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CAPT. JIM McMILLAN'S TAME WHALE.

AN UNUSUAL FISH STORY.

D ID you ever hear of Captain Jim McMillan's tame whale?" asked one of the old-timers recently in a down east town, with a party of seamen discussing the particulars of the Chinese difficulty.

Without waiting for an invitation, the speaker opened up with his story as follows: "Captain Jim McMillan was a retired sea captain who moved, with his family, to a small island 'down the bay,' near Deer Island, N. B., and under the protection of the Canadian flag. The island had a small harbor in which was a used-up weir that in former years had gathered up herring and other salt water fish so common in Passamaquoddy Bay. With a few weeks of repairing the brush enclosure, Captain Jim had the weir in good condition again for the first catch of fish. He arranged the gate for the high run of tides and went home to await returns.

"They were not long in coming, for the next day, when the veteran went off to investigate his newly-repaired weir, he was very much surprised and delighted to find an immense school of fat-looking herring leisurely swimming around the inside and evidently enjoying the place. The fish were unable to get out as the gate was closed, and there was considerable satisfaction in his first catch, since the fish had been rather scarce in the different weirs near and the herring were in good demand by the sardine factory owners at the neighboring places.

"Here was a lucky catch, indeed, as he could quickly find a ready market for these large-sized herring at Eastport, where they would later find a place in one of the big smoke-houses or be used as mustard sardines.

"The captain made a visit to Eastport a few hours later, told of his supply of herring alive in the weir and soon was offered a fair price; in fact, looked upon the lot of herring as worth \$100.

"When Captain McMillan returned to his Canadian home down the bay a few hours later, he was happy and his hopes ran high.

"We'll have plenty to eat when I sell this lot of herring," said he to his wife, who met him on the beach, "and I'll buy you a new dress before I come back from Eastport, sure." A short time later in the day he got into his boat and pulled into the weir, when his half stood on ends as he saw a very large and black-looking object resting on the water in the narrow enclosure.

"It looked like the body of a big snake and the aged seaman thought it might be the famed mythical sea serpent he had so often read about, but had never seen before. Before he could leave the interior the big fish began swimming around the enclosure in a circle and it did not take Captain Jim long to get on the outside and drop the big gate in place. His weir full of herring a few hours before had been eaten up or gone through the several small breaks in the side of the enclosure, made by the fish, and this was enough to cause the captain to utter a few oaths, since no one was near at the time.

"He watched the big fellow a few minutes in silence, then said slowly, 'That critter cost me \$100 sure, and he may be worth that amount if I can get him—dead or alive, but the latter if possible.' He was not long in finding out that the fish he had captured was a very young whale, and since it was one of unusual length and very slim, might be taken for a big snake at a distance as the parts of the body came into view. It was not an easy matter to capture the fish alive without assistance, and determining to make the best of his recent misfortune, Captain McMillan set out for his home to inform his wife of the whale's visit and what had become of their catch of herring.

"It was a big disappointment, but she cheered him up with the remark that 'even a dead whale was worth something.' The skipper went across to a neighboring island for help, later returning with two boatmen and a long coil of rope with which they expected to capture the whale alive. Repeated attempts were made to get the rope under the mammoth fish as it swam around inside the weir, but it

was impossible to get near enough and finally the men had to give up the attempt.

"There is only one way to get the whale landed safely on the beach, that I know of," said one of the men, "and that's to build on to your weir." A little explanation followed, and it was decided to extend one corner of the weir like the two fences of a lane, up on the beach to high water mark, then drive the big fish on shore where it could be captured when aground and helpless.

"Work on the extension began that day and continued for three days, then the lane was completed all but one thing. How to make an opening for the whale to find a false escape up the beach was a question for the fishermen to solve, and it looked like an impossibility. One of the boatmen finally hit on a plan of lowering down a gate at the end, after removing enough of the brush weir at that place, and then to hoist it out of the water again. It required several hours of hard work to construct a suitable gate and sink it into place before the weir could be cut in the desired place, but this was finally done, and at the signal the false gate was arranged in position, then raised. Hardly had it reached the top of the water than the whale seeing what looked like a sure opening and escape in view darted up the narrow enclosure at a rapid rate of speed.

"The big fish could not turn, and in less time than it takes to tell you the story was high and dry on the smooth beach. How that whale churned up the water with its tail when the tide began turning for the ebb, but in a few minutes the mammoth fish was as helpless as a baby. Captain McMillan measured the critter on the beach and found it more than forty-five feet from nose to tail, but unusually thin for a whale.

"He did not want to kill his new-found prize and was at a loss how to hold it when the tide came in again, but concluded to build a small inclosure around the whale on the beach and at a future time expected to securely fasten a big hawser about the tail of the fish which would hold. He set to work and soon had the captive securely fenced in on all sides so that escape was almost impossible, and when the salt water of the Bay of Fundy again reached the young whale there was some fun for a short time. Next day the captain came to Eastport and from a blacksmith secured a stout iron band to fit securely around the outer end of the whale's tail, just back of the outer fin.

"In the band was an 'eye' to fasten on a light chain, and with his newly-made collar he soon returned home, and after some difficulty, at low tide, had the iron band fastened around his victim on the beach. When the tide again came in part of the fence was removed, and the chain was securely fastened on both ends, one being in the eye of the band, the sea monster was a prisoner.

"Captain McMillan concluded to allow his captive into deeper water than his cove afforded, so that the fish might be able to look after its supply of food during the day when he was not around. For a few days the captive whale made a lively time of it and tried to break away from the chain, but finally was obliged to submit, and after a short time devoured a quantity of food brought near the weir by the owner. Many of the island residents came from the neighboring places to see the captive whale on the chain, and Captain McMillan was asked why he did not exhibit his prize at the large cities across the border and along the Maine coast.

"That would have been easily enough done had the fish been dead, or small enough to carry about in a boat, but how could he get a forty-five-foot whale out of the harbor in safety?

"It was not long before the big fish began to show signs of becoming tame, and on the approach of meal time was always found ready to devour the food provided.

"In several weeks Jim's baby whale had increased somewhat in length and also became quite tame, so that when the veteran seaman came near it in his boat his captive would play alongside. After two months had passed and the fish had increased in size to be noticed,

Jim thought he had better secure a stouter chain to hold his pet, and again made a visit to Eastport for a longer and heavier piece of chain. This he soon secured and returned to his Canadian home to make the change, when he was much surprised and disappointed when he was told that the whale had broken the chain and disappeared into the deeper water of the Bay of Fundy. It was quite a shock to Captain Jim to find the broken chain and lose his whale after so much expense and trouble, but he returned to his house and talked over the loss with his wife.

"Never mind, Jim, perhaps the big fish will come back for his dinner as usual, as I've heard of such things, and, you know, that wasn't no ordinary whale, neither. That whale was tame when it left these waters, and mark me when I say that you'll see the fish back when it's time for the grub to be served."

"The husband allowed that the whale was certainly tame, but how was he to again capture the big fellow if he shouldn't return to the cove for the customary noon meal.

"I'd better shoot the critter and be sure of the carcass this time; what do you say, wifey?"

"Don't you be too hasty, Jim, but wait for developments, as the whale will return often if it comes back once, you can bet. Only wait and see."

"At the appointed hour for feeding his former pet Captain McMillan went down to the ledge where he had stood so often on recent days and tossed the food into the bay to his friend, the whale.

"He threw the bucket of food to the water and watched it sink below the surface, but before the last particle had disappeared the dark form of a long, slender fish came to view, and when the tail was exposed there was the telltale iron ring and hanging to it a small piece of chain.

"That's my whale!" exclaimed Jim, as the big fish swam leisurely about the cove and did not seem to want to leave the small harbor when the food was gone.

"The old seaman remained on the rocks for a long time, and was then convinced that his wife was right about the fish which had come back to stay, evidently. Next day, and as fast as meal time came, there was the tame whale, and soon the islanders heard of Jim's lucky find. When Jim went out to gather up his lobster traps or haul in his fishing lines and nets the whale accompanied him, and always was rewarded by receiving a newly caught cod or pillock off the hooks. One day Captain McMillan started out on a fishing trip down the bay, and not far from Grand Manan, N. B., a fierce gale arose and a blustering snowstorm set in, which promised to last for several days.

"Mrs. McMillan and her children gathered on the beach near their home and watched closely through the storm for the husband and father, but nothing could be seen in the distance excepting the high waves in which no small boat could live.

"If Jim was out on that storm, he had little chance to escape, she thought, and as the day was nearly gone and no signs of her husband, she began to feel a little uneasy.

"The storm seemed to increase in fury, piling the waves high up on the beach, and it began to look as if another seaman was to be reported among the missing.

"But what was that long, low object she saw coming up the bay like a fast moving steamboat half buried in the water? The more she looked at it the more she wondered, and as the object came nearer she was able to make out the form of a snake-like fish of a very large size, the head high up out of the water.

"Could it be her husband's tame whale back for its dinner at this late hour, she thought, as she supposed the fish had gone away early in the day. As it came close to the point of land on which she stood she saw that there was some object on its back that resembled a human being, and as the whale came into the small harbor with the speed of a steamboat under all steam, the form of her husband could be plainly seen. He lay across the whale's back, near the neck, with his arms over the side of the fish, holding on with a firm grip and in another minute Capt. Jim's form arose from the surf and was quickly clasped in his wife's arms. He followed her into the house and after a complete change of clothing followed by a warm drink, he told her how he had been saved from a watery grave by his faithful whale, which seemed to know considerable.

"When the storm broke this morning," said Jim, "we were well down the bay and before I could get prepared for the storm my mast broke off by the fierce wind. What followed I am unable to say, excepting that I struck in the icy water and was sinking when I felt something soft like, coming up under my hands, and you can bet I grabbed it. When I came to the surface I saw it was my tame whale, and then I felt safer than I had a minute before, although I was at a loss to know just what the big fish would do and where it would take me. I talked to the faithful whale as I would to a person, as I had done so often during the meal hour, and promised him extra rations if he landed me safely on our beach.

"You know the rest," continued the captain to his wife, "and here I am safe and sound after a ride of fully twenty miles on the back of a real whale, but a good one, I can assure you."

"Captain McMillan turned the fish to good use later, when he went out on his fishing trips, as he would fasten a stout rope to the iron band in the whale's tail and would be towed home faster than by sailing, or even steam, as the fish always came into the little cove. All went well for about a year and many tempting offers were made for the wonderful fish, but Jim would not part with his silent friend for any amount, as to the fish he owed his life. He was just beginning to teach the whale to tow his boat to different neighboring towns in Passamaquoddy Bay, when the long fish took sick and died.

"That was a sad blow to Captain McMillan, gentlemen, as well as his family, and it was a long time before they fully recovered from the shock and the loss of their pet."

"Captain McMillan didn't know just what to do with the body, but finally decided to give it a burial in the bay near his home and mark the spot with a gravestone in the form of a big buoy above the dead whale.

"This he carried out to the letter and the unique funeral services were held on the beach the following day and were attended by quite a large gathering of Canadian friends from the islands near.

"That ended Captain McMillan's tame whale, gentlemen," said the speaker, "and I will now bid you all good-night," saying which, he gathered up his bundle and started for him home.—Lewiston Journal.

Awed by Sight of Wealth.

A Southern planter employed a man to work some of his land during the past year on shares. On account of the high price of cotton the employe's half of the proceeds amounted to \$1600. The planter knew that it would ruin any such man to get such a sum of money, and decided that half of it would be enough. Upon further reflection the conviction grew upon him that \$800 would ruin any such man in the world, so he cut the sum in half again, and, piling up 400 shining silver dollars on his desk, sent for the negro and brother, and said that he was ready to settle. The man came in and fairly gasped at the amount of wealth in sight.

"Land, boss," he said, "is that money all ours?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, divide it in two piles and you take your half and I'll take mine."—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Brazen Rooster.

Into the presence of about 2000 people stalked two roosters, a flock of chattering chickens and a few anxious mother birds yesterday afternoon at the City Park during a concert by Brown's Park Band, and in the course of a rendition of Meyerbeer's "Coraire" march, one rooster had the temerity to crow exultantly. Perhaps he imagined that his clarion notes could drown those of the cornet section, but after a few attempts he gave up the endeavor in despair. For the remainder of the afternoon, like a sensible fowl, he contented himself with hanging around the children who had lunch baskets.—Portland Oregonian.

Had 4000 God Fathers.

Probably no person in the world had as many godfathers as did Princess Irene of Prussia, wife of Prince Henry. When she was born her father requested the members of the Hessian regiments forming a portion of his cavalry brigade to be sponsors for the baby. When she was christened about 4000 soldiers stood for her as sponsors.

S.KACSTONE A MYTH.

Supposed Medicinal Value as a Poison Antidote is False.

South Africans, as a rule, trouble themselves but little about snakes, although it is well known that a few varieties are particularly deadly. Among the natives the properties of the "snakestone" have for many generations formed a centre of half superstitious credulity, and, even by people who might be expected to know better, have been supposed to effect the most surprising cures of snake bite. An investigation of its properties by the government bacteriologists of Natal, who submitted an Indian snakestone to the test of applying it to animals infected with snake venom, has shown conclusively that its properties are quite mythical and that it does nothing that is claimed for it. According to tradition the snakestone, which has absorbent qualities, and which there is some reason to believe is frequently artificially prepared, is placed on the wound inflicted by a snake bite. There it is believed to suck out the poison, and it has been said that if afterward placed in a bowl of milk the venom will exude and the milk turn blue. In certain experiments narrated in the British Medical Journal all these directions were followed. To the two rabbits injected respectively with the venom of a black mamba, a very deadly South African colubine and with puff adder venom, the snakes one was at once applied. The stone, by virtue of its absorbent nature, adhered to the wound, but here its adherence to tradition ended. Both rabbits died, and what was more disappointing, two other rabbits, used as a "control experiment," which were injected with the same amount of venom, recovered. Nor when the stone was placed in milk did the milk change color, though a small quantity of it was absorbed. The amount of absorption that the stone could possibly effect would be no more in hours than ordinary suction by the lips could achieve in a few minutes; and its only possible usefulness might be that of improving the physical condition of the patient, by impressing him with the belief that a valuable remedy was being applied.—South Africa.

A Chinese Lad's Views on His Race.

Seldom, indeed, are the political and sociological views of a seventeen-year-old schoolboy worth consideration or even mention. Exceptional, if not unique, was the valedictory address delivered, June 3, on his graduation from the Atlantic City High School by Wu Chao-chu, the son of Wu Ting-fang, long and favorably known as the Minister of the Chinese Empire to the United States. Although the youth labored under the grave disability of acquiring knowledge through the medium of a language radically different from his own, his averages, we are told, were the highest in every department; and his address, which appropriately had for its subject the conservatism of the Far East, was marked by a rare maturity of thought. Young Wu began by admitting that the Japanese are relatively progressive, whereas the Chinese are justly looked upon as typical of Oriental conservatism. He recognized that a people whose conservatism is not ingrained may change easily from its ancient customs and manners to new. He pointed out, however, that what can be changed easily once may probably be changed just as easily again. A volatile and mutable nation that flickers with every wind may return to its old ways, and its very relish for novelties may prove an arch enemy to progress.—Harper's Weekly.

A Danish Gun.

The Danes have a new field gun which can fire 200 rounds a minute, weighs less than fifteen pounds, and has great range. Every Danish cavalry regiment has a gun detachment now. One man carries the gun in a leather case attached to his saddle, another carries ammunition and a horse is loaded with a reserve supply.

The Marriage Partnership.

Marriage is a partnership, and as one partner in a business house is not grateful to the other partner for paying him his portion, so a wife should not be expected to be grateful to her husband. And if she has a right to her money she has a right to her own life, which is the gift of God.—Everybody's Magazine.

J. Wessalay Hoffman, cotton expert for the King of England, is making a tour of this country.