A FREAK INTERVIEW

QUAD TALKS WITH THE FAT WOMAN AND THE OSSIFIED MAN.

After Years of Mental Torture All His Doubts and Fears Are Settled at Last. The Fat Woman Says It's All Right and the Ossified Man Backs Her Up.

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More than twenty years ago I fell in with Professor Somebody or Other, who was a Professor of Something or Other, and he brought up the subject of transmigration. We were traveling in a stagecoach, and expected to be held up at every mile, and I also had the jumping toothache. For these reasons I didn't argue the matter with him, and because I had no chance to argue I was more than half satisfied of the correctness of the theory as expounded by him.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the professor, as we took a short cut over a windfall to avoid three "agents" waiting at a bend in the road with bated breath, "every one of us will simply take on a new form after death. There is a man right here among us who will probably be changed into a fat woman or an ossified man, and you will see him exhibited at a dime museum!"

I knew he meant me. Everybody knew it. He was looking right at me as he said it. I didn't believe it at first, but as time went on the idea became stronger and stronger, and for the last seventeen years I have felt that I had that fate in store for me. I have dreamed that I was a fat woman advertised as weighing 750 pounds, and I have dreamed that I was an ossified man, with the public feeling of my toes and fingers and asking me for a leg or an arm as a relic to label and lay away in a parlor cabinet. Many a morning I have awoke under the impression that I was ten minutes late for the first forenoon exhibition, and many an evening I have started up from my chair with a feeling that I had been fined five dollars by the manager for absenting myself from the platform before the show was over.

However, I am relieved at last. I have taken more real comfort in the last week than for a dozen years before. I went over into the Bowery, in New York, several days ago, with a determination to know the worst and prepare for it, and the result was a gratifying surprise. I found the champion fat woman on a museum platform. She looked exactly as I had dreamed that I would look. Those 750 pounds of fat were draped about her in the most artistic manner, and a stranger from Troy was asking her how she managed to climb the trees in harvest apple time. For five minutes I felt that I had died and been transmigrated. Then the Troy man went wandering around to see if he could find a Troy laundry among the curios, and I stepped forward and told the fat woman the whole story from beginning to end.

"Don't yur believe it!" she emphatically replied when I had finished. "If such a thing were possible, how is it, with so many hundreds dying around us every day, that there are only six of us champion fat women now in the business? If there was anything in the theory there'd be 10,000 of us looking for engagements and salaries would go down until a fat woman couldn't earn her salt."

I thanked her from the bottom of my heart, and she kindly continued:

"But even if it were possible, which I give you my word of honor it isn't, you wouldn't be so badly off. There's lots of things worse than being a fat woman at a thumping big salary. You are the star at-

INTERVIEWING THE FAT WOMAN.

traction. The Zulu and the anaconda and the ossified man are not in it. If a bit giddy you can always have a flirtation on hand; if past the giddy age you have lots of time to do plain sewing and visit with the giantess. Don't be upset, sir. While you can't possibly be transmigrated into a fat woman, requiring a whole car to herself when she travels, and who has appeared before her majesty on three different occasions, if it should so be, then don't throw it over your shoulder. You have got a good thing of it and will never have a regret."

I couldn't tell her how happy I felt, but she had a sensitive nature and understood. Then I went over and repeated my story to the ossified man. He never once interrupted me, but when I had finished he quietly said:

"You have been stuffed. While I no stock in stuffed specimens, I agree the fat woman that it can never be. fect men are born—not transmigrate every Tom, Dick and Harry in this co could be turned into an ossified ma dime museums would have to go natural freaks would be dead for hop If you'll take the word of a man wh been a star attraction for thirty year need do no more worrying."

I tried to make him realize how t ful I was, and he smiled an ossified and replied:

"That's all right. I'm glad you ca me about it; you ought to hunt down pedestrate and kill him. I say it cau bed if by any possibility it should h why, I've expected, as my ossified s ster, to regular rates and kick a over four performances on Sunday no engagement for less than two and stipulate that you are to be carried up and down inside where are no elevators. So go and find some one else. There's money in it, and no earning wood. Maintain your dignity with the Albion love affair with the bearded girl, and should the fat woman attempt to be patronizing, as once previous for that an ossified man was the beginning of the whole museum business, and that no show could run for a week without him."

BROTHER GARDNER ON VANITY.

"Gwine to become a lawyer," said Brother Gardner as he looked in at the door.

"Yes, sah, dat's my intention. I'm gwine to become a lawyer."

"Gwine to become a fool, you mean. Dat's de way wid de whole endurin' race to de squar' fut dan any odder people on airth. Many members of dis club cum to me wid deir trubbles an tribulashuns, an in nine cases out o' ten I kin trace de cause back to Vanity."

The president paused here to consult the thermometer hanging near, and after noting that it recorded 103 degs. above, he continued:

"Take de case of Elder Toots, for instance. He had a steady job at seven dollars per week in a lumber yard. He got up to dat elevated p'int whar he had eggs an

"GWINE TO BECOME A LAWYER."

bacon fur breakfast, an whar he could drop ten cents into de church contribushun box, an den Vanity stepped in to wreck him. He bought fo' boxes of paper collars at one time; he ordered ice cream fur Sunday; he 'lowed his wife to gin a high tea on her birthday; he eben dun rented a piano at five dollars per month fur his gal 'Liza to drum on. In jest six weeks de elder, as yo' all know, was knocked out an appealin to dis club to lend him money to git his dawg out o' de pound."

The elder, who occupied one of the front stools, blew his nose and wiped his eyes and evidently felt broken up, and Brother Gardner went on:

"Take de case of Samuel Shin. Nobody in dis world thought him anything mo' dan common. He was sort o' scrubbin around on two dollars a week an mighty glad to git a squar' meal, when his aunt down in Arkansas died an left him twenty-seven dollars in cash. De minit Samuel got hold of dat money a great change dun cum ober him. He walked up an down befo' de banks; he talked of rentin a box in the possoffice; he priced obercoats as high as sixty dollars. I advised him to hide dem twenty-seven dollars in an oyster can 'till he had got ober de shock of sudden wealth, but Vanity wouldn't 'low him to.

He plunged. He reckoned dat he could buy half de airth. He carried hisself as stiff as a poker, an he wouldn't speak to eartin members of dis club who doan' w'ar alligator shoes. Whar' am Brudder Shin now? Vanity wrecked him. He sits ober dar by de alley doah, crushed, broken an achin to ask Giveadam Jones to lend him nine cents to make a new start in life."

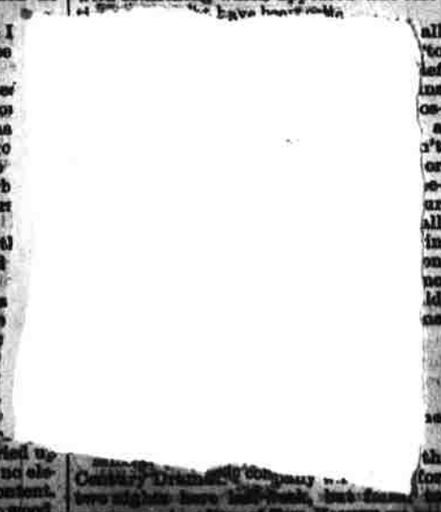
Samuel hung his head to escape observation, and several members acted as if they would like to get outdoors before anything further was heard to drop.

"Waydown Bebee, our secretary, am not yere dis eavenin," observed the president, as he glanced over at the spot usually occupied by that individual. "Am his wife dead? Am his cabin burned down wid no insurance? Was he called to Chicago or Buffalo by de suddenness of a telegraph? No, sah! Six weeks ago while he was contentedly peggin along on seven dollars per week a white man told him dat he looked like Cicero. Brudder Bebee doan' know Cicero from Gineral Jackson, but he felt proud and flattered. He went right out an bought real linen collars an a fifty cent necktie, an some ha'r ile an a watch chain, an next day he quit his job an walked around talkin 'bout free trade an tellin what ailed de kentry. I met him in a feed store, whar' I was buyin stuff fur my chickens, an he told me he was dun gwine to becum a lawyer. Vanity was climbin all ober him. He am not yere tonight because he didn't like to cum b'arfut, an his wife's shoes am too small fur him. He am a finanshul wreck of de furst water, an Vanity am de cause of it. He was bo'n to be Waydown Bebee; he sighed to be Cicero. Result—bankruptcy."

Colonel Kyann Johnson now made a slide for the door, but before he reached it Brother Gardner stopped him and said:

"One mo' case—dat of Kurnel Johnson. A month ago de kurnel was workin in a wood yard up nigh my cabin. He was doin so well dat heaps o' folks was jealous of him. Had he kept right on he would have becum de Standard Ile company of dat nayborhood; but in an evil moment somebody diskivered de fact dat his ha'r was almost straight an his buties only No. 9's. Dat settled him. He quit his job an walked around arm in arm wid Vanity. He let his wife buy lace curtains and plush kivered cheers, an he hung around de city hall an gin his views on de Chilian quesh-un. His career was brief. If de city hall was offered him tomorrer for a dime he couldn't raise de cash."

The colonel got up to make some sort of reply, but words failed him and he resumed his seat with a bang and struggled with something which appeared like emo-



NOT NEEDED.—At its last meeting the common council passed an ordinance aimed at the dozen or more citizens who get drunk every evening and amuse themselves shooting at every stray dog on the streets. It seemed to be needed just then, but wasn't two days later. His honor the mayor (who is ourself) broke up the practice in one evening, alone and single handed, and saved the town at least fifty dollars expense. He discovered and kicked and disarmed fifteen different men, and the guns taken from them will be sold at auction Saturday.

This town has at last got a mayor worthy of the name, and we congratulate the public on the fact. Thus far his administration has been a grand success, and we haven't the slightest doubt that he will be governor of Arizona in less than five years.

A FAREWELL.—Monday night that large and massive duffer known by the name of Hank Pierson, who has been trying to pose as a bad man among us, concluded to take our advice and change climates. His road lay past THE KICKER office, and as a sort of farewell to us he fired three bullets through one of the windows. We got out as soon as possible and fired a charge of buckshot at something black moving off. Next morning Hank's left hand coattail

HANK PIERSON'S FAREWELL.

was picked up on the street 200 feet west of our office, and we shall add it to our stock of relics. We were after both coattails, having twenty-seven buckshot in the gun, but it was too dark for straight shooting.

IT'S HIS WAY.—Our contemporary down the street met with an accident to his old ramshackle press the other day and appealed to us to help him out. We cheerfully agreed to work off his inside pages on our new and elegant power press, and of course we counted the copies to see what his circulation was. It still stood at the same old figure, 464; but he had had the cheek to set up the claim in that very issue, "This paper has the largest circulation of any journal in Arizona!"

Poor old chap! He was a failure as an editor twenty years ago, and of the thirteen different bullets he has fired at us not one came within three feet of head or heel. He has to use carpet tacks to eke out his supply of type, and it's a holiday with him when he has roast coyote for dinner.

M. QUAD.

The Reason for His Gloominess.

He had his hands deep in his pockets and was wandering gloomily and aimlessly along the street when the cheerful little man stopped him and asked what the trouble was.

"Bad cold," he responded tersely.

"Oh, you'll get over that," said the cheerful little man. "If that's all"——

"It isn't," he broke in shortly.

"Then what else troubles you?"

"Fired."

"Fired! What for?"

"Cold."

"Oh, not just for a cold?"

"No. Two colds."

"What do you mean?" asked the cheerful little man, after vainly trying to figure the matter out.

"Cold makes a man cross, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Irritable and quick tempered?"

"Yes. There's nothing more aggravating."

"Well, I had a bad cold."

"Yes."

"And the boss had a bad cold."

"Yes."

"That's all."—Chicago Tribune.

A Cool Room.

"You know that our Mr. Rector here—one of the best hotel clerks in the business—once owned a hotel in Denver. Well, one fall they were putting an addition to the house, and before they got the heating apparatus in order a cold snap came. Rector did the best he could to warm the place up, but a genial manner won't take the place of steam heat, and the guests began to kick. One man came down, blue and shivering, and said:

"'See here, Rector, I'll have to have some other room. I'd freeze to death up there in another hour.'

"'Cold, is it?' said Rector, as though he didn't know there was a room in the house cooler than one over boats.

"'Cold—I should say so,' said the man. 'Why, all that room needs to make it a refrigerator is a few carcasses of beef and a little sawdust on the floor.'"—Chicago Post.

A WOMAN MAROONED.

THRILLING STORY OF THE CAPTURE OF A BRIG BY DESPERADOES.

They Rose Against the Captain and Put His Wife on a Desert Island, Where She Staid for Thirteen Months—A Tale of Bloodshed.

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There is a sailor now employed by a ship chandler on South street, in the port of New York, who attracts attention by his walk on the street. His right leg seems to be attached to his body with a view of walking sideways instead of the usual fashion. At the first glance you would call it a natural deformity, but if you followed him for a hundred feet you would feel quite certain that some accident had happened to him and that he owed his condition to the ignorance or carelessness of those who practiced surgery on a broken leg. I will call his name John Lee, and I will reel off his story as he told it to me not a fortnight ago.

In the year 1863, after the government of the Japanese islands had put down the rebellion which had been in existence for two years, many heads were lopped off and many rebels banished from the country. Among the latter were a score or more of adventurers who were not natives, but Europeans. Some had gone in with the rebels for the sake of adventure and plunder, and others had been forced to join by circumstances. The fear of being involved with other governments decided the Japanese authorities to spare the lives of these foreigners and at the same time rid the islands of their presence. There was in the port of Yokohama at the time an Australian brig named the Robert May, commanded by Captain Henry Welles, and she was chartered to take fourteen of these rascally adventurers to the south and land them upon any one of the islands of the Bonin group which should prove the most convenient. As all of them were looked upon as desperate men, the Japanese government was willing to pay a good price to get them out of the country. There must have been money in it, for the brig or the captain would not have meddled with such a dangerous cargo.

The brig had an English crew of nine men and a boy, and the captain's wife was with him. John Lee, the sailor with the twisted leg, was one of the crew. The brig had part of a cargo of tea, and a space in her hold under the main hatch was fitted up to receive the prisoners. A dozen muskets were brought aboard, the prisoners guarded the same as convicts would have been, and Captain Welles set sail in the full expectation of landing them according to instructions. He was not the man to deal with such rascals, however, as events speedily demonstrated. Every man in the pen knew where he was to be landed, and that without shelter or provisions, and from the first going aboard there was a determination to rise on the crew and take the brig. It was on the night of the fourth day out and during a squall, which came near dismasting the brig, that the plot was carried out.

There are many things to be said in favor of the desperadoes. They desired to capture the brig without bloodshed, and but for the dogged obstinacy of the captain this would have been done. He called upon the crew to rally, and when he found himself unsupported he fought the gang alone and single handed until killed by a musket ball. He was the only one killed, though some of the crew were wounded in the first rush. John Lee was aloft at the moment, and in his fright and confusion he met with a fall which broke his leg. The mutineers set it and gave him careful attention, but in the setting they twisted it around and the bone knit and left it in its present shape. Having got possession of the brig the desperadoes were for a time divided as to what should be the next move. They had had enough of Japan, and no one had any idea of turning pirate in waters where a man-of-war was to be met with two or three times a week. It was finally decided to run to the southwest and land upon some uninhabited island above Formosa and enjoy a free and easy life for a season. To this the crew of the brig agreed, some pleased with the prospect of such a life and others realising that opposition would be of no use.

Mrs. Captain Welles was a woman about thirty years of age, full of energy and resolution. Her treatment by the mutineers did more than anything else to win the crew over to their side. The fellows were led by an Englishman named Tom Jones, who was no doubt a thoroughly bad man, but in this case he should be accorded all due praise. On the morning after the capture of the brig Mrs. Welles was interviewed in the cabin. She was told that the men had possession, and that it was proposed to get her out of the brig and out of harm's way while they were yet under control. They did not dare speak a ship nor land her at any port, but would set her ashore on some island and provide her with means to take care of herself. She agreed with them that this was the best they could be expected to do, and for the next two days and nights she was left entirely undisturbed in the cabin. There was plenty of rum aboard, but between the mate, who was now acting as captain, and Tom Jones, who was the leader, nothing like drunkenness had occurred. The "good times" were being put off until they could find a safe haven somewhere. John Lee was lying in his berth with a broken leg, but was kept posted as to what was going on forward and aft.

On the afternoon of the third day the brig reached the island of Shangwan, one of the Loochoo group, and a boat was lowered and pulled ashore to investigate. It was only a small island, nearly circular and about three miles across, and was found to be uninhabited. John Lee says he begged for the captain's wife to take him along, but she probably either feared that he would prove a serious case on her hands or become a menace to her safety if he got well, and she decided that she would rather go alone. The boat which set her ashore carried all her clothes and the personal effects of her husband, with beef, pork, bread, wine, a musket and ammunition, some books, and in fact whatever else she asked for as allowed to take. Jones and three men went ashore with her, and they not only found a good spot for a camp, but constructed a shelter for her and put all her goods under cover. No woman could have fallen into the hands of more considerate men, and yet no woman could have been more tenderly ignored. The brig sailed away and as darkness fell on the island left her to begin her Crusoe life.

The island had scarcely been left behind before the fine weather began to change. Two days later they knocked their vessel in a cove on one of the Pescadore group of islands, and for thirty months [illegible] was subject by storm. From the very first all hands commenced [illegible] and it wasn't a month before they were again into two parties and lived apart in fear of each other. John Lee, according to his own statement, was no better and no worse than any of the others. There was nothing to do but sleep and eat and drink. The brig was plundered at will, and as provisions began to grow scarce there was more drinking and less eating. The first man killed was the mate, and this took place about a fortnight after landing. His death was speedily followed by that of a second man, and after that there was no restraint on the evil passions of the living. At length, tired and disgusted with their orgies, the Jones party attempted to get the brig afloat and leave the island. They were discovered, and a terrible fight took place and five men were killed. The brig was likewise set on fire and destroyed, and from that time on until the British gunboat Foxhound touched at the island and took off the four survivors, the men did little else but hunt each other to the death.

The island upon which Mrs. Welles was marooned lies off the east coast of China, and is still uninhabited. On the day after she had been put ashore she made a smoke signal on the west side of the island to attract attention, and it came near proving her destruction. A native trading craft, with a crew of four men, stood in to investigate, and the captain and a boy came ashore in a small boat. No sooner was it discovered that she was alone than a plan was concocted to rob her of her possessions. Had this succeeded she would probably have been murdered as well. Thanks to the desperadoes who had marooned her, she was armed, and the result of the affair was that she shot the captain dead and drove the survivors off the island. From that time on she was in such fear that she made no further effort to attract attention. On two occasions ships which she believed to be manned by Europeans came so near that she could have signaled them, but she let them pass without doing so.

It was a real Crusoe life the captain's wife was compelled to lead, and while there were many drawbacks there was also a certain amount of enjoyment in the situation. She first set about building a house, and the men who inspected it when she was rescued were agreed that few men could have done better. It was a framework of poles covered with one of the old sails given her, and from the stones along the beach she had constructed a fireplace which made her home comfortable in the bad season. From the first she discarded her own attire and dressed in her husband's clothes, and when first seen by the rescuing party she was supposed to be a man. Her second adventure occurred after she had been on the island about four months.

A native craft put in one day and landed a man who was evidently a lunatic. He was no sooner on shore than the boat hastened away, and the man's conduct soon proved that he was bereft of his reason. He began singing and shouting and dancing, and the woman hastened to shut herself up and prepare for discovery and attack. She did not hear from the man, however, until next day toward sundown. Then he made a sudden and fierce attack upon her house, and in self defense she had to shoot him. She only wounded him, however, and he ran down to the sea and plunged in and brought about his own death.

One must wonder what a woman, situated as the captain's wife was, could find to do to pass away the time. After building her house and getting the interior to suit her, she captured and domesticated half a dozen parrots. There was also a species of dove on the island, and she built a cote and soon had half a hundred of them about her. Then she transplanted vines and flowers to make homelike surroundings, and when time hung heavily on her hands she cut away at the underbrush or gathered firewood. There was a beautiful spring of cold water about a quarter of a mile from her house and on higher ground. With the ax left her she cut down and hollowed out small trees until she had a continuous line of troughs from the spring to a point near the house, with a supply of water almost great enough to run a mill wheel.

One more startling adventure befell the woman before she was rescued. In fair weather, when she had nothing to do about the house, she was in the habit of taking a musket and making the circuit of the island, which was a journey of half a day. She had returned from one of these excursions when she came upon three Chinese sailors from a junk lying off the shore. They had come ashore with an empty water cask in search of water, and having caught sight of her house were plundering it. One of the trio had his arms full of goods and was on his way to the boat when she came up. Her sudden appearance, coupled with the discharge of her musket, tumbled the fellows into their boat empty handed and left her the water cask as a trophy. The junk hung about the island for a day or two, evidently anxious to land, but mystified and afraid, and finally sailed away and left her in peace.

It was just thirteen months and a day from her landing before Mrs. Welles was rescued. It might have been far longer but for John Lee and his companions. When they were taken aboard the Foxhound they told of the woman having been marooned, and after some time spent in locating the island she was found and taken off. There were four men left to be tried and punished by British law for what had happened. When I asked the old sailor about this he refused to explain. When I pressed him he became sullen and morose and would talk no more. He wasn't hanged, of course, but the recollection of a long term of imprisonment wouldn't be very soothing to him.

IN CARTER'S PASS.

Chased by Indians and a Miraculous Escape.

A corporal and two men, just three of us—and we left Camp Sheridan, at the headwaters of White river, Nebraska, to open communication with the command which was expected to be encamped on the Loup fork of the Platte, seventy-five miles to the southeast.

The red man was making his last fierce fight, and the agencies had been deserted by every buck who was classed as a warrior. Seventy-five miles to the southeast meant at least seventy miles through a country where Indians were likely to be met with at any moment. The chance of getting safely through was figured as one in fifty. That was terrible odds, you'll agree, but when an officer commands a private must obey. Little difference it would make to the general campaign whether only [illegible] were "present and accounted for" when either [illegible], or whether they had been [illegible] and dried and were hanging on the [illegible] of warriors.

Out into the darkness of a summer's night [illegible] corporal, and we [illegible]. The [illegible] are [illegible] must we [illegible] since of the camp [illegible] is [illegible] to [illegible]. It is well. A rainstorm will drive an Indian to shelter quicker than bullets. The heaviest storm would have [illegible] but that did not count. It is only the [illegible] of a thief while the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]