

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.

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

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. 3" in our cemetery. "Nevada Ned" was out for game the day, but we did not draw on him until he had died 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 attitude 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 that town as a thorough gentleman. He offered us a check for the forty-two dollars, but we wouldn't accept it. We make it a rule to pay all funeral expenses out of our own pocket.

OUR 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 offset to his quarrelsomeness, he was about the only one who ever gave. He didn't drop when the gun went off. 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 along 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 Roman ruins. The large and critical audience sat 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 play, 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 that the coming Fourth of July be 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. There is any number of orators, shall we say, mayor of the town, be in it. We shall lead it. We shall deliver the oration, lead the procession, and probably boss the fireworks in the evening. There is no salary attached to our office. We were elected for the honor there is 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 in 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 past 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 Clinch Valley for 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 ain'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 tother betwixt us. I've got jest the same sort o' anakin an' abinush to do sumpthin' that he had, and I'd make just as big a success o' it, only I dod' not my hide—I'm jest tied right up here a-rasin' 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' that, but the've dum gone, and passed a law to make a limit on sich of us, as hev any milk o' 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, and I reckon that I heat him that I took him morn' or two years to figger out that thar was a heap o' 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'm not in others, and he's about up and back to me. He got all ready and asked 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 riz the land. He had to riz it. He was right that he had. 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 disklivered America. Why not? How could he help it? She was right thar befo' him, all spread out like a waxen card, and he had to do it. S'posen 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' lost his brains in five minutes. I never could a' bear the fust they make over him. 'Tain't no nat'ral. 'Tain't doin' right by the rest of us. Kurnel White, somebody was a-sayin as how yo' lost a mewl by sickness. The 'kurnel' admitted the truth 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:

"What is the hole left for?" "Well, some flies go in by der door, maybe, and dot v'as to let him go out by maybe. Dot v'as good ideas, eh? I close dot bargain at feifty dollar, and I bettel I make ten thousand. What v'as der matter, sergeant? Why yo' 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. Goodby!" Mr. Dunder turned at the carriage door 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 v'as all right, sergeant! I see how dot v'as. Yo' v'as shesulous of me dot I don't get shwindled some more, and dot der cows don't take me for some grass any longer! Ha! I v'as on to yo' like a big house, and I don't ask yo' no more if I buy an electric clothes iron, which der church 'sactly fo' been hundred dollars per 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! 'Dar's de figgers, all figgers, up by white man. Yo' hain't paid no rent in all yo' bo'n days. Does yo' dispute dem figgers?" "N-no, I reckon not. 'An is yo' gwine ter settle?" "Fur how much?" "Fur how much! Why, sah, de com-mitte don't set 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 der church, an' if yo' want to git up in a front pew an' do shaghtin nobody, yo' a' gwine to pint at yo' and say de Lev'd 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 of the penitentiary. The man who represented "Temperance" at "Good Meed," but who deserted them and returned to Toronto with her parents, has come before the court, and after a thorough examination by the police, made a complaint in the police court. She says that 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 find a resort to their devices 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, imprisonment, being charged with stealing coal from Mrs. Cromwell, a former member.

He is obliged to sell it to me. How v'as dot, sergeant—a \$200 watch for seventy-five dollars! Don't catch on, eh?" The sergeant looked very serious and did not reply, and Mr. Dunder continued: "A stranger comes in my place der odder day und says his wife und children v'as all burned oop in a fire in Buffalo. He wants to go out by der first train, und it v'ill be a great favor to him if I cash a check for thirty dollars." "But yo' didn't do it!"

"YOU V'AS SHESULOUS!" "Sergeant, do I look like some catnip?" demanded Mr. Dunder, as he stepped back and straightened up. "I feel sorry for yo' man, of course, but I shust tell him dot I gif him fifteen dollars und no more. If he don't like dot he can go avhay. He takes me oop. Here v'as der check. I s'vates shust fifteen dollars 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.

"V'ell, I do a leedle peeness yesterday dot I like to speak about. A man comes in my place, und says v'as I Carl Dunder I v'as. All right. He like to see me quicker dan der president. He reads me in der papers, und he knows I v'as a sharp, shrewd man. He likes me to go into business with him." "What sort of business?" "V'ell, it v'as a new kind of fly screen. It v'as a fly screen mit a hole in der center about sah big as a dollar. He v'as der inventor. Nopody ever invents dot idea befo' und he sells mit, und it v'as dot idea befo' und he sells mit, und it v'as ten thousand, but he likes my name for influence, see?"

"What is the hole left for?" "V'ell, some flies go in by der door, maybe, and dot v'as to let him go out by maybe. Dot v'as good ideas, eh? I close dot bargain at feifty dollar, and I bettel I make ten thousand. What v'as der matter, sergeant? Why yo' 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. Goodby!" Mr. Dunder turned at the carriage door 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 v'as all right, sergeant! I see how dot v'as. Yo' v'as shesulous of me dot I don't get shwindled some more, and dot der cows don't take me for some grass any longer! Ha! I v'as on to yo' like a big house, and I don't ask yo' no more if I buy an electric clothes iron, which der church 'sactly fo' been hundred dollars per 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! 'Dar's de figgers, all figgers, up by white man. Yo' hain't paid no rent in all yo' bo'n days. Does yo' dispute dem figgers?" "N-no, I reckon not. 'An is yo' gwine ter settle?" "Fur how much?" "Fur how much! Why, sah, de com-mitte don't set 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 der church, an' if yo' want to git up in a front pew an' do shaghtin nobody, yo' a' gwine to pint at yo' and say de Lev'd 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 of the penitentiary. The man who represented "Temperance" at "Good Meed," but who deserted them and returned to Toronto with her parents, has come before the court, and after a thorough examination by the police, made a complaint in the police court. She says that 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 find a resort to their devices 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, imprisonment, being charged with stealing coal from Mrs. Cromwell, a former member.

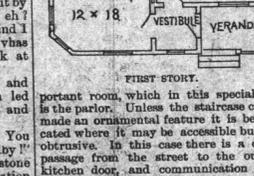
A \$1,300 COTTAGE. This Plan Has Many Advantages Over the Average Cheap House. [Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.] In house building people usually expect more for the money than it is possible to give. The design here printed, however, ought to satisfy the most fastidious and exacting client. It is in the old Colonial style, one and a half stories in height, and contains a remarkable amount of available room.



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 veranda 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 room, which in this special case is the parlor. Unless the staircase can be made an ornamental feature it is best located where it may be accessible but not directly in the case there is a direct passage from the street to the outside kitchen door, and communication from the kitchen to the hall through the pantry.



IF desired, a pantry could be placed at the side where the outside steps are 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 bathroom and a storeroom. The main hall in the second story is lighted by a dormer window and the corridor by an elliptical window similar to the window in the vestibule, but with less expensive glazing.



A cellar extends under the entire house. The foundation walls are of brick or stone. The building above the cellar walls is finished with plaster and papered. No corner boards are used on the bay window, but the joints of the clapboards are indicated, which gives a very pretty effect. The roofs 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 on 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 alas, 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, and they are there, and they might be turned to good account. Such a simple device as fastening a strip of Japanese foundation from wall to wall makes the corner of a most convenient closet. If 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 hung with the space, and a shelf can fill the upper part of it.—Decorators and Furnishers.

Special to THE COLONIST.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

Career of "Mocha Dick," the Whaleman'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 Mocha Dick was so peculiarly marked that 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 in England, Scotland, Nantucket and New Bedford whalers who battled with the cachet time after time, to suffer defeat on each occasion.

On the 5th day of July, 1840, the English whaling brig Desmond, being then 215 miles due 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 mile of the whale, he allowed around head to them and advanced to meet them. He struck one boat with his head and drove her under stern first, and then showed her up. He then sounded a horn, and before they were gone 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 to sight for 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 to sight for 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 to sight for fifteen minutes.

These had only pulled away when three more were lowered to support them. Lots had been cast as to which boat should have the first show, and the honor had fallen to the Yankee. Her boat took a circuit to approach the whale from behind, while the other two lay on their oars to wait. The whale seemed for a time to be asleep, but all of a sudden started away so quick that every one was dumfounded. He was about to try his old dodge of coming up under a boat, and each one of them was pulled away from the spot and a sharp watch kept for signs of his breaching.

It was twenty minutes before "Mocha Dick" showed up again. He had hoped to catch a boat, but all were too lively for him, and while he lay wallowing in the sea his fall had created the mate of the Yankee put a harpoon into him. The old fisher humped up, and the Yankee went in, and for five minutes seemed to have been struck dead. Then he made a rush for the Scotchman's boat, ran right over it, and aluded about for the Englishman. It was pulling away from him when he rushed again, caught in a corner, and he had his long under jaw, and the onlookers beheld a spectacle none of them ever forgot. The whale lifted his great head clear out of water with the boat in his mouth, and at one bite munched the Chinaman's vessel, and the crew who had been unable to tumble out. The crews of the two boats were now floating on the oars, and the whale pivoted and lashed the sea with his flukes to destroy them. In this manner he killed one matchwood man, and a carpenter, and a boy, and in gallant style rescued the others.

The Yankee's boat was the only one fast to the whale, and after vainly trying to seize or smash it, "Mocha Dick" suddenly started for the coast. He made a straight course, and the three captains were agreed that his speed, when fairly under way, was not less than thirty miles an hour. As he struck the rocky shore, the crew of the Yankee boat bottom side up. To prevent a collision the boat had to cut her line, and in whole soon sounded and was lost to sight. The boat started back, but had not yet reached the ships when the fighting Leviathan breached under the Yankee's boat. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a gigantic whale breached within 300 feet of her, shooting his full length out of water, and raising such a sea by his fall that the ship rolled as if in a gale. The whale then swan 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. He was within 100 yards, and as the whale made off to windward the first mate put a harpoon into him. This was the first iron "Mocha Dick" had ever felt. He sounded at once and ran for three miles, and when he was up he was to the east of the boat for the boat. His action was so unexpected and his speed so great, that he caught the boat unprepared and ran right over it.

As it went under he stopped short and turned as on a pivot, beating 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 whale then 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 holed-up harpoon. 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 whole crew. He was true to his word, 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 lead the "Mocha Dick" severely alone, 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. It had come to be generally believed that Bill and Pete to each other, and that a fight with another whale, when the sud-

denly turned up in the Pacific ocean off the east coast of Japan.

Here occurred the battle of his life. A coating of ice had blown down 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. As the cargo of the coaster was of lumber, the men soon knocked 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 Chief, 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 hazy on the coast, but "Mocha Dick" had disappeared an hour before. It was agreed to separate 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 such a terror. They did not have to wait long, however. While the captains were planning he suddenly showed up about a mile to windward. After his usual fashion he came to the surface under such headway that he seemed to stand on the tip of his flukes before he fell over on his side with a crash like the fall of a great building. He wallowed about for a time, and then sided around head to the whalers and remained perfectly quiet. He seemed to be asking what they were going to do about it, and the query was answered by the fall of a boat from each vessel.

These had only pulled away when three more were lowered to support them. Lots had been cast as to which boat should have the first show, and the honor had fallen to the Yankee. Her boat took a circuit to approach the whale from behind, while the other two lay on their oars to wait. The whale seemed for a time to be asleep, but all of a sudden started away so quick that every one was dumfounded. He was about to try his old dodge of coming up under a boat, and each one of them was pulled away from the spot and a sharp watch kept for signs of his breaching.

It was twenty minutes before "Mocha Dick" showed up again. He had hoped to catch a boat, but all were too lively for him, and while he lay wallowing in the sea his fall had created the mate of the Yankee put a harpoon into him. The old fisher humped up, and the Yankee went in, and for five minutes seemed to have been struck dead. Then he made a rush for the Scotchman's boat, ran right over it, and aluded about for the Englishman. It was pulling away from him when he rushed again, caught in a corner, and he had his long under jaw, and the onlookers beheld a spectacle none of them ever forgot. The whale lifted his great head clear out of water with the boat in his mouth, and at one bite munched the Chinaman's vessel, and the crew who had been unable to tumble out. The crews of the two boats were now floating on the oars, and the whale pivoted and lashed the sea with his flukes to destroy them. In this manner he killed one matchwood man, and a carpenter, and a boy, and in gallant style rescued the others.

The Yankee's boat was the only one fast to the whale, and after vainly trying to seize or smash it, "Mocha Dick" suddenly started for the coast. He made a straight course, and the three captains were agreed that his speed, when fairly under way, was not less than thirty miles an hour. As he struck the rocky shore, the crew of the Yankee boat bottom side up. To prevent a collision the boat had to cut her line, and in whole soon sounded and was lost to sight. The boat started back, but had not yet reached the ships when the fighting Leviathan breached under the Yankee's boat. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a gigantic whale breached within 300 feet of her, shooting his full length out of water, and raising such a sea by his fall that the ship rolled as if in a gale. The whale then swan 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. He was within 100 yards, and as the whale made off to windward the first mate put a harpoon into him. This was the first iron "Mocha Dick" had ever felt. He sounded at once and ran for three miles, and when he was up he was to the east of the boat for the boat. His action was so unexpected and his speed so great, that he caught the boat unprepared and ran right over it.

As it went under he stopped short and turned as on a pivot, beating 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 whale then 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 holed-up harpoon. 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 whole crew. He was true to his word, 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 lead the "Mocha Dick" severely alone, 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. It had come to be generally believed that Bill and Pete to each other, and that a fight with another whale, when the sud-

denly turned up in the Pacific ocean off the east coast of Japan.

Here occurred the battle of his life. A coating of ice had blown down 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. As the cargo of the coaster was of lumber, the men soon knocked 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 Chief, 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 hazy on the coast, but "Mocha Dick" had disappeared an hour before. It was agreed to separate 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 such a terror. They did not have to wait long, however. While the captains were planning he suddenly showed up about a mile to windward. After his usual fashion he came to the surface under such headway that he seemed to stand on the tip of his flukes before he fell over on his side with a crash like the fall of a great building. He wallowed about for a time, and then sided around head to the whalers and remained perfectly quiet. He seemed to be asking what they were going to do about it, and the query was answered by the fall of a boat from each vessel.

These had only pulled away when three more were lowered to support them. Lots had been cast as to which boat should have the first show, and the honor had fallen to the Yankee. Her boat took a circuit to approach the whale from behind, while the other two lay on their oars to wait. The whale seemed for a time to be asleep, but all of a sudden started away so quick that every one was dumfounded. He was about to try his old dodge of coming up under a boat, and each one of them was pulled away from the spot and a sharp watch kept for signs of his breaching.

It was twenty minutes before "Mocha Dick" showed up again. He had hoped to catch a boat, but all were too lively for him, and while he lay wallowing in the sea his fall had created the mate of the Yankee put a harpoon into him. The old fisher humped up, and the Yankee went in, and for five minutes seemed to have been struck dead. Then he made a rush for the Scotchman's boat, ran right over it, and aluded about for the Englishman. It was pulling away from him when he rushed again, caught in a corner, and he had his long under jaw, and the onlookers beheld a spectacle none of them ever forgot. The whale lifted his great head clear out of water with the boat in his mouth, and at one bite munched the Chinaman's vessel, and the crew who had been unable to tumble out. The crews of the two boats were now floating on the oars, and the whale pivoted and lashed the sea with his flukes to destroy them. In this manner he killed one matchwood man, and a carpenter, and a boy, and in gallant style rescued the others.

The Yankee's boat was the only one fast to the whale, and after vainly trying to seize or smash it, "Mocha Dick" suddenly started for the coast. He made a straight course, and the three captains were agreed that his speed, when fairly under way, was not less than thirty miles an hour. As he struck the rocky shore, the crew of the Yankee boat bottom side up. To prevent a collision the boat had to cut her line, and in whole soon sounded and was lost to sight. The boat started back, but had not yet reached the ships when the fighting Leviathan breached under the Yankee's boat. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a gigantic whale breached within 300 feet of her, shooting his full length out of water, and raising such a sea by his fall that the ship rolled as if in a gale. The whale then swan 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. He was within 100 yards, and as the whale made off to windward the first mate put a harpoon into him. This was the first iron "Mocha Dick" had ever felt. He sounded at once and ran for three miles, and when he was up he was to the east of the boat for the boat. His action was so unexpected and his speed so great, that he caught the boat unprepared and ran right over it.

As it went under he stopped short and turned as on a pivot, beating 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 whale then 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 holed-up harpoon. 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 whole crew. He was true to his word, 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 lead the "Mocha Dick" severely alone, 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. It had come to be generally believed that Bill and Pete to each other, and that a fight with another whale, when the sud-

denly turned up in the Pacific ocean off the east coast of Japan.

Here occurred the battle of his life. A coating of ice had blown down 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. As the cargo of the coaster was of lumber, the men soon knocked 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 Chief, 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 hazy on the coast, but "Mocha Dick" had disappeared an hour before. It was agreed to separate 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 such a terror. They did not have to wait long, however. While the captains were planning he suddenly showed up about a mile to windward. After his usual fashion he came to the surface under such headway that he seemed to stand on the tip of his flukes before he fell over on his side with a crash like the fall of a great building. He wallowed about for a time, and then sided around head to the whalers and remained perfectly quiet. He seemed to be asking what they were going to do about it, and the query was answered by the fall of a boat from each vessel.

These had only pulled away when three more were lowered to support them. Lots had been cast as to which boat should have the first show, and the honor had fallen to the Yankee. Her boat took a circuit to approach the whale from behind, while the other two lay on their oars to wait. The whale seemed for a time to be asleep, but all of a sudden started away so quick that every one was dumfounded. He was about to try his old dodge of coming up under a boat, and each one of them was pulled away from the spot and a sharp watch kept for signs of his breaching.