

Special to THE COLONIST.

## M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Aspirants to the Editorial Chair of the Kicker, and What Happens to Them.

The Theatrical Profession—How the Dutchman was Sold—The Confidence Trick.

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AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.—Monday morning we received a call from Henry M. Jackson, Esq., of Leavenworth, Kan., who desired to insert an ad. in the Kicker asking for information about his brother Tom, who was known to be in the town a year ago. In the course of our conversation it came out that his brother was otherwise known as "Nevada Ned," and we were able to furnish information



HIS LAST RESTING PLACE.

at once. We killed the man on Apache avenue on the 3rd day of last September, and his grave is marked "No. 9" in our cemetery. "Nevada Ned" was out for game that day, but we did not draw on him until he had fired twice.

We took Mr. Jackson out to view his brother's last resting place, and also showed him the bills to prove that we gave a forty-two dollar funeral. He expressed his gratitude in the strongest language, and subscribed to the Kicker and paid a year in advance. Mr. Jackson goes from here to Tucson, and we cordially recommend him to the people of this town as a thorough gentleman. He offered to refund us the forty-two dollars, but we couldn't accept it. We make it a rule to pay all funeral expenses out of our own pocket.

GONE HOME.—As will be seen by an obituary notice published elsewhere in this issue, Major Dayton, one of our old pioneers, has passed from earth away. Whisky killed him, though you would never suspect it from reading the obituary. He played a square game of poker, but as an officer he was never drunk, and given to promiscuous shooting. We can't say that we mourn his demise, or that he will gain anything by the change to another climate. He was the first man in this town to shoot us, and was about the only one we ever fired at. Only two days before he was taken sick he sent us word that he was camped on our trail and would split our other ear with a bullet. In the midst of life we are in death.

IT'S NO USE.—A theatrical company, traveling under the title of "The Madison Square Uncle Tom's Cabin company," opened here Friday evening to a crowded house. As the play pulled it was discovered that there was no Uncle Tom, no dogs, no Legree. Five poor actors were trying to carry all the parts, and the only scenery used was a representation of the Roman ruins. The large and critical audience sat still until the middle of the second act, and then made a rush. The Roman ruins were ruined forever, and the actors got such a bouncing about that two of them are still hiding in the underbrush along the river.

This is another proof that this town can't be longer imposed on in theatrical matters. We want as good as they have in New York or nothing. There must be nothing left out. If there are ten parts we want to see ten actors walking around the stage. If there's a mule in the plot, then show him up, and he's got to be alive and kicking. We are an up and up people. We pay cash and want the value of it. We appreciate a good thing, and have no use for second class material.

WE SHALL OF COURSE.—Our contemporary is out with the suggestion in the coming Fourth of July, he celebrated in old fashioned style, and wants to know if the governor can't be induced to come here and deliver the oration. We don't think he can. We think he has more sense than to entertain such a notion. If there is any celebration, we shall, as mayor of the town, be in it. We shall lead it. We shall deliver the oration, lead the procession, and probably shoot the fireworks in the evening. There is no salary attached to our office. We were elected for the honor there in it, and propose to squeeze the old machine perfectly dry. There may be some mayors in this territory who are satisfied with the title, but we want everything connected with it. If our esteemed contemporary—circulation 460—wants to be the means of getting somebody shot, let him encourage his idea as set forth above.

CAN'T REMEMBER.—We have received a letter from Philadelphia asking us if a young man named Victor Hugo Scott has applied at the Kicker office during the last year for a situation on the editorial staff. We can't remember, as the applicants number half a dozen per week. We have a dim sort of recollection that such a person did call, however, and that three days later he was over to Clara Dunder's Valley and the boys took him for a horse thief and laid him away. We will look over our files as soon as we get time and see how it was. Probably half the newspaper men who come this way get placed sooner or later, and it is almost impossible for us to remember names and dates and where they lie sleeping.

ABRAM JOEFOOT.

"I haven't no hand to praise myself, as yo' all know," observed Abram as he tilted his chair back against a sugar barrel in Dan Skinner's grocery and looked around over the usual assemblage. "I say I

hain't no hand to praise myself, but I do consider to believe that if Christopher Columbus was a livin' to day it would be about which and totter betwixt us. I've got jest the same sort o' anakin anishun to do sumpthin that he had, and I'd make jest as big a success of it, only—dodder my hide—I'm jest tied right up here a-rainin of razor backed hogs and a lendin money to niggers at 40 per cent. a year! I orter hev 50, and mebbe a little morn'n that, but the've dun gone and passed a law to make a limit on sich of us as hev any mink of human kindness in our hearts. Who's got any backerker?"

Uncle Si Johnson passed over his plug, and after wiping it off on his leg, Abram bit out a liberal hunk and continued: "Columbus was given to meditation a good deal. That's me to a dot. He was allers purty hard up fur ready cash. I also foller him in that. I can't find out that he knew anything about hogs, as I reckon that I heat him that! It took him more'n five years to figger out that thar was a heap of land lying around loose on 'tother side of the ocean, while I believe I could hev done it in one. I reckon he's ahead in some things, while I make in others, and he's about up and neck with me. He got all ready and sailed away. I'd have done jest that same thing. He kept sailin till his men got skeered and demanded that he put back. Nuthin so very peart about that. He finally rized the sail. He had to rize it, 'cause he was bound to. I'd hev done the same thing with both eyes shut. Bill Skinner, how's that snake bit gal o' yours a-gittin'?"

"She's a gittin' tolerably, thank yo'," replied Bill. "Glad to hear it. Reckon it's gwine to be a powerful 'yar fur snakes. Wall, Columbus he discovered America. Why not? How could he help it? She was right thar befo' him, all spread out like a red quilt, and he had to do it. 'Sposed he'd bin asked to walk three miles through a swamp, as I was, to find out man Harker's dead body a-swingin to a limb, as I did—could he a' done it? Not by a doggone sight! He'd a' rize it. It was right thar befo' him. I never could a' bear the fuss they make over him. 'Tain't nateral. 'Tain't doin' right by the rest of us. Kurnel White, somebody was a-sayin as how yo' d'lost a mewl by sickness. 'The kurnel' admitted the death of the report, and for the next fifteen minutes Abram talked mules. Then the late owner of the dead mule had to go, and Mr. Jedfoot resumed:

"Columbus sailed around fur awhile and then returned to Spain to tell of his discoveries. He was boosted right into popularity to once. The consarned critters yelled and hooted and cheered till they made him think he was bigger'n a gump. He hadn't done nuthin, as I said befo', and he knew he hadn't, but he let 'em holler and pile on the praise and never said a word. I reckon I'd a' done the same, though 'twould hev bin hard on my conscience. They've got him in history and in school books, and every now and then yo' hear what a great man he was. Don't yo' all believe it! Jest give any of us half the show he had, and see what we would do! We're ambishus and willin' but we don't giv no show. Too much doggone jealousy around yo'. One critter is too tornally afraid another critter will make a reputashun and git to be county clerk or sunthin. Major Davis, is that a nigger look in into the doah?"

"Reckon he wants me. Reckon it's some nigger who wants five dollars and hain't willin to give over 40 per cent. interest. I hain't given to self praise, as I said befo', but put that same Christopher Columbus down in these yere parts today and what sort of a success would he make of it? Why, dot rot my mind but if he wouldn't be puttin a chattel mortgage on his only mewl in less'n fo' weeks! Yes, sah—yes, sah, and yo' all know I hain't a bit jealous when I say it."

"Then yo' begin to catch on to the customs of the country, do yo'?" "I do. I was awfully discouraged der last night, but now I vhas all right. Nobody can fool me agin. Shust gaze on dot!"

He pulled out a gold watch and chain and handed them over with a broad grin on his face.

"Wall, quorted the sergeant as he briefly examined them and sighed heavily.

"Four days ago," said Mr. Dunder, "I goes down to Toledo to see my brudder-in-law. Der train a yow man to take me and says thar I Carl Dunder! I vhas. Dot pleases him, because he declares me in der papers, and he knows how big hearted I vhas. He likes to raise money to buy some grave stones for his dead money, and he vill sell me dot watch for \$200."

"Great Scott! but you didn't pay him no such price?"

"Sergeant, do you see some green grass in my eye?" chuckled Mr. Dunder. "I may be a leetle slow, but I vhas no cornfield. I say to dot young man I doest care if he has lost six mothers. I vill gif him seventy-five dollars and not one-cent more. He feels mighty bad,

but he is obliged to sell it to me. How vhas dot, sergeant—a \$200 watch for seventy-five dollars! Don't scotch on, eh?"

The sergeant looked very serious and did not reply, and Mr. Dunder continued:

"A stranger comes in my place der odder day and says his wife and children vhas all burned oop in a fire in Buffalo. He wants to go ood, by der first train, and it vill be a great favor to him if I cash a check for thirty dollars."

"But you didn't do it?"



"YOU VHAS SHERALOUS!"

"Sergeant, do I look like some catnip?" demanded Mr. Dunder, as he stepped back and straightened up. "I feel sorry for dot man, of course, but I shust tell him dot I gif him fifteen dollars and no more. If he doan like dot he can go away. He takes me oop. Here vhas der check. I savaes shust fifteen dollars on dot deal."

The sergeant looked at the check, which was signed "John Smith," and in a sorrowful voice he asked Mr. Dunder if he had anything else to relate.

"Vhell, I do a leetle peeness yesterday dot I like shupst about. A man comes in my place and says vhas I Carl Dunder I vhas. All right. He like to see me quicker dan der president. He reads me in der papers, and he knows I vhas a sharp, shrewd man. He likes me to go into peenstion on him."

"What sort of business?"

"Vhell, it vhas a new kind of fly screen. It vhas a fly screen mit a hole in der center about sah big as a dollar. He vhas der inventor. Nopody ever invents dot idea before, and he sells me dot screen for forty dollars. It vhas werth one thousand, but he likes my name for influence, see?"

"What is the hole left for?"

"Vhell, some flies go in by der door, maybe, and dot vhas to let him in, der wise man. Dot vhas a good idea, eh? I close dot bargain at fifty dollar, and I bettel I make ten thousand. What vhas der matter, sergeant? Why you look at me like dot?"

The sergeant handed him watch and check, and taking him by the arm led him to the door and put him out and said:

"Mr. Dunder, I am sorry for you. You are too innocent for this world. Goodbye!"

Mr. Dunder turned at the entrance, and stood and looked long at the station house door. By and by a smile crept over his face, his chin went up a foot higher, and he called out as he walked stiffly away:

"I vhas all right, sergeant! I see how dot vhas. You vhas shesulous of me dot I don't get shwindled some more, and dot der cows don't take me for some grass any longer! Hi! I vhas on to you like a big house, and I don't ask you no more if I buy an electric clothes iron, but der church 'sactly fo' ten hundred dollars pery rent, an I've bin sent to see what yo' gwine ter do 'bout it."

"Fo'ten hundred dollars, eh?" queried the drayman.

"Yes, sah! Der day's de figgers, all figgered up by a white man. Yo' hain't dun paid no rent in all yo' bo'n days. Does yo' dispute dem figgers?"

"N-ne, I reckon not."

"An is yo' gwine ter settle?"

"Fur how much?"

"Fur how much? Why, sah, de commitee don't sent upon yo' last night 'till leoben o'clock, an it finally dun concluded not to settle dis case short o' two hull dollars!"

"I reckon I'll dun pay it," said the drayman, as he pulled out the money.

"Dat's right, sah—dat's right. Dat poves yo' was an honest, upright man. Yo' is now all squar' wid de church, an if yo' want to git up in a front pyn an do shupstin nobodys 'sally gwine to pint at yo' and say de Lewd had dem fo'ten hundred dollars all charged up agin yo' on de gate posts o' heaben."

M. QUAD.

PRINCE MICHAEL.

DETROIT, April 13.—The coils are fastening about "Prince Michael," and his associate in crime, Eliza Courts, and there is good prospects that both of them will spend the balance of their lives behind the iron walls. Helen Ravilsson, aged 18, who represented "Temperance" at "Good Mead," but who deserted them and returned to Toronto with her parents, has come back and against a most heinous nature against both people. She arrived this morning, and after a thorough examination by the police, made a complaint in the police court. The judge, the Courts woman declared her to be Michael's spiritual wife that night, and on her refusal to do so the woman assisted Michael to criminally assault her. The penalty for such an offense is life imprisonment in Michigan, and the girl's father, being determined to press matters, Michael and Eliza may have to resort to their divine power to get out. It was expected that Michael would find a new bondman to-day, but he did not and is still behind the bars. Bell and Richardson, two members of the colony, were arrested to-day, and charged with stealing coal from Mrs. Cromwell, a former member.

A \$1,300 COTTAGE.

This Plan Has Many Advantages Over the Average Cheap House.

[Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

In house building people usually expect more for the money than it is possible to give. The design here printed, however, ought to satisfy the most fastidious and exacting client. It is in the old Colonial style, one and a half stories in height, and contains a remarkable amount of available room.

The exterior, with the front porch, bay window and gambrel roof, broken by dormer windows, produces a charming variety of outline very suggestive of comfort and good cheer within. It is perhaps better adapted to an inside lot, although it would look well on a corner or in open country.

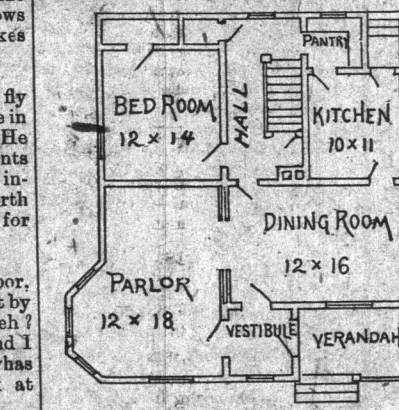


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

One special feature of the arrangement of the rooms in the first story is the fact that the parlor and dining room are in the front of the house and both command a view of the main street. You enter the house from the veranda or front porch and first pass into a large vestibule, which can be used as a sitting room if desired. The vestibule is lighted by an elliptical window in accordance with the details of old Colonial work and set with pretty stained glass.

Some objections might be made, perhaps, to the location of the hall, since it necessitates passing through the dining room to reach the stairs.

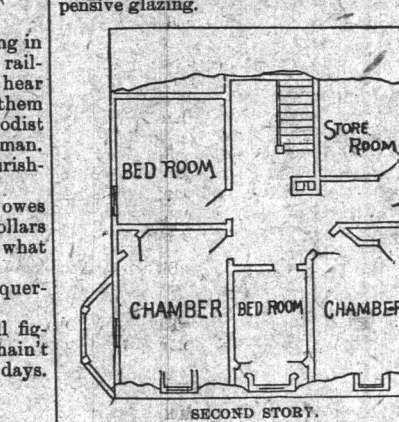
It is true that custom has almost made it imperative that one should be able to pass directly from the front porch or vestibule to the hall and stairs, but we must remember that we are building with economical ideas as to cost and must reserve the most desirable space for the most important rooms.



FIRST STORY.

important room, which in this special case is the parlor. Unless the staircase but not made an ornamental feature it is best located where it may be accessible but not in the way of the passage. A direct passage from the street to the outside kitchen door, and communication from the kitchen to the hall through the pantry. If desired, the outside steps are placed at the side where the outside door is located and the outside door could communicate directly with the hall. But all these matters are questions of individual taste and must be decided by the owner.

In the second story we secure two good sized chambers and a small bedroom in front, with closets for each. In the rear we have a large bedroom and a bathroom. The main hall in the second story is reached by a dormer window and the corridor by an elliptical window similar to the window in the vestibule, but with less expensive glazing.



SECOND STORY.

A cellar extends under the entire house. The foundation walls are of brick or stone. The building above the ground level is finished with plaster and papered. No corner boards are used on the bay window, but the joints of the clapboards are indicated by a very pretty effect. The roof and sides of the dormer windows are shingled. This house can be built where materials are cheap for \$1,300, without a furnace.

D. W. KING.

Hints on Furnishing.

A house or room crowded with pictures is not in good taste, for the effect is confusing, and the beauties of few can be appreciated. The position of a picture depends somewhat upon whether it has glass or not. Place oil paintings so that the light will fall upon them obliquely if you would show them to advantage.

In ordinary rooms pictures should hang at a level with the eye. The effect of many good pictures is spoiled because they are hung too high. Only small pictures can be safely hung between windows.

We all know the delight of a closet, and we know, too, the misery of doing without, so that a plan for devising the luxury can hardly come amiss. In almost all rooms the corners are practically waste space; they fill no need and supply no want, yet they are there, and they might be turned to good account. Such a simple device as fastening a strip of Japanese diagonal from wall to wall makes the foundation of a most convenient closet. It is first attached in a perfectly secure manner a little below the ceiling; then below it again is placed a brass rod, and from this hangs a pair of heavy curtains. The space can be as large as the size of the room makes advisable, but it will in all cases give a triangular closet, which will not only be of service, but which will add to the effect of the room. Hooks can be hung within the space, and a shelf can fill the upper part of it.—Decorative Furnisher.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

Career of "Mocha Dick" the Whaler's Terror.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]

Between the years 1840 and 1859 the whaling vessels of such nations as pursued the Leviathan of the deep for his commercial value encountered no less than five whales who became famous as terrors of the sea. They were "Mocha Dick," "Spotted Tom," "Shy-Jack," "Ugly Jim" and "Fighting Joe." These names were of course given them by the sailors, but they came to be known to whalers of all nations. You may think it curious that one whale could be identified from another of the same size and species, but it was more difficult than to identify a particular horse in a drove of several hundred. In other words, each Leviathan has some peculiar mark or characteristic of his own, and if sighted two or three times can be identified forever afterward.

"Mocha Dick" headed the list of terrors from the start and kept his place for nineteen long years. No whale was so fiercely hunted, and none ever created so much damage among the hunters. What I am going to tell you is partly a matter of published record, and partly gleaned from Nantucket and New Bedford whalers who battled with the cachetol time after time, to suffer defeat on each occasion.

On the 15th day of July, 1840, the English whaling brig *Demond*, being then 215 miles west of the port of Valparaiso, Chile, sighted a lone whale which breached his full length above the surface about two miles away. The boats were lowered, but they were within half a mile of the whale, he slowed around head on to them and advanced to meet them. He struck one boat with his head and drove her under stern first, and then chewed her up. He then sounded the alarm, and before they were fifteen minutes. When he came up it was to lift the other boat thirty feet high on his head, and of course she was completely shattered. Oars and planks were ground fine by his teeth as he wallowed about, and two men were lost, which showed almost white on the gray-black background. It was by this scar he was ever afterward identified.

The next craft to encounter "Mocha Dick" was the Russian bark *Sarapeta*. This was on the 30th of August, almost two months later, and she was fully 500 miles to the south of the spot where he was first seen. She lowered two boats for a lone whale and killed him. The bark was three miles away, and beating down to the whale under a light breeze, when "Mocha Dick" suddenly shot out of water between the vessel and the boats. Such was his impetus that nearly his full length could be traced before he fell with a crash which could be heard for miles around. As soon as he had righted himself he came up and showed his back. One of them passed around the dead whale before he got up, but the other was caught by the sweep of his jaw as he came up and knocked to pieces. He then took up his position beside the dead whale and remained for half an hour, during which interval the other boat pulled off to the bark.

Three men had been lost, and a fourth had both arms broken, while the sailors had been given such a fright that they could not be induced to attack. The vessel hung about the spot for three hours, hoping the fierce Leviathan would take himself off, but finally had to sail away and leave him in possession. The dead whale was taken possession of two days later by the whaling ship *John Bruce*, of Nantucket, but it was no longer guarded.

The next authentic record of "Mocha Dick" was furnished by the Bristol whaler *John Day*, in May of the year following. She was then to the east of the Falkland islands, and was trying out blubber as she drifted with a light breeze. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a gigantic whale breached within 300 feet of her, shooting his full length out of water, and making such a sea by his fall that the ship rolled as if in a gale. The whale then swam slowly about, and as soon as the men caught sight of his head they identified him as "Mocha Dick." His actions were menacing, but the captain, at once decided to attack. Three boats were lowered, and as the whale made off toward the first mate put a harpoon into him. He was the first "Mocha Dick" had ever felt. He sounded at once later by the whaling ship *John Bruce*, of Nantucket, but it was no longer guarded.

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As it went under he stopped short and turned as on a pivot, heading the water all the time with flukes which measured twenty-four feet across. Nothing was left of the boat but splinters, and two of her crew were killed or drowned. The other two boats advanced to the attack, but before they were near enough to dart, the whale settled away like a lump of lead. One of the boats got hold of the floating line, but had scarcely secured it when the tricky fighter came up under the other and sent it skyward with the heaviest knooked out. He then pivoted and thrashed the surface as before, and another man was lost and two others severely injured.

The crew had had enough of "Mocha Dick," and while he hauled off and lay waiting for another attack the remaining boat was hauled up and the ship sneaked away. The English captain had vowed that if he ever encountered that whale he would kill him or lose his head. The Prud of the bark, however, but an hour's fighting satisfied him that he had undertaken too big a job.

The particulars of the several encounters recorded above were soon known to all whalers. Some captains decided to "kill" "Mocha Dick" severely, while others were ambitious to secure the credit of killing him. However, he disappeared after the fight with the *John Day*, and was not seen again for seventeen months. Bill and Pete to each other, and that day had killed old age or been killed in a fight with another whale, when the suddenly turned up in the Pacific ocean off the east coast of Japan.

Here occurred the battle of his life. A coasting craft had been blown off the coast by a heavy gale and was making her way back. It was about an hour after daylight, when a big whale was seen to breach about two miles away. It was passed over as a trifling incident, but ten or fifteen minutes later the Leviathan was discovered rushing down in the wake of the craft with all the steam he could put on. He was so close aboard and the sight of him threw the natives into such terror that no effort was made to escape him. He struck the craft on her stern and wrecked her in an instant, and pieces of the wreckage were carried away in his jaws as he swerved to port and swam slowly away. The cargo of the coaster was of lumber, the men soon knooked together a raft. The craft did not go down, but sank until her decks were awash, and the men had not yet put off on their raft, when three whaling vessels appeared in sight all at once. They proved to be the Glasgow whaler *Crest*, the New Bedford whaler *Yankee* and the English whaler *Dudley*.

All had heard of "Mocha Dick," but all thought him dead. By 8 o'clock the three whalers were up and had each one of the whale's head and tail. They were banking up in the water, and it was about an hour before they were separated and search for him, and that if he were found all three ships should take part in the attack and share in the credit of ridding the deep of every one of these monsters. They were banking up in the water, and it was about an hour before they were separated and search for him, and that if he were found all three ships should take part in the attack and share in the credit of ridding the deep of every one of these monsters.

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