

Away Down in Tennessee

In one of the valleys to the east of the main spur of the Cumberland I stopped at a "huddle" of houses for the night. I was given a bed in a chamber with a window looking out on to the yard, and ten feet from the window stood a large apple tree. It being summer, the window sash was raised.

It must have been about midnight when a sound at the window awoke me, and I got out of bed to see what was the matter. It did not take long to discover that some one was planning a surprise for me. A man had climbed the tree and from a handy branch had thrust out a plank to reach the sill of the window. It was the end of the plank dropping on the sill which aroused me.

I stood back a little to watch, and presently the fellow, whose color I could not determine, started to creep along the plank. I didn't know exactly what to do at first, but finally decided to give him a fall instead of a bullet. Waiting until he was midway between the window and the tree, I gave the end of the plank a shove, and down he went, yelling in affright as he found himself going. He had scarcely struck the ground when some one seized him. The house was alarmed, everybody turned out, and when I got down the owner of the house was standing guard over the man and saying:

"Now, then, Jim Hivers, you un has got yo' self into a powerful fuss. You un has been tryin' to git inter my cabin in the nighttime to rob the stranger, an' if you doan' dance high for it I doan' want no mo' meat!"

"Wasn't a-tryin' to git in!" sulkily replied Jim.

"Then what was you un doin'?"

"Arter apples."

"Arter apples which hain't as good as shucks at this time o' year. Jim, yo' is bad—had all the way up an' down. I've knowed it fur y'ars, an' I've knowed that you would get cotched some day. The cotchin' has arrove."

"Cawn't prove it ag'in me," calmly observed the prisoner.

"You un just wait! I'm gwine to tie yo' up till daylight and then take yo' befo' Squar' Taylor."

"Jess meant to look in the window," explained Jim, who was evidently beginning to be alarmed.

"Oh, yes! We understand! Now you un come along to the smokehouse an' doan' try any tricks on me!"

Next morning he was regularly arrested on a warrant charging him with intent to enter and rob. The examination took place in the school-house, and the justice conducted it without any lawyers to bother. When Jim was asked to plead, he replied:

"I jess didn't dun it, an' I'll stick to my fat if yo' hang me!"

"Then I'll enter a plea of not guilty," said his honor, and he asked me to take the stand. I testified as related above, but all was not smooth sailing. When I stated that I was aroused by a noise, Jim put in:

"He un doan' dun say what sort of a noise, squar'. That's mo' than fifty kinds of noises, an' he uns got to come right down here."

When I said that I looked out of the window and saw a man in the tree, he interrupted with:

"Squar' Taylor, is you un gwine to put that down ag'in me? That's var'us sorts o' men. How does he un know it wasn't a nigger? Pin him right down, squar'."

"Couldn't bin no nigger, nehov," said his honor. "Couldn't been nobody but yous, kase yous the one cotched."

"When I testified to pushing the end of the plank off the sill, Jim looked done for a minute. Then a bright idea came, and he exclaimed:

"Hold he un down, squar'. He says a plank! How long was that plank? What sort of wood? Who did it belong to? Doan' give he un no high ground over me kase he looks peart."

The owner of the house testified to having been disturbed by a strange noise, and he had just gone to the door when Jim fell from the tree.

"Shore it was me?" asked Jim.

"Of co'se."

"Doan' reckon it was anybody else."

"Couldn't bin, kase I grabbed it." "Better be kerful! You's on oath! What did I say?"

"Said you un was arter apples." "Put that down plain, squar'." "Apples isn't as big as beans yit, an' if I was arter apples it proves insanity. That's one for me."

When he took the stand in his own defense, he was asked:

"Prisoner, what is your name?" "What you drivin' at, Squar' Taylor? Ain't no use to menshun any names an' git up a great fuss in de papers. Jess got right along steady."

"Are you a resident of this village, county and state?"

"Jess h'ar him! Squar' Taylor, that hain't no law. That's only fool-in' around, jess like a man lookin'

up a coon tree when the coon is somewhar' else."

"What is your occupation?" continued the squire.

"Say, squar'," exclaimed Jim as he arose and pounded on the desk, "this hain't no case whar' somebody stole a hog. This is a case whar a nigger climbed a tree to rob a white man in a house, an' it's got to go 'ordin' to law or I'll draw right out."

"Jim," replied the justice after some reflection, "you un was up that tree."

"I dun deny it."

"You un reckoned to get in that winder."

"What winder? Hain't nobody swore on which side of the house that winder was."

"And you un reckoned to rob the stranger."

"Hu! What's he un got to be robbed of? Hain't nobody done swore he's got nuff to buy a coon's tail!"

"And you un was cotched."

"Can't agree with you, squar'. If a feller stands still, you can't catch him. He's got to be on the run."

"You un has been in jail fur stealin' tobacco."

"Hu! That's nuffin to do with this case. Who knows how many times this stranger has been in jail? Put him right up an' ax him the ou-shun, squar'."

The justice scratched his head, sharpened his goosequill pen, in doubt from me to Jim and back in a doubtful way and, finally said:

"Jim Hivers, I'm goin' to let you un go free."

"Of co'se."

"But be powerful kerful how you go blowin' yous horn around in future."

"I hain't gwine to blow."

"When court was dismissed, his honor came over to me and said:

"It's too bad to let he un go, but I didn't want to upset you un."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, he un was bound to ask if you un had ever been in jail for a crime."

"Well?"

"I thought from your looks that you un certainly had and perhaps in a stronger place, an' I wasn't goin' to let he un git the crow on you!"

The Teacher's Mistake.

Jack had a toothache and asked me to take his place at school. I consented and proceeded to the school-house. No one was there but a quiet little girl sweeping up kindling chips.

"Your regular teacher will be unable to be with you today, miss, but I will fill his place with what ability I can command. What's your name?"

I do not think I ever saw any one look quite so surprised as that girl did then. However, I saw nothing very strange in the matter and repeated:

"What's your name? I am to teach you today."

"Alice Stanley."

"How old are you, Alice?"

"Eighteen."

"Whew!" thought I to myself. "She doesn't look fourteen."

The last bell rang, and Alice Stanley came in. I quietly remarked:

"I am to take the place of your teacher today. Will some one start a song?"

Calling a class, Peter Thompson failed to come forward. I urged him to do so.

I took hold of Peter's shoulder. If commands are not obeyed, use force. That's my motto. Immediately Peter gave such a yell as I never heard from mortal lungs. I sprang back as if I had touched off a mine. Peter did not desist, but to the first burst succeeded an avalanche of blubberings that came down like the cataract of Lodore. I retreated in dismay, and Peter halted with strange suddenness. He sulked behind his apron, however, till recess. I took the reader and pointed to the first letter of the alphabet.

"What is the name of that letter?" I inquired.

They gazed at me in stupid amazement.

"You surely know what that letter is. Tell me at once," said I severely.

Monitions of rain in one or two eyes. Alice Stanley's hand goes up.

"Question, Alice?"

"Please, sir, teacher uses the word method."

The word method? What might that be? My course in college so far contained no information on that point. Perhaps it was in the scientific course. To cover my confusion I looked at my watch. It was far past recess time, and I rang the bell.

I measured off just five minutes for the recess. Time was precious if

the morning program was to be completed. Promptly at the expiration of the time I rang the bell, and as the astonished company hustled back to their seats I noticed Peter Thompson's place vacant.

"Where is Peter?"

"He went home cryin'."

"Said he'd tell his ma."

"Said he warn't goin' to no old school," volunteered a dozen voices.

I summoned "B geography." This a class of intermediate grade, whose lesson for the day was Africa.

Right here the door opened wide, and in it stood a little bit of a woman, with a sunbonnet on her head and a mop in her hand and the cloth frozen stiff. She panted, with one hand on her heart. "Where's the schoolmarm?"

"He could not be here today. I take his place. Is there anything I can do for you, ma'am? May I ask your name?"

"I'm Missus Thompson. My poor little boy just come home a-cryin' as if his little heart would break, an' I'd just got to know who's been misusin' of him. I'd put the law on 'em, I would! Pretty goin's on in a schoolhouse, I must say! Oh, there you are, Miss Stanley. Why ain't you in your proper place?"

"Mrs. Thompson, may I see you a moment in the lobby?" asked Miss Stanley, while I stood entirely dumfounded.

"S'pose you went."

"While they went out I got my hat and overcoat and put them on. My brain was in a whirl. That little girl! But, after all, there was a certain air of maturity about her. And that Dekeleia and the giggling! I was a fool. As I got into the lobby—how I know not—Mrs. Thompson was departing with a broad grin on her face. Miss Stanley held out her hand, with several roughish dimples playing hide and seek about her cheeks.

"Pardon me. I thought at first some one was trying to play a trick on me through you, but I fear now I have been the trickster. I was quite tired and discouraged this morning. If you were a teacher—pardon me for imagining that you are not—you would know how glad I was to rest and hear some one else teach and learn how." This last was added slyly.

When she had directed me across the fields, I lifted my hat and walked off. As Miss Stanley entered the schoolroom I heard tumultuous clapping and cheering.

I plunged fiercely on, reviewing the morning's experience with burning cheeks whose fires were none the cooler by the time I reached my cousin's school, which also, I noticed, was fronted with a big elm.

As I went nearer the unmistakable buzz of a school in session greeted my ears. Wonderingly I rapped at the door. It opened, and, lo, Jack!

"How's your tooth?" savagely said I.

"Might as well own up. It was all a trick. I came out here and hid. I was going to hear you teach all the morning and then disclose myself. The boys were in the secret, but when you didn't come the joke was

on me. Where have you been?"

But that I never told.

Hunted by Marshals

Davenport, Wash., June 13.—After impersonating an officer twice and thereby not only escaping the law himself, but also effecting the release of three other prisoners, Jake Griswold is being hunted for by Deputy United States marshals. One of the men he has twice assisted to escape, George MacDonald, was captured last night. The arrests are the outcome of the recent "Sooner" movement on the reservation. When the men who had camped on the reservation in the hope of its early opening to settlement were driven off, Jake Young, Albert Hughes and George MacDonald did not leave the reservation and were captured by the Indian police. Just then it is alleged Griswold rode up and declared himself to be an officer of the law. He said the prisoners were wanted for horse stealing and exhibited an officer's star. He asked for assistance in handcuffing the men, and the Indians complied.

Later a similar occurrence happened near the house of an Indian farmer, and again, it is said, Griswold impersonated an officer and secured the prisoners. This occurrence was also reported to Indian Agent Anderson, who grew suspicious and started a movement to apprehend the quartette. Hughes is a well known prospector who headed the rush to the north half of the reservation three years ago. Griswold was formerly a deputy sheriff in Stevens county. He was arrested several years ago by Deputy Sheriff Gardner on a horse stealing charge. At Gardner's command to surrender Griswold ran and was brought down by a shot in the leg. Griswold and his pals will be charged with trespass upon the reservation and with carrying firearms.

Excitement in Panama

Panama, Colombia, June 13.—A schooner towed by the launch Aurora landed 200 government troops at Chorrera, fifteen miles from Panama. A telegraph inspector left overland today for Chorrera, with the object of establishing a line into the interior.

A flotilla of eight sailing vessels started last night with reinforcements for Gen. Bertis' troops at Pescadora. Great excitement prevails here and will continue until the result of the attack on the rebels at Agua Dulce is known.

Gov. Salazar says he will send next week an important government official to consult the administration of the recaptured province, and that he expects to hear soon that the revolution is confined to Chiriqui.

Marconi's New Invention

London, June 13.—In the course of a lecture tonight before the Royal Institute of Great Britain, William Marconi announced that he had invented a highly sensitive magnetic detector of electric waves by which it was possible to read thirty words per minute in wireless telegraphy.

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