

WHALE CALLED SAM PATCH.

Had Good Cause for Grudge Against Whaler Davids.

Whom He Followed With Six Harpoons in His Body for Three Years Before Getting His Prey.

We were bound for Alijos island, off the coast of Lower California, in the bark Dolphin, to look for an old wreck of 40 years before. One day, when yet 300 miles to the north of the island, a whale suddenly breached within 300 feet of our craft, which was making only about three knots an hour under a light breeze. The monster of the deep shot to the surface and above it as if propelled by an engine of 1000-horse power. At least forty feet of his great body was in the air when he came down with a crash, and the fall kicked up such a sea that the bark was boarded by three waves in succession. Instead of sinking out of sight or making off the whale kept company with the vessel and gradually edged down toward us until a man could have tossed his cap over the rail on the broad back covered with patches of barnacles. Almost as the whale shot up from the depths of the sea our mate, whose name was Davids, cried out:

"Before heaven, but that's old Sam Patch, and he's after me!"

We had come out of a California port with a picked crew, excepting the mate I mean by that that Capt. Chambers knew his men personally, most of whom had sailed with him before. At the last moment the old mate of the bark had met with an accident, and Davids had been given the berth at an hour's notice. He had been found to be a man who thoroughly knew his business, and it was understood that he was an old whaler. He had spun no yarns of his adventures, however, and now for the first time, as the whale kept pace with us and the frightened crew tiptoed about the decks, the mate gave us a brief outline. He had been whaling in every sea, both in sail and steam vessels, and had been ashore after his last cruise only a month when joining us. Three years before in a whaler out of London they had lowered for a monster whale off the Maderas and fought him for four hours. The leviathan had smashed two boats and killed five men. Davids in his boat had got him fast, but the whale sounded so deep they had to cut the line and let him go. Three months later 700 miles to the north the whaler encountered the same fish and had another boat destroyed and two men killed. Again Davids got fast, but after being towed 15 miles to windward had to cut loose. Six months later, down off the coast of Brazil, he had his third fight with the same whale and got in a third harpoon.

During the next two years Davids sighted that whale, which had come to be known as Sam Patch, off the Cape of Good Hope, off the coast of Peru and off the coast of Mexico, and on each and every occasion at least one boat was smashed and some one killed, and the mate also made fast and had to let go again. The whale had scars by which he could easily be identified. He had always been known as a wild fish, and that he should rise so near our bark and keep company with us for hours was more than a mystery to the mate.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said after leaning his elbows on the rail and taking a long look at the vast bulk almost rubbing our starboard side; "that whale is after me. He knows I'm aboard here. Six of my harpoons are sticking in his carcass, and though I'm not after him on this voyage he wants to get me."

We laughed at the idea, but the mate clung to it. He was an intelligent, fairly educated man, and it was evident that he fully believed in his own words. Perhaps it was his earnestness that made us also come to believe that there might be something in it, although it looked absurd at first sight. When the whale had been keeping company with us for three hours, we let the bark go four points off her course, thinking to quietly steal away from her, but he changed his course and came with her. Then we shortened sail, but he slowed up. For an hour we worked to part company, but he came up to all our tricks. For seven long hours he hung to us, and then of a sudden he sank out of sight without so much as a splash. We argued that he had gone for good, and it was a weight off our minds, but Davids shook his head in a mournful way and replied:

"Sam Patch came here after me, and

he won't leave for good till he gets me. He's only off to feed."

We reached the island without having seen more of him, however. As we came within a mile of the north shore the bark was thrown into the wind, the boat lowered, and Davids was to be rowed in to sound the depth and find a safe anchorage. Three sailors took their places at the oars, and the boat shoved off. It was a sunny sky and a calm sea, with never a thought of danger, but the yawl had not pulled above a cable's length from us and every man in the bark had his eye on her when she suddenly rose in the air with a crashing, rending noise. Below her appeared the great head of Sam Patch, and it was thrust upward until the stove boat was lifted 30 feet high and then slid off. When ten feet more of the body was exposed to view, the whale fell over with a mighty swash, rolled his great body over and over three or four times and then disappeared beneath the surface.

We had a second boat down in no time to pick up the men, but while four had gone in the boat there were only three to rescue. The trio were more or less knocked about and almost frightened to death, but they had come off better than the mate. Whether the whale seized him in its mouth or drowned him as it rolled we could not say, but our search for the body was in vain, and Sam Patch disappeared to trouble us no more. M. QUAD.

Jewels and Diamonds.

New York, March 29.—The rich, fashionable and luxurious of this country are adorning themselves more and more with precious gems. Consequently the jewelers are prosperous and Uncle Sam is collecting money on imported precious stones and is watching even more closely for smugglers of them.

Gen. George W. Mindil, jewelry examiner at the public stores in this city, has reported to Appraiser Wakeman on the importation of precious stones and pearls for the month of February last.

During that month, the shortest in the year, precious stones and pearls aggregating in value \$1,776,073.74 were entered at this port from abroad, the greater portion of which were consigned to merchants in this city, the remainder going to large western cities. These importations are the smallest in bulk that ever pass through the customs house, yet are an important source of revenue to the government, on account of the high duties imposed on them.

Gen. Mindil's figures show an increase last month over the importations of precious stones in February, 1900, of nearly \$1,200,000, and over \$500,000 more than in any February in the past five years. The invoices include diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, emeralds and other rare varieties of gems, both cut and uncut, the cut stones being largely in excess of the uncut ones.

The appraisements in this city last month for cut gems were \$1,171,313.60, and for uncut ones \$604,760.14. Similar appraisements for February, 1900, were respectively \$533,796.70 and \$44,244.09.

The aggregate value of importations of precious stones entered at the port of New York alone amounts to more than \$21,000,000 annually. The value of those successfully smuggled into the country cannot be estimated, of course.

United States Claims.

Washington, March 26.—Upon being advised by the navy department that the U. S. S. New York had arrived at Tangiers, the state department immediately sent a cablegram to Consul-General Gummert, directing him to board the New York and go forward on her special mission. Something is left to Gummert's discretion as to the execution of the details, and it is for him to say whether he will be satisfied if the sultan and court meet him half way at Mazargin, and whether he will proceed according to the original program directly to Morocco city.

It probably will make no difference in principle, provided the necessary explanations are afforded for the treatment our consul has received, and provision be made for settling the claims. They are not very large in the aggregate; probably \$60,000 will cover them all, or less than half an indemnity that was summarily collected by Germany a short time ago on a precisely similar class of claim. But it can be stated that if the court does not appear at Mazargin by the third week in April, then Consul-General Gummert will go to Morocco city.

The Game Hen.

McCort—I can understand why these roosters that fight are called "game," but what is a "game hen?"
McSport—Why, don't you know? It's one that lays bets.—Philadelphia Press.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Sherlock Holmes, Jr.

"Do you see that man with the dark mustache?" said Sherlock Holmes, jr.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I never saw him before. He is married. He ought to live in a flat, but doesn't. His wife is afraid of the hired girl, and he is left handed."

"Mr. Holmes, you are an everlasting marvel. How can you tell that about a man you don't know and whom you never saw before?"

"Look at the second knuckle on his left hand. You see, it is badly skinned."

Also there is a black mark on his left cuff. Now let us see what we must make of this: "When a left handed man pokes up the furnace fire, how does he do it? By putting his left hand forward, of course. Thus it happened that it was his left hand which scraped against the furnace door. The blackened cuff shows that it was a furnace door. Having this foundation to work upon, the rest is easy. If he lived in a flat, he would have no furnace to look after, and his wife were not afraid of the hired girl they would make the latter do the poking up. It is all very simple if one's perceptive faculties are properly trained. He can't really afford to live in a house, because if he could he would have a man to look after the furnace. Therefore he ought to live in a flat."

"But hold on. How do you know the man is married? He can't be over 30 at the most. Why may it not be possible that he lives at home with his widowed mother?"

"My dear Sir," said Sherlock Holmes, jr., "I am surprised at your lack of perspicacity. If he lived at home with his widowed mother, he would permit her to tend to the furnace herself."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Fine Destination.

A young down town drug clerk who had heard the story of the colored woman who had asked for flesh colored court plaster and was given black by the observant dealer stored the incident away in his mental dust box and decided to use it at the first opportunity. He had not long to wait, for a few nights ago a comely colored girl stepped into the store where he was employed. "Ah wants some court plaster," she said.

"What color?" inquired the clerk, with affected nonchalance.

"Flesh cullah, sah."

Trembling in his shoes and keeping within easy reach of a heavy pestle, the clerk handed the woman a box of black court plaster, and he was surprised at the time that the situation afforded so little humor. The woman opened the box with a deliberation that was amusing, but she was unruffled when she noted the color of the contents.

"Ah guess yo' mus' a-misunderstood mah ordah. Ah asked foh flesh cullah, and yo' done give me skin cullah."

The drug clerk is still a little daed from the encounter, and he has firmly resolved to subject every joke to rigid laboratory test hereafter before using.—Pittsburg News.

"Jes' Common Ole Misery."

The boy's name is Rufus, and he was busily engaged in polishing the doctor's shoes while he was being shaved. As was his custom, the doctor said, "How are you feeling, Rufus?"

"I ain't much. Kindly pohly, thank you, doctah," answered the boy.

"What's the matter?"

"Paralysis."

"What?"

"Paralysis."

Had the doctor not been so well acquainted with the negro race, he might have allowed himself to show astonishment. As it was, he determined to see what would result from further inquiries.

"Where's your paralysis?" he asked kindly.

Rufus was drawing a rag swiftly across the left shoe.

"In the right hip, doctah," he answered.

"It's probably rheumatism," suggested the physician.

"No, indeed. It's paralysis."

recon I knows rheumatism, and I knows paralysis. This is sutenly paralysis."

The doctor drew a good sized pin from the lapel of his coat.

"Well, Rufus," he said seriously, "there is only one way to tell. Come here. I'm going to jab this pin in your hip. If it hurts, then you have rheumatism. If you don't feel it, then you are right, and you have paralysis."

The boy did not rise, but drew the rag thoughtfully across the shoe. Finally he said:

"Doctah, I reckon you mus' know more about them things than I do. I know it ain't nothin but jes' commop ole misery."

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A Topper's Dinner.

Instead of going to their work one Monday a number of workmen entered a public house determined to spend the day there.

About noon a woman looked in and said addressing one of the party: "I suppose you are not coming home to dinner today, so I have brought you your share."

So saying, she placed a dish and plate carefully tied up, in front of the topper and went away.

"Looks well after you, your wife does," said a mate. "Suppose we taste and see what it's like?"

"Aye, let us have a taste," said the husband as he untied the bundle.

But the plates were empty, and there was a note with them which ran as follows:

"I hope you will enjoy your dinner. It is the same as myself and the children are having at home."—London Answers.

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