Capsized at Sea and Twenty-two Men Drowned-Three Perishing Sailors Resened from the Wreck.

The following account of a disaster which occurred to a whaling vessel from New Bedford, Mass., rivals the fictions of the most graphic writers and appeals far more strongly to one's sympathies than could any imaginary tale of shipwreck and suffering. The ill-fated vessel, it will be seen, was caught in a hurricane the day she left port, and in a few hours capsized by the force of the wind and waves and left adrift on the raging ses. A majority of the crew were swept overboard at once, and of the remaining little band cut off by the incoming waters only three were saved, after suffering far worse than death. A detailed account of the finding of the sinking bark, the rescue of the three perishing sailors and their own story of

their sufferings is given below. The pilotboat Isaac Webb, No. 8 left Sandy Hook, near New York, at two P. M. on a recent Monday, and at four o'clock the next morning, when forty miles south of Block island, passed close by a floating wreck, barely showing above the surface of the water. No sign of life was visible, but the yawl was got out and pulled close to the bow of the vessel. By the light of the moon it could be seen that it was a bark lying completely on her beam ends, with but a small portion of her port side above the water. A man sprang from the yawl on to the wreck and trod upon what he supposed to be a pile of wreck stuff and canvas, but to his astonishment and fright the mass rose up with a cry of alarm. In the pale moonlight it appeared so much like an apparition that the crew of the yawl were for a moment scared completely out of their | where we could stand without the ne-

Recovering themselves they looked again and saw not a ghost, but two human beings wrapped in canvas reaching out their hands for help. The poor fellows, when they realized that deliverance was at hand, pointed to the side of the vessel beneath their feet and said, in brokea English, "One man inside. The pilotmen put their ears to the spot indicated and heard the voice of a human being calling in heartrending tones for help. The rescuers had only the slippery side of the vessel, washed by the sea, to stand upon, and there were four inches of plank, eight or ten inches of oak timber and four inches of ceiling to be cut through with a dull axe before they could reach the imprisoned man.

But the sailors were not disheartened by the difficulties of the situation, and having taken the two men to the pilot boat, they returned to the wreck and commenced cutting through the oak and iron fastenings of the vessel's side. They could still hear the despairing cry of the almost exhausted man. Relieving each other at intervals, they continued to cut and saw, and after two hours' incessant toil succeeded in making a hole through which they could speak to the poor fellow within, who cried out that the water was rising and almost strangling Redoubling their efforts, they finally made a hole large enough to admit of the passage of a man, and drew from the darkness below the swollen and almost lifeless bedy of Henrique Gancavis. When asked if any others of the crew still survived, he answered, "No; they are all dead,"

Taking the sufferer into the yawl the party returned to the pilotboat and did what they could to aid the rescued sailors, from one of whom, Joseph Reis, they obtained the following story of

their shipwreck:

"Our names are Joseph G. Reis, Manuel Alvis and Henrique Gancavis, all of the Cape de Verde islands. Last Saturday we shipped on the bark Sarah, of New Bedford, for a whaling voyage of two years. The crew numbered twentyfive men all told. We left New Bedford Saturday morning at seven o'clock, the weather at the time looking very stormy, wind northeast, blowing a stiff breeze, which at four P. M. increased to a gale. We commenced to take in sail and reef. At half-past five we hove to on the port tack, the wind blowing a hurricane and a frightful sea running. About two hours later a tremendous sea struck the bark and capsized her on her beams ends. There were seven of us below in tho forecastle at the time. The sea rushed in and filled the forecastle in a moment, catting off our escape to the deck. We struggled for life and managed to keep our heads above water clinging to floating chests.

"We called to each other and found that there were six of us alive—five men and one boy. One man, a brother of Alvis, died a little while after. The boy died the next morning. The four of us yet alive clung to the sail tier, with the water up to our chins. By prying open the lid of a floating chest we found a small bottle of sweet wine and about eight apples. We ate the apples and each one of us took a drink of the wine. The cock was dying. He begged for more wine. We gave him another swallow, and a little while after he died. We pushed his body down under the water, as we wanted the space. There was only about eighteen inches to two feet of space between the water and the side, and the floating chests and stuff jammed our heads and bruised our bodies dreadfully. We had fresh air enough through a broken deck light, which occasionally rose above the water. Believing we must die if we remained in this horrible place, we decided to try and find the scuttle and reach the deck. The scuttle was about ten feet under water from where we were clinging.

"Manuel tried first, and on the second attempt succeeded in reaching the open air. This was on Sunday afternoon. I tried twice, and was almost drowned bethe floating boxes. I didn't try it again to converse with a man of sense.

that day; but the next day. Monday, I made another attempt, and, after a desperate struggle, got out and found Manuel clinging to the upper side of the

"There was a dead man (Joseph Barro) lashed to the rigging. I cut him adrift, as he made me feel bad. Manuel said he saw a steamer about eight miles off the day before. We pulled some of the pieces of canvas up to where we were clinging and wrapped ourselves in We called to Henrique, who was still in the forecastle, to come out, but the poor fellow couldn't swim and wouldn't try. We tried to cut through the plank with a knife, but could only dig the oakum out of the seams, the plank was so hard. We kept a good lookout for vessels, and only dropped asleep a little before we were rescued. We believe all the rest of the crew were the fates. That's the reason lots of lost when the bark capsized, and it was so sudden and the wind and sea too much for a boat to live, even if one could be got out."

Cannibal Caves in South Africa.

We left Thaba-Bosigo early one morning, writes a traveler in South Africa, and passing along the Beria heights, reached the deserted mission-station of Cana. Having obtained some natives as guides, we again set off for the cannibal cavern, which was about two miles distant. Upon our arrival at the mountain above the cavern, we left our horses in charge of a native, and descended a steep and rugged foot-path, or rather, I should say, a hand-and-foot-path, for the hands had quite as much to do in traversing it as the feet; and by dint of holding on to tufts of grass, projecting rocks, etc., and by slipping, sliding and scrambling, we at length arrived upon a grassy ledge, in the face of the cliff, cessity of holding on. On turning to A poet who can take falling leaves, the the right of this ledge, the scene opened lowing beeves and broken eaves, and out in all its grandeur; and certainly, in | bake them into a poetical pancake, and all my life and wanderings, I never beheld a more savage-looking place. The is possessed of genius. We have no cavern is formed by the overhanging cliff, and its entrance, a long, rugged, natural arch, extends along the whole | Michigan in a blue envelope with the face of the cave, which is in length superscription written diagonally, and about one hundred and thirty yards, and sealed with flour paste. It says, "By in breadth about one hundred yards | Josie-phine," and the first four lines The roof of the place, which is lofty and | are as follows: arched, is blackened with the smoke and soot of the fires of savages who formerly inhabited it. Its floor, strewn with the remains of what they had left there, consisted of heaps of human bones piled up together, or scattered at random in the cavern; and thence down the sloping face of the rock as far as the eye could reach, the clefts and small level spots were white with the bones and skulis of human beings. Skulls, especially, were very numerous, and consisted chiefly of those of children and young persons. These remains told too true a tale of the purpose for which they had been used, for they were cut and hacked to pieces with what appeared to have been blunt axes or sharpened stones; the marrowbones were split into small pieces, the rounded joints alone being left unbroken. Only a few of these bones were charred by fire, showing that the prevailing taste had been for boiled rather than for roasted meat.

Their mode of living was to send out hunting parties, who concealed themselves among the rocks and | short to take in all its excellencies. The drifts, gardens, and watering-places, for make a seven and a fourteen syllable the purpose of surprising women and children, travelers, boys in search of lost cattle, etc. But they were not content with hunting and preying upon their enemies, but preyed much upon each other also; for many of their captures were made from amongst the peothan this, in time of scarcity their own umns are too crowded, we can always wives and children became the victims | find room in the waste basket. - Cincinof this horrible practice. If a wife nati Breakfast Table. proved lazy or quarrelsome she was speedily disposed of, or a crying baby would be in a like way silenced, and any member of the community showing the return of a regiment of Russian changed by cross-fertilization. The consigns of sickness or of bodily infirmity. would not be allowed to linger or fall off in condition. Such were the practices of these people; and although it is now commonly reported that they had for many years given up this mode of life, I saw that the custom has not been altogether abandoned, for amongst the numerous bones were a few that appeared very recent. They were, apparently, those of a tall bony individual, with a skull as hard as bronze. In the joints of these bones the marrow and fatty substances were still evident, showing, but too plainly, that many months had

not elapsed since he met his fate. There are still old cannibals in existence. On the day that we visited the cavern I was introduced to one of them, who is now living not very far from his former dwelling-place. He is a man of about sixty years of age. In former days, when he was a young man, dwelling in the cavern, he captured, during one of his hunting expeditions, three young women, and from these he selected the best-looking as a partner for life —the other two went to stock the larder. This union, notwithstanding the strange circumstances attending it, proved to be a happy one, the lady soon reconciling herself to her new mode of life, and settling down in the cavern, where I was shown the corner which she and her husband formerly occupied. Her son, a fine strapping youth, brought us some milk on the day of my visit.

At one of these caverns we met with an old savage, who told us he had formerly assisted in cooking thirty persons. He seemed, like the "Last Minstrel," greatly to regret

"That old times were changed, Old manners gone;" and that

"The bigots of this iron time Has called his harmless life a crime."

A man who was in the habit of talkfore I could get back again. I had a ing to himself, being asked by his wife along the line of march. Showers of hard struggle to get my head through | why he did so, remarked that he liked | cigarettes and flowers and shouts of joy,

A Few Odes to Autumn.

The man who can look at all the wondrous, vast machinery of a universe and see the seasons come and go in regular succession and not have the poetry of his nature stirred up to its most depthy depths would be a phenomenon. truth is that we have more poets than the world is aware of, and were it not for that great impassable barrier, the waste basket, some new poet would burst upon an astonished and defenseless world at almost every tick of grandfather's clock. Editors are a jealous set of literary thunder-pumps, for they know very well that if all the genius in this country was allowed to get into print at will, that the great discriminating public would soon learn how they were being defrauded in the obscurity from which they were hoisted by some mysterious mistake of poetry is not printed.

For ourselves, we have none of that sort of meanness that would keep down panting genius lest it rise above and beyond us, and we are determined that as nating public to edit a newspaper, the in its quality, for, so long as a large flow season poets shall have a chance—by the Great Grand Master of poetry, so they shall!

The odes to autumn are coming in rapidly. There are too many of them to print in full, but we give a verse or se from each, merely for the purpose of encouraging the writers and pointing out defects. We have elected curself poetic director, and-but we begin, Here is the first one from "Doitus:

"Time when comes the falling of leaves! Time when comes the lowing of beeves! Time when comes the mending of eaves! Fading, ever fading autumn."

It will at once be perceived that "Doitus" is a poet of no mean order. pour over it the syrup of flowing rhythm harsh criticism of "Doitus,"

The next comes all the way from

"October glows on every cheek-October shines in every eye, While up and down the hill and dale Her crimson banners are let fly."

By Josephine, we have heard of people with bad eyes, but imagine all Michigan with Octobers in their eyes, and crimson banners let fly up and down all the hills and dales. Josie, turn your talent to washing dishes.

We have space for only one more, so we give "Pearl Dallas" a chance. Sweet Pearly steps forth and thusly warbles:

"Jennie and I, in the summer time soft, In the gladsome month of June, Played together by the brookside When the merry singing feathered songsters were in tune.

"But times have changed since then; Now comes the lingering fall, And Jennie's married another fellow, And we don't roam the woods at all."

At some length Pearl proceeds to speak of the "dainty red-bug," and works in much "flowing-water" and "sweetening flowerets," but life is too bushes, and lay in ambush near roads, rhythm, which is flexible enough to line rhyme together, and not make a man who is reading it stop to catch his breath between bases, is its strong point. Other contributions must go over till we can reach them, but we assure every that at least part of every poem sent faction. ple of their own tribe; and, even worse shall be inserted. Whenever our col-

Russian Soldiers Returning Home.

A St. Petersburg letter, describing soldiers from the campaign against trary, however, is the general rule. an undemonstrative fellow. He possesses the quality of self-control in a very high degree. Those who were ter, but if the seed of either is sown, looking at the soldiers surveyed them | when the plants or trees bear fruit, it as calmly as if they had not been the will be found to differ from the fruit heroes of that winter passage of the Bal- from which the seeds were taken, showkans. It was only by the wet eyes and ing that the seed and not the fruit was eager, strained look of attention on the changed by cross-fertilization." faces that their pride in these victorious soldiers and sorrow for those that were not here were exhibited. As for the soldiers themselves, they were very quiet; but as they marched by their ranks were broken, and women and children were mixed up with the rows of bayonets. Here I saw an old woman who had found her son. She was holding on to his coat-sleeve and crying very quietly. Then came a young girl who had to run to keep up with the long-legged soldier beside her. She was crying, too, and he was winking hard and looking straight ahead of him. There were many little children, all eager, most of them in tears, but no one excited nor talking. As they passed through the gate an officer attempted to put these intruders out of the ranks : but the ezarovitch forbade it, so the mothers and sisters and wives kept their places, and marched the three miles with the soldiers through the mud, receiving fresh installments by the way, so that at last there was quite a crowd of families. As they passed down the street flowers began to rain upon them. by the grand duchesses, and almost love's sake, -Farmer's Wife. every bayonet had wreaths or bouquets upon it. Sobs mingled with hurrahs which swelled forth, for many poor fellows had been buried in the trench nameless, and it was only by seeing their places filled by others that their families knew they had gone on their until the regiment disappeared.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLDE

Farm, Garden and Orchard Notes. Soot is a powerful stimulant. Clay soils are best suited to beans. Caladium bulbs must be kept dry and

cool, and secure from frost. Only the flowers of saffron are useful, bloom.

Club-root in cabbage is caused by the sting of an insect. A preventive is the

free use of lime and phosphate manures. Mr. Elbert S. Carman recommends protecting trees from mice during winter by means of lath tied on with twine. Dry bark has been successfully used for

the same purpose. As a manure for Dutch bulbs, well; decayed sandy cow manure is the best; but where this is not conveniently at hand, well decomposed surface soil from a forest growth will answer a good pur-

Frequent, perfect and regular milking long as our good right arm does not fail is a very efficient means of promoting is maintained, so long will it maintain its earlier characteristics.

Damaged straw may be profitably used as a mulch at the rate of one ton to one and one-half tons to the acre, and will increase the yield. It is also highly beneficial when used over top-dressings of stable manure to preserve and absorb moisture.

To plant peach stones, dig a hole in the ground (say six or eight inches), plant as soon as the pulp is off; let them remain in the ground all winter. In the spring take them up, crack the stones, plant the meat. The first year they will grow five feet.

For some sorts of vegetables, as lettuce, cress, radishes and others, the Chinese system of keeping the soil continuously wet is the best that can be adopted. It produces a crispness in the vegetables that is obtained only when there has been no check in the growth.

Dahlias, gladioli, tuberoses and other plants that require winter protection for their roots in cellars, should be taken up at once on their leaves getting injured by the first white frosts. Dahlias may be put away at once, but gladioli and tuberoses should be pretty well dried before storing away, or they they may rot.

potting earth for plants, without insects or worms. A little tobacco or lime water will compel angle worms to come to the surface, when they can be removed. If the ball of earth is slipped shade, seeming to have been pinned on from the pot the angle worms will be found on the outside and can be removed by hand.

Young and quickly-fed animals have more water and fat in their flesh, whilst older and well-fed animals have flesh of a firmer touch and fuller flavor and are richer in nitrogen. The former may be more delicate, the latter will be more nutritious.

As soon as currants have cast their foliage, the young shoots may be taken off and cut into lengths of say six inches, and planted in rows, merely allowing the top bud of each to show above the surface of the soil. Tread them firmly, and when freezing weather approaches, sprinkle over a slight covering of long. strawy manure. They will mostly form roots before winter, and be prepared to start strong next spring. Some planters tie cuttings in bundles and bury until spring, when they are set out in rows. anxious poet on our honor as an editor but the former plan gives better satis-

In regard to the crossing of plants and fruits Vick's Magazine says : "The fertilization by the pollen of the flower affects the seed, and not the flesh, as a general rule. Many curious facts have been published showing, however, that the character of the flesh is sometimes Turkey, says: The Russian peasant is Two cherry trees may be growing side by side, or two strawberry plants; the fruit of each will retain its true charac-

Christmas Gifts: A very pretty present is a toilet set, made of silver or plain cardboard, and wrought in worsted. A hairpin cushion, hair receiver and match safe comprise the set, and are neat, pretty and useful. A piece of cardboard five inches square, sewed together in a roll, and stuffed with curled hair, with ends crocheted, some pretty design on one side, worked with the same shade of worsted that is at the ends, and suspended by a cord, with balls of worsted to match, is for hairpins. A straight slip of cardboard, five inches wide and five in length, with a crocheted bag at the bottom, the upper end cut either pointed or square, a crocheted edge around it, and trimmed with cord and bells, hung on the other side of the mirror frame, is for the combings of the hair. The match safe is made of very pretty design, trimmed in the same style. Little mats to match, for the top of the bureau, on which to set a lamp or glass of water, make a very tasty finish to a chamber, and every young lady or

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody is dissatisfied with him. There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but none so useful as discretion. If we do not flatlast, long journey. It was the same all ter ourselves, the flattery of others will not hurt us. The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment

Sequola Trees in California.

The trees in most of the small northern groups have been counted. Those of the Calaveras number twelve or thirteen hundred; in the Tuolumne and Merced groups there is less than one hundred; in the well-known Mariposa grove, about six hundred; and in the North King's River grove, less than and they are gathered when in full half as many; but the Frenso group, the largest congregation of the north, occupies an area of three or four square miles.

> The average stature attained by the big tree under favorable conditions is perhaps about 275 feet, with a diameter of twenty feet. Few full-grown specimens fall much short of this, while many are twenty-five feet in diameter and nearly 300 feet high. Fortunate trees, so situated as to have escaped the destructive action of fire, are occasionally found measuring thirty feet in diameter, and very rarely one that is much larger.

Yet so exquisitely harmonious are even the very mightiest of these monarchs in all their proportions and cirus, and we are re-elected by a discrimi- the flow of milk and preventing change cumstances, there never is anything overgrown or huge-looking about them, not to say monstrous; and the first exclamation on coming upon a group for the first time is usually, "See what beautiful trees!" Their real godlike grandeur in the meantime is invisible, but to the loving eye it will be manifested sooner or later, stealing slowly on the senses like the grandeur of Niagara, or of some lofty Yosemite dome. Even the mere arithmetical greatness is never guessed by the inexperienced as long as the tree is comprehended from a little distance in one harmonious view. When, however, we approach so near that only the lower portion of the trunk is seen, and walk round and round the wide bulging base, then we begin to wonder at their vastness, and seek a measaring rod.

Sequoias bulge considerably at the base, yet not more than is required for beauty and safety; and the only reason. that this bulging is so often remarked as excessive is because so small a section of the shaft is seen at once. The real taper of the trunk, beheld as a unit, is perfectly charming in its exquisite fineness, and the appreciative eye ranges the massive columns, from the swelling muscular instep to the lofty summit dissolving in a crown of verdure, rejoicing in the unrivaled display of giant grandeur and giant loveliness.

About a hundred feet or more of the Care should be used in securing good | trunk is usually branchless, but its massive simplicity is relieved by the fluting bark furrows, and loose tufts and rosettes of slender sprays that wave lightly on the breeze and cast flecks of here and there for the sake of beauty

alone. The young trees wear slender, simple branches all the way down to the ground, put on with strict regularity, sharply aspiring at top, horizontal about half-way down, and drooping in handsome curves at the base. By the time the sapling is five or six hundred years old, this spiry, feathery, juvenile habit merges into the firm rounded dome form of middle age, which in turn takes on the eccentric picturesqueness of old age. No other tree in the Sierra forests has foliage so densely massed, or presents outlines so firmly drawn and so constantly subordinate to a special type. A knotty, angular ungovernable-looking branch eight or ten feet thick may often beseen pushing out abruptly from the trunk, as if sure to throw the outline curves into confusion, but as soon as the general outline is approached it stops short, and dissolves in spreading, cushiony bosses of law-abiding sprays, just as if every tree were growing underneath some huge

ance of perfect freedom. The foliage of the saplings is dark bluish-green in color, while the oldest trees frequently ripen to a warm yellow tint like the libocedrus. The bark is rich einnamon brown, purplish in younger trees, and in shady portions of the old, while all the ground is covered with brown burs and leaves, forming color masses of extraordinary richness, not to mention the flowers and underbrush that brighten and bloom in their season. -John Muir, in Harper's Magazine.

invisible bell-glass, against whose curves

every branch is pressed and molded,

yet somehow indulging so many small

departures that there is still an appear-

Cincinnati Breakfast Table Diet. Curd is alluded to as "offal from the dairy," but it is an offal allusion.

"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" We can tell you: he has got trusted for a new suit of clothes.

Most women have need to whisper "lead us not into temptation" when they see another with a new bonnet.

Serpent skin shoes for ladies are the latest Paris novelty. Thus it is that they get even for the way the snake

treated Eve. The proverb "a short horse is soon curried," must not be construed as applying to mules. The shortest are the most careless with their feet.

Appearances cannot always be relied on. A young man may seem to wear a fine gold watch-chain, girls, but after all it may be plated, and pinned into his vest pocket.

It is said that the left foot of a lefthanded man is always longer than his right one, but when the old man reaches housewife would value such a gift, made after Adolphus from the top step he Each of the commanders was crowned by loving hands and nimble fingers for always sends the right foot, and in most

cases it is long enough. "Educate the nose," says some writer on physical culture. A great many are sufficiently educated now to turn up a

people who are their betters. The people of Ceylon bake and eat bees. If we were going to indulge in this kind of provender, we should want to know that the baker understood his business, for if a bee should revive after

he had been swallowed-\_\_\_!