

# SUNSTRUCK.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

## CHAPTER I.

Bang!  
"Fullo! had you that time you blood-sucking wretch."  
"Ping-ing-ing—um-um-um!"  
"Missed him, by George! Oh dear! how hot it is!"  
Then silence in the black darkness of the officer's cabin of His Majesty King George III.'s sloop of war, The Queen, sailing slowly among the paradise-like islands of the West Indies.  
Then, ping-ing-ing again, the shrill hum of a mosquito, followed by the tiny trumpets of two more of the virulent insects, one in a higher, the other in a lower pitch than the first heard.  
"Hang 'em! I believe a cloud of the little demons came on board this afternoon from that confounded mangrove swamp.—Jack!"  
"No answer."  
"Jack!"  
"Still so reply."  
"Jack! Why don't you speak?"  
"I'll speak to some purpose directly," said another voice. "Why can't you let a man sleep?"  
"I'll let you sleep, if they'll let me sleep; but I don't see any fun in tossing about here all night while you are snoring."  
"Well, what do you want?"  
"To talk."  
"And I want to sleep.—Good-night."  
"I say, don't be selfish, Jack. Is it near morning?"  
"No; we haven't been down an hour."  
"I say though, do you smell cooking?"  
"Eh? No. Why?"  
"Because I feel as if I were being stewed."  
"Bother!—Good-night."  
"Pretty sort of a messmate you are. I wish to goodness the mosquitoes worried you as they do me.—I say, Jack."  
"No answer."  
"Lieutenant John Manton!"  
"Lieutenant William Burns, the heat down here is terrific. I am utterly wearied out, and so sleepy I can hardly move; but if you say another word to me, I'll get up and douse you."  
"Will you? Do—do—there's a good fellow! Get one of the men to dip a fresh bucket of water for you. Oh, joyful news!"  
"Cranuch!"  
A dull heavy shock which made the sloop quiver, and a long low grinding noise that had but one meaning in those seas, and made the two young officers leap from their cots and begin hurrying on a few clothes, as over a bus of excited cries, orders, and the noise of hurrying feet, came the roll of the drum, beating to quarters; while when the young men reached the deck, it was to pass the drummer making the parchment throb just as he had leaped out from his hammock and clothed now in the broad pipe-claved sling, his drum, and nothing else.  
Sea perfectly calm, the land invisible, and the ship motionless, the long gentle heavy swell over which she had been riding, now breaking gently against the larboard bows. Overhead, the great soft mellow stars burning; below and all around, apparently lying on the ocean, a slight mist.  
In a very short time every man was in his place, the proper officers had descended to sound the well, the various crews stood by ready to man the boats, and pending orders, and the report which might mean life or death, the saying of a gallant ship or her sinking beneath their feet, the captain spoke hurriedly to his officers, who learned that the first lieutenant who was in charge had only left the deck to make his report, and the sloop was just forging slowly ahead in the lightest breezes when she struck.  
"Not your fault, Morrison," said the captain quickly. "There's no rock laid down in the chart anywhere here, and we must be miles from land."  
"I'm afraid not, sir. We've got into some swift current, and—"  
"Hah!" exclaimed the captain, as the carpenter came up. "Well?"  
Every head was craned forward, every sense strained to catch the report, and a thrill of excitement ran along the deck as the man said in his hoarse, sawdusty voice: "Well 'bout dry, sir. She's not making a drop."  
Against discipline, but a loud cheer more like a yell of delight rose from the excited crew; and as silence once more reigned, fresh orders were given, and all knew that they must wait for morning, men forming the biggest watch ever known upon that deck.  
"Just as all seemed so calm and peaceful, Will," said Lieutenant Manton, as the two young men stood trying to penetrate the mist which lay thickly off the starboard side.  
"Yes; a queer life, ours," said Burns.  
"Think we are near the land?"  
"Yes, I fancy so: much nearer than we supposed."  
"Think we shall save the ship?"  
"Hah!" ejaculated Manton, "I hope so; but we must be on sharp coral, and Morrison says we went on nearly at high-water. We shall see."  
Morning seemed as if it would never come; but when the sun rose at last, and began to dissipate the mist, they caught sight first of the top of a mountain—a gracefully curved and beautiful fully wooded cone, out off slopingly at the top; and by degrees, as the mist passed away from its sides, there, in a blue haze shot with green and gold, lay precipice, gully, and patch of wondrous verdure, all veined by silvery falls till there lay clear in the morning sun the brilliantly coloured shores of a lovely tropic island sparsely dotted with houses, and here and there one which seemed to be the centre of some plantation.  
"Not a bad place to settle down in, Jack, if we lose the ship."  
"Hang it, man!" cried his brother-officer, flushing; "don't talk so coolly of losing your ship. Any one would think you wished her to go to the bottom."  
"I don't, lad," said the young man, gazing longingly at the lovely island so near at hand; "but I shouldn't mind having a come month ashore."  

### CHAPTER II.

It was about the same hour that Renee Greville threw back her casement to admit the soft cool breeze from off the sea, and as the jalousies creaked there was the sharp rattle of a chain somewhere near, and a deep-toned bay, such as could only have run a bloodhound's throat

"Morning, Nep. Good dog then," cried Renee.  
There was a short answering bark, the rattle of the chain again, and a canine silence as the girl gazed over the veranda on the wealth of tropic foliage and flower in the great garden which surrounded the house and whose blossoms were still drenched with the heavy night-dew.  
As she stood there, her little white hands were busy putting the finishing touches to her long fair hair; while her bright gray eyes sparkled, and a pleasant look of animation came into her sweet English face as she listened to a sweetly musical voice in the plantation, a hundred yards away, singing a weirdly strange ditty, which was repeated softly, line by line, in chorus by a score or so of voices. So peculiar and catching was the melody the girl's lips parted, and quite to herself she sang the song, whose rather childish English words had been wedded to the wild strain that had in all probability been brought over in slave-ship from the west coast of Africa.  
"An' Junolub her rubber when a moon shine clear," sang Renee, the air and words having been familiar to her ear since she was a tiny child, taken by her black nurse down among the slaves toiling in the cane-rows or in the coffee plantations.  
Then, after a little busy manipulation of her fair hair: "Josee, dear do get up."  
She looked toward an inner door of her dainty room as she spoke; but there was no reply.  
"Oh Josee, you tiresome girl, how can you lie sleeping on such a lovely morning, Josee, it's nearly breakfast-time. Papa won't like it if you are not down."  
"When a moon shine clear," she sang in her sweet young thrilling voice. "Now for a flower for my hair, and one for dear old Dad."  
She went to the window again, and reached out to where a passion-flower trailed up over the broad veranda and climbed up the jalousies of her own room, spreading a profusion of its blossoms, all brilliant scarlet, with purple markings in the centre; and she was in the act of picking a partly opened bloom, when her lips parted, and she uttered a half-suppressed "Oh!" and stood leaning out, gazing at where, on the glassy sea-over which faint wreaths of mist still floated, lay His Majesty's ship, motionless, with her sails now furled.  
"Here, quick, Josee," she cried. "Come and see."  
Almost at the same moment there was a step in the wide passage beyond the door—and a bluff cheery voice shouted: "Hi! girls! Wake up! Here's a man-o'-war close in. Renee, have you had the glass? I had it last in my room to watch the men. See the ship?"  
"Yes; I've been looking at it," said Renee, opening her door.  
"Come and look again, then," said the bluff-looking, deeply bronzed man, whose crisp fair hair was cut closely to his well-shaped head, in direct opposition to the fashion of the period with its perukes and queues. "You don't see a king's ship every day, my girl, and it's a treat after all.—Come, Josephine."  
There was no answer, but a scuffling noise suggested that the bearer of the name was dressing hurriedly. Then the door closed behind Renee, who was standing directly after at a broad window with her father, who was using the glass.  
"What have they come here for I wonder?" he said, as he held it to his eye. "Want water and fresh vegetables, I suppose, and— Why, Renee, my girl," he continued excitedly, "they've run on the Gray Corals, and she's fast."  
"Run on the rocks, papa!—Not wrecked?"  
"Not yet, my dear; but if they don't get her off before the first breeze rises, she'll never sail another knot.—Here, ahoy, there!" he roared, with his hands to his mouth. "Negus—Priam—where are you all?"  
A tall muscular negro came hurrying round from the garden and looked.  
"Get three men and the gig directly."  
"S'masah," cried the black, and he went off at a trot.  
"Going out to the ship, papa?" said the girl.  
"Yes, child; to see whether I've forgotten all my old training."  
"I'll see to your breakfast," cried Renee. "No; I'm going now;" and kissing the girl hastily, he descended to the cool open hall, caught up a straw hat, and hurried out.  
Ten minutes later, as Renee stood at the window, joined now by a very dark, creamy-complexioned girl, whose eyes and wavy hair told plainly of the blood intermingled in her veins, they could see the water flashing as the light gig in which Renee's father was seated sped over the glassy sea, propelled by the muscular arms of four stout black rowers, who pulled with a regular man-o'-war stroke.  
"Oh Josee," cried Renee, with the tears in her eyes; "isn't it dreadful?"  
"Dreadful!" said the dark girl dreamily. "Yes; that beautiful ship fast on the rocks. Papa thinks it will be a wreck."  
"Well, they must build another," said the girl, slowly and languidly.  
"Josee!"  
"What does it matter? No one is drowned, and it is something to think about. It is so dull and miserable here."  
"Why Josee, dear," cried Renee, throwing her arms about the girl's neck and kissing her. "You are as bad now as you used to be when a child—always cross till you have had your breakfast."  
"I am not cross," said the girl, knitting her dark brows, and a curiously stern look coming over her handsome face; "only sick of it all."  
"Josee!"  
"I am, I tell you—sick of it. You despise me; your father only tolerates me out of charity; I'm so contemptible that the very slaves look down upon me. I am not a white; I'm not even black. I wish I were dead—I wish I were—"  
She stopped short as she saw the tears falling fast down Renee's cheeks, and in an instant the look of languid indifference and bitterness gave place to a wild excitement.  
"Renee, Renee," she sobbed, as she threw herself on her knees and embrace her, "don't—don't cry, dear. You do—I know you do—love me; it is like killing me to see you cry. What a wretch—what an ungrateful wretch I am!"  
"Hush, hush, Josee, darling," whispered Renee, sinking down by her to embrace and kiss her fondly, their light and dark hair intermingling as the tears fell fast. "There; I will not cry; but it does hurt me to hear you talk like that. And it is so unjust."

"Yes; I suppose it is; but you cannot tell what I feel."  
"I know what you ought to feel," said Renee, kissing the ripe full lips as the girl clung to her. "You know papa said we were to be like sisters, and I have tried to be so dear, always."  
"Yes, always; but I cannot help it. I don't know how it is, but I am sick of everything."  
"In a home like this, dear!" said Renee, reproachfully.  
"Yes, even in a home like this," said the girl, with the sombre look once more clouding her handsome face. "I am weary of the flowers; their scent sickens me. I hate the fruit; it all seems to cloy. I hate—"  
"Don't say you hate us, Josee, dearest," cried Renee, laying her peachy cheek against her companion's of soft olive.  
"Hate you?" cried the girl with a passionate sob. "Nothing could make me hate you."  
"Nothing?"  
"Nothing, Renee, dear; I hate myself."  
"Oh Josee," whispered Renee, "how can you talk so?"  
"Because I am half one of a despised race."  
"It is not true," said Renee with spirit. "You cannot even say that of your dead mother. Papa has often told me that she was a beautiful quadroon lady, whom his friend loved; while you—"  
"I am one who envies the poor black women who are your father's slaves."  
"You do not, for you are my dearest sister, and you shall not speak like this. But, Josee," cried Renee suddenly, "why do you go and talk so much to old Aunt Miramis as you do?"  
The girl started as if she had been stung, but recovering herself, she cried with forced gaiety: "Because she has always been kind to me, I suppose."  
"She has not, dear; she has always sneered at you, I know."  
"Oh, then, because they say she is a witch, I suppose. I want to know what is to come to pass, Renee. I want my future told."  

### CHAPTER III.

The boat soon reached the side of the sloop, and, after a challenge, its owner was allowed to climb on deck, where he was met by Manton.  
"You wish to see the captain?" said the latter, in answer to the visitor's demand. "Better send a message, sir. He is hardly likely to attend to you now."  
"I want no attention, sir," said the visitor authoritatively. "I am an old sailor. I saw from my windows the condition your ship is in. Tell your commanding officer that Captain Greville, R. N., has come to offer his assistance to lighten the vessel. It is your only chance. Tell him he can have fifty or a hundred men."  
The young officer's manner changed, and he saluted the speaker, hurried off, and returned to ask their visitor to come on the quarter-deck, where Captain Lance was standing with the first lieutenant, superintending the change of position of the guns so as to careen the ship.  
"Glad to see you, Captain Greville," he said, holding out his hand. "Very good of you to come and help; but I think we shall be off soon with the loss of a little false keel. There is no leak."  
"You are counting on the tide," said Captain Greville sharply. "It is a vain hope, sir. We only have a rise here of a couple of feet, and you must have taken the ground at high-water. There is a terrific current out yonder, and it brought you in."  
Captain Lance gave an impatient stamp.  
"Nothing else for it, sir. I should lower every boat at once and land my guns and shot first."  
"And not wait to see what the next tide will do?"  
"I have been here twenty years," said Captain Greville. "As a planter, and I know the weather at this time of year. The sea is like a lake now. In an hour it may be so that no boat can live. The rocks upon which you have run your ship are like knives. Take my word for it, there is not a moment to lose."  
"I do take your word for it, sir," said Captain Lance. "We will lighten her at once."  
"And I will get together four boats and about a hundred men to help."  
"But they are not used to handling heavy stores."  
"Well, sir," said Captain Greville, smiling, "we consider our sugar-casks and rye-punches pretty heavy articles to me here. At any rate they can relieve your lads of tot rowing. I have hardly a man who can row like one of a long-boat's crew. I will go back at once, and I need hardly say that my house is at your disposal. I am only a planter now, but am rejoiced to serve under the old colours once more. For the present good-bay."  
"I say, Jack," whispered Lieutenant Burns to his friend, "always our luck. His house at our disposal, and we must work like niggers here."  
"And with niggers there," said Manton. "Come, lad. We have got to save the ship."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### PEARLS OF TRUTH.

The blackest fluid is used as an agent to enlighten the world.  
Curiosity becomes a vice when it is only an itching to learn what is amiss respecting others.  
A wise man thinks before he speaks; but a fool speaks and then thinks of what he has been saying.  
Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.  
The verb "to be happy" has neither present, past nor future. It should be conjugated in the conditional.  
There is nothing which this age, from whatever standpoint we survey it, needs more, physically, intellectually and morally, than thorough ventilation.  
The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthrope who quarreled with it but it was he, not it, that was wrong.  
But calamity is, unhappily, the usual season of reflection, and the pride of men will not often suffer reason to have any scope until it can be no longer of service.  
A man can no more be a Christian without facing evil and conquering it than he can be a soldier without going to battle, facing the cannon's mouth, and encountering the enemy in the field.  
Economy is the parent of integrity, liberality and ease, and the sister of temperance, cheerfulness and health. Profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon that generally involves her followers in dependence and debt.  
Self is a wonder, a mystery as deep, maybe as God. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is all that is required. Selfishness is the counterfeit, self-love is the true coin. Many a fool thinks he loves himself when all wise men see that he is acting as if he hated himself.  
Friendship is one of the greatest boons that life can have. As Bacon says, "It redoubleth joys and cutteth grief in halves." But where brotherhood is united with it it attains a still richer result; for then it has a world of memories and early associations in common—the mutual love of the same honored parents, the recollections of the same beloved home and of past scenes vividly impressed on the minds of both, in which no other friend however dear can possibly share.  
There is only one real remedy for the weak and wavering mind that finds it so difficult to meet the ever recurring questions of life promptly and decisively, and that is continual practice. He who is conscious of this infirmity of purpose may do much to cure it by strict self-discipline. Having weighed the arguments on each side, or compared the advantages of different courses for a reasonable time, let him compel himself to choose one and refuse the other without longer delay. If he does this regularly and constantly in small things as well as in great, it will gradually become more and more practicable, and what once appeared to be a herculean task may at length become natural and easy.  

### The Wild Boy of Pindus

In an Athenian paper a tale comes from Thessaly of the wild boy on Mount Pindus: "Demetriades Worthy-of-honor, the warden of King's forest on Mount Pindus, was out shooting on the mountain. Being tired, he left the chase of the deer and turned up a path which led through a steep glen to some shepherds' huts, where he hoped to drink a cup of the milk of Pindus, milk which is famed to be the best of any. While he was walking quietly up the path he heard a rustling in the underwood and stayed to listen. Through the branches he saw an unknown animal moving very quickly in the same direction as himself, and made ready to fire at it, but was stopped by shouts of the shepherds on the hillside above who called to him not to shoot. He then followed this strange creature, which had the form indeed of a man and was wholly naked but ran very fast sometimes on his feet, but more often all fours, and reached the sheep cote before him. There he found it eagerly drinking the buttermilk from a trough into which it had run while the cheeses from the morning milking were being pressed. When it saw him near, it ran into the wood, and the chief of the shepherds told him its story. "He is a boy," he said, "a Wallachian, the son of a Wallachian, who lived at Castania, on Mount Pindus. The man went back to Wallachia to seek work, and there he married. He lived there some time, but afterward came back to Pindus. Six years he was absent, and he brought back four or five children. Then he died and left his five children to the 'five roads' (i.e., to fortune). The woman saw no way of keeping her children in Castania, so she distributed them among her neighbors and went back to her own country. But one of them ran away from the person with whom he has left and has lived in this part of the forest for four years."  
"He lives, even as you saw him, without clothes. In summer he lives well, and drinks our buttermilk daily. In winter he lies in the caves, and lives on roots and nuts. He has learned no form of speech, neither has he a name. The forest warden determined not to leave him to endure another winter on the mountain, so he bade the shepherds to catch and bind the boy, and fastened a rope to him and took him back to Trikala, where he clothed him, and has done what he can to civilize him. He always keeps him with himself, or under the care of some one who can talk, because he seems unable to learn to speak any word, though he imitates the voices of many wild creatures. Nor does he learn to understand the names of things. But animal sounds he mimics well, and he has learned to ride. As his real name is not known his guardian has called him Solron."

### Why Petticoat-Lane Was Thus Named.

Petticoat-lane—or as it is now named, Middlesex-street—was in former years called Hog-lane. Stowe speaks of it as a country road, with hedges, bushes, trees, and green fenders on either side, where the old Londoners used to go for a walk "to recreate and refresh their dull spirits in the sweet and wholesome air." It grew to be a fashionable, aristocratic neighborhood, where magnificent buildings were erected, and well people resided for a great number of years; but it gradually declined and was metamorphosed, like various other parts of the town, into the state of wretchedness, poverty, dirt and degradation as it is known to-day. Dealers in old clothes, and vagrant bone merchants took possession, and claimed it as their own; and from the number of female garments of all the colors of the rainbow, in all shapes and forms, and at all prices under a shilling that were hung outside the doors and windows and hawked from stands in the street, doubtless arose the appellation of Petticoat-lane, which probably at first was used in derision as an appropriate nickname; and appropriate it still continues, notwithstanding the rechristening of it as Middlesex-street. The sales and huckstering on Sunday mornings in this locality are one of the sights of the queer part of London life and character, and the language heard in every direction is that known as Yiddish.

### Walking Through the Sewers of London.

It is quite possible to walk through the main sewers of London, and the walk can extend over a great number of miles. The sewers of the Metropolis are as carefully mapped out as the streets themselves, and the authorities can find their way about in them quite easily. Curiously enough there is little that is unpleasant in a descent to underground London. The passages are egg-shaped, and built of glazed white brick, and quite clean. The swarms of rats are diminishing, and the "tothers," who made a living by scavenging mile after mile of the hidden highways, are no more. The old sewers, built of soft brickwork, were terribly ineffectual. To-day our sewer-men are a healthy-looking body, and rarely suffer from the effects of their strange journeys. The Fleet sewer, which at one time was one of London's natural streams, has, under Farringdon-street a diameter of 12ft. When it reaches Holborn Viaduct it divides into two branches, the dimensions of each of which is 12ft. by 6ft. These branches rejoin at Ludgate-hill, forming one large sewer which discharges into one of the intercepting drains or sewers. Other similarly large sewers exist. There are six of the large intercepting sewers—three on the north and three on the south side of the river. Their object is to intercept the efflux from other sewers and to convey it to the outputs at Barking Creek and Crossness.

### The Heart Misplaced.

Dr. J. M. Da Costa of Philadelphia, says in his "Medical Diagnosis" that changes in the situation of the heart produced by disease are manifold. It is tilted upwards and outwards by the left lobe of an enlarged liver. It is displaced by divers affections of the lungs and ribs. It is forced up by a pericardial effusion; in other words, by fluid entering and accumulating in the membranous covering, in which the heart is enclosed and to which it is attached, as the result of dropsy, local or general. But there are cases, and not uncommon ones, in which the heart is found beating on the right side of the sternum or breast-bone, though the person was born with the heart on the left side. One recent case was that of a boy about twelve years of age in a Berlin hospital, who was suffering from a slight inflammation of the windpipe. On being examined it was found that his heart was not in the left but in the right side of his chest, a fact of which his parents had been in entire ignorance. This deformity did not, however, interfere with the boy's ordinary well-being in any way. Another case was that of a young man whose heart was found by the physicians at Springfield, Ohio, to be on the right side. When he was a little boy he had been thrown from a farm wagon, the two wheels of which had passed obliquely across his chest. He was ill for some time, and it is believed that the heart was displaced by the wheels.

### A Whistling Language.

It seems that there is really a whistling language. A French traveller, M. Lajard, has written a work on the subject which has just been occupying the attention of the Paris Academy of Sciences. It is in the Canary Islands that people whistle instead of speaking when they hold converse with each other. Nor is the whistling language a mere language of conventional sounds. It is composed of words, as it were, like any other language and the inhabitants of the Canary Islands attain great proficiency in it, so that they can converse on all sorts of subjects. The whistling noise is produced by placing two fingers inside the mouth. M. Lajard declares that the language has a great affinity with Spanish, being in fact a sort of whistling Spanish. He has jotted some of it down in a sort of musical notation, and it is found that any sentence has exactly one syllable more than the equivalent sentence in Spanish, the extra sound being accounted for by the fact that the first syllable serves as a mere explanation designed to attract the attention of the person addressed. M. Lajard learned enough of the language to converse to a certain extent with the natives.

### The Best Lighted Cities in the World.

Paris, according to Mr. Alfred Shaw is now the best lighted city in the world, and a model for all cities that are bent on introducing electric lighting on a grand scale. It is the great installation under the vast central markets of Paris that has enabled the municipality to command the situation, and to carry out a scheme which has been settled not hastily, but after a patient, scientific and systematic study. The second best lighted city is Berlin, which is now fully provided with the electric light. Throughout all its streets and suburbs, lights of twenty-candle power are placed 120ft. apart and at crossings and places of public importance and resorts, lights of fifty-candle power are used. The famous and fashionable street known as "Unter den Linden," is said to be the best illuminated street in the world; it has three lines of electric arc lamps, which are separated by two rows of lime trees.

### Bleeding from Every Pore.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.  
WABASH, Feb. 18.—Physicians have been watching the peculiar case of Alexander Freeman, a well-known and prosperous farmer near Wabash, for over a week, and they are powerless to help him.  
Mr. Freeman's trouble is a constant and profuse flow of blood through the pores of the skin on all parts of his body. The blood accumulates under the skin until the skin is a dark purple and then oozes out in great drops.  
Mr. Freeman is constantly growing weaker from loss of blood, and unless the flow is stopped speedily he cannot live. His case baffles the skill of the best physicians.