ORFGON CITY COURIER, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13 1903.

Hooked an Octopus them, and when the canadian with the second second

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Terrifying Experience of a Party of Tourists at Generife.

An Exciting Battle In the Moonlight When Hideous Monster Was Hauled Vp From the Depths.

Jared Thompson, master of the English tramp steamer Red Lion, which recently docked at Philadelphia, related a rather amusing if exciting experience which he had while fishing with a couple of English passengers on his steamer off the coast of Tenerife;

the doctor's leg as it ripped across the The steamer kay at anchor, and toboat, while, when the quartermaster ward evening, the wind having dropped, the two English passengers moved backward unmistakably. Three desired me to keep my promise of takof us by this time were curious and ing them fishing. This accounted for eager, and, though Miguel looked our presence on board her gig, which lay heaving inside a reef on the coast of Tenerife, in the Canaries. There are 10,000 feet of water around that island, and occasionally portions of curious and gigantic creatures which have probably perished in mortal combat far down in the icy depths are washed up on its coal black beaches.

The great white peak towered above fleecy mist 12,000 feet overhead, tremendous crags rose over our starboard hand, and close ahead the blue Atlantic rollers crumbled upon the hammered reef. Inside it lay clear, smooth water, and we could see the hideous shape of an octopus gorging itself upon fish offal perhaps two fathoms beneath our keel. There are pulps of all sizes in these waters, and Spanish fishers say a large one will on opportunity drag down any incautious wader venturing near its lair. From the uncovered portion of the reef rose a low whistling. which showed that another of the long armed brutes lay half dry, basking.

"The very sight of that creature sets my ear drums quivering," said one tourist. "Hello! It seems scared now, and here's a thing like a serpent coming."

After seeing many I could never look upon an octopus without a sense of nausea myself, and the small, baglike body and mass of wriggling tentacles was not pretty as it sidled toward the fairy weed which draped the steep rock wall. Then a streak of black and yellow clove the sea, and I said: "That is a morena cel, as fierce as a tiger. You will see a fight worth watching."

The pulp was not fast enough, for its beautiful, slender enemy, some four feet long, we guessed, hurled itself upon it like a lance, though eight long. snaky arms wound around and enveloped it. I knew that if their rows of thorn armed suckers once closed on human flesh nothing short of tearing them apart piecemeal would extricate but presumably the

Miguel said there were things more GOLD CANNON BALLS. striking than pleasant in such depths, but that he did not wish to see any of the Jungle Hidden Treasure of an

India, when he found a round ball of The tourist was a strong man, but when I laid hold behind him the hemp metal. It was black and looked like an old iron round shot, but when the old man lifted it he was struck with sawed through my fingers so that it seemed to burn them. A faint wrinits immense weight. He carried it home had found on scratching it that It was a lump of solid gold. It weighed gested that the boat was moving. Then eight pounds and its sale made the as the others took hold the motion finder rich for life.

There are many more of these cannon balls, each worth a small fortune, lying hid or buried in the recesses of this jungle, and their story is a curious one. At the end of the sixteenth century Akbar, the greatest emperor Hindustan ever saw, was at the height of his glory. At the head of his conquering army he summoned Ahmadnager to surrender. The city and its rich treasure were then under the rule of the Princess Cande. Knowing that resistance could be but short, and in bitter rage against the oppressor, she caused all the treasure of gold and silver to be melted down. She cast the metal into cannon balls and engraved upon each maledictions against the conqueror. These were fired into the jungle and when Akbar entered the city, instead of the rich hoard he had hoped to win, he found a treasury

absolutely empty. That this is not the only occasion

upon which cannon balls of gold have been cast is proved by the fact that in the treasury of the shah of Persia there may be seen in the same room where stands the famous peacock throne two small globular projectiles of gold. They were estimated by a recent visitor to weigh about thirty-one pounds each and are roughly made. Their origin or purpose is, however, totally forgotten. It is only known that they are very old .- Chicago Chron-

Ancient Beds;

In ancient times the beds we read about were simply rugs, skins or thin mattresses which could be rolled up and carried away in the morning. At night they were spread on the floor. which in the better class of houses was of tile or plaster, and as the shoes were not worn in the house and the feet were washed before entering a room the floors were cleaner than ours. After a time a sort of bench, three feet wide, was built around two or three sides of the room about a foot above the floor and, covered with a soft cushion, was used during the day to sit or lounge on and as a sleeping place at night. The bench was sometimes made like a settee, movable and of carved wood or ivory .- London Standard.

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THE SHANK OF THE SHOE.

Thereon Told the Broker.

Half a score of clerks in one of the largest brokerage houses in New York were astounded one morning when one by one they were called into their employer's private office and asked to hold up their feet and show the shanks of their shoes. They thought the "old man" had gone quite mad. Each young man as he entered the office was told to sit down and put his foot up on a corner of the desk where it could be examined. Then the head of the house put on his glasses and very carefully scrutinized the shank of the shoe.

When all had been put through this examination he called the entire force of clerks into his office and explained to them why this unusual examination had been made,

"You are well aware," said he "that I will not have a drinking man in my employ if I know it. For some time I have had good reasons for believing that several of the young men before me have been indulging quite too much. Now I know it. Here are the marks of the bar rail on the bottoms of your shoes."

Several of the young men braced themselves against the wall and lifted their feet as a blacksmith lifts the foot of a horse. Sure enough, there were the glazed, metallic marks on the dry leather. They were the evidences of guilt, and the young men's faces showed it.

"It's unmistakable proof." said the head of the house. "You may fix up your breath at the drug store and the barber can clean up your eyes and face, but you neglect the shanks of your shoes.

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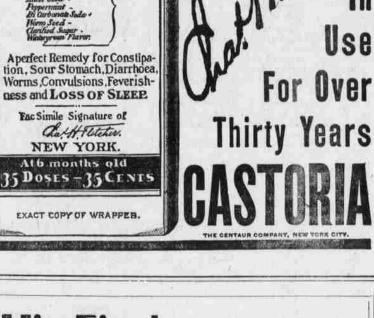
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kling of the moonlit swell also sug-

ceased, and the line led down rigid as

an iron bar. It remained so for sev-

eral minutes, and the puzzled angler

said, "It certainly moved, or I could

"Submarine cliffs don't move," said

"There is something

the doctor dryly, and I held up my

living down there, and we are going

A combined heave was followed by a

yell from Miguel, and the line nipped

had jammed a turn of it, the craft

doubtful, he aided us gallantly. Four

have fancied I had fouled a rock."

abraded hands.

to bring it up."

backs were bent together, and still it seemed we were hauling at a cliff. Then one tourist sat down with a bang, and the doctor shouted, "What ever the thing is it's coming to the top."

several times it taxed all our strength

to resist the retrograde progress of

our mysterious quarry, for the crea-

ture's movements in no way suggested

those of a fighting fish until, when

arms were aching, we halted, breath-

"I can see the first of it. Heave!"

For the space of several seconds we

The man's voice was hoarse with

fear, but it recalled our scattered

senses, and old Miguel drove his long

shafted boat hook into the center of

the quivering mass, while the doctor

drew his seaman's knife across the

tight strained hemp. The great arms

rolled together about the boat hook

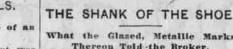
staff and spread out again. Several of

them struck the boat, but I had an oar

out now and drove the craft ahead. As

board the boat!"

The line was a very long one, and



skin afforded a poorer hold, for during a few seconds one could see the morena tearing at the flaccid sack of body. Then as it backed clear with something in its jaws the water grew foul with stirred up sand or the tint some



THE SNART TENTACLES THRASHED AIM-

pulls eject, I do not think altogether. voluntarily, in the grip of an enemy. The tide cleared it a little, and one watcher said: "That thing is enough to give one a nightmare. But the ee! is going in again."

We had another brief and nauseating vision of swaying, twining tentacles and darting cel. Then the brine grew cloudy, and the end of the struggle ware hidden

I consulted with the barefooted quartermaster. Miguel, and we moved the boat to where a great black gully had been rent out of the sea bottom by a volcanic fire. Though the brine was ns clear as crystal, the eye could not gauge its depths, and our anchor went down and down, taking with it almost the last fathom of line, Vitrified rocks, blood red and black as ebony, hemmed the pit in, and because the cuttlefish bite at night we walted with some anflepation for moonlight to see what a cast into its depths might bring.

I did so there was a sudden rippling, and the loathsome creature sank, taking our extemporized harpoon with it to the depths from whence it came. Then the others slipped the cable, and we did not cease rowing until the lights of our steamer shone out round a head. We rested upon our oars then, looking at one another, four startled and slightly shamefaced men, until the nonmedical tourist said, "I don't know if the thing meant to crawl in or not, but I've had enough fishing for one night at least and never want to see a

large sized octopus so close again."