

## Moving the Movers

By J. L. JAMES

I was sitting in the study little depot of a prairie town. A "norther" was blowing around outside, and whistling mournfully about the eaves. A lone drummer, two or three farmers, and myself, were waiting for the local going west, a swaying combination of one rickety passenger coach, any number of freight cars, and a sputtering little hog-back engine.

The train made daily trips, but on its return each afternoon, or midnight, became No. 3 instead of No. 1—the west-bound commuter.

The road boasted of another train, subject, also, to daily change of numbers—No. 2 and No. 4—a real passenger train, due late in the afternoon, and likely to arrive at any time thereafter.

On this particular morning, No. 1, known by the boys as "The Great Unlimited," was also late. No one was surprised. The drummer, who had worked the whole town since breakfast, and had then defeated all the local checker champions, was trying to kill time by dozing in a corner, or slapping at some stray fly.

I had kept awake watching his antics for a while, then discovered a dirt-dauber's nest on a horseshoe over a door, and for an hour or so divided time between wondering how that individual discovered that a horseshoe brought good luck, and listening to the progress of a domino game in the office, between the agent and the only drayman in town.

Suddenly the outer door opened with a crash. A man, a woman, and several children entered, showing by all signs in sight or hearing that they were emigrants, or, as locally termed, "movers." The woman was carrying, in one hand, an old umbrella, a frying-pan, and a bird cage with a half-grown rabbit in it. In the other hand she had a basket. Under one arm was a square, boxlike old clock, and from her wrist hung a bag that bulged with a conglomeration of articles.

Behind the woman came a girl of, perhaps, eight years, carrying another clock of different shape, and an anxious-looking cat that seemed to have its attention divided between fear of falling and the desire to eat the rabbit.

The man carried nothing but a big fat, howling baby of two years, wrapped up in a red and green blanket. Other children followed, some carrying various articles, some crying, others eating peas.

The children all came into the depot readily enough, but seemed to have no further idea what was expected of them, and stood gazing at the lurid posters, maps and excursion notices, or stumbled over seats and suitcases.

"Now, set down!" commanded the mother, "and don't stand around gawp like a lot of eggheads!"

The youthful "movers" broke ranks, some to clamber into seats, others to go on a tour of inspection of everything within range. The mother pushed one clock under a seat, found a lamp bracket for the bird cage, and set down with the baby and the other clock in her lap, having deposited the bag on the seat beside her.

Then the clock under the seat began to strike lustily. As it finished the thirty-second stroke, the alarm in the clock in her lap went off with such a bang that the baby took fright, and fell off its mother's lap onto the floor with fresh yells of terror.

I stole a look over the top of my magazine, behind which I had been trying to screen myself, and vainly tried to catch the drummer's eye, but he was gazing out of the window pinching himself to keep from disturbing the peace.

The baby, in falling, landed somewhere near the middle of the catch-all bag, and the mother made a plunge for it as if the child were on fire. Then the clock in her lap began striking some unknown hour.

"Now, Elvira," she shrieked, "there you've went and done it! I bet you broke yo' paw's mustard-cup."

The guardian of the household effects had just rearranged the baby, the bag, and the clock, when her wandering gaze hit her first-born, a shock-headed boy who had not remained in the waiting room long after the arrival of the family.

The baby was at once deposited upon the floor, where it belched wrathfully. The panic-stricken woman sped for a shrill:

"Buster! You B-u-b-e-r! Buster-r-r!" wailing up with an ear-splitting whoop.

The wind made straight in at the door for the papers on the agent's neglected desk. The freight bills flew over the office and disturbed the checker's name long enough for the agent to interpose with the remark: "Here, I'll bust you!"

Then, as he leaned over the ticket window far enough to see that the offender was a woman, his chivalry got the better of him, and he toned down a bit, saying: "Madam, if you don't shut that door, I won't have a paper in the house, and they will be using me for scaring up the Brazos river."

The woman yelled an obviously feeble time, then, muttering, "I bet he goes left by that sign," closed the door, and started for the platform in

search of her wandering boy, Buster. Things were getting so interesting that the drummer passed me the wink and slunk out of the other door. I followed.

"You go one way," said he, "and I'll go the other."

We wanted to see the old hen when she lit, and we did. Out at the farther end of the platform, we turned opposite corners just as she sailed down on her runaway.

He had a cotton hoe by the handle, and to its neck, a cord two yards long, he had tied a hop-eared, half-breed dog. He was sitting on the platform holding the hoe handle and dog in fishing style, as if he had a bite.

"Buster!" yelled the approaching assistant. "What chu mean runnin' off an' the train about to start?"

"Why, ma'am," drawled the boy, "the train shan't come yet, and paw made me leave a d. Tige out here, while we wait to the depot, an' he's cold."

"Well, I guess you'll warm him up holdin' him here by the handle! I'll kill that fool dog!" she stormed, and dodged readily and still clung to the hoe handle, while the whining dog nudged again the platform with his fat safety between his legs.

Just then the hog-back squealed in the distance, and the warlike mother set off to gather her belongings preparatory to boarding the train.

She took down the bird cage, got an arm about one clock, seized the umbrella and bag again, gave vociferous commands to the children to "git them things and git on that train," and marched them in a long line by the track while No. 1 came clattering in.

Most of the passengers were in no hurry to get aboard, as No. 1 usually stopped an hour or two—long enough for a drummer to "work" the town and catch the same train for the next.

But today, those aboard had been there so long they were anxious to get off, and soon the family phalanx was broken up by the crowd. After the drummer and I had secured seats, with the clock and caged rabbit, racing up and down the platform, calling at every jump: "Jerri-m-ah-h-h!"

As this was a new name, we soon figured that the husband had escaped while she had been looking for the missing Buster. The drayman emerged, and out of pure good will began to call Jeremiah also. Several boys took up the cry, till the town rang with the chorus of shouts for that namesake of the weeping prophet.

Finally, the woman collected her children, clocks, rabbit, etc., in a knot near the train, and gave out in stentorian tones that she would "stay right there till the cows or Jerry come home."

"I'm betting on the cows in that race," remarked the drummer, and then he settled for an hour's doze before the train started.

After a while we were all awakened by a jerk of the train and the renewed cries of the moving woman, who seemed to think the cows were about to win.

Jeremiah had not yet appeared, and the engine had finished its switching work and backed up to get the train for another start.

Several of the children added to the hubbub with their frantic yells for father, and just as the bell began ringing for the departure of No. 1 the missing hero came around the corner of the depot scowling furiously at the uproarious family.

"Can't a feller git away long enough to have a smoke in peace?" he growled, referring to the two-for-a-nickel cigar protruding from his overgrown beard. He went into the depot again for the tickets, but the scolding little hog-back began ranting off down the track, leaving the moving-woman the picture of wrath and despair as she clung to her clocks and rabbit, growling:

"I knowed it! I knowed it! I knowed he'd git left!"

A new disturbance at the rear of the train now attracted our attention. On investigation, we found Buster, the dog and the hoe, mixed up in a row with the brakeman. The boy and the dog had slipped onto the rear of the train, while others of the family were calling Jerry.

"I tell you, bub," declared the brakeman, "you can't bring that pop on this car!"

"Well, he's on here, ain't he?" retorted Buster.

"Well, take him to the baggage car and express him through! He can't stay on this car! Where's your ticket?"

"Paw's got it, I reckon."

"Where is he? Hunt him up quick!"

The boy tried to leave the dog in the corner by the stove while he went to show the brakeman the holder of the ticket, but the trick failed. The dog followed, and, when assaulted by the brakeman, started howling down the aisle with the hoe catching in the seats and hitting the passengers.

Boy and brakeman tried to stop the fugitive. They caught him at the door just as a passenger who had been out and had dozed back in time to let the dog out. The hoe caught in the door.

Just then the train lurched into a stop at the water tank. Dog, boy, brakeman, and passenger finally tangled themselves, and Buster, still holding to the hoe handle, remarked, "I guess my paw can't be here."

"Well, I guess not," snorted the brakeman, rubbing his shins. "and, bub, next time you try to take a ride, bring your dad along, instead of that pup, and get a ticket, too."

"Huh," replied Buster, as he alighted with his dog and took up his march back to town. "I bet my paw this time. Must think I never moved before!"

### HISTORIC RELICS.

#### Believed to Be Remains of Edward the Confessor's Habitation.

What are believed to be the remains of Edward the Confessor's palace have been discovered in Windsor Great Park by Capt. Vaughan Williams.

His attention was first drawn to the spot by seeing two moats where rabbits had unearthed some tiles like Norman bricks. On searching he found flint, sandstone and tiles. Near this spot sixty years ago stood the remains of what was believed to have been a palace. These were pulled down by the direction of Queen Victoria. The walls were twelve feet thick and were built of flint and chalk. Archaeologists put this building down as an ancient tower which Edward the Confessor built to insure more safety.

There is also what looks like the foundation of a building, which is believed to have been either a chapel or a banqueting hall. A number of spaces covered with tiles have been discovered.

Capt. Williams cleared up one matter by visiting the Crown Attorney's office in Windsor Park. There he saw a brick dated 1752, which exactly corresponds with the wall enclosing the site of the moat. This wall was at first thought to have been one of the piers of a drawbridge, but now it seems that it formed part of an enclosure in which George IV. kept a number of bears. This enclosure was subsequently demolished and the locality has since been known as "Bear's Ralls."

It is understood that before Windsor Castle was founded there existed a palace in Windsor Forest where certain notable events happened. It consisted of an irregular group of buildings, with a tower for the purposes of defence. In Harleian manuscripts there was an illustration in illumination, representing such a house, in which a lady was seen in the act of almsgiving and earning the title of "loaf giver."

The manor of Old Windsor belonged to the Saxon Kings, and it was certain that Edward the Confessor held court there. It was at Old Windsor that the abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, was consecrated in 1061, and charters signed there in 1065. Edward, who was prevented by his nobles from going to Rome, was instructed by the Pope to spend the amount he would have expended on the trip to build a monastery at Westminster where built, and Windsor was given to the monks. William the Conqueror revoked the gift because he found Windsor convenient for holding in the forest, on account of its situation, so he gave other lands in lieu thereof.

Capt. Williams says that he feels almost certain that the buildings once stood inside the double moats, and that he is on the eve of more important discoveries.


### "Watch Dogs" of the Sea.

The British Admiralty's notice to mariners that they have put down a number of hydrophones in the Bressay Sands connected by cables to the mainland of the Shetland archipelago, the landmen wonder what the object of such might be.

Inquiries at the Admiralty elicited the fact that this war invention is now being experimented with for commercial purposes, one idea being the greater efficiency of our coast illumination.

Hydrophones are really complex microphones of big scale which were used during the war to detect the presence of German submarines. The first ones used were of a very elementary kind, but ever since the Admiralty experts have been perfecting these ocean sound detectors—that being the principle upon which the enemy vessels were discovered, so that to-day they have evolved an instrument of high nautical value, which can be used in foggy weather or darkness to give the first signs of the approach of unknown vessels carrying contraband, or locating in foggy weather ships in distress.

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At St. Thomas on March 8, the death took place of Samuel R. Bradley, aged 75 years and 5 months. The deceased had been in his usual health up to a short time before his death, having eaten his supper on Sunday evening and gone back to his bed, but took a change for the worse at 8:30, and passed away at six o'clock Monday morning.

The deceased was born at Pioneer, where he made his home about all of his life, living with his brother, James Bradley. He leaves to mourn his loss two sisters, Mrs. Margaret Caldwell of Woodstock and Matilda, one brother, James Bradley of Pioneer, besides several nieces and nephews.

The funeral took place from his late home at Pioneer on Wednesday, interment being made in St. Bonaventura's church cemetery at Williams-town, Rev. Father Joseph Hayes officiating.

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