TERRORS OF THE DEEP.

CREWS AT SEA WITH NO MAN AMONG THEM TO SAIL THE SHIP.

A Series of Strange and Thrilling Experiences at Sea—The Trafalgar's Voyage to Melbourne—How the Captain's Wife Took the Jefferson Borden to Port—In the Foretop of a Wrecked Vessel.

The youth of nineteen who, last year, found himself by the death of his superior officers from fever contracted at Batavia, in command of a four-masted bark, and contrived to bring her safely to Melbourne with a mutinous crew, performed a feat scarcely less remarkable and well deserved the substantial recognization his bravery obtained for him from both Lloyds and the owners of the vessel. The ship was the Trafalgar. Capt. Edgar died at Batavia, and the chief officer took command. Three of the crew deserted. Next the second officer thrashed one of the crew and was compelled to lock himself in his cabin for safety till, fearful that the seamen would carry their threat into effect to "throw his carcass overboard to the sharks," he asked for and was reluctantly granted his discharge.

Soon after leaving Batavia one of the A. B's. died. Capt. Roberts was the next victim. Mr. Samuel Norwood, now first officer designate, was compelled to lay up about the same time. He was almost prostrated by fever, and beyond making an occasional entry in the log book he was unable either to take his watch or to assist in directing the ship on her course. He also died six days later, and just before him went Joseph Full, the ship's carpenter. Capt. Roberts then lost possession of his reason and succumbed shortly before midnight.

THE BOY TAKES COMMAND.

Thereupon a young man named Shotten, an apprentice just out of his time, who had been acting as third mate, undertook to direct the ship. Hugh Kennedy, the sailmaker, was the only person besides Shotten who had the remotest idea of the duties of an officer of sufficient confidence to undertake the guidance of the bark while Mr. Shotten snatched a few hours' rest from his long and weary duties. One of the seamen was transferred to the poop deck, merely for the purpose of taking watch occasionally. His knowledge of navigation was of the most rudimentary character, and the task of sailing the ship to Melbourne seemed hopeless, but Mr. Shotten never lost heart.

Fortunately the winds experienced were not of very considerable force. While there were no prospects of a hard blow, Mr. Shotten clapped on as much sail as could induce his inert, somewhat refractorily inclined crew to spread to the favoring breezes. In the Indian Ocean Daniel Sheehan, the cook, took sick and died. He was the sixth and last victim of the passage. Mr. Shotten then attempted to induce the crew to clean and overhaul the ship and get her in good condition by the time she reached her destination. All his efforts were of no avail. Beyond assisting to sail the ship they would not lend a hand to do more than was absolutely necessary to secure the safe passage of the vessel to port. A day or two after passing Cape Leeuwin—famous cape of storms—the Trafalgar was overtaken by a gale, starting from the northwest and setting in the west.

There was only one way, in Mr. Shotten's opinion, to weather the storm, and that was to run before it. Nearly all the hands were ordered on deck, sail was gradually shortened as the gale rose, and the ship scudded before the storm for several hours under the two lower topsails and the foresail. Before sail could be shortened the topsails and the main lower topsail were blown clean out of the bolt ropes. As soon as the wind moderated and the sea fell, the ship stood in toward the Victorian coast, and eventually made the Heads, where the trouble of her young commander came to an end.

INSTANCES OF WOMEN SAILING SHIPS.

It is not often that a ship has been in charge of a woman. The wife of the Captain of the Jefferson Borden took her husband's watch occasionally when the vessel was short handed after the mutiny and murder of the officers. In 1869 the ship Denmark was brought into port by the Captain's wife, the Captain himself being laid up and incapable of doing anything except give advice. Another striking illustration of woman's capabilities in the seafaring line is afforded by the case of the bark Rebecca Crowell, which left New York for Buenos Ayres, but became disabled during a severe gale three days after leaving. Several of the spars and sails were carried away, and the Captain and first mate were injured to such an extent that they were confined to their berths the rest of the voyage and rendered unfit to manage the vessel.

There was no other person on board who understood navigation except the Captain's wife, and she undertook the task of conducting the bark to the point of destination. The second mate was a young man 20 years old, able to take the helm, but ignorant of the process of making observations.

The Captain's wife, therefore, assumed the command of the vessel, took observations, calculated the latitude and the longitude regularly, maintained her place on the poop and directed the course of the vessel. After exercising control for fifty-eight days, during which the vessel encountered violent gales and shipped heavy seas, she conducted the vessel, with its valuable cargo, safely into the port of Buenos Ayres. In this actual inpersonation of "the sweet little angel that sits up aloft to keep up watch for the life of poor Jack," the Captain of the Rebecca Crowell was indeed fortunate in his matrimonial venture.

A CREW IN MIDOCEAN WITHOUT A NAVIGATOR.

This is one of the very strangest romances in all records of the sea. It may seem strange on the first blush that none of the sailors—not even the second mate—should have been capable of navigating the Rebecca Crowell while the captain and mate were disabled from working. But very few sailors know anything more than their own work. A terrible story of a crew left destitute or helpless by the loss of the officers was reported early last year.

The incident occurred on a Liverpool bark, the Montgomery Castle. She had left New York for Java with petroleum oil in cases. On Feb. 8 the wooden bark Vega, from Pensacola to Bruges with timber, fell in with her about 300 miles west of the Azores. She was flying from her mizzen gaff a pair of trousers underneath the signal flag. As the vessels got nearer it was observed that she was also flying a blanket as a flag on the foremast. A blackboard was held up by two men on her poop, on which was written in white chalk. "We have lost our Captain, two mates and five sailors—no compass and no navigator."

The Vega launched a boat and the mate and two hands went in her. They found only eight men on board, most of whom were incapable of work through being injured. The story told was that the master the first and second mates, the carpenter, and four seamen had been washed overboard and were drowned, and that one of the remaining crew had his leg broken, that several others were injured, that some of the sails and all of the boats were lost, that all the compasses (except a small one which was out of order) were destroyed, that the starboard light was destroyed, that the cabins were full of water, and the contents (including medicine chest, charts, and nautical instruments) were washed away or destroyed, that the pumps were out of order, that the vessel had nineteen inches of water in her, that there was no one on board to navigate the ship, that they were entirely ignorant of their position, that in consequence of their injuries the survivors of the crew could not trim the yards, and that at night they shut themselves up in the forecastle and left the ship to herself. The men were crying, panic stricken, and thoroughly exhausted and worn out.

Charts, nautical instruments, a starboard, lights and medicines were put on board the disabled bark, which had at this time from two to three feet of water over the cabin floor. This was accomplished not without difficulty, because there was a heavy gale blowing. The cabin was quite gutted, and the only place available for the mate to occupy was the carpenter's shop, which was also flooded with two feet of water. There he made a bed up on the carpenter's bench and took his meals in the galley. Having repaired the sails, etc., and attended to the wounds of the injured, the Montgomery Castle followed on again after the Vega, the weather all the time being very bad and causing both vessels to roll heavily and ship large quantities of water.

During all this time the Vega kept as much as possible in sight of the Montgomery Castle and signalled to her the courses and position every day at noon.

On February 23, both vessels came to anchor in Fayal roads. The Vega, it may be added, earned for her owners and crew the very nice sum of $5,250 for salvage. Of this $2,250 went to the owners; the mate, who took charge of the Montgomery Castle, got $1,000; the master, who had extra labors to perform, received $1,000: the sailor (Nordling), who steered the Montgomery Castle, $250, and $750 was divided between the crew, the other seamen who went on the boat with the mate and Nordling having an extra share.

A NIGHT IN THE FORETOP OF A WRECKED VESSEL.

A few years ago the ship Indian Chief was wrecked on Long Sands. The following description of a night spent in the foretop while the ship was aground comes from one of the seamen:

"After the destruction of the boats I took shelter in the forecastle. Just before eight o'clock a tremendous sea swept the decks fore and aft and burst right into the forecastle. We all rushed out and began to swarm up the rigging, for the prospect before us was truly appalling. The ship was settling down fast, and every sea now swept right over us, and we saw that very soon there would be nothing left but for us to take to the rigging.

"I don't mean to say that I thought at this time that there was any chance of my life being saved, but a fancy prompted me to have a good shirt or two to my back; so I put on two new shirts and all my shore-going togs. That cutting, biting northeast wind penetrated to our very marrow, and by the time I got into the top my hands were so numbed that I could scarcely feel, so that I had some difficulty in lashing myself to the mast. There we sat, ten poor, helpless creatures, almost in a state of stupor, but though we were half frozen, there was none of us so paralyzed but that we could fully realize the horrors that surrounded us. The remainder of the crew, together with Capt. Frazer, Mr. Lloyd, the mate, Mr. Frazer, the second mate, who was the Captain's brother, and a fine young fellow whose name I do not remember—in all seventeen in number—took to the mizzenmast, and we could see them lashing themselves on the rigging.

"When the moon shone out there was just light enough to show the three gaunt masts sticking up out of the water. Every sea that swept over us made the mainmast rock and oscillate so that every minute I expected it would go by the board. It made me cringe again every time it lurched to leeward, because the chances were that when it did so one of the other masts would follow it. Nobody can tell, and I can't describe what my feelings were as I sat there in the top with nothing but a few shrouds and the frail, shaking masts between me and eternity. How the hours passed I cannot tell. We all sat on, cold and utterly miserable. All that I seemed to care for was if the end was to come that it might come quickly. I shut my eyes and prayed.

A STRANGE FOREWARNING.

"I had been sitting ever so long looking into myself, as it were, when I opened my eyes and looked up. I was startled by seeing a black object coming down the maintopmast stay. It came nearer and nearer, and at last I could see that it was a man coming down the stay hand over hand. When he reached us I found it was the mate, Mr. Lloyd. 'What's the matter, sir?' I asked in a hoarse whisper. 'Nothing, my lad, nothing; only I could not rest on the mizzen-mast. Somehow I seemed to have a warning that it was not safe.' I made room, and then we sat on a long while silent and motionless.

"Presently it grew as dark as pitch, and the gale came swooping down upon us with tremendous violence. The fury of the waves, as they dashed over the ship, I cannot describe. All at once there was a fearful crash, followed by cries and shrieks. The main and mizzen masts had both gone by the board. A minute or two afterward a gleam of moonlight shone out from between two clouds. The scene that it disclosed will ever be engraved on my memory. The mass of wreck to leeward, the struggling forms in the waves, and the frantic cries of distress I never can forget. It was a heartrending sight, and the whole period of my life seemed to be concentrated into that one awful moment. You can imagine I was thankful when the lifeboat came and took us off—eleven men out of twenty-nine."

THE BICYCLE AMBULANCE.

The Latest Idea Adopted by the Hospitals of Berlin.

Bicycles long since passed the stage of being mere instruments of reaction and every day brings forth some practical and useful application of the steel steed. The military authorities of France have admitted its value for certain purposes.

Tricycles have already made their appearance on the streets of New York, as safe, rapid and easily-propelled delivery carts. Another year or two may find the bulk of the delivery of dry goods, groceries, provisions and all light merchandise done in the cities by means of tricycles. There are twenty patterns of these vehicles on the market now.

The very latest development of a cycle idea is an ambulance for use in cities, which is the invention of Dr. Hoeniz, of Berlin. The doctor styles his machine a velocipede, on account of its softness and mode of locomotion. It has been adopted by the great hospitals and also by the Sanitary Commissioners of the German capital. The latter superintend "stations" in every part of the city where victims of accidents receive preliminary treatment at the hands of physicians. A velocipede ambulance is attached to every one of the stations, and experience proves it to be far superior to the ordinary horse ambulance heretofore used.

Its construction is as follows: A litter without shafts, supported by three wheels with rubber tires, one in front and two behind, the whole being propelled and driven by

BICYCLES FORE AND AFT.

The occupant of the first directs the vehicle and rings the bell to warn other wheelmen and vehicles. The man aft follows suit. The machine moves very swiftly, and up to date not a single accident has been recorded. The litter has a detachable cover of white duck, with windows at the sides. It is well ventilated and at night is lit by electricity. If the person transported wants to attract the attention of the bicyclists he rings an electric bell. The litter can be taken off the wheels and carried into the house or to the spot where the sick person awaits it. Although the Emperor is opposed to the bicycle in the army, he is very favorably inclined towards the velocipede ambulance, which has proved an immense success, especially as it can be taken to places which would not admit the passage of a wagon. At the fall manœuvres the ambulance velocipede will be tried. The ambulance physician usually rides on the wheel behind, the leader being an athletic young man capable of bearing the burden of the transport.

Twenty or more years before Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England, there was shown in London an odd family cycle built for more than the familiar "two," a regular family affair. The queer contrivance was known as the "velocimanipede" and was invented by Mr. Birch, a coachmaker, of Great Queen street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and exhibited before the Queen's father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, in Kensington Gardens, and later on in public at Spring Gardens.

Modern invention is turning to the utilization of the tricycle as a freight and passenger carrier, and the latest inventions in that line bear a decided resemblance to the machine of ante-Victorian days.

IN AN ALMOST CONSTANT SLEEP.

Strange Case of Little Maggie Ley, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

The case of Maggie Ley of Grand Rapids, Mich., is of more than uusal interest and is attracting the attention of the medical profession. Maggie is 13 years old, attractive in appearance, and ordinarily bright. For nine weeks she has done little else than to sleep. She drops off to sleep while playing with her dolls and even while eating, and the sleep continues from twenty to twenty-three hours a day. She can be aroused, and when awake answers questions with intelligence. She seems to know what is going on, but unless her attention is constantly kept fixed she will begin to nod and will be fast asleep before the visitor knows it.

The child eats as heartily as children of her age generally do and her bodily health is good, but the desire to slumber overcomes everything else. She has been known to fall asleep while riding a child's bicycle in front of the house. She has lately been showing signs of improvement and her wakeful spells are of longer duration and easier to bring about. She is, however, still in a drowsy state, and the doctors who are attending her do not seem able to overtake it.

The girl's father is insane and has for a year been an inmate of the Kalamazoo asylum. It is thought that the mental trait has descended to her and that the sleepiness is the first sign manifested of a diased brain. She had a similar attack a year ago, but it lasted only nine days, while upon the present occasion her sleep has continued as many weeks.

Convincing Proof.

Stranger, is this a healthy neighborhood?

House Agent—Healthy! See that man over there?

Yes.

Well, he's got rich in two years.

Who is he?

He sells boys' clothes.

DEATH IN AN IRON JACKET.

Horrible Discovery of a Skeleton Supposed to be That of a Last Century Negro Murderer.

While digging on a road which runs from King George County Court-House, in Virginia, to a point called Indian Town recently W. H. H. Caywood, unearthed the skeleton of a man incased in a complete iron jacket made of thin slats. The skeleton was in a good state of preservation with the exception of a few of the small bones, and the jacket, although greatly rusted, was complete. The skeleton fell apart when removed from its resting place with the exception of the skull, which is still in the head piece. Iron bands held the skeleton at the waist, knees and ankles and ran up and down the legs from the shoulders to the feet. The diaphragm was held by a series of bands somewhat like a corset, and the arms were kept outstretched by several rings. The head piece fitted like a mask. A big iron bolt was rivetted perpendicularly to the top of the head piece and appeared to have been run through a beam. A more inhuman and horrible death than one in this cage cannot be imagined.

The accepted theory is that this iron jacket contained the skeleton of one Manuel, a negro slave, who, about 1770 belonged to a family of Stewarts, and who was executed in an unusual manner. Tradition says that Manuel was a bad darky, who had often proved rebellious and ill-tempered, and was inclined to incite his fellow-slaves to acts of rebellion and anarchy. Manuel's misdeeds culminated in 1770 in the brutal murder of his master, mistress and several children. The archives of the County Court for King George County, Va., contain the record of his trial, conviction and sentence to death. According to tradition, the slave holders of the county were so infuriated that they determined to make of Manuel an example for future rebellious and violent slaves. So Manuel, instead of being hanged, was bound in an iron jacket, or case, so that he could not move arms or feet, and in this condition was either swung or gibbeted and left to die by starvation or thirst. It is said that while he swung there, undergoing this slow and torturing death, the citizens brought their slaves in droves to see the horrid spectacle, to hear the piteous cries and moans of the dying man, and thus take warning lest that be their fate also.

And He Was Sold.

"Do you sell anything besides gloves here?" asked the smart youth of the glove saleswoman.

"Oh, yes," she answered pleasantly; sometimes we sell spoons."

MOB RULE IN THE SOUTH.

How Justice is Meted Out in the Southern States.

An American journal has compiled the following list of mob executions that have occurred in the Southern States during one month (June) of this year:—

Negro, unnamed; Rayville, La., June 2, shot, charge, attempt to assault.

Negro, unnamed; McAlpine, Fla., June 9, hanged, charge, attempt to assault.

Negro, unnamed; New Roads, La., April 3, hanged, quarreiled with his employer about his wages.

Tom Harris, colored; Tuskegee, Ala, June 6, shot by a masked mob, charge, "talked too much."

Jim Powell, Strassburg, Ala., June 5, hanged, charged with having entered the room of a white girl.

J. M. Alexander, white; Tuskegee, Ala., June 6, shot by a mob while attempting to defend Tom Harris.

Will Johnson, colored; Lufkin, Texas, June 12, hanged, charged with assault.

Bill Collins, colored; McAlpine, Fla., June 9, hanged, charge, attempt to assault.

Two negroes, unnamed; McAlpine, Fla., June 9, shot by a mob; charge, having assisted Collins to escape.

James Sanders, colored, Fort Gibson, Miss.; June 21, hanged; charge, incest.

Two colored girls, named Wright, Gainesville, Miss., June 12, beaten by a mob, headed by the postmaster; their father, arriving during the whipping, knocked the postmaster down with a hoe, and was killed by one of the "posse."

William Chandler, colored, Abbeyville, Miss., June 13, shot; charge, robbing a woman of her pocket-book.

John Fry, white; Gretna, La., June 24, hanged; charge, incendiarism.

Frank King, colored, Portland, Ark., hanged; charge, murder.

Summary:—Total, 17; men, 15; women, 2; white, 2; colored, 15; hanged, 8; shot, 7; beaten to death, 2. Total mob murders since March 1, 1895, 73.

The Man for the Place.

Applicant—You advertised for an assistant editor, I believe?

Editor—Yes. Do you know anything about agriculture?

I know enough to write paragraphs warning farmers not to leave their $500 mowing machines outdoors all winter.

You'll do.

YOU MUST BEWARE OF IT.

POISON IVY FINDS A GREAT MANY VICTIMS JUST NOW.

The Strength of the Poison Varies With the Thriftiness of the Plant—Remedies Suggested for Those Who Only Find They Have Touched It When the Itching Begins.

I have seen poison ivy covering hundreds of acres on our Atlantic islands and sand dunes, where it was almost the only inhabitant of the drifting sand—so sparse and weak as to hardly deserve the name of vegetation, says a writer in Garden and Forest. It was my fortune to live for some time with a colony of sailors upon one of these barren islands, where this ivy composed, perhaps, a third of all the woody vegetation.

Though then highly susceptible to the poison, I yet passed daily on foot through long stretches of it, and even lived in it, and though I took no precaution whatever, I did not feel the slightest irritation from it. It was a revelation to fellow-islanders when I told them of its poisonous properties, for they had never dreamed of such a fact, nor had any of them ever been troubled by the plant.

From its enervated appearance I could easily imagine that its desert surroundings had more or less tamed its virulence. If such was the case we may infer, perhaps, that the strength of the poison varies to some extent with the thriftiness of the plant.

VARIES WITH THE SEASON.

The poison of the ivy, though always present, probably, like all sap, varies slightly in activity with the season, though perhaps not more than does man's power in resisting it, for the warm, perspiring skin of Summer, with its open pores, takes in and throws out juices much more readily and is more easily irritated than the dry, firm skin and contracted pores of the exposed parts in Winter.

Aside from the sand form, all parts of the poison ivy are poisonous at all seasons, the root being by far the most virulent of all. I have seen a robust physician in the prime of health poisoned almost fatally, and rendered nearly helpless for many days, in spite of all medicines, simply by pulling the roots.

The total element seems to be volatile, and any part, when thoroughly dried, becomes wholly innocuous, but when cut with hay the latter will become dry, while the ivy stems are still fresh and contain poison.

In this condition it is drawn to the barn, where the slowly evaporated poison is absorbed by the surrounding hay, which thus becomes, in a degree, as poisonous as the ivy itself. Through this means I have known men severely poisoned while taking out the hay in Winter.

It is owing to this volatilization of the juices that smoke of burning ivy or of brush heap containing it ranks next to the root in the virulence of its poison.

Though the effects of ivy are generally a harmless but troublesome irritation, it has been known to prove fatal in some very severe cases, and susceptibility to its influence is by no means desirable, though the irritation is said to be sometimes slightly beneficial in cases of rheumatism.

Some persons are never affected by the poison, but each attack renders its victim more susceptible, and some are even affected at times by air that has blown over ivy, especially if the plant has been recently cut.

When boys, my brother and I have mowed in ivy when our bare feet would be almost black with the dried juice, and we used occasionally to "wash" our hands and faces in its leaves, rubbing them on by the handful, in order to prove our immunity from the poison, and always without feeling the slightest effects. Neither of us would now care to repeat this, as the ivy has for a long time been poisonous to both of us.

HOW THE POISON WORKS.

The poisoning, which is of an erysipelas nature, usually appears, in light cases, at the point where the ivy juice came in contact with the skin, but severe cases are apt to centralize at some point where the skin is tender. After such a localization is once established each successive attack, if at all severe, is apt to reappear at that point, even at times when no irritation is felt where the ivy was applied.

Personally I know of several such cases, and this may tend to show that the poison may be carried in the blood—a theory that is also upheld by the fact that if one has just been severely poisoned he can, to some extent, induce part of the eruption to appear almost whenever he chooses by keeping the skin locally irritated during the period of incubation.

As the remedies for this poison are so unsatisfactory, I venture a few suggestions gathered from experience. Any scratching or rubbing of the poisoned surface or breaking of the blisters tends to spread and augment the affection. This has led me to adopt a cure that I find to be equal to all ordinary cases, but which at times requires an amount of physical control and grim determination that might be envied in an Indian.

It is to let the poison severely alone—to "grin and bear it"—never under any circumstances allowing it to be rubbed or irritated in any way. Under this treatment the blisters will begin to wither in a day or two, and will soon disappear; the itching soon subsides, especially if a little cool water be applied to the spot occasionally. Another useful remedy is sour buttermilk (the sourer the better) applied occasionally and allowed to remain on. A decoction of lobelia inflata is also good as a wash, but should never be taken internally.

In Style.

Mrs. Ebony—Is you gwine to Mrs. Dark's to-morrow?

Mrs. Safric—Wat's gwine on at Mrs. Dark's?

Mrs. Ebony—She is gwine to give a black tea.

It is said that a church in Topeka has employed a woman whistler to whistle sacred music every Sunday.