A PARIAH.

Slyne's Chare is in South Shields, and Mason's Chop House stands at the lower corner of Slyne's Chare—Mason's Chop House, where generations of honest Tyneside sailors have consumed pounds of honest mutton and beef, and onions therewith. For your true salt loves an onion ashore, which makes him a pleasanter companion at sea. Mason's Chop House is a low-roofed, red-tiled, tarred cottage with a balcony—a "balcohny" overhanging the river. It is quite evident that the "balcohny" was originally built, and has subsequently been kept in repair, by ships' carpenters. It is so glaringly ship-shape, so redolent of tar, so ridiculously strong.

The keen, fresh breeze—and there is nothing keener, fresher, stronger, and wholesomer in the world than that which comes roaring up between the two piers of the Tyne—this breeze blows right through Mason's, and blows the fume of cooking out into Slyne's Chare.

It is evening—tea-time—and the day's work is almost done; for Mason's does little in suppers. A bullet-headed boy is rubbing pewter pots at the door. Mrs. Mason, comfortably somnolent at the entrance of the little kitchen, watches her daughter—comely, grave-faced Annie Mason—"our Annie," as she is called, who is already folding the table-cloths. A few belated customers linger in the partitioned loose-boxes which lend a certain small privacy to the tables, and often save a fight. They are talking in gruff, North-country voices, which are never harsh.

A man comes in, after a moment's awkward pause at the open door, and seeks a secluded seat where the gas overhead hardly affords illumination. He is a broad-built man—a Tynesider; not so very big for South Shields; a matter of six feet one, perhaps. He carries a blue spotted handkerchief against his left cheek, and the boy with the pewter pots stares eagerly at the other. A boy of poor tact this; for the customer's right cheek is horribly disfigured. It is all bruised and battered in from the curve of a square jaw to the cheek-bone, which is broken. But the eye is intact; a shrewd, keen eye, accustomed to the penetration of a Northern mist—accustomed to a close scrutiny of men's faces. It is painfully obvious that this sailor—for gait and clothes and manner, set aside all other crafts—is horribly conscious of his deformity.

"Got a toothache?" inquires the tactless youth.

The newcomer replies in the negative and orders a cup of tea and a herring. It is Annie who brings the simple meal, and sets it down without looking at the man.

"Thanks," he growls in his brown beard, and the woman pauses suddenly. She listens, as if hearing some distant sound. Then she slowly turns—for she has gone a step or two from the table—and makes a pretence of setting the salt and pepper closer to him.

Three ships had come up with the afternoon tide—a coaster, a Norwegian barque in ballast, and a full-rigged ship with nitrate from the West Coast of South America.

"Just ashore?" inquired Annie—economical with her words, as they mostly are round the Northern river.

"Ay!"

"From the West Coast?"

'Ay," grumbles the man. He holds the handkerchief to his cheek and turns the herring tentatively with a fork.

"You'll find its good enough fish," says the woman bluntly. Her two hands are pressed to her comely bosom in a singular way.

"Ay!" says the man, again, as if he had no other word.

The clock strikes six, and the boy more mindful of his own tea than his neighbor's ailments, slips on his jacket and goes home. The last customers dawdle out with a grunt intended for a salutation. Mrs. Mason is softly heard to snore. And all the while Annie Mason—all the color vanishing from her wholesome face—stands with her hands clutching her dress gazing down at the man who still examines the herring with a self-conscious awkwardness.

"Geordie!" she says. They are all called Geordie in South Shields.

"Ay, lass!" he answers shamefacedly.

Annie Mason sits down suddenly—opposite to him. He does not look up but remains, his face half hidden by the spotted blue handkerchief, a picture of self-conscious guilt and shame.

"What did you do it for, Geordie?" she asks breathlessly. "Eleven years, come March—oh it was cruel!"

"What did I do it for?" he repeats. "What did I do it for? Why, lass, can't you see my face?"

He drops the handkerchief, and holds up his poor scarred countenance. He does not look at her, but away past her with the pathetic shame of a maimed dog. The cheek thus suddenly exposed to view is whole and brown and healthy. Beneath the mahogany-colored skin there is a glow singularly suggestive of a blush.

"Ay, I see your face," she answers, with a note of tenderness for the poor scarred cheek. "I hope you haven't been at the drink."

He shakes his head with a little sad smile that twists up his one-sided mouth.

"Is it because you wanted to get shot of me?" asks the woman with a sort of breathlessness. She has large grey-blue eyes with a look of constant waiting in them—a habit of looking up at the open door at the sound of every footstep.

"Hang it, Annie. Could I come back to you with a face like this; and you the prettiest lass on the Tyneside?"

She is fumbling with her apron string. There is a half-coquettish bend of her head—with the grey hairs already at the temple—awakened perhaps by some far-off echo in his passionate voice. She looks up slowly, and does not answer his question.

"Tell us," she says slowly. "Tell us where ye've been."

"Been!—oh, I don't know, lass! I don't rightly remember. Not that it matters. Up the West Coast, trading backwards and forwards. I've got my master's certificate now. Serving first mate on board the Mallard to Falmouth for orders, and they ordered us to the Tyne. I brought her round—I knew the way. I thought you'd be married, lass. But maybe ye are?"

"Maybe I'm daft," puts in Annie coolly.

"I greatly feared," the man goes on with the slow self-consciousness of one unaccustomed to talk of himself. "I greatly feared I'd meet up with a bairn of yours playing in the doorway. Losh! I could not have stood that! But that's why I stayed away, Annie lass! So that you might marry a man with a face on him. I thought you would not know me if I held my handkerchief over my other cheek!"

There is a strange gleam in the woman's eyes—a gleam that one or two of the old masters have succeeded in catching and imparting to the face of their Madonnas, but only one or two.

"How did you come by your hurt?" she asks in her low voice.

"Board the old Walleroo going out. You mind the old ship. We had a fire in the hold, and the skipper he would go down alone to locate it before we cut a hole in the deck and shipped the hose in. The old man did not come up again. Ye mind him. Old Rutherford of Jarrow. And I went down and looked for him. It was a hell of smoke and fire, and something in the cargo stinking like—like hell fire as it burnt. I got a hold of the old man, and was fetching him out on my hands and knees, when something busts up and sends us all through the deck. I had three months in Valparaiso hospital; but I saved old Jack Rutherford of Jarrow. And when I got up and looked at my face I saw that it was not in the nature of things that I could ever ask a lass to have me. So I just stayed away and made believe that—that I had changed my mind."

The man pauses. He is not glib of speech, though quick enough at sea. As he takes up the little teapot and shakes it roundwise, after the manner of the galley, his great brown hand shakes too.

"I would not have come back here," he goes on after a silence; "but the Mallard was ordered to the Tyne. And a chap must do his duty by his shipmates and his owners. And I thought it would be safe—after eleven years. When I saw the old place and smelt the smell of the old woman's frying-pan, I could not get past the door. But I hung around, looking to make sure there were no bairns playing on the floor. I have only come in, lass to pass the time of day and to tell you ye're a free woman."

"And you stayed away eleven years—because o' that?" says the woman slowly.

"Ay, you know, lass, I'm no great hand at the preaching and Bibles and the like; but it seems pretty clear that them who's working things did not think it fit that we should marry. And so it was sent. I got to think it so in time—least, I think it's that sometimes. And no woman would like to say, 'That's my man—him with only half a face.' So I just stayed away."

"All for that?" asks the woman, her face, which is still pretty and round and rosy, working convulsively.

"Ay, lass."

"Then, honey," she cries softly, "you dinna understand us women!"

DRESS OF QUEENS.

It is seldom one finds a leader of fashion among the royal women of Europe. Not a few of them are notable for a disregard of fashion's decrees, and many others are content to follow the lead of others. Some of them have fads in garments, as, for instance, Queen Sophia of Sweden, who is a member of the Salvation Army, and affects the style of raiment peculiar to that organization. Queen Emma of the Netherlands make no pretensions whatever about dress, and the most familiar portraits of her daughter, Queen Wilhelmina, shows us a simple figure in the native dress of Holland. The dress of Queen Henrietta of Belgium has always been simple. The Empress of Germany, too, is another instance of a royal lady who has little or no influence on the fashions of her country.

In England the Princess of Wales and her daughters are striking instances of women of royal blood who have not only not led the fashion, but they have not even followed it, the most striking proof being afforded in the fact that they have never adopted the enormous developments of the puffed sleeves, which have been in vogue for some time. In fact, an examination of the portraits of the Prince of Wales' charming consort will show that during the last fifteen years, at any rate, the cut of her dresses has scarcely varied at all. For carriage dresses and gowns, to be worn at any daylight function, the shape known as the "Princess" has always been adhered to, the toilet being invariably set off by those dainty little bonnets which bear no name, no one having ever seen her Royal Highness coiffed by what are known as "picture hats." Her evening dresses, although the texture and trimmings may vary, display the same constancy as regards cut, while the favorite attire of the Princess and her daughter on ordinary occasions has been the simplest of tailor-made frocks and jackets, without embroideries or garniture.

Identically the same thing may be said of the widowed Czarina of Russia, whose taste in all matters concerning dress in nowise differs from those of her sister, the Princess of Wales. Indeed, it would be impossible to conceive anything more simple in the shape of toilet than the entirely plain black or dark blue tailor-made gown which the Empress has been wearing for nearly two decades past. Her daughter-in-law, the young Czarina, shares the same ideas, and, having been partly brought up either in England or among English surroundings, her ideas with regard to dress are thoroughly British.

DECIDED INCREASE.

Ten years ago there were four tramway companies in Chicago, capitalized at $11,437,000 and working 90 miles. To-day there are 20 companies, having a capital of $187,208,000 and operating 342 miles. The horse car has practically disappeared, the motive power being: Electric, 270 miles; cable, 42; horse, 18; steam, 11 miles. New electric lines now in construction will increase the total city mileage to 400 miles. London has less than three miles of mechanically worked tramways while the total street length of tramways is only 136 miles, all worked by horse power.

LIFE OF THE SAILOR-MAN

THEY ENDURE WRECK, FAMINE AND HORRIBLE SUFFERING.

Awful Story of the Mary Jane Revived—Nineteen Days Afloat in an Open Boat—Justifiable Homicide and Cannibalism Resorted to as a Last Attempt to Save Life.

The life of a sailor, according to sea novels and poetry, is one of serene bliss, with never a care to furrow the brow during the long days of supposed idleness while the ship is sailing from port to port. Thousands of boys have left their homes with a romantic conception of a "life on the ocean wave," but their poetical ideas are in a short time rudely dispelled.

The sailors, in the landsman's opinion, have nothing to do but sing songs, play cards, spin yarns and watch the vessel glide smoothly through the waters. Notwithstanding all the accounts of terrible ocean suffering that have been published from time to time in the newspapers, yet the opinion that "Jack's" life is a merry and a happy-go-lucky one continues to prevail. But the real life of "Jack Tar" is far from being a pleasant one. There is no other class of men who suffer such hardships, sorrows and privations as do the sailors. The accounts given by shipwrecked sailors, the slaying of once loved companions for the sustenance of life, are stories which both thrill and horrify.

THE ILL-FATED MARY JANE.

Take the thrilling history of the gallant ship Mary Jane. She had left Liverpool on a bright summer day in 1850 bound for Australia. It was a merry crew that sang the sailor songs as the anchor was weighed. Her crew numbered 68. All went well until the ship had crossed the equator and was well in Southern waters.

A terrific gale was encountered in latitude 40 degrees south. The Mary Jane lay helpless, with her rudder washed away and the mainmast carried by the board. Added to the other damage the ship had sprung a leak, and it took the combined energies of all the crew at the pumps to keep the vessel afloat. But on and on she drifted.

DASHED TO PIECES.

Death stared every one fully in the face. Those brave sailors, however, still stuck to their ship, believing that succor would come from some quarter. All their hopes were shattered, for one morning, just before daybreak, the Mary Jane struck on an unknown rock. A scramble was made for the boats, but out of the crew of 68 only 10 managed to leave the ship. The rest were either dashed to pieces on the rocks or forever engulfed in the angry waves.

The survivors, with the only boat saved, had barely time to throw in a bag of hard sea biscuits and a small keg of water. Several times the boat came near being capsized by the heavy sea that was running. A small sail was set and the boat headed toward the Australian continent.

OUT IN AN OPEN BOAT.

Day after day passed and not a sight of a vessel was seen. The small amount of provisions thrown into the boat were nearly exhausted. The fresh water was nearly gone, and only a gallon remained at the end of the eighth day. The outlook was, indeed, dark. If their experience had been thrilling during the past two weeks, the worst was yet to come. What took place on that boat can best be told in the words of David Hargraves, second mate.

The boat, with its dead and dying occupants, was picked up about 200 miles from Adelaide, Australia. The second mate's story is as follows:

THE MATE'S STORY.

"Ten of the crew, including myself, had managed to launch the cutter clear of the ship after she struck the rocks. I took charge of the boat and gave out twice a day an allowance of biscuits and water. Eagerly each of us looked for a sail, but day after day we were doomed to disappointment.

"On the eighth day the prospect was very dark. Three biscuits was all that remained of the provisions, and the water supply had dwindled down to a gallon. The men as well as myself felt that the worst was yet to come. It was impossible for me to figure out our position, as I did not have either a sextant or compass.

TERRIBLE PRIVATIONS.

"The three remaining biscuits lasted for three days. Just think of it, only three biscuits to feed 10 men for three days! The woefulness of our condition was made more apparent when, on the fifteenth day, we found ourselves without either a bit of food or a drop of water to drink. Two of the men had already become delirious, and the majority were in an idiotic state of mind. My robust constitution had made it possible for me thus far to combat fairly well against the terrible privations which I had undergone.

LOTS CAST.

"It was on the morning of our seventeenth day in the open boat that the dreaded lots were called for. I was by this time weak from loss of food and my thirst was burning me up. But weak as I was, great as was my desire for food, a thrill of horror crept through my whole being as I heard the clamoring for 'lots.' This is the most dreaded ordeal in the whole of a sailor's life.

"It is simply impossible for landsmen to realize what it means to eat a fellow being. I made an effort to rally the men, telling them that perhaps a vessel might be sighted during the day. My appeals were in vain, and it was with reluctance that I joined the others in fixing up the lots which would rob one of our number of his life in order that the others

THE VICTIM.

Might live. Each one looked at his neighbor with suspicion and in silence. The lots were drawn amidst breathless excitement. Even the sea seemed to be in keeping with the awful event transpiring on the boat. The water was as smooth as a glass. Not a breath stirred the air, but the sun's hot rays poured down upon our heads. The fatal lot was drawn by a young Scotchman from Banff. His last words were:

"'If you ever reach home again send word to my mother that I died like a man, and took my share as it fell on me. Good-bye, boys.'

"We hardly knew how to murder our victim. All of us seemed to dread, even in our present state, to be first to strike the blow, for some moments after the fatal lot had been drawn. But the crisis came. A big, burly Liverpool man, who had been delirious from thrist, rushed at the young Scotchman and buried his teeth deep into the doomed man's cheek. The sight of blood made fiends of the others, myself included.

ATE THEIR COMPANION ALIVE.

"We all became as raving hungry wolves, tearing our victim, while he was yet alive, limb from limb. As I now stand in my sober senses I shudder to think of that moment.

"Every drop of blood in the young man's body was drank and his flesh became our daily food. The smell rising from the remains brought around the boat several sharks and scores of sea gulls.

"The ungainly feast proved too much for some of the men. The effect of the human flesh and blood was too strong for them. Four became raving maniacs among them being the Liverpool sailor. The four mentioned during the night threw themselves overboard to be torn to pieces by the sharks as soon as they had touched the water. Another member of the crew died of exhaustion.

RESCUED BY A PILOT BOAT.

"When picked up by the pilot boat we had been in an open boat for 19 days. The suffering we had gone through during that time was of such a nature that it would be impossible for human beings to surpass."

The four survivors of the "Mary Jane" were well cared for on the pilot boat and taken to Adelaide. Their experience became the sensation of the day, and, after being arraigned for the murder of their companion, they were honorably discharged. A purse was made up and a passage back to England secured for them.

The above is but one small chapter in the horrors of ocean life.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF CAPTAIN BAKER.

Stories of heroism help to make those who read them heroic. They serve to inspire the being with some of that noble fire which has glowed resplendent in the hearts of others and inspired them to gallant deeds. The actions of Captain Charles Baker, of the British warship Drake, a ten-gun brig, while en route from Newfoundland to Halifax, certainly commends itself to all lovers of the heroic.

The Drake had suddenly entered the thick fog on the Banks of Newfoundland. The cry came shortly after the vessel was enshrouded with the heavy mist: "Breakers ahead. Hard a-starboard with the helm." The warning cry came too late. The noble ship struck on the rocks, but the confidence of the men in their Captain was of such a nature that not the slightest disorder took place.

ENGULFED IN THE WAVES.

The ship began to lurch over and settle lower in the water. Captain Baker ordered a boat launched, but it had scarcely cleared the gangway before it sank, carrying all on board into a watery grave. For upward of an hour the Drake beat her sides upon the jagged rocks. Something had to be done or all would perish. Captain Baker determined to save his men. He forced them to jump into the water on the lee side of the ship and make for the sheltered part of the rock. Remarkable to say, every man secured a place of safety.

SAVED BY A ROPE.

It was soon found that the rock was in a channel of great width, and that the tide was rapidly rising. When the captain joined his crew he brought with him the end of a rope. This was hauled on the rock and taken across the channel to main land by one of the men. The rope was the means of saving 54 out of the 60 who had found landing on the rock. Among those who perished was a woman. A brave fellow, when his turn came to leave the rock, took the woman in his arms, bent on saving her, but when half way across the rope broke and they were both swept into eternity. The breaking of the rope took away all the chances that Captain Baker and the other men had for life. The water covered the rock and was now waist deep.

SANK INTO ETERNITY.

Those who had reached the shore in safety did all in their power to rescue their gallant commander, but he was shortly swallowed up by the angry waves. Before he disappeared he kissed his hand as a token of farewell to his crew. It was his unselfish devotion that was the means of saving so many of the lives of his crew.

A monument was erected to the memory of Captain Baker at the public expense in the chapel of the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth.

DICKENS AND THE X RAYS.

An amusing instance of anticipation of the penetrating character of the so-called X rays, according to an exchange has been discovered in a most unlikely place; i.e., in Dickens' "Christmas Carol." It will be remembered that when the miser Scrooge sees the ghost of his former partner Marley entering the room, Marley's body appears to be transparent, so that Scrooge can see clear through him and discern the two buttons on the back of his coat. It may be presumed that Marley wore the old-time blue coat with brass buttons, and that flesh and blood became transparent when metals buttons would not. It is now in order for the Society of Physical Research to try the X rays for the detection of ghosts, but if they are successful they must give the credit to Dickens.

DOESN'T ALWAYS WORK.

Father—When a young man has his heart in what he's doing, he's bound to succeed.

Son—You're wrong governor. I had my whole heart in it when I proposed to Miss Bruly and I didn't come within a million miles of success

WOMEN AS SOLDIERS.

They Have Acted Bravely in Some of the Great Battles of the World.

During the recent campaign in Madagascar we heard a good deal about Dahomey Amazons and their prowess in war; and a few months ago a daily paper asserted that a female volunteer corps was in the process of being formed to be officered, of course, by some extreme disciples of the "New Woman" cult. In the latter instance the idea of a woman usurping man's place on the battle-field was looked upon as being something quite original; whereas it would simply be a case of history repeating itself, for that there have been many such heroines the following particulars will prove: Mrs. Christine Davies, commonly called "Mother Ross," is a well-known example, she having served as a foot soldier and dragoon in several campaigns under William III. and the Duke of Marlborough, acting as a squadron leader of the Scots Greys at Blenheim and Ramillies. She died July 9, 1739. Hannah Snell was another female worthy, who, having been deserted by her husband, adopted male attire and travelled to Conventry in search of the runaway. She there enlisted in Fraser's Regiment of Marines, and proceeded to Portsmouth, whence she sailed in Admiral Boscawen's squadron for the East Indies. There she assisted at the siege of Pondicherry, when she received twelve wounds. Through all her adventures, including a couple of floggings, she managed to preserve the secret of her sex, and concerning the application of the "cat" it was said:

Hannah in breeks behav'd so well,
That none her softer sex could tell.

At the close of her military life, however, she revealed her secret, and was awarded a pension of £18 5s per annum. Later on she started a public house under the sign of "The Widow in Masquerade," and did such a roaring trade that a comfortable old age was assured to her.

There is Mary Anne Talbot, a fine, comely young woman, to judge by an extant portrait, who served four years as a soldier and sailor in the name of John Taylor, and took part in Lord Howe's glorious victory on June 1. She died February 4, 1808, aged 30 years. One print represents her holding a cutlass in one hand, and a Frenchman's head in the other; another in which she is resisting a press gang. Coupled with the memory of Fontenoy, 1745, there is that of Phoebe Hessel, whose monument in a Brighton churchyard states she was born at Chelsea in 1713; that she served for many years as a private soldier in the 5th Regiment of foot in different parts of Europe, and received a bayonet wound in the arm, at the above engagement. Living at Brighton, her case became known to George IV., then Prince Regent, who sent to ask her what sum of money would render her comfortable. "Half a guniea a week," replied old Phoebe, "will make me as happy as a princess." This, therefore, by his Majesty's command, was regularly paid her till the day of her death, which took place December 12, 1821, when she had attained the age of 108 years.

Again, there is Mary Dixon, who was nearly sixteen years in the army, and fought at Waterloo. She was still living in 1865, when she was described as "a strong, powerful old woman." Above all, there is the remarkable, if not unique, case of Dr. Barry, who died at Corfu in July 1865. This lady, said to have been the legitimate daughter of a Scotch earl, is surmised to have adopted male attire and the medical profession from attachment to an army surgeon. Never in her lifetime had any one the slightest suspicion of her sex. While staff surgeon to the cape garrison she most successfully treated the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, fought a duel, and was considered to be of a most quarrelsome disposition. The Doctor was frequently guilty of flagrant breaches of discipline, and on more than one occasion was sent home under arrest, but somehow or other the offenses were always condoned at headquarters. The late Earl of Albemarle relates in his reminiscences that on sitting next to her at mess, he noticed "a certain effeminacy in his manner, which he seemed to be always striving to overcome, while his style of conversation was greatly superior to that one usually heard at a mess table in the days of non-competitive examinations." In Hart's "Army List" for 1865, the name of James Barry, M.D., stands at the head of the list of Inspectors General of Hospitals. In the July of the same year her death was announced, and the next day it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the Doctor was a woman. It is singular that neither the landlady of her lodging, nor the black valet, who had lived with her for years, had the vaguest notion of her secret.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MINES.

Names of the Companies Which Are Doing Development Work.

Turning to the list of local companies included in our stock report, says the Rossland, B.C., miner, we find that the following companies are doing development work: California, C & C, Centre Star, Crown Point, Deer Park, Evening Star, Georgia, Great Western, Homestake, Iron Horse, Iron Mask, Josie, Jumbo, Le Roi, Mayflower, O. K., Phoenix, Poorman, Red Mountain-View, Rossland-Red Mountain, St. Elmo, Trail Mining Co., Virginia and War Eagle. The Idaho belongs to practically the same people who are developing the Centre Star on such an extensive scale, and is an adjoining claim on the same vein. The Enterprise and Monte Cristo are awaiting machinery ordered some time ago. No work that we know of has been done on the Caledonia this year, though it is a most promising prospect. The Gertrude did a lot of work quite recently and so did the High Ore. The Silverine had been working until a few days ago. The Southern Cross and Wolverine Con. has been idle for some time. The Union has just passed into new hands and work may have already been started. The West Le Roi has been idle since last year.

We have no record of the unlisted companies and cannot at present give satisfactory returns regarding them.