

IN THE CORAL SEA.

An Extraordinary Search for an Eccentric Young Heir.

When David Totten of Birmingham, England, passed away in the 78th year of his age he left £3,000,000 behind him, every penny of which was to go to his son Dick. The wife had been dead many years, and Dick had been in Australia for four or five.

Indeed, for the last year and a half he had not been heard from, directly or indirectly, and the best Birmingham solicitors could do was to advertise for him in the Sydney and Melbourne papers.

Dick Totten was a queer young man. He was about 24 when he landed in Australia. Nature had not balanced his head just right. He was given to fits and moods, and no one liked him. He left home in a huff, as he had done on several other occasions, and he made things aboard the steamer very uncomfortable for the other passengers on the voyage out. He picked so many rows that the Captain had to threaten him with irons to

TAME HIM DOWN.

He had not been in Sydney four hours when he was arrested for striking a pedestrian who accidentally jostled him on a corner. After a few days he went off on country, and later was lost sight of by every one who knew him.

When the news came out to the colony that Dick Totten was wanted as the heir to \$15,000,000 there was something of a stir. When, three months later, it was advertised that a reward of \$2,500 would be paid to any one locating him, there was only one man in all Australia who could come anywhere near it. That man was John Faulkner of Melbourne. He had been a sailor and a ship carpenter, but having lost a leg he had been compelled to "job around" and pick up the best living he could. It was strange information he had to give. It seemed that young Totten became disgusted with Australia after travelling about for a couple of years, and decided to retire from that colony and the world as well. One day he appeared at Melbourne, and began searching for a small sailing craft. In this search he ran across Faulkner, who knew of a small sloop for sale. Totten's first idea was to go off alone, but when he found that no craft which one man could manage would be safe

A MILE OFF THE COAST

he changed his plans. The sloop in question could be handled by a crew of three. He bought her, and engaged Faulkner and a second man named Ross. He gave his own name as White, and his destination as the Coral Sea for a pleasure cruise.

The two men very soon concluded that Totten (White) was a little off, but as he promised good wages and appeared able to manage business matters, they decided to stick by him. It was part and parcel of the agreement that they should not mention a word to outsiders, and when the sloop left not a man in Melbourne knew anything of her plans. She was well provisioned, and Totten took aboard a stock of garden seeds, a quantity of lumber, hardware, tools, and extra clothing. Among his purchases was one of \$500 worth of books. He also took with him six goats, six pigs, two dozen hens, a dozen ducks, a cage of rabbits, two dozen pigeons, a couple of dogs and a parrot. The sloop took her departure at night, and several days later was sighted at sea. According to the story told by Faulkner, and everybody believed in his veracity, the sloop stood to the north until she reached the New Guinea Islands. If you have a chart of that sea you will find its northern border composed of islands, great and small. They number at least 500 in all, ranging from a mere dot of land, across which you can throw a pebble, to islands inhabited by 2,000 natives. For many days the sloop was dodging about among the islands to find one to suit Totten. He at length selected one about two miles long by one mile in breadth. A portion of it was

COVERED WITH FOREST

and the remainder was a fertile plain. There was a large spring of fresh water, no signs of inhabitants, and when he had inspected it he announced his intention of entering upon a Crusoe life. The cargo of the sloop was unloaded, the goods carried up to a spot which he selected for the site of his house, and the two men were with him for a week or more. When everything was safely landed he gave them their wages for six months, presented Faulkner with the sloop, and ordered them off. That it might not be easy to find him should search be made, he took away the compass. The men hesitated to go without it, but he became so enraged that they feared violence, and put to sea.

Fortunately when about one hundred miles to the south they came across a trading vessel, which sold them a compass and gave them a chart and the course, and after a great deal of knocking about they reached Melbourne. That is, Faulkner did, but Ross died at sea three days before of some strange fever. Fortunately for the survivor he had spoken a ship, and she was lying to beside him when his mate died. Otherwise it might have been suspected that he had made way with him. Faulkner had nothing to say on his return, and it was only when he became convinced that White was Totten and the missing heir that he came forward and told the whole story.

By the time a Melbourne solicitor had been empowered to send out a searching expedition two years had elapsed. There was a wait to find the right sort of craft and another for the bad weather season to pass, and when the search was finally entered upon Dick Totten had been playing Robinson Crusoe for over two years and a half. The craft chartered for the search was a top-sail schooner of 300 tons burden, carrying a crew of seven men, and the solicitor sent one of his clerks along as his legal representative. As I was mate of the craft, I am speaking by the card in giving you all these particulars. The Captain was a man named Munroe, who had long been in the New Zealand trade. Faulkner was taken along as cook, and our departure

CREATED QUITE A STRIP

throughout Australia. It is probably the only case on record where a ship had to be chartered to search the ocean for the sole heir to an enormous fortune.

You will figure that it was a very easy thing to steer for the Coral Sea and have Faulkner point out the island on which Totten had taken up his abode, but we found difficulties from the very outset. Totten had a chart of the Coral Sea, but he had not allowed Faulkner to inspect it. The latter, therefore, could not say what islands had

first been sighted. He could not be certain of the course steered afterward. Our only way was to visit and search every one, unless we happened to fall in with natives or a trader who could give us definite information.

We steered a course for Louisiade Archipelago, which is about opposite and to the east of Cape York on the mainland. Here within an area of thirty square miles are no less than twenty-two small islands. In some cases the channels between them were navigable; in others we had to send in the yawl. Each and every island was explored but without giving us any tidings. One Island looked like another to Faulkner, and we soon found that he was all upside down. When we had finished with the archipelago we steered to the northeast and picked up island after island without scoring a point. At the Woodlark group we came across a trading schooner which gave us a bit of information. Her captain reported that he had attempted to land on a small island about sixty miles to the east to replenish his water casks, but had been fired upon by some one concealed in the bushes and driven off. That was eighteen months previously. His description of the island tallied pretty well with Faulkner's, and we at once set out in search.

The trader's information as to location and distance was indefinite, and while sailing to the east we stopped to examine every uninhabited island which

PROMISED US A CLUE.

One day in searching an island which Faulkner was almost sure was the one Totten had been left on, I ran across an old camp which had previously been occupied by several men for some days or weeks. They had built rude shelters, cut down many small trees for firewood, and there were many relics of their stay. I found some things which at once added a very serious face to our further search. I picked up three books which had doubtless been of the number carried out by Totten, and also found some seeds, three or four pieces of crockery, and a hand mirror. As soon as Faulkner had landed he was sure he had never set foot in that place before. We explored the island from side to side and from end to end, and it was found to be anything but the one the sailor had lived on for a week or ten days.

We now feared the worst. On all the inhabited islands of the Coral Sea is a class of men called "beachcombers." They are sailors, traders, wreckers, thieves, and worse. Anything which can be carried off is their prey, and half a dozen of them often band together and take possession of some small island. If these men had discovered Totten on this island home they would not hesitate at murder in order to secure his possessions. The relics found in the old camp seemed to prove robbery at least. Totten had no boat and could not leave his island. If any one had visited him he would not have presented them with the books, as the uncut leaves proved he had not yet perused them himself. It was almost without hope that we continued the search.

On the fourth day after we struck the right island at last, though Faulkner declared he had never set eyes on it before. This was because he had approached it from the south with the sloop, whereas we now approached it from the northern side. We did not know it to be the right island until some time after landing. The schooner was obliged to cast anchor about half a mile off the beach, and I then went ashore with the men. A heavy growth of trees and bushes came right down to high-water mark. The three of us set out to cross to the south side, and we had made our way for about half a mile when we

CAUGHT SIGHT OF A GOAT.

and also heard a rooster crow. A few minutes later a dog barked, and then we knew for certain that we had at last found the hiding place of the missing heir. The dog presently appeared to view, but he looked wild and half starved, and with all our coaxing we could not bring him nearer.

"If the man was here that dog would not look that way," observed one of the men.

I had the same thought, and believing that we were on the point of making some sad discovery I ordered a return to the beach and had the men pull off for the Captain and the lawyer's clerk. There were five of us, and we struck into the forest again. When we reached its southern edge we saw a rude board shanty a few rods before us, the door of which was open and swinging in the breeze. Some fowls were walking about, and we could hear pigs grunting in the bushes. The dog which we had seen before now saluted us from a mass of rocks surrounding the spring. On the lawn around the house were scattered leaves of books, articles of clothing, broken boxes, and many bottles, and as we looked about the Captain said:

"The beachcombers have been here, and we shall find only the bones of the man we seek!"

We first moved down to the house. It contained only one room, and the floor was littered with books, bottles, seeds, and various other things. Boxes had been broken open and their contents emptied, but amid all the confusion it could be seen that nothing of real value was left. In and about the door were a score of bullet holes.

"We shall find it down there!" said the Captain, as he pointed to the rocks, and we followed him. The dog made a great fuss as we drew near, and we knew why. He was

GUARDING THE DEAD BODY

of his master. No it was not a dead body but rather a skeleton. The flesh was not yet all gone, but what was left had shriveled and dried and looked like leather. It lay at full length, and there was a bullet hole through the centre of the forehead.

Twenty rods to the south, in the edge of a thicket, we found two more skeletons. These men had belonged to the party making the attack. We figured it out that Totten had first been attacked in his house. He had a good supply of firearms and ammunition. As he was doubtless unable to return the fire of his assailants from the shanty he had charged out and ensconced himself among the rocks. How long he had stood off no one could say, but he had made a good fight of it before being struck down.

When we left the island we took with us the skeleton and everything bearing on the case. We then spent six weeks cruising about in search of a clue to the murderers. We ran across a trader who had seen six beachcombers in a craft in the neighborhood of the island. We found a native with one of Totten's runs, which he had bought of a white man. We found men who had seen the other dog. We found some more of the

books and a medicine chest, but we failed to lay hands on the guilty parties, and to this day they have gone unpunished for that dastardly crime. As near as we could fix it the murder took place at least a year before we reached the island. Our search proved the death of the legal heir, and the millions of money went to the next of kin, who had been old Totten's bitterest enemies for many long years.

Make More of Your Home.

What time do you take for your home and your family? You must take time for it if you would have it a blessing to yourself, and if you would train up your children to be happy and useful.

When Rev. Dr. Guthrie, the great Scotch preacher, was called to Edinburgh, he resolved to spend his evenings with his family, and not in his study, as was customary with the other pastors of the city—a bit of common sense for which he is more to be respected than for his superb eloquence. And Sir Thomas More, the great English statesman, said that it was hard work, with his public duties, to find time for private study, because "I must have time to talk with my wife, and chat with my children, and to have somewhat to say to my servants; for all these things I reckon as a part of my business unless a man will be a stranger at home."

If the truth were known, it would be found that homes from which float out the social wrecks of society are only eating and sleeping places. No time is devoted in them to the nurture of family life. The father and mother do not sit down with the children for a social chat, and a hearty laugh, or perchance, a joyous romp. Children do not go to ruin from houses where these things are habitual. It is such things that make them love home and keep them from the associations that lead to ruin.

Cherish the home then, with infinite tenderness. You cannot love it too much, or give it too much time and thought. Life has nothing better to offer you—no better sphere for good influence—no place where you can more surely find and give happiness and train children for right character and success in life. It is the climax and crown of God's gifts. Make every day of life in it rich and sweet. See to it that in its soil you plant no seeds of bitter memory—no neglect, no harshness, no want of sympathy and love to haunt you in after years. Your little ones will die and go hence with your words, your example, your spirit planted in their eternal nature. Sons and daughters will go from you into the great world to live as you have taught them—to be strong or weak according to the spirit you have engrafted upon them. How sweet or how bitter will be the memory of the days when they were with you—of what your home has shaped them to be!

The Fickleness of Fortune.

Learn how quickly turns the wheel of fortune: from how high up to how far down went Nebuchadnezzar. Those now in places of position and power, even though they should live, will in a few years be disregarded while some who are this day obscure and poverty-stricken will ride up on the shoulders of the people to take their turn at admiration and the spoils of office. Oh, how quickly the wheel turns! Ballot boxes are the steps on which men come down as often as they go up. Of those who were a few years ago successful in the accumulation of property, how few have not met with reverses of fortune, while many of those who then were straitened in circumstances now hold the bonds and the bank keys of the nation and win the most bows on the exchange. Of all fickle people in the world Fortune is the most fickle. Every day changes her mind, and woe to that man who puts any confidence in what she promises or proposes. She cheers when you go up and she laughs when you come down. Oh, trust not a moment your heart's affections to this changeable world. Anchor your soul in God. From Christ's love gather your joy. Then, come sorrow or gladness, success or defeat, riches or poverty, honor or disgrace, health or sickness, life or death, time or eternity, all are yours and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's.

Australian Hospitality.

Australian station hospitality keeps the latch string always out and says: "Come when you wish, do what you like, and stay as long as you can." A writer says that the Australian host places himself, his family, and all that is his at the service of the guest—fishing-tackle, breech-loaders, horses and servants. Such hospitality is rarely abused, though the writer mentions one exceptional case, where the guest prolonged his visit until it wore out his welcome. To one station came a visitor, whose original intention of staying a month was reconsidered, and he remained two. Six months passed and he was still there. He enjoyed himself hugely with horses, dogs, and guns, developed an encouraging appetite, and his host did not complain. After about nine months, the host's manner became less warm, and at the end of the year he spoke no more to his guest. The latter was not sensitive, but lingered on for the space of a second year, when he departed and went to visit somebody else. During these two years he was never told that he had stayed long enough and would do well to go away.

Human Beings with Horns.

Horny excrecences arising from the human head have not only occurred in this country but have been frequently reported by English surgeons as well as those from several parts of Continental Europe. The Imperial Museum at Vienna, the British Museum of the Vatican, Rome, and several lesser institutions of the kind, have fine single specimens or whole collections of these curiosities. In the "Natural History of Cheshire" a woman is mentioned who had been afflicted with a tumor or vein on her head for thirty-two years. It finally greatly enlarged and two horns grew out of it after she was 70 years old. These horns which are each within a fraction of eleven inches long and two inches across at the base, are now in the Lonsdale collection in the British Museum. In the annals of the French Academy there is an account of one "Pietro le Diable," or Peter, the Devil, who had three horns on his head; two, as large as those of a good-sized ram, one behind each ear, and one straight one 9-1/2 inches long growing from his forehead. Did space permit I could give dozens of authentic accounts equally rare and wonderful.

Dreamland.

In the dim realm I wandered through,
The shadow land of sleep,
Came many souls of lovers true,
A trist unknown to keep.

There came the God of Dreams to rule,
His phantom kingdom o'er,
And roses white and wonderful,
And ghostly lilies bore.

And as I wandered, loneliest
The spirits free among,
Unto all those whose love was blest
The fairest flowers he flung.

Then I caught his garment's floating hem,
Murmuring bitterly:
"King all the daylight is for them—
And hast thou naught for me?"

An instant as I stayed him there
He looked upon my face,
Before his garment's fold of air
Melted from my embrace.

Then, swifter than a shadow flies,
He passed, and no flower fell—
But his eyes were my lost love's eyes,
Looking a last farewell.

[May Kendall.]

Everybody's Garden.

All along the wayside is everybody's garden!
There the wild rose blossoms through the
Summer days,
Bounded by field fences, and ever stretching
onward.

It is God's own garden. For it, give Him
praise.
There the gay with goldenrod,
There the blooming grasses nod,
And sunflowers small and yellow turn ever
unto the sun;

Quaint darkey-heads are there,
And daisies wild and fair,
In everybody's garden, each flower's the lov-
eliest one.

All along the wayside is everybody's garden!
Come out and gather posies; the very air is
Come out, with hearts of gladness, ye big and
little children,
Into our Father's garden, made for our stroll-
ing feet.

The fitting butterfly,
The fragrant winds that sigh,
The tiny clouds that hover above us in the blue,
The bird's song high and clear,
Make heaven draw more near.

In everybody's garden the world once more is
new!

[William Zachary Gladwin.]

Evening.

Dim falls the light o'er all the dreaming woods
Althwart the distant western sky are gleams
Of gold and amber; nighly rose-edged clouds
Looking so passing fair, one almost dreams.

The opening gate of Paradise hath lent
Some light of glory to the dying day;
And earth-bound souls, with longing, ling'ring
gaze,
Would fain rise up and move along that way.

A stillness sweet and solemn all around;
The song of birds is hushed; there falls no
quiver
Of rustling leaf, or shaken trembling reed,
Upon the fair faint brightness of the river.

The crescent moon gleams coldly, dimly, forth
And in the deepening blue of heaven, afar,
A tender watcher o'er the troubled world,
Shineth one solitary glitt'ring star.

The shadows deepen on the distant hill;
The highest peaks but touched with ling'ring
light;
And down their purpling sides, soft misty
clouds,
Wrap all the valleys in a dusky night.

And far away the murmur of the sea,
And moonlit waves breaking in foamy line.
So Night—God's Angel, Night with silvery
wings,
Fills all the earth with loveliness divine.

[Graham.]

Mosses From an old Manse.

BY GEO. THOS. DOWLING, D. D.

The minister's wife had just finished her chores,
By calling on all the church people;
And some she'd found open as both the church
doors,
And some she'd found stiff as the steeple.

For while all the deacons had slept on the wall
A committee had come like a lion;
And by giving her husband a generous call,
Had shaken the bulwarks of Zion.

For years they had paid him who taught them
the Word,
About six hundred dollars or seven;
For they felt that a preacher should "trust in
the Lord."

And grow fat on the "manna from Heaven."
And so the cash question had come to annoy;
Which with so many ministers rankles;
For the Lord had sent children; three girls and
a boy.

And the boy—hollow down to his ankles.
Sister Blodgett, the wife of "a pillar," had
cried:
(They supported a carriage and horses),
"Beware! lest you sin against God," she had
sighed;

"A rolling stone gathers no mosses."
The preacher looked up from the book which
he read,
And his merry eyes twinkled with laughter.
"Why didn't you tell sister Blodgett," he said,
"That moss isn't what we are after!"

[New York Independent.]

Der Oak Und Der Vine.

I don't vas preaching voman's rights,
Or anything like dot.
Und I likes to see all beoples
Shust gonedent mit their lot;

Budd I vants to gondradict dot-shap
Dot made dis little shoke:
"A voman der der gling vane,
Und man, der shurdy oak."

Perhaps, somdimes, dot may be druce;
Budd, den dimes out off mine,
I find de out dot man himself
Vas pen der gling vane;

Und ven bees friends they all vas gone,
Und he vas shust "dead proke."
Dot's ven der vaman shits right in,
Und pen der shurdy oak.

Shust go out to der paseball groundts
Und see those "shurdy oaks"
All planted roundt upon der seats—
Shust hear their laughs und shokes!

Dhon vas those voman' at der tubs,
Mit gloves out on der lines;
"Vich vas der sturdy oaks, mine friends,
Und vich der gling vines?"

Ven sickness in der household comes,
Und veeks und veeks he shitsays,
Who vas id fightts him mit outt resdt,
Dhose veary nights und days?

Who beace und gomfort always prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der tender vine
Dot oak he glings to now.

"Man vants' budt leedle here pelow."
Der boet von time said;
Dhere's leedle dot man he don't vant,
I tink id means, inshted.

Und ven der years keep rolling on,
Dhere cares und droubles pring,
He vants to pe der sturdy oak,
Und, also, do der gling.

Maybe, ven oaks they gling some more,
Und don't do shurdy pen.
Der gling vines they haf some shance
To help run Life's masehen.

In heldt und sickness, shoy and pain,
In calm or shurdy vedder,
"Tvas bedder dot dhose oaks und vines
Should alvays gling togedder."

There are thirteen miles of bookshelves
in the British Museum.
Nearly 40,000 men desert from the Ger-
man army every twelve months.

HEALTH.

Care and Cultivation of the Hair.

An eminent authority on the care and cultivation of the hair says, that cutting and shaving may for the time increase the action of the growth, but it has no permanent effect either upon the hair-sac, and will not in any way add to the life of the hair. On the contrary, cutting and shaving will cause the hair to grow longer for the time being, but in the end will inevitably shorten its term of life by exhausting the nutritive action of the hair-forming apparatus. When the hairs are frequently cut, they will usually become coarser, often losing the beautiful gloss of the fine and delicate hairs. The pigment will likewise change—brown, for instance, becoming the chestnut, and black changing to dark brown. In addition, the ends of very many will be split and ragged, presenting a brush-like appearance. If the hairs appear stunted in their growth upon portions of the scalp or beard, or gray hairs crop up here and there, the method of clipping off the ends of the short hairs, of plucking out the ragged, withered, and gray hairs, will allow them to grow stronger, and thicker.

Mothers, in rearing their children, should not cut their hair at certain periods of the year (during the superstitious period of full moon), in order to increase its length and luxuriance as they bloom into womanhood or manhood. This habit of cutting the hair of children brings evil in place of good, and is also condemned by the distinguished worker in this department, Professor Kaposi, of Vienna, who states that it is well known that the hair of women who possess luxuriant locks from the time of girlhood never again attains its original length after having once been cut. Pincus has made the same observation by frequent experiment, and he adds that there is a general opinion that frequent cutting of the hair increases its length; but the effect is different from that generally supposed. Thus, upon one occasion, he states that he cut off circles of hair an inch in diameter on the heads of healthy men, and from week to week compared the intensity of growth of the shorn place with the rest of the hair. The result was surprising to this close and careful observer, as he found in some cases the numbers were equal, but generally the growth became slower after cutting, and he has never observed an increase in rapidity.

The Banana.

The banana, notwithstanding certain prejudices to the contrary, is among the most valuable and nutritious foods. Primitive man in tropical countries is said to have subsisted mainly upon this fruit, and the savage of the sea islands owes to it his physical power. The claim is made and supported by reliable authority that bananas contain all the essential elements of nutrition, and that if necessary life can be sustained by an exclusive diet of this fruit. What has not been generally known is the fact that the banana is a developed tropical lily from which by ages of cultivation the seeds have been eliminated and the fruit greatly expanded. Thus the Scripture fulfilled, "Thou shalt feed among the lilies."

Rhus Poisoning.

A solution of two drachms of muriate of ammonia in four ounces of water applied to the parts three or four times a day, will be found an absolute specific for rhus poisoning.

Ingrowing Nail.

In the treatment of an ingrown nail, good results have followed the use of salicylic acid. The flesh which has grown over and upon the nail can be removed by the application of a mixture of two drachms of salicylic acid to one ounce of vaseline. This must be applied daily.

Before reapplying the ointment each day, it will be necessary to remove a portion of the overgrown flesh, which comes off easily and without pain. In a few days it will thus be entirely destroyed; also, at the same time and daily, put a small pledget of absorbent cotton under the ingrown nail.

The nail must not be cut or trimmed. It may require a considerable time to bring about a cure in this way, but relief is permanent. This method of treatment has succeeded in the writer's practice where many other plans, including blutline, have failed.

The Couch.

A room without a couch of some sort is only half furnished. Life is full of ups and downs, and all that saves the sanity of the mentally jaded and physically exhausted fortune fighter is the periodical food cry, and the momentary loss of consciousness on the up-stairs lounge, or the old sofa in the sitting-room. There are times when so many of the things that distract us could be straightened out, and the way made clear, if one only had a long, comfortable couch on whose soft bosom he could throw himself, boots and brains, stretch his weary frame, unmindful of tidies and tapestry, close his tired eyes, relax the tension of his muscles, and give his harassed mind a chance. Ten minutes of this soothing narcotic, when the head throbs, the soul yearns for endless, dreamless, eternal rest, would make the vision clear, the nerves steady, the heart light, and the star of hope shine again.

There isn't a doubt but the longing to die is mistaken for the need of a nap. Instead of the immortality of the soul, business men and working-women want regular and systematic doses of dozing, and after a mossy bank in the shade of an old oak, that succeeding Jones have converted into a tenement of song birds, there is nothing that can approach a big sofa or a low, long couch placed in a corner where tired nature can turn her face to the wall and sleep and doze away the gloom.

An Awkward Revelation.

Young Hopeful (who has been told to go off the young man's knee because he is too heavy)—"Too heavy! Why, my sister weighs 100 lbs more than I do, and he held her on his lap for more than two hours last night."

A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue but on his own side.