

WHALING IN SOUTH SEA.

HAZARDOUS EXPERIENCES IN ICY ANTARCTIC WATERS.

Hunting for the Humpback—He is an Agile Monster, Not so Huge as His Greenland Cousin, but Yielding Better Oil.

Masters of vessels engaged in the South Sea whale fishery have of necessity a very large amount of latitude allowed them as to when, how, or where they shall procure their valuable freight; of necessity, because the whales of temperate waters, unlike the gigantic mysticetae of the Arctic regions, are not confined to comparatively narrow seas, but range the wide world over, wherever their food can be obtained.

It was in consequence of a change of haunt on the part of the sperm whale that the South Seaman Splendid in which I was fourth mate, was fixed to spend a season in the Vauvau group of the Friendly Islands. The Captain was quite disgusted at our ill success during the past six months, and, having heard equally discouraging reports from the other whalers we had spoken, determined to try whether something better could not be done among the humpbacks about these beautiful islands. The humpback is a rorqual—Balaena Gibbosa of the naturalist—and attains a large size, though inferior to the great "right" whales of Greenland. The quality of the oil is much higher, being little inferior to that obtained from the sperm whale; with the additional advantage of yielding beleen, or whalebone, is possessed by this species. The great drawback to the capture of this cetacean is his marvellous agility. No whaler in his right mind ever attempts to strike one in the open sea. Whenever such a mistake has been committed a very few moments have sufficed to lose the whole of the boat's line, 300 fathoms, and the harpoon, and thanksgivings have arisen that the fishermen were so soon rid of such

A VIGOROUS LEVIATHAN.

At the calving season, however, the gravid cows seek shallow waters and sheltered bays for the purpose of bringing forth their young, instinct teaching them that there they will be safe for the time of their distress from their natural enemies. Of course the whaler early discovered this interesting fact, and have often turned it to the most profitable account. Either just before or soon after parturition, the cow humpback is languid and deliberate in her movements, and consequently unable to avoid or resist the attacks of the destroyer.

The blubber of the humpback, too, at this time is extraordinary rich in oil, yielding quite 50 percent. more than it usually does. When struck with the harpoon, if she has a calf by her side, all the mother's energies are employed in its protection. For herself she takes no care, satisfied apparently, if she can but interpose her huge body between her tender nursing and the death-dealing lances of her foes. These she receives unheeding, and, when at last, enfeebled by the loss of blood, she nears her last struggle, the mighty maternal instinct is even then able to overcome the throes of dissolution, and she does not go into a flurry, but calmly passes from life to death, clutching her young one to her bosom with her huge pectoral fins.

Sometimes it happens that through ignorance or carelessness the harpoon strikes the calf and kills it while yet the mother's powers are unimpaired. Then, indeed, the tables are turned with a vengeance. Every device that experience can suggest and presence of mind execute are needed if the terrible rage of the furious monster is to be escaped from. Utterly careless of her own safety, she endeavors by every means she can to destroy the boats and their crews. Many awful accidents are recorded from such contests as these, but nearly all of them might have been avoided by the exercise of a little more care on the part of those responsible. Having thus briefly introduced the subject of our attention, our particular enterprise may be dealt with.

A SECLUDED BAY.

In a central position of the group was selected for anchorage, easily accessible from all parts of the islands, and well sheltered from wind and swell.

Before dawn each morning all hands were called, and while the day was breaking a hasty breakfast was unwillingly swallowed. Very few people, I think, could make a hearty meal immediately upon rising at about 4.30 A.M. We had to eat it or leave it, for as soon as there was sufficient light for the purpose the hoarse shout of our chief resounded fore and aft, "Way boats."

We sighted our first fish on the second morning. We were jogging gently along through a somewhat narrow strait, admiring the wonderful vegetation clothing the steep shore from sea to summit. We had no idea of finding a fish in such a spot, but were taking a short cut only.

As we came abreast of a tiny cove or cleft in the cliffs the harpooner suddenly stiffened with excitement and he muttered "blow-ow-ow" in an undertone. There in that little dock-like cleft lay a monster just awash, a tiny spiral of vapor at her side, showing her to be accompanied by a calf. Down came the mast and sails as if by magic, and in less than one minute we were paddling straight in for the cove. The water was smooth as a mirror, and the silence profound. A very few strokes and the order was whispered "Stand up" to the harpooner. Louis rose, poised his iron, and almost immediately darted. The keen weapon was almost buried up to the socket in the broad glistening side. "Starn all" was shouted, and backward we swiftly glided, but there was no need for retreat. Never a move did she make, save as to convulsively clutch her calf to her side with one of her great wing-like flippers.

We carefully approached again, the harpooner and officer having changed

places, and, incredible as it may seem, almost wedged the boat in between the whale and the rocks. No sheep could have more quietly submitted to slaughter than did this mighty monster, whose roll to one side would have crushed our boat toinders, and whose death struggle, had it took place as usual, must, in so confined a corner, have drowned us all. Evidently fearful of injuring her calf, she quietly died and gave no sign. Case-hardened old blubber hunters as we are, we felt deeply ashamed, our deed looked so like a

COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

One merciful thrust of a lance ended the calf's misery, and rapidly cutting a hole through the two lips of our prize we buckled to our heavy task of towing it to the ship. We were soon joined by the other boats, but all combined made no great progress, and we had seven hours of heavy labor before we got the carcass home. Securing it alongside, we went to a hard and well-earned meal, and a good night's rest.

Cutting into the blubber next day was comparative an easy task for us after our experience of the same operations at sea. During the progress of the work the ship was surrounded by an excited crowd of natives in their dugout outrigger canoes, waiting until we should have done with the mountain of meat. At last the final cut was given, and the mass sent adrift, attacked on all sides by the natives, who made the surrounding islands ring again with their rapturous yells. Gradually they got it to the nearest beach, and the feast began. From far and near came the hungry ones, and fires innumerable blazed around where groups of natives, unable to wait till they reached their homes, gorged themselves to repletion with the unaccustomed food. The following day we resumed operations with three boats only, leaving a "trying-out" gang on board to boil down the oil and dispose of it below.

Our next encounter was one afternoon about seven miles from the ship. We had seen and unsuccessfully chased several bulls, and were getting very weary of a game where the fun was all on one side. They just allowed us to fancy we had reached them, and then, when we were straining every nerve to give the harpooner his chance they would glide away from us so easily as to suggest that we had not really seen what they could do in the way of speed. At last we had given up the chase and were returning leisurely, when just under the lee of a small islet, we suddenly made out the fins of a whale about two ship's lengths ahead. The chief mate's boat was nearest the unsuspecting mammal, who was calmly reclining on his back just at the surface, lazily waving his arms in the air. Mr. Earle ran his boat right in between them, and his harpooner planted two irons in quick succession deep into the broad, white breast beneath him. The boat was at once driven astern with all the power at command, but it was too late. The infuriated leviathan rolled swiftly over, raising his tremendous tail in the air, and delivered

A DIAGONAL BLOW

that would have crushed in the side of the ship herself. It just reached the boat's bow, and chopped off about three feet of her as cleanly as with a huge scythe. The mate saw the blow descending and immediately hove the line off the loghead in the stern round which it runs.

In doing so he accidentally cast the right over the after oarsman's neck with a half turn. Poor Peter snatched at it with both hands to free himself, but at that moment the whale plunged furiously downward, and our shipmate was snatched from our midst before we could realize what had happened.

The harpooner seized the boat axe and chopped the line just saving the rest, who would have been probably all entangled in the gear and drowned with a sunken boat beneath them fast to so swiftly moving a whale. We never saw our shipmate or the whale again. As on a battlefield, there was no time for sorrow, though a great horror was over us all, this being the first life lost the whole cruise through.

We brought the other two boats alongside the smashed one, transhipped all her crew and then, laying the steer oars across the two sound boats, lifted her bodily upon them. Then we frapped the jib around the gaping wound to keep most of the water out, and put four hands into her right aft, so as to cock her bow up clear of the water. We then took her in tow and sadly started for the ship.

We started again next day as usual, for nothing is allowed to hinder whaling when fish are about, except utter inability to go after them. Our boat got fast to another bull about 4 in the afternoon, some eight miles from home. We were quite fresh, not having chased all day, so we attacked with much vigor and fortunately got a couple of bomb lances planted in him before he commenced to cut any capers. Besides, we were over a very large coral reef, and he wasn't able to "sound" (that is, go down) as usual.

In consequence of these favorable circumstances, it was only about twenty minutes after our first iron struck him before the vapor from his spiracles was tinged

A DEEP CRIMSON.

and almost immediately after went his flurry. Round and round he tore, his huge body on its side and leaping high out of the water at every plunge, while these tremendous exertions caused his fast-closing spiracles with a hoarse belching awful to hear. It was soon over and we speedily got a piece punched out of his flukes (tail) and the fluke rope passed. Then a fatal mistake was made. These whales must not be allowed to remain at rest one moment after death unless when chained to the ship. If they are, they begin to sink, and nothing can stop them.

Some little delay took place while preparing to tow, and our fish began to sink. Nothing could be done but to let him go, hoping that the water was still shallow beneath us. But we had got off the reef, and were now in twenty fathoms, with night coming on. It was hastily decided that we could not attempt to raise him until daylight next morning, and that one boat should stay by him all night, the other two returning to the ship and sending food by a fresh crew. This was acted upon, and we were left to our lonely vigil. Was ever a night so long? Not to me, at any rate. The wind rose to half a gale; our position was very exposed and near the breakers, while the tremendous tiger sharks, some between twenty and thirty feet long, swarmed about us as though they would destroy our frail craft and feast merrily upon the shivering occupants. About ten o'clock the

boat arrived with food; none too soon, for not having eaten since 5 that morning, we were ravenously hungry. A hearty meal of yams and fat salt pork did wonders for us, and by the time the boat left us again we were quite cheerful. We had plenty of tobacco, and the most rigid anti-tobaccoists would not have begrudged us the comfort we got out of the weed that night.

By daybreak the boats were with us again, and we commenced the enormous task of raising our whale from the bottom. It was done by lashing all three boats together and leading the rope that held him through the groove in the bow of the centre one. Then a watch tackle was clapped on and all hands laid back on it until we had started him upward. Once he was on the move the work became lighter, and at last the gleam of his white belly lightened the depths beneath us. But oh, our chagrin when we saw him. Truly the

MONSTROUS SHARKS

had been busy at him all night long, for certainly they had devoured quite one-third of the hard-won blubber.

A whole week passed without getting a fish or hardly seeing a spout, and we were all a bit weary of the monotony of our day-long cruising, beautiful though it was. Sometimes as the boat glided gently through the lagoon-like passages, the whole crew, with the exception of the coxswain, would strip to their hats and take to the water, like so many tritons and nereids attending the progress of some ancient sea god, or they would slip nooses of line over their shoulders and be gently drawn through the limpid, tepid waters without effort and attended by every sensation of a languorous bliss. During one of these periods of boyish enjoyment we suddenly opened up a bay whose shores seemed unfamiliar. The cliffs were very precipitous, but, as usual, heavily wooded.

Feeling that we might be approaching some new hiding place of the whales, all hands climbed on board and threw on each the two garments that completed his dress. Every nook was eagerly scanned for spouts, and hardly a glance was wasted upon the marvellous scene below. For here, indeed, was one of the loveliest of nature's pictures spread out in all that extravagance of beauty and dazzling radiance of color found in such lonely spots, as if intended for the pleasure of the Creator alone. Fish like living jewels darted about in myriads through those subaqueous groves whose every branch was a miracle, over which a reverent soul might wander for a lifetime without exhausting its marvels. Suddenly a semicircular opening in the cliff wall opened up. We were sailing close inshore, with so light a breeze that the water was as smooth as a mirror, and as we slowly neared the doorway it proved high enough and broad enough to admit a much bigger craft. Without waiting to think we unstepped the mast and paddled gently in.

As we entered, the swell, imperceptible before, lifted us unpleasantly near the top of the natural arch, but we glided swiftly through without touching. There appeared to be a natural channel below corresponding to the ad whaling in south sea doorway above the water, for the sea was here of

AN INTENSE BLUE.

and we could with difficulty see the bottom. Once within, great was our amazement. The cavern widened out enormously, and the roof rose, as near as we could guess, to a pitch of about 60 feet. We gently paddled on, guided by a soft suffused light that entered we knew not where, but made it possible for us, as our eyes got accustomed to the gloom, to see the configuration of the cave. Its walls were perpendicular, nowhere that we could see affording the slightest foothold. After a little paddling around, we concluded that we had been inside long enough, and headed for the entrance, but it had disappeared. Then it dawned upon us that we had been here much longer than we supposed, and that possibly the tide had risen. For a few moments we sat and stared at each other in silence, each brain busy with its own view of the question.

Then our cogitations were brought to an abrupt termination by a most hideous, deafening roar, which reverberated through that mighty hall as if it would never cease. To say we were scared sounds weak. I simply wilted, and for a moment felt as if all my faculties were dead except consciousness of existence. Then it came again, but the repetition restored us all to sanity and life. We recognized the sound, but having never heard it before under such conditions, no wonder it took us by surprise. It was a whale spouting. He had come in after us, and was now doubtless trying to find his way out again. Suddenly he rose near us, and, to our horror, our half-savage harpooner actually seized a lance and pierced his broad side. I am not going to attempt any description of the scene which ensued. All I know about it is that after what seemed a very long time, during which I was being tossed about in a cylinder half full of water, to the accompaniment of a few earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, I found myself suddenly and unaccountably at peace again.

I know somebody said, "Oh, go on with the circus; I'm just beginning to like it," and I know that I smiled mechanically, but really all I could do for at least an hour was wonder at being alive. It was much darker than before, that is, above water, but below the water was a blaze of light. I said to myself, "That whale's dead or gone out, and these are sharks. If he's dead and down beneath us, there'll be enough sharks here in an hour or two to fill the cave." Well, all that night they kept coming, showing that the whale was there and dead, and if ever six poor men sat in such a den of darkness for ten mortal hours over such a tangle of writhing cannibals and came out of it with all their change, I should like to know them and sympathize with them.

A Pleasant Programme.

Mamma—Merry me! Don't take so much candy.

Little Dot—But you said that I could have some candy for taking that medicine.

O course; but so much will make you sick again.

Well, then, I can take some more medicine and have some more candy, can't I?

About the only monument of the Roman dominion in Egypt, the fortress of Babylon, at old Cairo, is being torn down to make way for modern buildings.

About the House.

The Oil Stove in the Cellar.

Not many cellars can go through the winter without some of the contents freezing unless extra protection is given. Many people take it for granted that the cellar will freeze, and so expect to annually dump out a few bushels of potatoes and other vegetables. And quite frequently canned fruits and apples come in this loss.

Now, if you will do a little figuring you will see what this means. A few dollars worth freezes one winter, a few dollars the next, and the next and the next. It takes but a few years to dump a hundred dollars' worth of frozen stuff from the cellar. It is done just a little at a time so that it is hardly noticed. But it is one of those deceitful little leak holes that is industriously sapping the farmer's prosperity, while he is just as industriously swearing at his general bad luck in not getting along. We once had a neighbor who had a large crop of potatoes one fall, and as the price was low he put them all in his cellar, anticipating a better spring price. He banked up the house and took unusual precautions in protecting the cellar. But it happened that the winter was a very cold one, the thermometer hanging far below zero for days at a time during January and February. Well, his cellar froze in spite of everything, and he lost a great many of his potatoes, near \$100 worth.

Now, all such losses and annoyances from the cellar freezing are no longer necessary. They should be classed with the evils of the past. And the remedy lies in the little oil stove. Yes, blessings on the little oil stove!

Two years ago we purchased one and have used it now for two winters in heating our cellar, so I know whereof I speak. To insure absolute safety we keep ours in the middle of the cellar on the earthen floor, with all burnable materials removed from near it. When the bricks near the bulkhead begin to look frosty we take warning. We light the stove during the evening, burning it for two or three hours before bed time. By that time the cellar is sufficiently warm that all danger of freezing for the night is over. As a rule we find that this one lighting of the stove is sufficient for the day, unless the weather is very cold—say from 20 to 30 degrees below zero, with a pleasant little north breeze on dock—such as we enjoy up here in Minnesota occasionally. At such times we light the stove again early in the morning and burn it for an hour or two.

Previous to getting this stove we used to resort to all sorts of methods to keep the cellar from freezing. The foundation of the house was covered with building paper, kettles of hot coals were taken in the cellar, and the potato bins were covered with old quilts and carpets. But despite all these bothersome precautions things would sometimes freeze. One winter when potatoes were 85 cents a bushel, we had a good many freeze. We lost enough that one winter by freezing to purchase several oil stoves. But like many others we were ignorant of what a good thing we were missing. Now that we have found out we will never again be without an oil stove for heating the cellar. The ease and convenience of it cannot be comprehended nor appreciated until it is tried. There is simply the going down cellar and lighting it, and then putting it out at the proper time. And the expense of running it is hardly to be thought of, three or four gallons of oil being sufficient for the whole winter, as it is used only in the severely cold weather.

The stove should always be kept clean, that is, the air holes should be unobstructed, and the oil should never be allowed to get low.

That Clean Housekeeper.

She was a clean housekeeper; everybody said so, for she always looked neat and clean herself, and her house had the appearance that a clean housekeeper dwelt there, writes M. F. K. I happened to spend many days under the hospitable roof and learned some of her ways and means, and secretly avowed that it takes many things to make a really good housekeeper that this housewife did not possess.

One day she had chicken for dinner, and actually she fried it without singeing it! It was well cooked, but the thoughts of eating it were enough to satisfy one. When doing her Saturday's work, being the tidy woman that she was, she combed her hair before beginning her day's baking, and what do you think she did? She mixed her pie dough and made those delicious looking pies without washing her hands! She scrubbed her summer kitchen floor with a scrubbing brush and afterwards I saw her using that same innocent-looking brush scouring her moulding board! Had the brush been scalded it would not have been quite so bad, but that was not done. Nevertheless, board and floor both looked clean. She washed her milk things in with all her dishes, however greasy the water might be, and when she strained the milk she never thought of rinsing the crocks with a little water, although they were aired on a bench in the back yard where dust sometimes settled.

Little things? Yes, they are, but it takes the little things to make a perfect whole. This is not a single instance, but one that is practiced daily in hundreds of homes where everything appears to be clean. Be clean housekeepers, all of you, but my dear sisters, be sure that the means used to accomplish that end are cleanly.

Some Good Reelipes.

Tomato Omelet—Strain one-half can of stewed tomatoes through a fine sieve; mix with three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, four well-beaten eggs, one-half cupful of milk, salted and peppered to taste, and bake brown in a buttered pan.

Meat Croquets—Use cold roast beef; chop it fine; season with pepper and salt; add one-third the quantity of bread crumbs, moisten with a little milk;

have your hands floured; rub the meat into balls; dip into beaten egg, then into finely pulverized cracker, and fry in butter; garnish with parsley.

Croquets—Use cold veal, chicken or sweetbreads, a little of each or separately. Cut very fine a little fat and lean ham, half the quantity of the whole in bread crumbs, two eggs, butter the size of an egg, pepper, salt, and a little mustard if liked. Knead, adding a little cream; form in any shape, dip in egg, then roll in cracker crumbs; fry in lard till a light brown. Dry them in the oven. Celery and mushrooms can be used if liked.

Chicken Croquets—This is a Boston Cooking School recipe: A four pound fowl will give a little less than three cupfuls of chopped white meat. Dress the fowl and put it into a kettle with several slices of carrot, two slices of turnip, one small onion, a stalk of celery, one bay leaf and three sprigs of thyme. Add three pints of boiling water and cook until tender. Remove the fowl, strain the liquor and cool. Take off the fat and make a sauce, using two tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour, one and one-half cupful of cream. Add a few grains of cayenne, a slight grating of nutmeg, salt to taste, and one beaten egg. This makes a thick sauce to hold the chicken together. Take the white meat from the breast and second joints and chop, but not so fine as to be a paste. Moisten with some of the juice and spread on a plate and chill. Shape into little rolls, roll in dry bread crumbs, dip in an egg beaten with two tablespoonfuls of water and then roll tightly again in the crumbs. Have some hot fat, using one-third beef suet and two-thirds lard; put five or six croquets in a frying basket and lower slowly into the fat. The slightest defect in egging and crumbing will allow the fat to enter the mixture and cause the croquets to burst open.

DISCIPLINE AT SEA.

Remarkable Instance of What a Well-Trained Crew Can Do.

On the first Sunday after a mail steamship left Liverpool for the Cape of Good Hope there was the usual inspection of the crew by the captain, and a day or two after there was a fire-drill followed by a call for manning the boats.

"Routine performances!" exclaimed a passenger. "Useful mainly for filling the pauses of a long voyage, and entertaining the passengers!"

"You will talk differently," replied an officer, "if any occasion arises for quick work from a disciplined crew."

The next night was dark, and the ship was running at fourteen knots in a smooth sea. There was a sailor's concert on the quarter deck, and passengers officers and men were enjoying the music heartily. One song was sung with so much feeling that a recall was vigorously demanded.

It was not repeated, for while the hand-clapping was going on, a peculiar swish of the water was heard, followed by a sharp cry, "Man overboard!"

A sailor sitting on the taffrail and applauding energetically had lost his balance and had fallen headlong into the sea.

The captain and officers sprang to their feet. An order was given coolly and a life-buoy with a rescue signal light attached to it was thrown overboard. In an instant the captain was on the bridge signalling for stopping the engines. A life-boat was lowered and manned under the charge of the chief officer. Four minutes after the first alarm the rescuers were on their way to save their companion. Three minutes afterward a second boat pushed off on the same errand.

The unfortunate sailor struggling in the water a long way from the receding ship saw the faint flash of the signal-light of the buoy and swam out to it, but in catching hold of it he incautiously put out the ship.

The life-boats moving over the dark waters were far away, and there was no light to guide them to him. But the officers knew what to do. They kept the two boats wide apart and watched for the buoy, occasionally shouting the sailor's name. At last one of the crews heard a faint answering cry.

Then the stroke was quickened, every man putting his heart into the work. The call was repeated and again answered. The officer steering by the sound of the voice at last approached the life-buoy, and rescued the sailor.

When the boats had returned to the ship and reported that the man was safe, passengers and crew cheered lustily. Well they might, for it was brave and intelligent work!

It was the perfection of discipline at sea. When the alarm was raised there was neither excitement nor confusion among the sailors. The officers gave their orders quietly, and the men were in their places ready to obey without hesitation. Not a minute was lost. No mistake was made. Every man was trained for rapid work in an emergency. Without systematic discipline there would, of course, have been an attempt at rescue, but the probability of its success would have been greatly lessened.

Susan Simpson.

Sudden swallows swiftly skimming, Sunset's slowly spreading shade, Silvery songsters sweetly singing, Summer's soothing serenade.

Susan Simpson strolled sedately, Stiffing sobs, suppressing sighs, Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately, She stopped, showing some surprise.

"Say," said Stephen, "sweetest sigher! Say shall Stephen spouseless stay?" Susan seeming somewhat shyer, Showed submission straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches, Susan Simpson Slocum she— So she signed some simple sketches— Soul sought soul successfully.

Six Septembers Susan swelters; Six sharp seasons snow supplies; Susan's satin sofa shelters, Six small Slocums side-by-side.

"My baby had croup and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J. R. Martin of Huntsville, Ala.