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MARS' TOM ASHLEY

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"Dude," I said to an old darky sitting on a barrel, "who owns this plantation?"

"Mars' Tom Ashley."

"Have the Ashleys always lived here?"

"Boshun day lah, sah. De Ashleys bin hesh ever since a long —— before de wah. De oldest man ob de oldest pos'ble growed up to drap hole de old man's shoes. Day come mighty nigh hain' a hesh once, though."

"How was that?"

"Ef' was Mars' Tom's father, Marse Pape Ashley, de father, Mars' Tom's grandfather, Thomas Ashley, war mighty fine man.

"Mars' Pape he went nort' to college, an' somehow or udder he got northern notions in he head. Dat war a few yun's befo' de wah. Mars' Pape got de 'ridiculous idea dat all de niggers in de nouf had oughter be free. Wun's dat, he fell in lub wid a no'thern lady an' married her.

"I reckonmember mighty well when all dat happen. Mars' Pape he come down hesh an' he talk wid de ol' man. An' he try to mak de ole man believe dat he oughter git all ne niggers on dis hesh plantation free pe-pepper, an' de ole man ought to stick up fo' de Union an' all dat kind o' talk. Yo' knew what Mars' Thomas say? He say: 'My son, yo' hab disgrace yo' ancheators. Yo' unworthy to be called my son. I'm gwine to disinherit yo' an' leab dis plantation to yo' cousin Ernest Crane.'

"An' yo' knew wha' Mars' Pape say? He say: 'De plantation won't be worth a bale o' cotton. Yo' niggers 'll all be free, an' de nest 'll be no 'count.'

"Dun yo' knew wha' Mars' Thomas say? He say: 'One mouthe'n man kin whip five Yankees.'

"Mars' Pape he go nort, an' nobody didin' see him no mo' fo' dis pore heavy till atter de wah. He didn' lek to fight agin his nothe'n friends, so he go to spectatin'. He had some money ob his own, an' he buy all de cotton he kin get his hands on. Mars' Thomas he raise a regiment o' nouthe'n troops, and he fight lik de debbils. He come back a big gin'l, but he only got one leg an' one ey. All his niggers war free, de plantation war all parted to pieces by fire de nouthe'n troops, dem de nouthe'n troops, an' dar wa'n't a bit o' foucin' anywhar. All the niggers gone off 'cept me. I stay hesh to tak' car' o' de ole man when he come back.

"Mars' Thomas he wa'n't so proud as he war when he went away. All throw up in his new rajer cle'an. He wouldn't nebber talk to a nigger dem, but when he fesh' pe hesh all alone an' saw how de plantation look he mout mighty merry. He say to me, 'Julius, ma boy, yo' worf 500 ordinary white men.'

"After dat he talk to me 'bout everything. One day he come to me an' say: 'Jule, I got a letter from Pape to-day. He say he bought cotton at 8 cents a pound an' sold it at a dollar a pound. He got all de money he want. He offers me plenty to restock de plantation.' An' I say, 'Likwise tak' it, marse?' An' he say: 'Tak' it! Ya' a'pose I gwine to tak' money from my mon what stay in de nort' all through de wah instead o' bein' hesh an' fightin' fo' de nouf? No, sah. Ma son dah to me. I gwine to leab dis hesh plantation to Ernest Crane.'

"One mawnin' while I war down at de crick cleanin' who I see but Mars' Pape. He tak' my han' an' mighty glad he see me. He ask me all 'bout de ole man an' say he come down wid his wife an' lootle boy to git a reconciliation. He ask me to let 'em all in de house when de gin'l ain't dar. He say day gwine to try to take de place by storm. He tell me dat he got plenty money fo' his fadder an' no use he bidin' all alone an' de old house gwine more an' more to ruck.

"I 'link it might fine t'ing fo' de ole man, an' I say I help 'em all I kin. So one mawnin' early I let 'em all in. Mars' Pape and Missy Ashley day git in a closet in de dinin' room an' pretty nigh shut de do'. I put de little boy on de frimbly chillun's high chair, an' he wait dar fo' he grandfadder to come down to breakfast. When de ole man come into de room and see de little fellah settin' up on de udder side o' de table he stood still wid he mout' an' eyes wide open.

"'Howdo, grandpa,' said de chile.

"'Who are yo'?' axed de gin'l.

"'Tom Ashley, de mos' fortin' in de plantation atter yo' an' papa.'

"Yo' see, Mars' Pape tell him what to say. Mars' Thomas war so lonesome an' de chile war so pert dat de ole man couldn' stand dat. He jis' went to Mars' Tommy an' put he arms around him an' hugged him. When I see tousepin shinin' in de ——'o eye I jis' open de closet do' and sho' enough Mars' Pape an' he wife.

"Missy Ashley she went up to de gin'l an' put but her han'. De gin'l too fine a man not to take a lady's hand. He took it an', bowin' lik a south'n gen'leman, very low down, he kissed it. She put de gin'l's han' in dat ob Mars' Pape. De gin'l leab it dar, but he turn away he head, an' I see de tears runnin' down he cheeks. I wonder if he cryin' fo' de los' cause or de wreck ob de plantation.

"Dey all sot down to breakfas'. Mars' Pape had sent in chicken an' potatoes an' lots fine things instead ob de co'n pone dat de gin'l war used to. Missy Ashley poured de coffee, an' dat war de happiest breakfas' ever happen in dis hesh plantation.

"Dey all dah yet, Mars' Tom."

THE DAWN OF WORLD

A Scientific Theory Comparing the End of Our Planet.

Credulous individuals who are always fearful that some of the ends of the world predicted by sensational prophets may prove to be true will find considerable comfort in the assertion of Professor Lowell that there is good scientific evidence for the belief that mankind will have many years' warning of the great catastrophe that is destined to put an end to all things on this planet.

According to Professor Lowell's statement, there is somewhere within the remote confines of space a great mass of matter—call it a world, if you prefer—that is hurling itself toward our sun. In time it is certain to reach the goal to which it is tending, and when the two come together the globe on which we live is destined to cease to exist.

Fortunately for our peace of mind, there is at the present moment no such dead world within dangerous proximity, and yet any day it may appear. Any day the morning papers may announce that one of these dark bodies has come within the reach of the telescope—that it may readily be seen by the light of the sun reflected upon it.

While it would then be certain that the end of the world was in sight, there would still be ample time in which to prepare for the inevitable. If the first view of the intruder was caught at the eleventh magnitude—it could scarcely come much nearer without being detected—it would not be until twenty-seven years later that it would become visible to the naked eye, and three years more would elapse before it appeared to us as equal in size to a first magnitude star. In two years and three months more it would have come as near to us as Jupiter, and by that time it would be far the brightest star in the sky. In fact, its effect upon the world would naturally be felt. Our seasons would change, and the days would grow long and long. Finally, just 148 days later, those who were still alive would witness the beginning of the end. The orange would but tinge the orbit, but would pass so close in its track to the sun that the earth would turn and follow until together they would drop silently into the sun.—Brooklyn Magazine.

A GHOST AT SEA.

The Phantom That Boarded the Bark Sea Flower.

The following incident is recounted as a true short story by an English publication:

The Sea Flower, a bark of some 400 tons, was in the early hours of the 23d of June, 1884, bound for Bristol, England, under the command of the first mate, her captain, John Hills, having been left behind at Kingston, Jamaica, suffering from "yellow jack." It was about four bells in the middle watch (or 2 a. m.) when the mate, who was standing near the binnacle giving the helmsman his course, suddenly became aware of a mysterious presence in the waist of the ship. At the same moment his companion startled him by the arm, and, pointing, stuttered, "D'ye see him, sir?"

Before he could reply the mate became aware that the dark shadow he had just before observed and so far materialized that it bore the appearance of Captain Hills. The figure of the captain advanced along the deck and disappeared slowly down the companion.

Recovering himself, the mate left the helmsman and hurried down into the cabin, meeting, just coming out of it, the second mate, who told him he had been awakened with a start after dreaming that the captain had come aboard and was calling him. Both men then made a complete search of the saloon and the other cabins, but, it is needless to say, without result.

Later it was found that Captain Hills had died between 1 and 2 a. m. in the morning of June 23.

The story got about, and the ship obtained a reputation for being haunted; consequently a difficulty was found in obtaining crews, and in the end it was renamed and sold to a foreign firm.

Machine Made Baseball Averages.

Machine made baseball averages will be the rule in the American league shortly if Secretary Robert McRoy can learn how to make the "figger" divide. A London made machine arrived at the league headquarters in Chicago recently, and with the aid of Umpire Jack Sheridan and several others McRoy discovered how to make it add, subtract and multiply. But it simply wouldn't divide. Every time he thought it working a big bunch of 8's would appear to throw calculations out of gear.

Hyatt New Eastern Basketball Head.

The Intercollegiate Basketball league, with Yale, Princeton, Cornell and Pennsylvania as members, was reorganized recently at a meeting of delegates from the four universities at the Cornell club in New York. The league suspended two years ago.

R. B. Hyatt of Yale was elected president and Ralph Morgan of Pennsylvania secretary-treasurer. The old form schedule of two games each will be announced next fall.

Want Hackenschmidt Back.

Several well known wrestling promoters in Kansas City are trying to entrance George Hackenschmidt, "the Russian Lion," to come to this country again to display his prowess in the mat game. Hackenschmidt is the wrestler, it will be remembered, who was hoodwinked so roughly by Frank Gotch, the world's champion, when they met in a ring here in Chicago two years ago.

THE PASSING OF MURDOCK

By AINSWORTH RHODES

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"I have taken my life in my hands," said the western sheriff, "when there was every chance against me. I have shot down men in a fight or when I had them on the run, but the hardest job I ever had to do, the job against which my sensibilities most revolted, was in the killing of John Murdock, desperado. Murdock was far superior to the general run of outlaws. I don't know what made him such, but I always fancied he got started in by some unfortunate circumstance, such as killing some enemy illegally or being wrongfully accused. So this as it may, he was physically a splendid specimen of a man, and I always thought that his distaste for the life he lived, to say nothing of his conscience, made him choose at last a speedy death in preference to prison walls. But the true cause he gave himself.

After a train robbery in Texas by a single masked man it was my duty to follow indications that he had left behind him and go in search of him. A man named Gibson told me that in passing through the chaparrals he had picked up articles to indicate that the robber had dropped them. There were pieces of torn letters and a gold chain. I felt sure from these finds that the robber after leaving the train had passed over this ground and that I could track him.

I started with Gibson, each of us being armed with a pair of revolvers and a Winchester. He took me to the place where he had picked up the chain and bits of letters, and we followed the trail. It stretched of beat green through open ground and an occasional bit of paper dropped by the way. It seemed to me then and it seems strange now that the man should have been so careless. Gibson seemed to know instinctively the direction taken by the man we were following and led the way. He simply agreed with me, and frequently put that he would do no shooting if it should be necessary in our defense.

We traveled about six miles when we suddenly came upon a man with his back to us sorting out variables. It was evident he was the man we were after. We had proceeded so silently that we had made no sound to indicate our approach. We got within easy shooting distance of him when we stopped, and I, drawing a bead on him with my Winchester, shouted:

"Hands up!"

The man turned, rose and stood over before us. He did not throw up his hands, but folded his arms. While turning he had seized a revolver in each hand and they were now pointed in opposite directions, dangling. He was six feet high and admirably proportioned. He looked me in the eye and said:

"I don't wish to add murder to my other crimes. They are nasty enough and black enough without my taunting them. They began by my being mistaken for another man, and they are to end on account of a letter recently received from my mother, who doesn't know what kind of a life I have been leading. If I die now she may never know. If I am killed for a term of years she will likely know, and if I kill one of you men it will do me no good. I am not to be taken alive, therefore I would prefer that you should shoot me down here as I stand. Only I ask you to think me with one shot. I am known as John Murdock. That's not my name, but my real name no man in the state knows. I'm ready. Fire at either my heart or my forehead and aim true."

As I stood there looking at this intrepid specimen of a man calling on me to shoot him that his soldiers might not know what he was, I realized more fully than ever before that there is a superior manhood only in courage and influence. The man who had been contemptible enough to rob the females men and women could stand up to be killed that he might save his mother the distress of knowing that the child she had borne and reared was a robber. Whatever of influence for good he had received as a child was telling now in trumpet tones. Had luck not been against him doubtless this influence would have been sufficient to make a fine man of him.

"You had better surrender," I said to him. "At any rate, I wish you would. I'm a sheriff, but I don't like the role of executioner."

"No. I have made my choice. Several times when I was wrongly made a foole I have expected myself that my career would be ended by a bullet. I have no desire to live. I can't undo the past. I can't live a respectable life. I can't be a comfort to those who have loved me. You will be doing me a favor to kill me. But don't let your composition unnerve you or tangle. You know how to shoot straight. Put your bullet where it will do the job at once."

I wished I could turn the world over to Gibson. But it was my duty, not his. It must be done, and in mercy to the man I was to kill it should be done at once. He was nerved to meet his fate, and he would not wish to be unnerved by delay. Then I summoned my own nerve and did the job as a surgeon plunges a knife into a patient—quick and sure.

That was the last official act I ever performed. I resigned at the [illegible]

The Saving of Patience Godwin

By KATHLEEN L. MOURNY

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This is the legend of Patience Godwin, who as it has been handed down to our family for many generations of her descendants. Puritans in the days when witchcraft had its grip on Massachusetts was a young girl. She was the love of Francis Winthrop, who had been attractive to Jane Throckmorton, and Jane for spite accused Patience of being a witch.

A great deal of interest was manifested in the trial, especially because Patience was so well believed. The evidence brought against her was convincing.

Young Winthrop whose his sweetheart had been tried and found guilty said that he could not be present when she was turned, and he would no longer remain in a so called civilized community where such superstitions were rife and such cruelties were practiced. The day before the execution he left the settlement, saying that he would go and live among the Indians. His parting with Patience was distressing to the extreme and would have moved anything but the hardened consciousness of the Puritans.

The next day a strike was set up in a wood near the meetinghouse and fagots laid about it in preparation for the burning, which was set for the hour of sunset. It was October, and there was a mellow haze in the atmosphere. Shortly before the time went down the great men of the church and their families began to collect at the place of execution. There only in the distance appeared the procession led by the [illegible] and drawn on foot by [illegible] young men to the thought [illegible] the evil spirit that had got into the poor girl. Patience came walking [illegible] by her weeping parents and a [illegible] of her intimate friends.

Now, it is not clearly [illegible] am about to narrate [illegible] very. Detailed accounts of [illegible] published by the witchcraft [illegible] have been given in [illegible] carefully been preserved [illegible] Wy [illegible] superstitious people [illegible] for the universal belief [illegible] ing some remarkable [illegible] plague than in the [illegible] powell of [illegible]

The condemned girl [illegible] her parents, her [illegible] and her friends [illegible] also approached [illegible] bought and [illegible] to apply the torch to the [illegible] the nothing and [illegible] spectator. A [illegible] ed to be passed [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[