

HELD BY PIRATES.

THE MISSING WILL OF CAPTAIN PARMENTIER.

An Adventurous Expedition, the Facts of Which are Authentic, and Which Rivals the Lively Creation of a Romancer's Brain.

Stranger than any creation of a fiction writer, is the history of the Parmentier will case which has an additional interest to Canadians in as much as the chief actor, Captain John L. Parmentier, was a Canadian by birth, but an American citizen, and lived in Boston. In the early part of the century sea captains had a lucrative occupation, and Parmentier in addition to a fortune made by himself inherited \$300,000 from his brother. He married twice, and by his first wife had one child, a son. In an ante-nuptial agreement the second wife resigned all interest in her husband's estate, and this left the son, Richard, sole heir.



THE OLD PIRATE CAME OUT.

In the Spring of 1826 Captain Parmentier sailed on his ship, the Cashmere, with a valuable cargo for Port Royal, Jamaica, and illustrated the sailor's superstition about the fatality attending last voyages, for such the captain intended this to be. A year passed away and no tidings of the Cashmere were received. As there had been no exceptionally bad weather it was conjectured that the ship had been taken by pirates, as the gulf swarmed with desperate free-booters at this time. How common such an occurrence was may be seen by consulting the shipping journals of that date.

THE LOST WILL.

Richard, the son, was a quiet, studious gentleman, about 30 years old, much given to scientific research and averse to business or money making, and it was with dismay that he learned of the intention of his father's relations to begin litigation to get a share of his estate. Captain Parmentier had made a will before sailing on his last voyage, and it was known by the testimony of several witnesses that he had taken the instrument to sea with him, having put it in a secret drawer in his quadrant case. The Captain's two brothers claimed that a promise in writing had been given to them that on the death of their brother his estate should be so settled that the other Parmentiers besides his son should have equitable shares. Richard's lawyers opposed any compromise, and finally came to the conclusion to send out agents to the West Indies to secure if possible some authentic knowledge of the fate of the Cashmere.

Captain John Sample, of Philadelphia, had been Parmentier's first officer on several voyages and was well known and esteemed by his son, so he was sent for, went to Boston and after long consultation with many of the old shipmasters was furnished with ample means to charter a fast sailing schooner and crew, and these were easiest procured in the port of Philadelphia. To a landman:

IT SEEMED A WILD QUEST.

but feasible enough to an experienced sailor. The Cashmere's course to Jamaica was as straight as from New York to the Capes of Delaware, and no bad weather encountered her loss was due to causes most probable in those times. If taken by pirates her hulk would be lying in some bay or inlet along the Cuban coast, and there was no trouble in getting agents to hunt up property so lost. In Havana, New Orleans and Philadelphia were men who furnished these ruffian supplies and took their booty in exchange. So Captain Sample in a 60-ton schooner, the Dolphin, with a crew of six men, left on March 3, 1827, in search of a mahogany instrument box with lions' heads in brass on the ends. Everything was done to insure success. The Dolphin was very fast and the crew of Delaware Bay seaman of the first class.

Under a strong northwest breeze the Dolphin fairly flew southward, her destination being New Providence. Here the captain resolved to take a well-known and intelligent negro pilot and beat down the old pirate channel, making inquiries among the islands. Peter Benbow, the pilot, knew nearly every resident along shore, and advised that they were all more or less affiliated with the lawless sea rovers. A Spaniard named Hernandez was captain of a fast-sailing top-sail schooner, the Shark, and he was a ruffian that would stop at nothing. He was outlawed and the English corvettes were looking for him all along the coast.

BENBOW'S REVELATIONS.

Sample soon realized that Benbow knew much more than he cared to impart and at once made him an offer of \$100 in gold for such information. Pete, after much squirming, admitted that he had heard of a Yankee ship with a rich cargo which had been taken by Hernandez in the Windward passage the year previous, also that the pirate had a rendezvous in the channel between Saone Island and the mainland at the southeastern point of Hayti, that Hernandez was dead and his crew dispersed, and that a man named Macpherson was

living there, and if rightly approached could tell all that was to be known of Hernandez and his prizes. Then Peter shut up and begged to be put ashore at Turk's Island, explaining that if it ever came out that he had given this information his life would not be worth a rotten banana.

After due consideration Captain Sample came to the conclusion that the pilot's advice was the best thing to follow. It was rather

A DESPERATE BUSINESS.

to venture into the pirate's hold with six men. The Spaniard's old crew might not be dispersed and they would show no mercy to intruders. However, it was the only course left, and the Dolphin made her way south among the islands along the east coast of San Domingo. A few fishermen and turtle hunters were met, but they were not communicative, and when Saone Island was mentioned they shut up quickly, and all efforts to learn anything of Macpherson were futile.

On the 2nd of May the Dolphin entered the Mona passage. It was a lovely day and the land prospect was glorious, the San Domingo Mountains, vested to the top with luxuriant palms, waving like feathers in the wind. The pilot had indicated the landmarks so that there was no difficulty in finding the channel. The lead was used every few minutes and showed thirty fathoms, so there was no danger. For a mile the course lay between dense thickets of mangrove but it began to widen and the anchor was dropped 400 yards from a cluster of low huts on the mainland. Through his glass Captain Sample could see a low parapet from which the muzzle of three guns projected, but not a man could be seen, nor were there any marks of recent habitation.

Directing his men to keep a bright lookout for boats, the captain resolved to go ashore at once, taking with him Somers, a fearless and powerful Jerseyman. Fully armed with cutlasses and pistols, they pushed off from the schooner and were soon ashore. Sample noted with satisfaction that the path from the shore was grown over with the lush tropic grass, and as he approached the huts everything was silent. He made his way to the corner

A WOMAN GAVE A SCREAM.

and a very tall man, in a red cap, cutlass in hand, came out of the door. He was a giant in build, his hair white, but there was no sign of decay in his massive frame. "What do ye want?" in a low growl. "Well, I want to see a man named Macpherson," said the captain, resolutely. "Heave ahead; my name's Macpherson, but ye're a bold fellow to come here." "I am not alone, and I know that Hernandez and his crew are gone. The Yankee gunboats are on the coast, and it won't pay to do me any harm, while I can put you in a way of making a fair sum without risk and I don't want to injure you or your associates. But I'm going to know what became of the Yankee ship Cashmere that Hernandez took last year or there will be trouble. And now I'll tell you just what I am after."

In a few words Sample told Macpherson all that was necessary. He would give \$200 for the quadrant case and then leave, keep his own counsel and make no further inquiry. The old pirate deliberated a moment and said, "Come in."

A long, handsomely carved table filled the low room and a hideous negro brought bottles and glasses. Brandy was poured out, and then Macpherson began:—"I am 90 years old and I need money, and you speak fair, so I'll tell ye of the Yankee ship. Hernandez took her in the windward passage. The captain and his men fought and were all killed. She was then brought down the west side to the island, beached, skipped and burned. There was \$20,000 in specie on board, and this Hernandez tried to keep. A fight commenced right in this room. He and his youngest son were killed and a dozen more. Them's the graves in front of the door. The rest seized the shack and the money and



"HERE IT IS," HE CRIED.

left, and the next day ran into an English cruiser and

NOT ONE ESCAPED.

Hernandez left two sons, Henrique and Pedro. They have a plantation in Porto Rico, right across the leeward passage. They came here and took all that was left, and most likely have the box ye're after. Two meaner men don't live, and if ye shot 'em both, I'll give ye the money ye've promised me. There is one way to do, go there to-morrow morning, ye'll have the breeze to-night. The warehouse with the plunder is near the shore. Go in and take what you want. It's your only chance. Now, my information is worth \$100 down.

The aged pirate was paid at once, and the captain left with the determination to give no chance to send word across to Porto Rico that he was coming.

The sun was just tipping the waves with ruddy light as the schooner came up in the wind, two hundred yards from shore. The barracoon indicated by Macpherson was not fifty yards from the beach in a grove of palms. The boat dropped in the water and four men well armed got in with the captain. It was run up on the beach and one sailor remained to guard it. The others

CHARGED THE BARRACON ON A RUN.

On one side was a heavy iron bound door, but the three men put their shoulders to it and the frame gave way. It was a long shed. Old cannonades were heaped up in one corner, rusty muskets and cutlasses in another, a long swinging shelf crossed

the room, and on this was a curious mass of rubbish—old flags, chart cases and cocked hats—boxes—all the remnants of a ship's equipment. The captain was turning them over when he heard a shout, and here in the broken light he saw a stout Spaniard, his face livid with passion.

"Keep back, you infernal pirate, or I'll cut you down," yelled Sample.

"A tall, powerful negro armed with a knife made for Somers. The big Jerseyman grabbed up one of the muskets and brought it down on the black's head. He made a clutch for the shelf, it fell on the Spaniard's head, and both enemies were powerless for harm.

The contents of the shelf were scattered over the floor. Suddenly Mason, the other sailor, made a grab.

"Yere it is, Capten; see the name on the lid and the brasses."

Sure enough, there was Captain Parmentier's lost instrument box.

"Now, boys, let's leave."

It was just in time. Around the corner of the building came a swarm of blacks, some of them armed. Fortunately their aim was bad, and the Dolphin's men reached the schooner and in a moment were speeding through the water. When examined the box was locked, and after being broken up the missing will, ship's manifest and several notes of value were found. In ten days Captain Sample was telling his story in Boston. The will was probated, and Richard Parmentier relieved from all apprehension as to his inheritance.

Because.

Boiled water tastes flat and insipid because the gases it contained have been driven off by the heat.

A burning gas jet is unhealthy in a chamber because one gallon gives out as much carbonic acid gas as two sleepers.

Spontaneous combustion occurs in many substances because during fermentation heat is evolved and inflammable gases are engendered.

A plumb line by the side of a very large building inclines a little from the perpendicular because the weight is attracted by the mass of the edifice.

Woolen goods feel warm because wool is a poor conductor of heat, and the goods made of wool contain within their substance large quantities of air, also a poor conductor.

The horse's eye has a thick glutinous secretion because, his eye being large and much exposed to dust, the viscid secretion cleanses it more effectually than would a more watery agent.

White spots appear on the nails because the vascular tissue underneath is attached to the substance of the nail, but from some accidental cause, such as a blow, occasionally becomes separated.

Chimneys smoke because the carbon of the coal is disintegrated and drawn off by the heat instead of being consumed in the fire. A furnace properly tended would not smoke, as all the fuel would be consumed.

A cat is enabled to send out or to retract her claws because the bone to which the claws are attached has a rotary movement on the bone above, and a powerful ligament draws the former down and exhibits the claws.

Brief and Bright Proverbs.

Riches raise weak children.
Big words won't split rails.
Where fathers flee mothers fight.
Sweat is the champion fertilizer.
The blackguard is the thief of slime.
Most farms pasture too many fences.
Ache corns do not grow on boot trees.
Scalding tears will scar the fairest cheek.
Bank books contain many tales of fashion.
Short sermons make wide-awake Christians.
Art loses nothing by conceding modesty a fig leaf.
A man's sign may be bigger than his business.
Guns without foresight shoot wide of the mark.
A tooth brush should go with every dirty story.
It takes many a wail to make a drunkard's laugh.
Don't put your secrets in the advertising column.
Beware the strength born of carrying all the burdens.
Temptation relies more on suggestion than exposure.

The Queen's Conservatism.

The Queen is remarkably conservative so far as the routine of life goes. She loves old customs and doesn't like new things—not even new furniture or new fashions. "When a distinguished lady," it is said, "a few years back, sent her children by her Majesty's request to Windsor, she sent them dressed as was and is still the mode, in tucked blouse dresses without saashes. But the Queen considered that no child should be brought to her in other but full dress, and full dress in her mind did not exist without the smart sash she has always known. And very courteously but firmly she made objection to the little frocks, and asked that the next time the Countess brought her children to her that 'she would not forget the saashes.'"

False Hopes.

Flannigan—"Say, Moike, this won't do. Pape say you are shwate on Mrs. Flaherty, and she a married woman."

Mike—"Phwist! Not a wurrd. That's only so Oi can go on borryin' terbacky av old Flaherty. He's in hopes Oi'll elope wid 'er."

A singular reason for deciding to end his life was given by Charles Jenkins, whose body was found in the Hunter River, in New South Wales. In a letter to a friend, he stated that he had a fixed opinion that a man over 55 had no right to compete in the labor market with younger men and so he had determined to quit life. He asked that the verdict should not be temporary insanity. The jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned."

SANDY'S FINE GAME.

ROARING SCOTCH SPORT THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Carling as the Scotch Play It—It is Full of Excitement and Has Many Fine Points—Both Spectators and Players Grow Enthusiastic.

It is doubtful if there is anything in sport that can compare with the earnest enthusiasm, the skilful manipulation, the combination of strength and science with just sufficient of chance to lend a charm to the uncertainty that is experienced in a well-fought game of curling.

The loch on such a day presents a scene that is difficult to describe. The rinks are arranged in order; the directors or skips are at the tee-heads; the players not engaged in throwing the stone are standing ready with broom in hand, and the moment it is delivered they watch it with intense eagerness, and if it is likely to fall short of the mark the wearing voice of the skip is heard.

Instantly they tackle it, and thrashing the ice with their brooms in front of it, they clean away every speck or spot that could possibly impede its progress, the skip all the time urging them in almost frantic terms to "Soop her up," until he has

succeeded in getting the stone as near as possible to the spot wanted.

So intent is every one upon his own game, that he knows nothing of how his neighbor progresses, but works with an earnestness that is worthy of all praise to put the highest possible score to his own side.

EXCITEMENT GROWS Apace.

As the game goes on and the excitement rises coats are cast aside, and in shirt sleeves many of the more zealous players, sweating with their exertions, bid defiance to the nipping cold in their eager anxiety to secure a victory.

Nor can skaters and onlookers resist the influence of the enthusiasm of which they are witnesses, and generally toward the close of the game, if the contest has been at all close, you will find the scattered company gradually draw together to witness the concluding efforts that are to decide the hard-fought field.

The Dutch, the German and the Scotch have all in turn been credited with a knowledge of the game. In Scotland, however, it has been practised for nearly 300 years, and it is equally certain that wherever the game is now engaged in it has been imported by Scotchmen.

It is supposed first to have been played with small stones, driven along the ice by finger and thumb, in the manner the game of "Summer ice" is now played. Subsequently an improvement was effected by enlarging the stone and fixing a wooden handle to it, but it was not until the beginning of the present century that attention was given to the preparation of stones specially for the sport.

Dr. Taylor, an enthusiastic lover of the game, gives the following description for the benefit of novices. Hard frost of two or three days' duration provides ice of sufficient thickness for playing, and which is to be found on some neighboring loch or pond, either natural or formed for the purpose.

The curlers repair at the appointed time to the place of rendezvous, each provided with trampets to steady the person in the act of playing, with a besom to sweep the ice and two curling stones.

The stones are of granite, spherical in form, finely polished on the under side and furnished with a handle for throwing on the upper. The weight of each stone is from about thirty-three pounds to forty or more, according to the taste or strength of the player.

In order to play the game, the first process is to clear and prepare a suitable space of ice. A portion forty-two yards in length by some ten yards broad is marked off; at each end, thirty-eight yards apart, are cut marks called tees or witters.

PREPARING THE ICE.

This portion of ice is the rink, and with circles described round each tee as a centre to guide the eye in estimating the position of the stones when played, with one line drawn across the middle and one seven yards before each tee, it is complete and ready for playing.

The line in the middle of the rink marks the place where sweeping may commence; the lines before each tee are the hog score, which must be passed by the running stone—if not it is removed from the rink as a hog, and held as useless for the round. Four players form a side, headed by a skip or director, who is, in fact, the commander in chief of his corps.

The principle of the game is simple. The stones of either party played from one tee to the other and found at the conclusion of the round to be nearest the tee count as shots. A game is generally reckoned as twenty-one shots: the side which first makes good that number claims the victory.

But to give an idea of actual operations: The player on one side is followed alternately by the player on the other until all the eight players have cast their stones. It is the aim of the leader on either side, standing at the one tee, or a yard or two behind it, to place his stone in a vantage position near to or some short distance in front of the first opposite tee.

Should the first stone of the first player be favorably placed and it remains untouched by the play of his opponent, it will be his endeavor to put down a guard some distance before it so as to prevent its removal.

If he does so, the opponent will probably be directed by his skip to remove the guard, that the winner or nearest stone to the tee may be struck away by the next player of that side. This may be done and so fairly that the striking stone rests in the place of the one struck away.

It will then be the aim of the other side in turn to guard this stone, which has become the winner; and so the struggle may continue till all have cast their stones.

As the stones are played and lie in all manner of positions around the tee the game gets much more complicated than we have indicated, and requires much more knowledge and the nicest calculation in giving directions and the utmost care and precision of aim on the part of the next player. The stones may be so mixed that an attempt to remove the winner of the one side, if unsuccessful, may result in yet greater damage to the other.

A VERY FINE STROKE.

When a stone lies close to the tee and is so thoroughly guarded as to be impregnable to a direct stroke, it may yet be removed by a dexterous inwick. The inwick is effected by designing a stone some distance in front of the tee and out of the direct line, and forming with the tee an angle of forty-five degrees, more or less.

A stone played with skill upon a stone so placed may diverge direct upon the winner resting on the tee as at once to remove it and rest in its place. This is one of the of the finest points in the game of curling.

A good curler, when his hand is in, may be depended upon to take the shot by an inwick. The excitement both of players and spectators becomes intense when a closely contested game draws near a close, when perhaps both sides have attained twenty and are fighting at the last round for the decisive shot.

It comes at length that the issue depends upon the play of the respective skips. The thing required to be done by one or the other, as it may happen, amounts sometimes to all but an impossibility.

The winner is well guarded, still an inch or two of it is seen. If it remains to the end the victory of course, falls to the one side; if removed it belongs to the rival party. The last player takes up his position, the last stone remains to be thrown, and that throw is charged alike with defeat and triumph—but to which party, who yet can tell?

The ice is cleared from the crowding spectators to admit daylight through the rink. The veteran curler has adjusted himself on his trampets. Steadily, deliberately he takes aim at the visible portion of the winner, dimly described through opposing barrier of blockading stones in the distant perspective.

The suspense begets a solemn silence. Delivered by the master hand of a hero of many fights, the stone speeds toward the mark. It brushes the guards on the one side and the other, creating a smoke of granite particles, but, rushing on, in an instant more it spurs the winner out. Fast follow the roars of applause from the excited spectators and the shout of triumph from the victors.

The roaring game is all over the world. Scotland its birthplace has over 500 societies, the Province of Ontario alone has nearly fifty, and here in America new societies are springing up every year.

PERSONALS.

It was at a court ball in the palace at Rome, and King Humbert was surrounded by a group of well-known editors. After referring with expressions of admiration to the work which was done by the press, and the conscientious manner in which those responsible for the conduct of the various papers carried out their arduous and difficult duties, he added: "Gentlemen, I have often said that I should wish to be a journalist were I not a king."

Henry Irving's second son, Lawrence Irving, who is now about 22 years of age, will soon publish a book called "Godefroi and Yolande." It will be something in the style of a mediæval play. Aubrey Beardsley has made three illustrations for the book.

The Duke of York is making arrangements for a visit to Canada next spring. After spending some time in the Dominion the duke will proceed to Australia.

When Ibsen writes a new drama he goes about it so secretly that not even the members of his own family know what the subject is. He copies the manuscript himself, and it is said that a printer has never received neater copy.

Vernier, the young French mathematical prodigy, is only 18 years of age.

M. Jules Simon will have to undergo a second operation for cataract.

A search is being made for the burial place of the great English tenor, Braham, who died in London in 1856.

Hubert Vos, the court painter of Holland, has been summoned to The Hague to paint the portrait of the little Queen of Holland.

Prince Poniatowsky, who recently married Miss Sperry, of California, in Paris, will return to New York early in the new year to establish an international magazine, which has several times been prematurely announced, and about which considerable has been said and written.

James Whitcomb Riley, whose poetry has made the children extremely fond of him, is constantly in receipt of letters from admirers, who ask him for pictures of his children in return for photographs of their own. As Riley is a bachelor he finds these complimentary epistles somewhat embarrassing.

Captain McClure, the new vice admiral of the Chinese fleet, has had a long experience in eastern waters. He took the Kow Ching from England to China, and at the opening of the present war his assistance was secured by the celestials for dispatch and transport work.

Dr. Zakharin, the late Czar's physicians has lately devised a new method of stanching the flow of blood. Steam is injected into the wound through a catheter for a minute or less. The patient, under chloroform, feels neither pain nor any evil effect, from the steam. Experiments on animals show that portions of the liver, spleen, kidneys, lungs, and, to a certain extent, of the brain, may be removed without loss of blood and without fatal results.

Paintings and designs by Bartram Hiles an armless artist, are now on exhibition in London. Mr. Hiles lost his arms, close to the shoulder, when a child; by being run over by a horse car, and is obliged to paint holding the brush between his lips. He has obtained a first prize for modeling in clay, and won the national scholarship of \$500 a year at South Kensington.