

A STRANGE TALE OF THE SEA.

A Fortune Found and Lost.

Adventures of a Sailor Laid in the South Pacific.

My father owned the brig *Penshaw*, which was a tidy craft of 200 tons burden, sailing out of Australian and New Zealand ports. During the year when I was fifteen years old the brig was voyaging between Sydney and Wellington, a stretch of water about 2,200 miles wide. One night, as we had entered the straits, beating our way slowly up against a head wind, we came in collision with a coasting schooner running out. She had no lights set, and, as was afterward shown, all her crew, Captain included, were half drunk, and did not see us. I was on look out and saw the schooner first, but as we were close on the wind and she close at hand we could do nothing. She struck us on the starboard bow with a great crash. Our foremast went by the board, the schooner's bowsprit was twisted off, and the two craft bumped and crashed for three or four minutes and then separated.

In such emergencies men act on impulse and cannot always clearly remember what occurs. In this case I climbed aboard the schooner, thinking she was the least injured, and it appeared that every one of her crew tumbled on to the decks of the brig for the same reason. It was some minutes after the craft separated before I discovered that I was alone. The schooner was then in the trough of the sea and rolling about at a great rate. I first went forward and used an axe and my knife to

CUT AWAY THE JIBBOOM, bowsprit, and foretopmast, which were floating alongside. The mainboom of the foresail had been broken, and I dropped this sail. The foresail was all right, but I dropped the peak. The staysail and two jibs were gone. I now got the schooner dead before the wind, and she ran off at a great pace.

I now began to wonder how badly she had been damaged. I had seen that her bulwarks for a distance of fifteen feet on the starboard bow had been stove in, but as to the hull itself I could not say. I should have laid her head to the sea and wind but for her damages. Young as I was, I was born at sea, and a pretty fair sailor, and I knew I could not set a storm sail in the foretipping nor hold her up without it. I could not leave the wheel without fear of her broaching to, and so, for the first hour, I stood there expecting she would fill and founder. As she continued buoyant, and I failed to hear the swash of water below decks, I finally came to the conclusion that she had received no great injury. Such proved to be the case. Her stem and some of the planks were broken above the water line, and the bulwarks had been torn away as the bowsprit was wrenched out, but her crew had no call to leave her.

The accident occurred about 10 o'clock. The wind was then blowing a lively rate, but by midnight there was half a gale and a heavy sea. There was foresail enough to lift and send her, and I don't remember that I was anything more than anxious over the outcome. I was being blown to the east, right into the South Pacific, but at that season of the year the gales were likely to be of short continuance. This one reached its height at midnight, and

WHEN DAYLIGHT CAME the sea had very much decreased, and the schooner could not have made over ten miles an hour running with all sail set. After I could see the length of her I brought her head on, and by lashing the foresail boom amidship and dropping the peak a little more I found she would hold there with the wheel lashed a-port. This done I went aloft for a look around, but could see nothing. Returning to the deck I got out the union jack and set it in the main rigging as a signal of distress, and then inspected damages. The little craft was as dry as a bone, though her bows above water were a complete wreck. There was little or nothing I could do to mend matters, and so I turned to and prepared breakfast. By the time that was eaten, the wind had dropped to a three-knot breeze, while the sky promised good weather for the next day or two.

When I came to inspect the cargo I found it to consist mostly of lumber. This was to have been taken up the coast to the site of a new town. There was also some hardware, provisions, machinery, and dry goods. The lumber in the vessel would float her no matter if the hold was full of water, and I need have no fears on the question of food and drink. When I came to look for a chart I could find nothing—not even a coast survey chart. The Captain had seemed to trust entirely to memory or luck in making his voyages up and down. I had looked over father's charts many a time, but in such a cursory way that I could not now remember what land lay to the east of me. I remembered that the nearest coast was that of South America, but that was thousands of miles away, and I concluded that my chance lay in being picked up by some vessel. After dinner I lay down and slept for several hours, and on awakening went aloft for a look around. Nothing but sky and water were in sight. I had been driving to the west all day at the rate of about three knots an hour, and when I came to figure up the probable run of the night before I estimated that I was a hundred miles off the coast. The breeze still held from the same quarter, and freshened somewhat as night came on.

I REMAINED AWAKE until about 10 o'clock, and then bunked down on deck, and was so little disturbed that I slept right through the night, and awoke at 6 o'clock next morning to be treated to a tremendous surprise. The schooner was high and dry on a sandy shore, and before me was a beautiful green forest. She had taken ground so softly that I had not been disturbed.

I was ashore on the Chatham Islands, a group of fourteen verdant islands to the east of New Zealand, and the only break in the still waters stretching to the coast of Patagonia. I had struck one of the larger ones, called "Catharine," and I was no sooner on my feet than there was such a chattering of birds as almost deafened me. These islands were not then inhabited, and have such a sparse population now that the number is not recorded on the charts. Land being so plenty and cheap on the Island of New Zealand itself, and there being so many fertile islands along its coast, no set of people care to isolate themselves by taking up a residence on the Chathams. I got down over the bows and reached the beach dry-shod,

and after three hours of walking about I found that I had come ashore on an island about three miles in length and breadth, it being nearly square. It was covered with the verdure of the tropics, and, while the trees seemed to be full of birds, I saw neither serpents nor wild animals.

The schooner lay exposed to the westerly gales and seas, and it would only be a question of a week or two when she would break up or be buried in the sands. It therefore stood me in hand to get all out of her that I could before this disaster took place. I began right after dinner, and it would surprise you to know how much I accomplished in the next four days. By use of the capstan, winch, and a block and pulley in the main rigging I got out twenty-one barrels of flour, eight of meal, and besides this I got ashore all the sails, cabin furniture, cooking utensils, &c. There were axes, shovels, picks, hoes, rakes, garden seeds, carpenter's tools, and a host of other things, which could be handled, and I got out enough boards to make me a cabin and floor it. On the evening of the 5th day a strong wind came up from the west, accompanied by a very high tide, and instead of the schooner breaking up she floated and a current pulled her off, and she drifted down the coast about a mile. She then struck on a sunken ledge, turned over, and the seas broke her up.

There was no prominent point on the island where I could set a signal. I therefore contented myself with keeping a lookout to the west. Twice during the first two weeks I saw ships afar off by the aid of the glass. Then

SIX WEEKS PASSED without my sighting anything. Meanwhile I had erected my house back about forty feet from the shore, got all the goods under cover, and was more satisfied with my lot than some men would have been. I had no way of knowing whether father's brig went down in the collision or not, but was satisfied that if he escaped with his life he would make search for me.

I had been on the island three months when I one day made a wonderful discovery. I was on the south shore, where the forest was more open and the soil composed of sand and shell, and I stopped for a moment under the shade of a tree. As I did so a small animal, only about half as large as a hare, ran past my feet and into its burrow, only a yard away. As I followed it with my eye I saw something glitter in the fresh dirt thrown out, and I picked it up to find that it was an English sovereign. Raking over the dirt with my fingers, I soon found four others, together with some small pieces or mouldy canvas. I at once jumped to the conclusion that there must be a store of treasure below, and I ran for a shovel. It was easy digging there, and I had not gone down over two feet before I was throwing out more money than dirt.

The treasure had been contained entirely in canvas bags. These had been stout enough at the outset, but the dampness of the earth had finally rotted them. I could not lift a single one of the bags out by itself on this account, but brought down a piece of sail cloth and spread it on the ground and then piled the treasure on it as I freed it from the dirt. There had been twelve bags of money, every piece of gold. I knew the value only of English currency. There were pieces I knew to have been coined in India, Spain, France, Holland, and the United States, and I gave a guess at the value by the weight alone. I found the treasure about 8 o'clock in the morning, and it was after noon before I had

ALL THE MONEY on the sail-cloth. I was a stout, healthy boy, but I could not have lifted a tenth part of the total weight. I doubt if a stout man could have dragged it a foot.

The first thought was to get the money to my house—a mile away. I got a stout sack, and planned to carry the pile away in such loads as I could lift, but then I began to argue that as I was the only person on the island, the money was as safe where it was as it would be in my house. I therefore filled my pockets with the larger pieces as specimens, and contented myself with spreading a piece of canvas over the heap and throwing on some branches. I was not greatly rattled over the big find, although I knew there must be tens of thousands of dollars there. I was simply a little more anxious to sight a sail, and for the next week I did nothing but patrol up and down the shores and look seaward. I visited the money every morning and evening, and now and then paved the heap over and carried away such coins as I desired to more closely inspect.

It was, I believe, on the morning of the thirteenth day after finding the money that I walked down to the water for my morning dip to see a whaling bark hove too about a mile away and one of her boats pulling in. It was the English whaling craft *Grampus*, and father had met her Captain in a New Zealand port and asked him to call at the islands as he bore away and

LOOK FOR TRACES OF ME. When it was found that I was alive and well the Captain came ashore. He would not promise to carry me to New Zealand under six months, as he was bound to the Banks of Brazil, but he listed all my property off at a fair value and put it to my credit. When everything had been taken abroad I showed him my pocket pieces and told him of my find. What I had brought up to the house counted up nearly £200 English money. I started with him for the spot where the treasure was lying accompanied by three of his men, and we reached it to find that everything had disappeared. There was the hole I had dug—here were the withered branches which had covered the heap—there the tracks of men leading down to the water's edge. I had been there at sundown the night before. During the night a party had landed and removed the last stiver of money. From whence they came, in what craft, how they knew the treasure was there, which way they sailed, all these were queries which all could put but no one answer. A day after leaving the island the bark encountered a British gunboat, and we told her Captain the story. He cruised in search of the mysterious craft for several days, but did not sight her, and all official inquiry made by the New Zealand Government failed to trace anything further.

Westminster Abbey. The royal commission appointed to examine Westminster abbey in its relation to future burials report that there is comfortable room for forty or fifty more, but space can be made for seventy-eight more by devoting every available spot for the purpose. The present rate of abbey funerals is about one a year.

WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT TURKS.

The Turbanned Man of the East, His Wives and Concubines, and the Haughty Eunuch.

"The Turk is not the man of many wives he is commonly believed to be. It is an exception rather than the rule for the men of Turkey to have more than one wife. The lower classes never have more than one. It is only the wealthy Pashas who have two or three wives, the latter number, according to the Koran, being legally allowed to every Mussulman."

This is what Carlos Rivera, a Spaniard who is travelling in this country, has to say about life in Turkey. Signor Rivera is engaged in the China trade at Constantinople, and calls the Turkish metropolis his home. "I have lived several years at Constantinople," continued the traveller, who speaks excellent English, "and have been as close an observer of Turkish harem life as it was possible for an outsider to be. The number of wives legally allotted to every Mussulman is exclusive of any number of slaves and concubines. Slaves and concubines are not found in the homes of the lower classes. The middle classes keep slaves, but the heads of these households rarely have concubines."

"But when I say that polygamy is an exception I do not mean that there are not numerous harems in the empire, for there are. The Turk, however, who is at the head of the harem does not have the royal time and many privileges one is led to suppose. He pays the bills, though. He calls on his wives when it is convenient for them to receive him. No acquaintance, however slight, must have with others than those of his own harem. Sometimes he cannot enter his own house. When a lady calls on one of his wives she leaves her slippers outside the harem door. Should the husband observe them he knows ladies are visiting, and therefore he must take a stroll around the block, smoke a cigarette, or do something else until the fair caller has departed."

"If in a public square or a bazaar he should happen to see some of his own women he is not permitted to recognize them even if they are squandering his money on something that would be of no use to any one. He may see one of his wives paying fabulous prices for silks and jewels, and know the bills will be sent to him, but he must not object in public. What he says or does at some subsequent time I know not of, but there is no law I know of that prevents him from blacking her eyes or pulling her hair when he gets her in her apartments at the harem."

"How are the poor eunuchs treated?" Sig. Rivera was asked.

"Poor eunuchs!" remarked the traveller. "The people of Turkey don't think the eunuchs are abused creatures, and they are not. Their life is one perpetual picnic. They are the greatest personage in the harem: their power is almost absolute; they are captains of the girls and when the latter become unruly the eunuchs are the ones to chastise them. They whip the girls with rods when the offense committed is serious enough. But they are the most hideous-looking creatures in Turkey. They have repulsive faces, short thick necks, and generally long legs. They are haughty and overbearing in their manners and when escorting their mistresses through the streets plainly demonstrate their contemptible disposition when clearing the way for the pets of the Pashas. They slash about indiscriminately with the 'courbatch,' and make things generally unpleasant for anybody who is not on the lookout. Besides being paid princely salaries the eunuchs squeeze all the money they can out of the inmates of the harem, and large fortunes are amassed by them."

"Mutes are still employed by the Sultan as guards or attendants. This class is not obtained from an asylum or anything of that kind, but are manufactured. That brutal practice of cutting out tongues of youthful eunuchs in order to obtain attendants in the offices where official business is carried on is still as popular as ever. The youths are not only deprived of means of speech but everything else is done to keep them in a state of ignorance. This is no 'Arabian Nights' romance, but a deplorable truth."

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLORS.

More Information Concerning Prof. Lippmann's Discovery.

I have had another conversation with Prof. Lippmann of the Sorbonne, in which I called his attention to the points raised on his discovery of how to photograph colors, says the Paris correspondent of the *London News*. The colors are permanent—he made use of the word "fixed"—and they are only seen by reflection in looking at the plate and not through it. One sees the colors well in daylight or lamplight, but better in reflected than in direct artificial light. Thus the professor directed the back of a glass plate on which he photographed a spectrum and held the face toward the white side of a paper lamp-shade. In the light it threw back on them the colors took such a brightness as only to be comparable to the prismatic hues in a well-cut Golconda diamond. When he held the plate between my eye and the light I did not see a trace of color on it.

He said his method had nothing in common with the so-called chromo-lithograph photography invented by two Frenchmen, M. Charles Cros and M. Duocq de-Haaron. Their coloring system is a printing process. If they wanted, for instance, to do a red robe, yellow turban, and green sash, they would have three different plates, one with the turban done in a yellow pigment, another with the robe in a red one, and the third with a sash in green. These would be successively stamped upon a photograph; but the coloration would not be due to the direct and sole action of light on the negative.

M. Lippmann thinks that he will be able to reproduce composite hues, such as are found in the human complexion or a landscape, but said he had never tried and therefore can assert nothing. Scientists, however, despaired more of getting the bright than the subdued colors, the former of which he has been able to catch and fix. I never saw any effects more neat and perfect than those he has obtained. M. Lippmann has been at the Sorbonne five years. He was thrown in the way of his discovery in preparing a lecture on Newton's theory of light.

Pressed for Time—Mummies.

When two souls have but a single thought they should stop spooning and take up study.

STONED TO DEATH.

Summary Justice Meted Out in the Biblical Manner in Afghanistan.

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The dictum of the old law still holds good in Afghanistan. In fact, the manners, customs, and surroundings of the Afghans of to-day might be prototyped in the pages of the old testament as faithfully as the life of the Israelites. The Afghans are Mohammedans, it is true, but their religion is built on old law lines and their social life is as simple and patriarchal as when the great lawgiver Moses ruled the destinies of the people of Israel.

For in Afghanistan of to-day oxen tread out the corn and plow the fields; and the plow itself is a counterpart of the Mosaic instrument. Corn is ground in hand-mills, and a goatskin serve as a "water-bottle." Household and farming utensils have changed nothing during the centuries that have elapsed since the Israelites tramped the desert by the Red sea. In short, you could find a series of "tableaux vivants" in the surrounding of Afghanistan of to-day to fill up chapter by chapter the scenes depicted in the old testament. It is said that the Afghans are one of the lost tribes, and certainly as far as a dogged adherence to Israelitish notions is concerned they might be.

There is no mistaking the Mosaic parallel as far as the social customs present themselves; but I was astonished one evening, during the Russian scare, when I was on the Afghan frontier, to see the very similitude of the old law punishment of stoning to death put in practice.

A yelling mob of people came rushing from all directions toward the outskirts of the village of Puckta, picking up pieces of stone by the way and piling them in little heaps by their feet. I thought at the time they were going to have a pitched battle, with stones as missiles. But shortly a man came running forward, followed by a splitting, hooting mob, shouting "Sag! Sag!" (dog! dog!) The unfortunate runaway evidently knew his fate—his final appeal for mercy on his soul, for from that howling mob he well knew he need expect none.

The man had scarcely time to finish his invocation, when, from all directions a literal shower of stones fell on him. For a moment he swayed to and fro under the onslaught. Soon the terrible shower had battered him into a jellied, blood bespattered mass, his very clothes showing rents through which the blood found vent and spurted freely. He wavered for a moment with his chin bobbing his chest, and then, after doubling up at the knees and middle, fell in a heap, dead.

Still the howling mob continued their terrible fusillade of stone until around the already lifeless body a cairn was formed, completely covering in the corpse. And then the mob clapped their hands, crowed, and went their way. "That dog is done for," said they. Done for! Yes, it was a terrible doing; for there under the heap of stones the man's nerves and muscles still vibrated in their post-death struggle, causing the stone heap to rise and fall as if in labor with a thing of life; rose and fell in their horrible parterrie for a few moments until the twitching of nerve and muscle ceased, and all was still. "Consummatum est." The murderer of Afghanistan has breathed his last and his jacket is written around the tombstone in those blood marks that bespatter the ground about his grave cairn.

WAYS OF THE WANKONDES.

One of the Races Inhabiting the Central Part of Africa.

In a new book of African adventure L. M. Fotheringham tells of a two years' struggle with Arab slave-dealers in Central Africa. In speaking of the Wankondes he says: You could see the people in their element any forenoon you chose to walk among the bananas. You would be greeted on all sides with "Sawkire, ugunili?" "Good morning, have you slept well?" Possibly some of the natives might be at their toilet, some washing and others shaving. Both women and men shave off their eyebrows and pull out their eyelashes—a practice which does not enhance their appearance. They also shave the head. A bit of iron with a good edge does duty as a razor. In the matter of dress the men simply wear a brass loin belt made out of brass wire imported from Britain. The wire on its arrival is a little thicker than a common lead-pencil, and is bartered to the natives in exchange for cattle, ivory, etc. The process of drawing out the wire is very interesting.

The men love to sit and smoke their morning pipes under the cool shade of the bananas. The pipe is simply a gourd with a little hole at the bottom, into which the head or cup with the tobacco is put. Water is poured into the gourd. A hole at the top, about one inch in diameter, is the mouth-piece. The native puts his lips over this hole and takes a good pull, and then passes it on to his neighbor. Then they puff the smoke in the air and watch it, with their dreamy eyes, dissolve among the leaves. They know both how to grow tobacco and how to smoke it, as the luxury of the native pipe is uncommonly refreshing.

The Wankondes yield to none in hospitality. Whenever you enter a village you are presented to the chief and receive a present of a bullock or its equivalent in fruit, etc. There are only two regular meals in the day (I shall not say how many snacks they have in the interval), and these occur at midday and between 6 and 7 o'clock at night. Native etiquette prevents the men dining along with the women. The staple food is usima, a kind of porridge made out of the flour of Indian corn, mpemba, or cassava. By way of relish they have vegetables or stewed fowl or fish. On the whole, the Wankondes, as I found them, were a particularly prosperous and happy people, inoffensive and contented. I could not help thinking how much better they were than certain products of civilization at home.

The buyer who tries to beat you down a price-fighter.

The Empress of Austria, who suffers much from rheumatism, has a lady doctor in attendance.

The merchant may know nothing of the pugilist, but he has daily struggles with the price-fighter.

Every heart knoweth its own bitterness. Many a man who looks happy is wearing a shirt his wife made.

TIT BITS.

Papa Was a Cynic.

Miss Chinee—Do you know, they are able to trace my dear Charlie's ancestry back almost as far as Louis XVI.
Miss Sapphires (admiringly)—You don't say! and must they stop there?
Miss Chinee—Yes. Papa says the detectives probably lost the clew.

Locked but Satisfied.

"So you took satisfaction out of your rival at last Joe?"
"Yes! I got on him yesterday."
"You look awfully bunged up. Where did the satisfaction come in?"
"Well, you see, I was satisfied I got locked."

And He Obeyed.

"I am something of an expert at palmistry, dearest," said the young man, taking her hand.
"In the lines of this fair palm I can trace—"
"Oh, no, no, no! I don't want to know the future, Harry. But can you truly read the lines in the palm of my hand?"
"I can, dear!"
"Then please turn down the light a little lower, Harry?" she said with a shudder.

No Doubt of It.

She—You don't mind my talking so much, do you?
He—No indeed, but (facetiously) I may mind after we are married.
She—But I shan't mind then if you do.

Curtailing Expenses.

Wife—I am going to economize in our household expenses, Charlie.
Charlie (kissing her fondly)—What a dear little wifey you are.
Wife (continuing)—Yes, I've discharged the servant girl and hired a Chinaman.
Husband—But where does the economy come in?
Wife—Why, the kisses you were obliged to pay her for you can get from me for nothing.

A Straight Tip.

Wagley—I'll tell you how to make a lot of money.
Wooden—How?
Buy a lot of thermometers now, and sell them next July.
I don't see how I can make any money that way.
Why, man, they're sure to go up eighty or ninety points.

Bondage.

"What, going home now? It's only five o'clock."
"We have dinner at sharp six, you know."
"You must be terribly afraid of your wife."
"Wife's all right. It's my cook."

Not in It.

She—Who do you think is the prettiest girl in the room?
He—Oh, I don't know. That little brunette over on the sofa, I guess.
And then the stupid fellow wondered all the rest of the evening why her manner toward him suddenly grew so cold.

Philosophical Pleasures.

Drowsy—I wish it were always Sunday, so that I could sleep a little longer.
Rousey—I find six times more pleasure in life, in that respect, than you.
How so?
Why, I get up an hour earlier on Sundays than my usual time, and am sorry it's not a work-day. On other days I am glad it is not Sunday, see?
Ya-as.

Mary Once More.

Mary had a little pug—
Its nose was black as sin,
And everywhere that Mary went
He stuck his black nose in.
"What makes the dog love Mary so?"
The curious people cry.
"Because she makes a fool of him,"
The cynic did reply.
"And why does she love puggy so?"
The people cry, "Hurray!
Because she is a girl, you see,
And girls are built that way."

A Scene at a Soda Counter.

"It's my turn," she said at the soda counter, taking out a little purse.
"No, it's mine," said her friend rummaging in her pocket, where she found a small shabby pocketbook; "what will you take?"
"What you do."
"Then I'll have soda'n cream."
"So'll I."
"Two sodas'n cream, please," to the drug clerk. "Oh, wait a minute. Wouldn't you rather have ginger ale, Min?"
"No, dear, unless you do."
"Hum-m-m. Lemme see. I b'lieve I'd rather."
"Then I'll have ginger ale, too."
So the druggist who had been standing with the two empty glasses in his hand, turned to draw the ginger ale.
"I don't know. Ginger ale sometimes makes my head ache. S'pose we take chocolate soda, Min?"
"All right, dear. That will be nice."
Then they chatted like young magpies.
"Is there a black spot on my face, Lil?"
"No, Min. You look lovely, but I know I'm looking like a fright."
"You sweet thing, you never looked better in your life. That one-spot veil is so becoming."
"But you manage your spot so much better. Mine gets in my eye."
"Here's our chocolate. Now put up your purse. This is my treat."
"Well, if you won't let me, but I really ought," etc., etc.
There is a gurgling silence and another dime has been squandered.