

ROAMING SHEEP BUTT INTO HARLEM

Police Get Bulletins of Their
Butting from a Few Who
Met Them.

ONE ALARM FROM A WOMAN

Goats, She Said, but They Happened
to be Mountain Sheep Escaped
from the Park.

"There are two goats running along the sidewalk in St. Nicholas Avenue, near 116th Street, and a crowd of boys are chasing them," telephoned a woman to the West 125th Street Police Station early yesterday evening.

"I'll have them caught, Madam," promised Lieut. Miller, and hung up the receiver. Before he had stepped away from the telephone the bell rang again.

"There are two—," began a man's voice.

"Sure, I know all about the goats," replied the Lieutenant. "We're looking after them." Then he hung up again.

He started Policeman Cerney out to capture the goats and had settled down to his work again when the telephone bell rang once more. A man wanted to report that his wife had been frightened by two vicious goats which rushed at her. Lieut. Miller hung up, his patience almost exhausted, but he was not to be allowed to reach his desk. Again the bell rang. A woman wanted the police to know that two big goats had butted her just as she was entering the Church of St. Charles of Boromeo in 141st Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues.

"There were two of them," declared the woman. "It's a pity if a body can't be protected on her way to church. Two goats in the public streets!"

Lieut. Miller expressed his regret and then inquired anxiously which way the goats went.

"You see, Madam, one of em's mine." Then he hung up.

Meantime Cerney had followed the trail of the animals and a gang of small boys who were chasing them and finally came up with them in 141st Street.

"I must have a rope," decided Cerney after both the beasts had butted him over when he tried to catch them by the horns.

Small boys of the neighborhood joyfully provided the rope, and Cerney, fashioning it into a lariat, chased his quarry several times around the block before he caught the pair. He was much longer getting them to the station house, followed by an admiring crowd of hooting men and boys. Hot, tired, and disgusted, he dragged them into the station house and faced Lieut. Miller.

"There are your goats," he said. Just then the telephone rang.

"I know—goats," said Lieut. Miller, "I've got—," then the person at the other end interrupted and the Lieutenant listened for a while. When he returned to the desk he exclaimed to Cerney:

"I'm amazed at your ignorance. Those animals which you have in tow are not goats. They are a rare breed of Rocky Mountain sheep which escaped from the fold in Central Park this afternoon. Lieut. Mulcair of the Arsenal Station has just been telling me about them. Take them to the stable and treat them gently. They are easily frightened."

Cerney led them to the stable at 125th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, and finally persuaded the negro hostler to let him tie them in an empty stall.

How the sheep got out of the fold no one seemed to know. They must have wandered all through the Park, however, for they were sighted first as they emerged from the entrance at 110th Street and Seventh Avenue.