THE "CHILIMAN" TRAGEDY

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

(CONTINUED.)

Nothing in any way memorable happened for a considerable time. The ship drove through the Atantic, impelled by strong beam and quartering winds which sometimes blew with the weight of half a gale and veiled her forecastle with glittering lifts of foam, and heeled her till her lee channels ripped through the seas in flashings fierce as the white water which leaps from the strokes of the thrasher's flails. The passengers had settled down to the routine of shipboard life. They played the piano; they sang; they hove the deck quoit; they formed themselves into whist parties. Both Captain Norton-Savage and his wife promised to become exceedingly popular with all the people who lived aft. The lady sang sweetly; she sang Spanish, English, and French songs. It was understood that she was a South American of pure Spanish blood on one side. Captain Norton Savage told a good story. He smoked excellent cigars, and was liberal with them. He came to me one day and talked about his wife, told me there was consumption in her family, and asked what I thought of a sea-voyage for her, and of the climate of Australia. I could find nothing to object to in the man except his stare. There was something defiant in his manner of looking at you; his speech was significant with it, even when nothing more was meant than met the ear. I was misled at first, and sometimes troubled myself to look under his words for his mind. Then I found out that it was his quelling stare which was responsible for what his language seemed to carry, and so, with the rest of us, took him as he offered himself.

And still I never felt quite easy with him, though no man laughed louder at his humorous stories.

I was going one morning from my berth to the cuddy, when at the foot of the steps which conducted to the hatch I met the young man called John Burgess. I had seen nothing of him for days. He came out of his cabin holding his cap; plenty of light flowed through the hatch; he was very pale, and I thought seemed ill, and his eyes had a wild look. He was handsome, as I have said, at least to my way of thinking; but there was an evil spirit in the delicate structure and lineaments of the face. I said good-morning. He answered, "Good-morning" in a low voice, but with a manner of impatience, as though he wished me to pass on or get out of his road.

"Are you going to Australia for your health?" said I, for the sake of saying something.

"No," he answered.

"Are you English?"

"Pray who are you?" he exclaimed, with a foreign accent.

"I am Dr. Harris," I answered, smiling.

He looked uneasy on my pronouncing the word doctor, stepped back, and grasped the handle of his cabin door, yet paused to say, "Are you a passenger, sir?"

"I am the ship's doctor," I answered.

Without another word he entered his cabin and shut the door upon himself.

His behavior was so odd, abrupt, discourteous, that I suspected his brain at fault. Indeed I made up my mind, in the interests of the passengers, and for the security of the ship, to keep my eye on him; that is, by accosting him from time to time, and by watching him without seeming to watch whenever we should happen to be on deck together. And yet I was not altogether satisfied by my suspicion of his not being right headed, either; I found my puzzlement going another way, but in a direction that I could by no means make clear to myself.

However, not to refine upon this matter, I think it was next day that, happening to come along from the forecastle, where I had been visiting a sick sailor, I spied the young fellow standing before the mainmast in a sort of peeping posture; his eyes were directed aft; he was watching the people walking on the poop. I stopped to look at him, struck by his attitude. The great body of the mast effectually concealed him from all observers aft. He turned his head and saw me; his face was ghastly white, the expression wonderful for the tragic wrath of it. On meeting my eyes he colored up—I never could have credited so swift a transformation of hue; his blush was deep and dark, and his eyes shone like fire. He scowled angrily, stepped round the mast, and disappeared through the cuddy door.

After this I saw no more of him for a week. I questioned the steward, who told me the youth was keeping his cabin.

"What's his name again?" said I.

"John Burgess, sir."

"That's an English name, but he's not an Englishman," said I.

"We don't trouble ourselves about names on board ship, sir," he answered. "There be pursers' names aft as well as forrard."

"Does he ever talk to you?"

"No, sir, he might be a funeral mute for talk."

"Does he come to the table for his meals?"

"No, sir; his grub's carried in to him."

"When did you see him last?"

"About an hour ago."

"Does he seem well?"

"Well as I am."

I asked no more questions. There was a cheerfulness in the steward's way of answering which promised me he saw nothing peculiar in the lad. This was reassuring, for I knew he was often in and out of the young man's berth, and anything eccentric in his conduct would strike him. As for me, it was no part of my duty to intrude upon the passengers in their privacy.

We took the northeast trade-wind, made noble progress down the North Atlantic, lost the commercial gale in 8° or 10° north of the equator, and then lay "humbugging," as the forecastle saying is, on plains of greasy blue water, scarcely crisped by the cat's-paw, and often for hours at a time without air enough to wag the fly of the vane at the mast-head. One very hot night, after a day of roasting calm, I lingered on the poop for some while after my customary hour of retiring to rest for the refreshment of the dew-cooled atmosphere and the cold breath lifting off the black surface of the ocean. The awning was spread over the poop; a few shadowy figures moved slowly under it; here and there a red star indicated a smoker sucking a cigar; the water alongside was full of smoky fire rolling in dim green beats of cloud from the bends of the ship (as she [illegible] with the sea). But the stars were few and faint; down in the southwest was a little play of silent lightning; the noises of the night were rare and weak, scarce more than the flap of some pinion of cloth up in the gloom, or the jerk of a wheel chain, or the subdued moan of water washing under the counter.

I smoked out my pipe and still lingered; it was very hot, and I did not love the fancy of my bunk on such a night. The passengers went below, one by one after the cabin lamps were turned down. Six bells were struck—eleven o'clock. I took a few turns with the officer of the watch; then went on to the quarter-deck, where I found Captain Norton-Savage smoking and chatting with two or three of the passengers under the little clock against the cuddy front. The captain offered me a cigar; our companions presently withdrew, and we were left alone.

I observed a note of excitement in Captain Savage's speech, and gussed that the heat had coaxed him into draining more seltzer and brandy than was good for him. We were together till half past eleven; his talk was mainly anecdotic, and wholly concerned others. I asked him how his wife bore the heat. He answered very well, he thought. Did not I think the voyage was doing her good? I answered I had observed her at dinner that day, and thought she looked very well, spite of her pallor. These were the last words I spoke before wishing him good-night. He threw the end of his cigar overboard and went to his cabin, which was situated on the port side, just over the against hatch down which I went to my quarters in the steerage.

All was silent in this part. The hush upon the deep worked in the ship like a spirit; at long intervals only rose the faint sounds of cargo lightly strained in the hold. Much time passed before I could sleep. Through the open port-hole over my bunk I could hear the mellow chimes of the ship's bell as it was struck. It was as though the land lay close aboard with a church clock chiming. The hot atmosphere was rendered doubly disgusting by the smell of the drugs. Yea, more than drugs, methought, went to the combined flavor; I seemed to sniff bilge-water and the odor of the cockroach.

I was awakened by a hand upon my shoulder.

"Rouse up, for God's sake, doctor! There's a man stabbed in the cuddy!"

I instantly got my wits, and threw my legs over the edge of the bunk.

"What's this about a man stabbed?" I exclaimed, pulling on my clothes.

The person who had called me was the second mate, Mr. Storey. He told me that he was officer of the watch; a few minutes since one of the passengers, who slept next the berth occupied by the Savages, was awakened by a shriek; he ran into the cuddy, and at that moment Mrs. Savage put her head out and said that her husband lay dead with a knife buried in his heart. The passenger rushed on deck, and Mr. Storey came to fetch me before arousing the captain.

I found several people in the cuddy. The shriek of the wife had awakened others besides the passenger who had raised the alarm. Captain Smallport, the commander of the ship, hastily ran out of his cabin as I passed through the steerage hatch. Some one had turned the cabin lamp full on, and the light was abundant. The captain came to me, and I stepped at once to the Savages' berth and entered it. There was no light here, and the cuddy lamp threw no illumination into this cabin. I called for a box of matches, and lighted the bracket lamp, and then there was revealed this picture: In the upper bunk, clothed in a sleeping costume of pyjamas and light jacket, lay the figure of Captain Norton-Savage, with the cross-shaped hilt of a dagger standing up out of his breast over the heart, and a dark stain of blood showing under it like its shadow. In the right-hand corner beside the door stood Mrs. Savage in her night-dress; her face was of the whiteness of her bed gown; her black eyes were starting, and looked double their usual size. I noticed blood upon her night-dress over the right hip. All this was the impression of a swift glance. In a step I was at Captain Savage's side, and found him dead.

"Here is murder, captain," said I turning to the commander of the ship.

He closed the door to shut out the prying passengers, and exclaimed, "Is he dead?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Savage shrieked. I observed her dressing-gown hanging beside the door, and put it on her, again noticing the blood-stains upon her hands and night-dress. She looked horribly frightened, and trembled violently.

"What can you tell us about this?" said Captain Smallport.

In her foreign accent, strongly defined by the passion of terror or grief, she answered—but in such broken, tremulous, hysteric sentences as I should be unable to communicate in writing—that being suddenly awakened by a noise as of her cabin door opened or shut, she called to Captain Savage, but received no answer. She called again. Then, not knowing whether he had yet come to bed, and the cabin being in darkness, she got out of her bunk, and felt over the upper one for him. Her hand touched the hilt of the dagger—she shook him, and called his name—touched the dagger again, then uttered the shriek that had alarmed the ship.

"Is it suicide?" said the captain, turning to me.

I looked at the body, at the posture of the hands, and answered, emphatically, "No."

I found terror rather than grief in Mrs. Savage's manner. Whenever she directed her eyes at the corpse I noticed the straining of panic fear in them. The captain opened the cabin door and called for the stewardess. She was in waiting outside, as you may believe. The cuddy, indeed, was full of people, and whilst the door was open I heard the grumbling hum of the voices of 'tween-deck passengers and seamen crowding at the cuddy front. The news had been spread that one of the first-class passengers had been murdered, and every tongue was asking who had done it.

The stewardess took Mrs. Savage to a spare cabin. When the women were gone, and the door again shut, Captain Smallport still remaining with me, I drew the dagger out of the breast of the body, and took it to the light. It was more properly a dagger-shaped knife than a dagger, the point sharp as a needle, the edge razorlike. The handle was of fretted ivory; to it was affixed a thin slip of silver plate on which was engraved, "Charles Winthrop Sheringham to Leonora Dunbar."

"Is it the wife's doing, do you think?" said the captain, looking at the dagger.

"I would not say yes or no to that question yet," said I.

"She might have done it in her sleep."

"Look at his hands," said I. "He did not stab himself. Will you take charge of this dagger, captain?"

"All bloody, like that!" cried he, recoiling.

I cleansed it, and then he took it.

We stood conversing awhile. I examined the body again; which done, the pair of us went out, first extinguishing the lamp, and then locking the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Loading an Ocean Steamer.

The loading of an ocean steamer at one of the New York or Montreal piers is a sight well worth seeing. The length of the steamships, some of them being nearly 600 feet, makes very long piers necessary. These on a sailing day present an animated scene. A long line of trucks, loaded with all sorts of merchandise, moves slowly down the pier, each truck delivering its packages opposite the particular hatchway down which they are to be lowered. The big ships load at four different hatchways at the same time. Steam-hoisting apparatus at each, and separate gangs of men, all, however, under the direction of one stevedore, load and stow the immense cargo in an incredibly short space of time.

All prominent lines handle their own freight, but some of the smaller lines give it out by contract to a stevedore, who employs his own men. About six gangs of twenty-five men each and about twelve foremen and dock-clerks are employed. As many men are employed as can work to advantage. The day men are relieved by other gangs of men who work at night. In rush times a few men are added to each gang. From 10,000 to 100,000 packages constitute an ocean steamship's cargo. The largest number of packages are carried at the season of the year when the Bordeaux fruit-canning trade is on, and the proportion of small packages is increased. Some big packages, such as a street-car completely boxed, or a steam launch enclosed in a case, require considerable power and much skill to load. Heavy machinery and enormous cases are lifted from the dock, swung over the open hatchway, and lowered to the cavernous depths as quickly and easily as though they weighed but a hundred pounds instead of several tons.

The stowing of the freight requires experience and judgment. The weight must be arranged so that the vessel stands upon an even keel, and she must not be down at the bow, or too low at the stern. Then the cargo must be stowed so that it will not shift. The importance of this is seen when the rolling and plunging of the ship in a heavy sea is considered. The cargo would not only be seriously injured if it tumbled about, but the vessel would be unmanageable.

Advantages of Electricity.

Electric lights, with their clear, clean and odorless illumination, electric bells and annunciators are by no means all the uses to which ingenuity has adapted electricity for the household. There are houses in which every bedroom, closet, storeroom, etc., is lighted by a lamp which lights itself automatically whenever the door is opened and which shuts itself off whenever the door is closed from the outside. Lights in a barn can be controlled from a house. There are electric lamps which at will can be operated either at full candle power or at much reduced power. Electric power is being used for operating elevators in residences. Other appliances of the power in residences are the operation of dumb-waiters, ventilating fans, ice-cream freezers, etc. The adaptation of electricity to heating is making rapid progress, but at present it can be used more economically than coal only when it is generated from water power. Thus far the heating of large spaces by electricity is an expensive luxury. Electric cooking is economical, and, of course, much preferred to any other method. All sorts of electric cooking utensils are now in the market. These devices and arrangements are generally known, but thus far scarcely any residences have them all. In a few years except as to electric heating apparatus, they will be generally introduced when buildings are constructed. They will make domestic labor lighter and more pleasant, and will do away with, even in isolated and rural quarters, much drudgery that now falls upon the housewife.

Insuring the Prince.

A great deal has been said from time to time about the large amounts of insurance which certain nobles carry, particularly the members of the English nobility. Many of these stories are pure fiction. At any rate, the English companies will not reveal the amount carried by their patrons, and so these stories can have no real foundation in fact. In England, large lines of life insurance figure prominently in the settlement of estates, marriage portions, and similar contracts, and it is said that in this way the English Companies do the larger part of their business.

The Prince of Wales was very heavily insured at one time, his motive in securing the insurance being, it was stated, to protect the money lender, Farquhar, with whom he was implicated before the Duke of Fife cleared up the Prince's obligations by marrying into the royal family. Just how much insurance the Prince carried at that time is not known, but it is certain that he got as much as the British companies would give him and then applied to one of the companies in this city. Being a person of high estate, he refused, however, to permit the company's medical examiner to inspect his royal person, proffering instead a certificate from his personal physician, which certificate the company refused to accept, and so the insurance was never effected. —[New York Times.

No Motive.

He—"What do you say, my dear? shall I have my life insured?" She—"You don't feel as though it would shorten your life, do you, darling?" He—"Pooh! No." She—"Oh, well! I don't believe I'd go to the expense of it then."

"Billy Bliven asked Miss Parseigh how old she was," said one girl to another. "Did she get angry?" "No; she was flattered. She thought she must look very young or he'd never have dared."

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Jules Verne's real name is Olchewitz.

Tailless cats with purple eyes are common in Siam.

The first steamer was built in Ireland in 1820.

The breaking strain of an inch rope is 9,000 pounds.

A ton of steel will make 10,000 gross of pens.

London has one-eighth of the population of Great Britain.

Throughout the entire world there are annually about 180,000 suicides.

Madame Albani began learning music when she was only four years old.

In many German factories corsets are forbidden during working hours.

There are twelve postal deliveries a day in the "E. C." district of London.

The mean annual temperature of the Arctic regions is below 30 deg. Fahr.

The thread of a silkworm is one-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

An entomologist estimates that there are 240,000 varieties of insects in the world.

The average supply of fish at Billingsgate Market is 10,000 tons a month.

There are 51,000 breweries in the world, nearly 26,000 of them being in Germany.

The world's supply of diamonds is twenty times greater than it was thirty years ago.

In proportion to its size the horse has a smaller stomach than any other quadruped.

There are more deaths annually from hydrophobia in Sweden than in any other country.

Statistics show that Russia produces and consumes a smaller quantity of beer than any other nation.

The Hawaiian alphabet has twelve letters, while the Tartarian is made up of 202 characters.

Italy has the greatest proportion of criminals. They number 5,140 to the million of population.

Eight thousand tons of gold have been mined throughout the world during the present century.

The population of Italy is very dense, there being 270 people to every square mile of territory.

The oldest railway in France runs between Paris and Havre. It was built more than half a century ago.

A Roumanian lady is at her own expense constructing a railway from one of her estates to the nearest town.

A Hungarian inventor claims to be able to make from wood pulp a fabric suitable for durable clothing.

Cabdrivers and omnibus conductors last year took to Scotland Yard 26,780 articles found by them in their vehicles.

A highly respectable Philadelphian dog has been buried in a mahogany coffin which was lined with satin and mounted with silver ornaments.

Small farms are the rule in Japan, and every foot of land is put to use. The farmer who has more than ten acres is considered a monopolist.

A woman's corsets, worn with only the average degree of tightness, exert a pressure of forty pounds on the organs they compress.

Incandescent lamps are ridiculously cheap in Sweden, the price of those with all voltages up to 125 being about twenty cents.

The shortest English Parliament was that which met on December 30, 1399, and after one day was dissolved by Richard II.

Japanese cooks are the most cruel in the world. They cut every atom of flesh off a living fish piece-meal without first causing death.

The Krupp gun works claim to have manufactured a machine which will roll iron so thin that it would take 1,800 sheets to make an inch.

A traveller who has been as far south as Patagonia, and as far north as Iceland, says that mosquitoes are to be met with everywhere.

By the use of an electric door-mat, just invented, a shopkeeper or housekeeper can leave the door open with safety. When a visitor steps upon the mat, an electric bell rings.

The present House of Commons provides seats for only 430 of the 670 members—306 on the floor and 124 in the galleries. Each seat is 20 inches wide, and the width from back to back of the seat is 3 feet 8 inches.

It is estimated that the total production of coffee in the world is about 600,000 to 650,000 tons, of which Brazil alone produces between 340,000 and 380,000 tons, and Java 60,000 to 90,000 tons.

A millionaire of Vienna has left provision in his will for the constant illumination of the vault wherein he now lies. An electric light is to be kept burning for a year, and even the coffin is to be kept lighted in the interior by electricity.

The Corean does not have the trouble of carrying his umbrella in his hand. It is like an ordinary umbrella in shape, only it is smaller and has no handle. It is made of oiled paper, and is worn on the head over the hat.

Probably very few persons know that the Lord Mayor is the only person—other than the Queen and the Constable—who knows the password to the Tower of London. This password is sent to the Mansion House quarterly, signed by her Majesty. It is a survival of an ancient custom.

The house in which Lieutenant Peary, the explorer, will live in Greenland is 35 feet by 16, and is built of wood and tarred paper; the walls are double, and it will be surrounded by a stone wall two feet thick, protected by a banking of snow. The house is lighted from above, and will have electric lights in winter.

Some curious facts about domestic service in Brazil are brought out in a consular report from Rio Grande do Sul. Servants will not sleep in the house as a rule, but expect to leave at seven at night, and not return till seven or eight the next day. As a result, some houses have a pane of glass in one of the windows taken out, through which the baker and the milkman pass their goods on their early morning rounds, without troubling a member of the family to get up and open the door.

A Birmingham bibliophile some time ago had a splendid haul in London. Chancing to look through some oddments exposed for sale at a second-hand bookseller's he purchased a miscellaneous lot for a couple of shillings. He then discovered a 1611 complete edition of Shakespeare's Pericles, for which he has since been offered and refused £50.

In the famous cellars of the Hotel de Ville, at Bremen, there are a dozen cases of wine which have been preserved for 250 years. If the cost of maintaining the cellar, payment of rent, interest upon the original value of the wine, and other incidental charges are all considered, a bottle of this choice wine has cost $2,000,000, each glassful $272,380, and a single drop could not be sold without loss under $200.

The Javanese musical instruments are made mostly of bamboo. They also played upon a pipe, or whistle, which was about 3 feet long and 6 inches across. This sounded like the hollow roar of a lion. Another was a bundle of tubes of different lengths, which covered the small boy who carried it like a big saddle. A log hewn out with two strings stretched across it served as a drum. A zither of sixteen strings and a mandolin of two completed their outdoor band, while inside one could hear other music made by gongs of wonderfully pure and beautiful tone.

The Chamber of Commerce of Rouen have erected a clock tower which gives the time on three sides, and the height of the tide on the fourth, namely, that fronting the harbour. The tide indicator consists essentially of a float, which by means of a cord and counterweight hung on a drum actuates a series of shafts with bevel wheel gearing, and moves a hand or pointer on a dial like that of a clock, marked with the necessary figures to show the level of the tide. The dials are of opal glass, and are illuminated at night. The clock has an apparatus for distributing the time to other clocks in Rouen, and also for unifying the time after the method adopted in Paris.

A steamer which arrived at Melbourne from London the other day carried two little boys who had stowed themselves away in the stokehold. One of the firemen while on duty in the stokehold saw a little figure jammed between the floor of the ship and the boiler. The thermometer in their hiding place stood at 170 deg., and their escape from death seems perfectly marvellous. The boys said they stowed themselves away beneath the boilers when the vessel was in the London docks, and when they got out the rolling of the ship made them sea-sick, and for two days they had nothing at all to eat or drink.

MORE BOMBARDING.

Admiral Mello Resumes Operations at Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil.

A New York despatch says:—The Herald's special from Montevideo says: News comes from Rio Grande do Sul that the bombardment begun by the rebels under Admiral Mello last Friday was renewed at sunrise yesterday. Gen. Saraiva, who is commanding the troops which were landed from the insurgent fleet, had succeeded in gaining possession of one-third of the city by noon, and at 1 o'clock a well-directed shell caused the powder magazine to explode. The loyal garrison, which numbers less than one-half the forces of the besiegers, then commenced a retreat, but at 2 o'clock a reinforcement of 500 of President Peixoto's men from Porto Alegre arrived, whereupon the garrison again assumed the defensive, and the battle was still raging fiercely at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Brazil Minister to Uruguay received yesterday forenoon this despatch from Gen. Bacellor, commander of the garrison; it was dated 15 minutes to 2 o'clock a.m.: "The rebel fleet bombarded the city for three hours yesterday morning, and their fire was vigorously answered by our land batteries. One of the rebel torpedo boats, the Marcello Diaz, tried to enter the canal leading into the city, but found the mouth blocked by a sunken pontoon.

"Gen. Gumercindo Saraiva

LANDED UPON THE BEACH

of the lagoon at 1 o'clock in the afternoon with 2,500 men and marched upon the city. They quickly encountered our out posts, and a five-hours' fight followed, in which I estimate that he lost 200 men. When darkness came on our men withdrew as far as the outskirts of the city and began throwing up entrenchments.

"I received from Admiral Mello at 9 o'clock in the evening a formal demand for the surrender or evacuation of the city. To this I have made no reply, but have advised all non-combatants to clear out of here by daybreak, when it is expected Gen. Saraiva will renew his attack, while the warships renew the bombardment.

"Our forces are determined to make a desperate resistance. Gov. Castilho telegraphs me from Porto Alegre that the rebels have not made any progress in their siege of that city."

Rio Janeiro despatches, under date of April 7, say President Peixoto's Cabinet held an all-night session when the news was received there of the bombardment of Rio Grande do Sul. It was coupled with the information that all the banks had suspended business, and that many mercantile houses had closed their doors, and it caused considerable excitement in the capital.

Gold in Alaska.

The Upper Yukon river, in Alaska is attracting more California gold-seekers than ever before. It is said that the miner who goes up there with a proper outfit, and is prepared to endure the rigours of the climate, is sure of making good wages and returning, if he is thrifty, with a considerable sum of money. No prospect of fabulous "strikes" is held out, however. Only last week a party of miners left San Francisco in a schooner for Cook's inlet, Alaska. There were 15 men in the party, and two of them were accompanied by their wives. They took along, besides an abundant supply of provisions, a cow, a horse and two dogs. None of the miners expect to be back inside of seven months, and some of them not for a year or more. The latter intend to explore the remotest parts of the Yukon. The majority, however, will stop at Cook's inlet. Last fall much flake gold was found there, and also nuggets, at the depth of six feet. Some of the miners in the placers reported that the gold averaged four cents a pan, and that as high as $100 and $110 a day had been made to the man. The mining was all done by the crude panning process, but those who have just left San Francisco will introduce sluice-boxes