

## HAS A BUSHELL OF DOGS.

SUCH IS THE STATEMENT MADE ABOUT HALIFAX.

Bushell Catches a Stray Canine and Sells It to Some Advantage to Himself. The Claimants and What They Did—How One of the Worthy Poor Passed Away.

HALIFAX, Jan. 16.—Halifax has a dog ordinance which does not work very well, or at least one phase of it is not worked well. It provides for a tax of \$2 per year on every dog which wags its tail within the city limits, unless it be owned by an officer of the garrison who keeps the canine within barracks. There is here also, one Thomas Bushell, a dog fancier. That citizen is armed with authority to gather in any non-taxpaying dog and place him in confinement. A notice is then to be inserted in the papers that the dog has thus been confiscated, calling upon the owner to come forward and pay the tax and costs. If no reply be forthcoming notice is to be given of a public auction where any such unclaimed dogs are to be sold at public auction. This Bushell has confiscated many dogs but he has never inserted any of the notices called for, nor has he held the legal auctions. What is more, he is said only to lay his violent hands upon dogs of "the better class," and it is charged that he never troubles himself with anything so common as an ordinary dog.

Here is an illustration of the evils of the present workings of this dog law. William Duffus is one of the best known men of Halifax. He is a prominent member of the Halifax club occupies a leading position in "society" and is generally respected. Seven months ago he had an Irish terrier, a few months old. One day it disappeared and for seven long months it was unheard of. A month ago W. H. Cabot, a well known Barrington street dry goods merchant, was approached by Bushell who offered him an Irish terrier for \$10. Mr. Cabot demurred at the price, for the little beast was only skin and bones. But finally a sale was made on the basis of \$7 cash. Cabot bought the dog in good faith, for one month the terrier dwelt with the family of Mr. Cabot and the children became attached to it. Then Mr. Duffus called on Mr. Cabot and informed him that he understood he had an Irish terrier which he would like to see, as he had lost one seven months ago. The dog was shown to Mr. Duffus who stated his ownership of it. A week passed and then, one sad day, the place that knew the dog in Mr. Cabot's home knew it no more. It was a case of mysterious disappearance. Cabot heard that the dog was in Duffus' office. He went thither to see with his own eyes whether this were so or not. True enough there it was chained near a desk. Mr. Cabot asked Mr. Duffus for the dog and the upshot of the conversation was that Mr. Duffus told Mr. Cabot that he could take the dog away if he wished, but as soon as he did, the sheriff would be asked to replevin the animal. Mr. Cabot did not like the idea of enduring anything so terrible at a "replevin" so refrained from taking the dog with him.

He had a longing desire, however, to regain what he had paid so high a price as \$7 to Bushell for and the more he thought of the terrier in Mr. Duffus' office the more ardent became his longing to regain possession of it. At last he determined on a bold stroke. It was suggested that he might get a search warrant and accompanied by a policeman he might enter Mr. Duffus' office and carry away the living booty. The search warrant was soon procured and Mr. Cabot and officer Fitzpatrick repaired to the scene of canine captivity. There they spied the dog, as before, wearing his pretty little chain as a sign of bondage. Mr. Duffus was not in, and a clerk ran down to bring him up from the Halifax club.

When Mr. Duffus returned and was confronted with the policeman and the search warrant, his resentment at such a sight was not concealed. That is sufficient description of what transpired. The dog forthwith was taken to the city hall, and thither also repaired Mr. Duffus, Mr. Cabot and lawyers.

Then it appeared that there had been a mistake somewhere. Stipendiary Fielding adjudicated upon the case. He asked Mr. Cabot if he was willing to take criminal proceedings against Mr. Duffus. The answer promptly came that he was not. Without delay his honor ordered that the dog be restored to Mr. Duffus, and it was so restored.

Thus Mr. Cabot was left to mourn the loss of his dog and of the \$7 he had paid to Bushell. The parties afterwards agreed to allow the matter to drop there the one pocketing the affront of the search warrant, and the other enduring the loss of both dog and cash.

The city authorities are wrestling with the problem of how to prevent inferior buildings from being erected on Young avenue, the street that leads from Inglis street down to the Point Pleasant Park gates. The avenue has recently been graded, the work being done with money bequeathed by Sir William Young, one of the greatest philanthropists Halifax has produced. Some enterprising candy dealer has already erected a small shop near the gates, and the city authorities have

risen to the emergency of attempting to prevent further disfigurements of a locality of which Halifax people are justly proud. Sentiment is with the city fathers in this matter. But how to go about the preventive work is the question. Some advocate the expropriation of the property by the city, who would then sell it under binding conditions that houses only of a certain class should be put up. A point committee of the city council and the park commissioners have hit upon another plan. They propose to ask the legislature for power to borrow money to put a sewer in the avenue, but only on one condition, and that is that property owners there sign an agreement to submit all their plan for building to the approval of the city engineer. This seems a reasonable method. Give the avenue a sewer, but see to it, city fathers that you make your agreement sure enough that no mercenary property owner can find a loophole of escape, and the laudable object the citizens have in view be frustrated.

Could anything be more pathetic than the death of Mrs. Joseph Fisher one of the poor—God's poor. Six months ago she was made a widow. It was all herself and husband could do to keep the wolf from the door by their combined efforts and when she was left to battle alone the struggle became keener than ever to provide herself and three children with enough to keep body and soul together. "Jo" Fisher was well known to the printers of Halifax, and when he died they made up a good purse for the widow. Then the poor woman was pretty much forgotten. The hard work she undertook kept the heads of the little family afloat and no more. A few weeks ago she became ill but she was still able as she thought to do something. Sunday morning her struggle ended, so peacefully for herself but so tragically for the three children. Her two little girls were in bed with her. Early Sunday morning Mary awakened and as it was long after daylight she rose and lit the fire. She had looked at her mother and was glad to see her sleeping peacefully. She did some chores about the house quietly for fear of awakening the mother, happy to see her getting some rest, and little thinking that her mother had already entered upon that last long sleep from which there is no waking on this earth. Then she went back to bed and was soon fast asleep beside her dead mother. An hour later the younger girl Annie woke and called to the mother. No response coming from the cold lips both children shook the poor body. Then beginning to feel some alarm they asked some tenants from another part of the house to come in, who at once saw the sad, or is it the happy fact that the hard worked and worn-out mother was beyond the reach of further earthly pain and sorrow.

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## STORIES FROM THE SEA.

THE SOURCE FROM WHICH THERE IS ALWAYS ROMANCE.

Incidents of Bodies Found Alone on the Ocean—Strange Tidings of Men Who Were Given up as Lost—Some Nova Scotia Vessels Supply Stories.

All romance has not faded from the sea, nor, indeed, has any considerable part of it, although this is the age of steam navigation and the romance of triple screws, of mighty horse power, and of narrow-waisted, mastless racers has not come yet—though it doubtless will come some day. Rarely a week passes which does not supply some material of which sea romances are made. Frequently these come in the shape of an unfinished chapter from some unwritten sea tragedy—ofttimes merely a pitiful finale, with the preface unrecorded and unknown and the middle chapters beguessed at only.

Such, for instance, is contained in the brief report made not long ago by Captain Messenger of the Nova Scotian bark Bertha Gray upon that vessel's arrival at this port. The report was made in the unemotional language of the log book, and read as follows:

"On June 1, while in latitude 35 degrees 15 minutes north, longitude 73 degrees 20 minutes west, passed a ship's boat full of water, with corpse floating about in it. Boat about twenty feet in length, American build, painted white inside and out."

No other information could be had, the vessel having simply passed the object in the locality named; but what other hints are needed to aid the imaginative writer to weave a romance around the fate of the lone castaway and to picture the form in which death came to end the torture of the sufferer?

There are many of the class who go down to the sea in ships who will not require much help from imagination to piece out the tragedy. From their own memories many can extract some vivid pictures of dire suffering, long drawn out; of slow toting hours dragging by; of an open boat drifting helplessly, manned by pale-faced, wretched castaways, to whom every moment brings the agony of hunger or the more maddening torture of thirst. With these, of course, help was near; but it lay beyond the skirt of vision and, in many cases, it did not come until the last dismal of hope had gone.

Somewhat similar to the case cited is that recorded by the Marine Journal of this city in a recent issue. A gruesome spectacle, the paper says, was passed at sea by the steamer Buckminster, about forty miles east-south-east of Cape Henry recently. It was an unlifted hand, raised above the water, with the fingers and thumb reaching upward. The wrist and lower half of the forearm were below the surface. The hand and the piece of arm were swollen, as if they had been in the water for some time. The Buckminster passed close to the object, to see if it was attached to a body. It was probably the limb of a mariner lost at sea.

The story told by the officers of the bark Belpore, brought here by the cables and reproduced in a half a dozen lines, is in itself a condensed novel of the sea. A man falls overboard during the height of a Cape Horn gale, a boat is lowered and sent to the rescue, and, after many hours of waiting for the boat to return, the Belpore abandoned hope of rescue, and, being left short-handed, heads up the coast for a Chili port hoping to replenish her crew. There are days of buffing head winds and seas, and heart-breaking work by short-handed crew, and then, after many days, the vessel reaches harbor to find her own men who have been cast upon the waters. The boat had picked up the man who had fallen overboard, and, having lost the Belpore in the thickness, steered for the coast of South America. A north-bound steamship rescued the men, and landed them in port a few days before the arrival of their own ship.

And there is the story of the schooner Neva, recently recorded. That vessel, when she sailed from Jamaica, West Indies, for Providence, R. I., was a Nova Scotian vessel of new build and register. She had on board a valuable cargo. Off Nantuxet shoals, where she had been driven by the gale, she found herself in a hard stress of weather. A dangerous leak was sprung, the pumps became disabled, and finally the men abandoned all efforts to free the craft of water, believing that she was hopelessly waterlogged. A distress signal was hoisted, and shortly afterward the Ameri bark Christiansa Redman bore in sight and came to the rescue. The men of the Neva signified their wish to abandon that craft, and a perilous rescue was successfully accomplished.

Mate Laurie of the Redman, who had been watching the operation, took a long squint at the derelict after the rescued men had been brought on board his own vessel, and the observation satisfied him that the men of the Neva had been in too great a hurry to leave their vessel. He accordingly proposed to the captain of the Redman that he be allowed to make the attempt to bring the Neva into port. The captain had no objection, and the mate induced two seamen of the bark to accompany him.

The enterprise was a perilous one, but the three hardy adventurers finally succeeded in ringing their prize into port, and were handsomely rewarded for their work by the bounty money, which amounted to \$12,000.

Another is the story of the bark J. H. H. men and that vessel's mutinous crew. The voyage which brought her into history is as replete with thrilling situations and incidents as any ever evolved from fancy. The mate, after enticing the crew to mutiny, made a proposition to Captain Dauphey to run into Bermuda, ostensibly for repairs, start the water pipes after getting into harbor, then call a survey, and after the officers had gone aboard, have the ship pumped out, surreptitiously turning on the

water an hour or so later. That would have shown leaks enough to have justified the ordering of extensive repairs. As none were actually needed, the mate's scheme was to divide with the contractor who would pretend to do the work.

The captain was brought to a sudden realization of imminent danger to himself and ship by the outspoken villainy of his mate. The latter, encouraged by the silence of his chief, who had been too much taken aback by the astonishing proposition to make reply, then hinted of the money to be made by running the vessel ashore on a Bermuda reef, and taking the risk of getting what they could from the wreckers.

The story of the trip from the time when the captain was put on his guard—of how he narrowly escaped poisoning, his constant vigil to escape assassination, and the clever ruse by which he finally succeeded in defeating the plotters, keeping them in ignorance of their bearings, and making port at night—has with little addition, all of the material necessary for an exciting sea novel.

An entry made in the log book of the ship Cyrus Wakefield is full of meaning to the sailor man. The book says that "William Mitchell, chief officer, was knocked overboard by the spanker boom and hauled aboard by the deep-sea lead line. Strong gale from the northwest; heavy sea running. Time, 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Latitude, 44 degrees 25 minutes north; longitude, 58 degrees 11 minutes west."

To the landman, that brief statement does not signify much; but the seaman will see in it a great deal that his shore-going brother will miss. There is the ship plunging and lifting over the swell—for swell there must be, since the vessel was under close storm canvas. The sudden cry of "Man overboard!" will come to him, and it requires only a small streak of imagination for him to see, in fancy the crew scrambling aft along the wet and swiftly sloping deck. It is impossible to lower the lifeboat, on account of the heavy sea that is running, and there is a glimpse of a pair of arms thrown in the air, to be lost the next moment behind a coming ridge.

A life buoy has been thrown to the swimmer, now far astern, and the line which was made fast to it is snaking in the water. The line gives out before the ship's headway has been checked, and the deep-sea lead line is hurriedly bent on and then thrown in coils over the side. The half-exhausted swimmer reaches the buoy, draws the circle under his arms, a cheer goes up from his comrades as a lifting wave shows him from the buoy around his body, and then willing hands draw him through the tumbling seas to the deck.

Turning to incidents of another sort, there is the account recently published, of the British steamship Carlisle being lost in a maze of bergs while making a voyage from Rotterdam to this port. In mid-Atlantic the vessel encountered the ice pack, and for twenty-four hours threaded her way through the pack, which her officers estimated to be sixty miles in extent.

A spectacular incident was then noted by Chief Officer Benson of the Monmouth steamship E. Norte. The officer observed a phantom fleet riding high in the air while rounding Cape Hatteras one warm spring morning a year ago. Mr. Benson says that he realized that it was a mirage that he was looking upon, but the singular part of the illusion was the fact that every vessel was right side up. A well regulated mirage at sea generally reproduces images upside down. Officer Benson says that he courted twenty-eight schooners, and none of them was in the abnormal position.

According to the narrator, there was a long, low-lying bank of fog to the westward, and over this vapory sea was sailing the shadowy fleet. Only the hulls of some of the ships were seen, but others were clearly outlined, every spar and sail showing distinctly. For two hours, Mr. Benson says, that weird fleet wheeled and circled above the fog bank, and then the sun dispelled the vapor, and the shadow picture faded.—New York Times.

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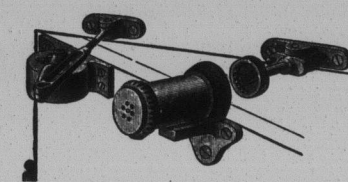
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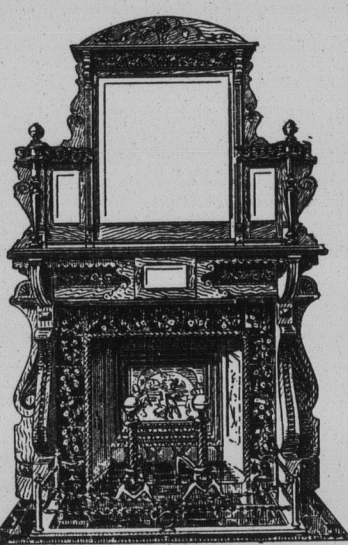
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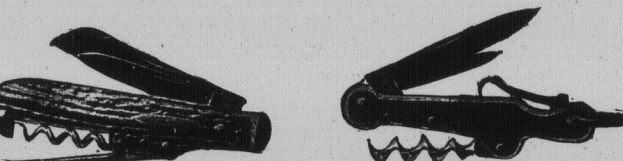
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