried, he shot the dastard, who fell back—a dead man.

Seeing that the "Walfs" were too much for them, the others turned and made for their vessel, muttering threats of vengeance.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE ICE KING BRINGS BAD LUCK.

**W**HEN darkness descended upon the vast waste of water, the "Waif" was secured to a huge floe of ice. There was an immense mountain of ice in the middle of it, and our friends were unconscious that their enemy, the "Ice King," was anchored at the other side of the field and knew of their proximity. Had they been aware of this fact they would not have rested so easily nor would the watch have been limited to one man, even though all were tired after their days work. This man was pretty far gone on the road to the land of Nod, when a cry from the ice floe awakened him.

There was no mistaking that wild scream for help; it was a female voice and who else could it be than Gerty Burton, the Captain's daughter. The man was almost horrified at the thought that entered his head, and he turned just in time to meet the Captain, who came bounding up the companion-way.

"Quick, rouse the men, Davids. My daughter; she has been carried away by those fiends in the "Ice King," half bowled the Captain.

At this revelation, the man's heart felt somewhat lighter, and he hastened to obey the order. The Captain, when he threw himself into his hammock an hour before, had noticed a light in his daughter's cabin and knew she was reading "David Copperfield," dear Dickens' masterpiece. Had it been anything else he would have given a peremptory order to stop and go to bed, but he had not the heart to do so now. He had been awakened by the wild, agonizing cry and his parental heart, suspicisioning danger to his child, had rushed into the other cabin. The light was still burning, and by its aid he saw the small apartment was empty. Captain Barton might have thought Rosebud had fallen from the open window, but just then his eyes fell upon a hat lying on the floor, which he recognized as the head gear of Mark Winslow, his rival and deadly enemy.

While the men were piling on deck, the Captain darted below and soon reappeared with an armful of weapons, which he quickly distributed.

Some of the men seized upon handspikes, which would prove to be very serviceable in a scramble over the rough ice floe, or in a hand to hand conflict. Twelve, together with the captain, leaped onto the ice floe, and the others of the crew under the mate's direction, set to work getting the whaler under way, which movement they were not long in executing. As Andy is the one the boys want to keep track of, and his adventures proved more prolific than any of the others, we will follow him with our authorial and far seeing eye.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A NIGHT HUNT ON THE FROZEN DEEP.

**W**HEN Andy gained the solid ice, he found himself close beside Captain Barton. In the excitement and confusion consequent upon a scramble over the sharp crags, if I may so express the jagged points of ice, he got separated from the others. Time, just then, was a very important thing and not to be needlessly wasted, so Andy hurried forward by himself. He had a revolver in his belt and a stout handspike, which assisted him to some extent in making his way along.

It so happened that Andy got upon the only easy road leading from one ship to the other, and in less than ten minutes he could hear a bustling noise ahead. A light broke upon his view, and when he had lessened the distance he could see the dim outlines of the "Ice King." There was a plank between the ice and the ship and several men had just stepped upon this. It was Captain Winslow and two of his men. Andy opened his eyes wider than usual when he saw that Gerty was not with them. There were only two probable causes for her absence. Either the villainous whaler had thrown her into the sea,

or else she had escaped from him. Andy could not endure to think of the former. Rosebud must be wandering about on the ice-floe.

It was a horrible situation, for Andy remembered seeing several savage white bears on the ice just before dark, and with a feeling of terror for her safety in his breast, he turned around.

The step he took brought him upon a loose piece of ice and he saw stars for the time being, his feet shooting out from under him. It was a lucky fall however, for a club whistled through the air where his head had been, wielded by a powerful hand.

Quick as lightning Andy gained his feet, and seeing the fellow about to try his hand more successfully, our hero let fly his hands-pike, and striking the sailor under the ear, he went down like lead. Andy hurried away toward the mountain of ice, which he could see by the aid of the far famed Northern Lights, which however were very dim.

After getting some distance and seeing no signs of Gerty, Andy began to call her name. For some time it was all in vain, but at length his ears were greeted with a cry.



## CHAPTER VII.

WHAT A WHITE BEAR CAN DO IN THE WAY OF A TUSGLE.

**W**HEN rounding the icy elevation from behind which the scream had come, Andy saw a sight that was well calculated to freeze the blood in his veins, to use a romancist's expression.

There stood Gerty rendered motionless by terror, and a white bear of gigantic size advancing upon her. Seeing the danger she was in, brave Andy dropped his now useless handspike, and drawing his revolver, he sprang forward with a cry that was intended to turn the attention of the awful animal to himself. In this manoeuver he was wholly successful, for the beast seemed to forget the young girl, and as if its rage was doubly intensified by Andy's shout, it uttered a growl as it advanced toward him. Bang! bang! bang! went Andy's revolver and still the huge beast continued its advance.

Another shot from the weapon, quickly followed by a fifth. This last hurt the bear considerably for it stood on its hindquarters not three yards away from the young hero, and began gnawing at its side where a red stream was welling out. In this position it presented a fair mark and the opportunity should not be lost. It was plain to be seen that the bear had not been struck in any vital

part as yet, although that last wound would have bothered him some in a run. Only one bullet left and this must do the work. Just as Bruin uttered a growl and was about to come forward, Andy pulled the trigger.

There was a ringing detonation; a shout of victory from Andy, and an awful death roar from the bear, which fell over on the ice just as Captain Barton and four of his men came running up.

Gerty was soon on board the vessel, and the men coming across the man whom Andy had knocked senseless, brought him on board the ship in that condition. The young boy was considerably surprised to discover by the light of the binnacle lamp, that the man was no other than Doc Hobson, a wild fellow who had been the pest of Hornville, and an intimate of Sam Hudson's. Andy brought him to with some cold water, and treated him kindly, getting the captain to pardon him for his share in the kidnapping business, Doc's heart was touched (for he had one,) and he made a confession that rather startled Andy, seeing that he was quite ignorant of the charge that had been put upon him, and that his flit had been construed into a confession. Doc remained on the "Water Wail," which vessel made a prosperous voyage, and reached New York at length, out seven months.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WINDING UP IN THE USUAL WAY.



ING—a—ling—a—ling went the bell of the Hudson mansion.

"By the Lord Harry," growled the Colonel up stairs, as he sat smoking with his dressing gown on, "early visitors. Nine o'clock. Well James?" and the latter interrogative was addressed to the servant who opened the door and looked in in a frightened manner.

"A young gentlemen, sir, a boy I might say, on 'ticular business."

"A boy you say. Then show him up here," growled the colonel.

"Reckon as how he won't need no showin'," muttered James as he descended the stairs. A couple of moments passed—the door opened.

"Uncle?" said a manly voice, and the Colonel started.

"What! Andy, you here? Go at once, God forbid that I should be harsh to my brother's child, but I cannot foster a serpent."

"Hold, Uncle, you are acting unjustly. You give me no chance to defend myself. Please read that and then

send me away if you like, and he gave the Col. a paper written and signed by Doc Hobson. It was a confession implicating both Sam and himself in the robbery, and by putting a bank note in an old coat of Andy's the theft was stuck upon his innocent back. It was a deed worthy of an accomplished villain and such Sam gave good promise of becoming. By various devices he had completely won Andy's confidence and taking advantage of the latter's love for the sea, had repeatedly urged him to run away. In an unlucky (or as it really turned out lucky) hour Andy followed his advice with what success the reader has already seen. For over an hour Col. Hudson and his nephew conversed, and now the gentleman learned what he had long suspected, the fact that Sam's nature was a mean, rascally one and that he would never bring anything but disgrace to the name he bore. He was the son of a distant relation and friend, and the Colonel, at his deathbed had promised to care for him. He had gone beyond all limits now, however, and would have to shift for himself after this.

Towards noon, when Andy was walking up the principal street of the village with Gerty Barton, whom he was taking to introduce to his uncle, he came face to face with Sam and two of his boon companions, who had just emerged from a Billiard Hall, which, with the saloon was artistically called the "Blazing Stump."

For a moment he looked in surprise at our hero.

"Hallo, boys; here's the jailbird I was telling you of," said he with a hoarse laugh, that was echoed by his comrades. Andy stepped up to Sam and spoke a few words to him.

"It's a lie! You can't prove it. Who told you?" cried Sam, in a fiery heat.

"I saved Doc Hobson's life up in the Arctic, and he confessed all. He is now with uncle," said Andy, walking on with Gerty, who was acquainted with the whole story.

Sam was never seen again, as he disappeared that night for California, but whether he ever reached the Western Eldorado, or fell a victim to Indian vengeance, no one ever knew. Gerty is now Mrs. Hudson, and Andy at twenty-five, the Colonel's heir and Captain Barton's pride, commands an East Indiaman, but he never forgets when he was

## A BOY WHALER!

# ON THE REEFS.

## A STORY FROM LIFE.

BY "CARLISLE."



**N**IGHT on the Mississippi. The palatial steamer "Ingomar" sped through the darkness with her burden of precious freight. The glowing furnaces shot out rays of blinding light into the darkness when the great iron doors were opened to feed the fuel to the devouring furnaces, and the firemen as they passed before them looked like evil spirits from a lower world. The steady puff! puff! of the escaping steam can be heard far along the shore, where all is quiet save the answering voice of some watch dog, which can be heard in the distance.

Above, in the cabin, all is bright and cheery, in comfortable contrast to the gloom which falls on the outside.

The brilliant chandeliers shook and rattled and danced right merrily, keeping time with the motion of the boat. The long line of stateroom doors with their green and gold plates, the soft, velvety carpets and rich furniture, all reflected from beautiful mirrors, form a scene of entrancing

beauty, that may well entitle the boat to be called a "floating palace."

In the gentlemen's cabin are congregated men of all ages and conditions. There sits one, with lighted cigar in his mouth, critically examining a newspaper, and his every movement betokens him a man of the world and accustomed to travel. Here is one whose dress and manner tells that he is a plainsman from the far west, who feels rather ill at ease in his luxuriant surroundings. And here is a sleepy traveler, leaning far back in his chair, with his hat over his eyes, nod—nodding—just ready to fall into the arms of the God of Sleep.

Others are finding more exciting pastimes. At tables scattered around the cabin are men engaged at various games, such as Faro, Rouge et Noir and others, which, in spite of the protests of some of the better passengers were permitted.

Near one of these tables stands a young man, who it must be confessed, watches with considerable interest a game of cards which is being played by four men. He is Donald Edmonds, an agent firm for a Cincinnati firm, who has been on a collecting tour throughout the west and who is on his way home with a large amount of money: handsome and intelligent looking, his very features bear the marks of refinement, and show him to have been well raised.

But he had one fault—yes, two, which have carried many a boy to destruction. In his travels he had learned to play, merely for amusement, games of chance, and had fallen into the habit which so often accompanies

gambling—he would take a social glass occasionally. He thought himself strong but alas such strength is feeble.

Game after game was played by the parties before him, but finally one arose and left his place vacant.

"Young man," said one of the party, addressing Donald, "don't you wish to take a hand." The words were spoken in a low tone and the speaker smiled pleasantly as he spoke. He was a clerical looking personage, dressed in the finest of broadcloth and a white necktie, although to be truthful this was not in keeping with the immense solitaire pin in his shirt bosom and a ring to match on his finger.

Donald studied a moment and then thought it could do no harm to play a pleasant game to pass away the long evening.

"Come," said the clerical person, and Donald Edmonds yielded. He considered himself quite proficient with the cards and he soon found that he could beat his companions at almost every turn. But presently the clerical gentleman began to gape. "Really," says he, "it is getting quite tiresome, shall we not play for some reward, mild drinks for example." The drinks were played for time and again, and the party soon became jovial under the influence of the cups. A close observer would have noticed that Donald Edmonds was not himself; that there was a peculiar glitter in his eyes, and flush on his brow; under the influence of the liquor and the excitement of the play, he was rapidly losing control of himself. The same observer could have seen that the "clerical

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gentleman" partook very sparingly of the liquor, and from under the heavy eye-brows flashed a dangerous, avaricious glitter like that which is seen in the eyes of a cat creeping stealthily towards its bird-prey.

The game continued ; money was staked, small sums at first, but gradually increasing in amount, Donald winning at every turn and his excitement still increasing. At last the other two who composed the party, unable to stand the pressure, withdrew, and the two were left alone. Steadily the game continued and the excitement increased.

Before the infatuated Donald lay a great pile of greenbacks won from the gambler across the table.

All the other tables had been deserted, and the players attracted by the alarming amount of the stakes, gathered around the table where the players continued their game. At last ten thousand dollars lay upon the table, the ownership of which was to be determined by a single game. The game ended and Donald was the winner.

The gambler, apparently furious dared him to continue with dice, and Donald wild with liquor and excitement, consented : from that moment his good fortune seemed to desert him. Blind with rage Donald Edmonds rushed to his stateroom and soon returned with ten thousand dollars—his employers money. He turned to the table and shouted,

"Already have I lost; but here is ten thousand dollars, dare you risk a like amount on a throw of the dice?"

The next moment the gambler had laid a similiar amount on the table. Donald threw a double five.

There was a silence more oppressive than death as the gambler placed the dice in the box, shook them for a moment above his head and "click" upon the table fell the DOUBLE SIX!

The next moment the gambler had seized the whole of the money and pocketed it with a Satanic smile, while poor Donald Edmonds reeled to his stateroom, his brain on fire, his head bursting, his reason gone. There he kneels down, great drops standing on his forehead. For a moment his reason returns. He thinks of home, of friends, of his employer. Can he go back and face them all and tell them of his loss. It is too much! He cannot bear it! In a moment a desperate resolve is taken. He springs to his feet, removes all papers from his person, and standing there all alone in the darkness casts them into the waters.

Then there is a groan, a half-uttered prayer, a splash and all is over; and the great steamer proceeds on her way and the dark waters of the Mississippi cover one more secret. Let none judge harshly. Far away in a distant Ohio home loving eyes grow weary, and fond hearts grow tired and the brown hair of a mother turns grey with watching and yet he comes not, and a rough head-board on the banks of the Mississippi keeps its solitary vigils o'er the dead with this inscription,—"UNKNOWN."

Such is the o'er true tale of another young life wrecked — stranded "UPON THE REEFS."

## SMOKING 'OUT' A FRESHMAN.

By "KARL C. YELRAF."



HERE were six of us fellows, and we had all congregated Ken Kuzlekup's room, one of the jolliest of our "set." For two hours we sat around Kuzlekup's little box-stove telling of our school-boy pranks and scrapes in our native villages and smoking our briar-wood pipes. Without a single exception we were habitual smokers. At least we thought we were—and prided ourselves on having successfully passed through the initiatory sickness and reached that happy state when an old smoker is invulnerable to the effects of tobacco fumes.

"There's a Freshy boarding in the Lean establishment and I've watched him closely, and am ready to testify upon oath that he never "bit" the end of a cigar or touched a match to a pipe," said Chub Pack, breaking a silence which had fallen upon us.

"Lo's pump him!" yelled little Grunter, "if there's one thing I like to do better than another it's pumping a good green Freshman."

"Pump your grandfather!" put in Savage. "Pumping's played out—belongs to the dark ages!"

"Churn him!" proposed Spindle, who is myself.

"Churning takes too much muscle, and is mighty old—originated B. C. sometime, forgotten the exact date," said

fections Tom Tug, whereupon we all laughed, and I drowned my disappointment in pulling at my briar-wood.

"Get up something new," observed Kuzlekup.

"I propose that we call upon him tomorrow night, and smoke him out," interposed Puck. "That's newer than the other method of hazing, and as he is not used to tobacco smoke the effect will no doubt remind us all of the manner in which our respected friend Jonah escaped from a whale once upon a time!"

"Hear! Hear!" vociferated Tom Tug; "Encore! encore!" bellowed Kuzlekup, ("Greatapplause,") murmured Grunter, parenthetically. Cheers followed cheers for the noble Chub Puck. After the immense excitement had subsided Savage generously invited us all to take a glass of—water at his expense. Being all strict temperance men we were forced to decline his kindness.

We parted that night, agreeing to meet at Kuzlekup's room and from thence to visit the Freshman, at eight o'clock precisely.

We were all on time, and at five minutes to eight we started for the Lean establishment. Up the dark, rickety stairs we fled. Puck was ahead. He stopped at a door in the upper hall and rapped. Then we heard a noise inside, of some one moving about. Then footsteps neared the door and it swung open.

Puck went inside and we fled after, he giving us each an introduction to the Freshy, whose name was Elias Chokertown. Chokertown provided us with chairs, and much surprised we seated ourselves and began conversation.

"Thought we'd step in and have a little smoke with you, and get acquainted, you know," said Puck, dividing a big wink into fractions of fifths.

"Kind in you—very," returned the Freshman.

"Of course you smoke?" casually observed Puck, at the same time compelling his overcoat pocket to disgorge a pound of Kentucky leaf and a huge meerscham. We all produced our pipes and tobacco, and proceeded to fill and light them leisurely.

"Well," began Freshy, in answer to Puck's interrogation, "I can't say as I do smoke. Can't say as I do. By saying that I would be professing myself to be an habitual and professional smoker, which I am not. Yet I smoke a pipe occasionally with a friend. When I was in Texas—" here he began a search for something in his trunk, which proved to be a mammoth pipe, awkward and ungainly, but with a bowl of prodigious size.

Then he filled it, joined our circle and we all fell to smoking and story-telling.

Kuzzlekup told his threadbare extravaganza of his being towed around the Horn by a shark. But the Fresh man could beat that, and he told of his once being towed—in company with his grand-mother—by a devil-fish, from Charleston Harbor to Greenland. Then Puck told how he killed fourteen bears in one day, and Chokertown related how he killed twenty in the same length of time, by throwing pepper in their eyes, and then esticing them over a precipice. Savage related his adventures with a maniac, and the Freshman had had a similar escape only a more miraculous one. Tom Tug told how he quelled a mutiny years ago, and then Chokertown described how he quelled two. By this time we were beginning to open our eyes. Evidently we had caught a Tariat. Grunter wisely forgot whether he ever had an adventure or not, and had to be excused. And my memory was bad too. The Freshman said it made no difference, and then he started to tell us his adventures in Texas.

And the way he rattled them off was a caution, one after another he span them out each one more exaggerated and improbable than the one preceding it.

The way he puffed at his mammoth pipe, too, was fearful. Never had we seen as much smoke issue from one mouth before. Between all the words came great volumes of the blue rolling smoke.

But we would not give in, and we did our prettiest. Finally the smoke became so dense that we could not see a foot from our faces. Chokertown was lost to our sight behind

his pipe and clouds of smoke, but we knew to a dot where he was, for out of the smoke at one corner of the room came that ceaseless string of wild stories of Texas.

The lamp on the table glowed faintly, like the distant signal-light of a ship shining thro' miles of heavy fog.

A form approached me through the clouded room. It was Grunter. There was a horrible look in his face and one hand was pressed to his breast. He bent over me and said something about going home. I pulled out my watch but the dense smoke obscured its face. I shook my head and Grunter disappeared in the direction whence he came.

Then a voice stifled and choked, but still easily identified as proceeding from Tom Tug, moaned something about the unhealthfulness of close rooms. Savage raised his voice in glad assent, and after fumbling about in the cloudy room, found the window, but it was nailed.

Then Tom Tug said he would be obliged to tear himself away—apologetically—as he had some translating to do before bed-time. He found his hat and then the door, but that was locked, and the Freshman could not stop grinding out his strange Texas stories long enough to unfasten it. Over where Grunter stayed, somewhere hidden in the smoke, proceeded a series of groans and ominous cries.

"But, gentlemen, here my adventures in Texas end, and thanking you for your kind attention, and so forth, I will unlock the door and bid you good-night. Come up any time to have a friendly smoke, but do not come again with the intentions of SMOKING OUT A FRESHMAN!"

And we never did—at least not that one. Grunter says that he still prefers pumping, and I guess he does.

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