

A TRAGIC TALE OF THE SEA.

The Story of the Yacht Mignonette.

Edwin Stephens and Edmund Brooks, the mate and second of the ill-fated yacht Mignonette, reached Southampton at 12:30 o'clock. Stephens was met at Northam by his mother and brother-in-law, Mr. Fisher, and appeared quite prostrate.

Brooks furnishes the following interesting account of his experiences:

The Mignonette proved a capital sea boat. Prior to July 5, the day she was lost, the wind had been hard and steady, but she rode out the gale admirably. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that day Capt. Dudley called the watch—myself and Mr. Stephens—the boy Parker sharing the watch with the skipper. Parker had gone down to wet the tea of which we were all to partake when we hoisted. He had just come up, when Mr. Stephens called, "Look out!" and I saw a tremendous sea, reaching. I should think, quite half way up to our masthead, coming down upon us. The Captain and Parker had held on to the main boom to leeward, and the mainmast being fished had broken the force of the sea upon them. Mr. Stephens held on by the tiller ropes. When the sea had passed, Stephens almost directly said, "Oh, my God, her sides are stove in!" The Captain ordered the boat out. I helped get the boat out. In fact, I was able nearly to throw her out myself. We got in—Stephens, I, and Parker—and called out several times to the Captain to come on board, and he presently did so, the Mignonette sinking in about five minutes after she was struck. We then found our boat had been stove in on the port side, and the leaked a lot; but I stopped it as well as I could with a piece of waister I found on the bottom boards, and this kept the water out till the morning, when Capt. Dudley made it more secure. Parker took the shipreck very kindly, his expectation after we were in the boat being that

WE SHOULD SOON SEE LAND;

but of course the rest of us knew better than that. He was a nice, steady, and good boy—as good a boy, in fact, as I ever sailed with in my life. I regularly took to him, and tried to teach him all I knew myself.

We did not open our first tin of turnips till three days after the wreck, having eaten nothing at all in the meantime. We knew the tins contained only turnips, for I had acted as a sort of cook on board the Mignonette. On the fifth day out I was steering, and saw a turtle swimming a most to windward of us; in fact, we had almost passed it when I saw it. Its head was some distance out of the water, and I pointed it out to the others. I and the Captain pulled the boat's head to sea, and Mr. Stephens got hold of the creature by the fins and turned it over. I let go the fore car, and although it was a pretty good sized fish, it came on board as light as a fly. We all now felt as if we were sure to be saved. This feeling was strong up to the time poor little Parker was killed, but after then my heart was cold. Capt. Dudley killed the turtle, but as the weather was so rough, we lost the blood through the salt water coming on board. But for this we could have had quite a quart or more, which would have lasted us several days. The water got into the chronometer box, in which we were getting the blood. The turtle lasted us till the twelfth day. We ate everything, skin and all, throwing the shell overboard. If we saw a little bit of the turtle fat lying about that had been left, we picked it up and ate it.

Parker, the boy, had several times expressed a desire to drink the sea water, and I and the other two strongly warned him against such a course, saying that if he did so it would kill him, but his reply always was,

"I MUST DRINK SOMETHING."

I told him he should not if I saw him. One morning—I think we must then have been fifteen or sixteen days out, but I can't remember exactly—about 5 o'clock, Dickey told me he had drunk the bailer, which would hold quite a quart, empty, and half full again. I told he was a very silly young fellow, and he again replied that he must drink something. He had been gradually getting weaker, and was, in fact, the weakest of us all. The salt water put his insides out of order, and he suffered very much from diarrhoea, being at times in an agony of pain from this cause, and we all thought he would die. He appeared at times to be delirious; he would lie in the bottom of the boat and try to sleep, and if he went off, when he woke up he would say he wanted a ship. To get on board a ship was all I every heard him express a wish to do. I said to him several times: "Cheer up, Dickey, it will all come right," and the Captain and Stephens did all they could in the same way.

We had several times spoken between the three of us about casting lots as to who should be killed, and Parker had heard of this, but I and Mr. Stephens would not hear of it, and said that if we were to die we would all die together. Excepting Parker, Mr. Stephens suffered more than any of us. He was seized with pains internally, and his legs were so much swollen that he could hardly move. One night he was so bad that I thought he was going to die, and took hold of his hand, and we prayed together to the Almighty to save us.

July 20, when Parker's life was taken, was a very fine day. Excepting a little piece of the skin of the turtle, with a little drop of water we had caught in a storm which had passed over our heads,

WE HAD HAD NOTHING FOR EIGHT DAYS

Dick was lying in the bottom of the boat, groaning with pain; but he had never said anything to lead us to suppose that his life was a burden to him. I believe that the Captain and Stephens had spoken about it in the night, though nothing had been said to me either directly or indirectly of any intention to kill the boy, and Mr. Stephens, I believe, would never have consented to it. I had been at the helm three or four hours, and was lying in the bows of the boat; and Stephens made signs to me which I understood to mean that the Captain intended to take the boy's life, as he was dying. I believe he was dying, and if he had not been killed, I have not the slightest doubt we should all have died. I did not see the dead dog, I had my oil-skin coat over my head trying to get to sleep, and I was not aware when it was to happen. All I heard was the Captain say to Mr. Stephens, "Hold his feet," and uncovered my head, and then saw the boy was dead. I fainted away for a minute or two, and when I came to I saw the Captain and Mr. Stephens drinking the

blood which was running from his neck. I said, "Give me a drop," but it was very nearly all gone, but what I had was quite congenial. I felt quite strong after that—in fact we all made use of the expression that we were quite different men. I went aft and steered for two or three hours, but I don't know exactly how long. Capt. Dudley and Stephens cut off the boy's clothes and threw them overboard. It was a horrible sight and so mistake.

AS MUCH RELIEF AS ORDINARY FOOD.

We were picked up on the twenty-fifth day out. I was steering the boat, about half past six in the morning, as near as I can guess, but we had no watch. I saw a sail, but did not at first know what it was, for I had been sitting down talking to myself and praying to the Almighty to rescue us from death, as our sufferings from thirst were so horrible. When Mr. Stephens and the Captain "got up," I said: "Oh, my God, here's a ship coming straight for us."

We all prayed together out loud that she would not miss us, each promising to lead a different life to what we had done if the Almighty would only give us the strength to reach the vessel. We put our sail, which was made out of Stephens' shirt, down, as the bark was a little to windward, and pulled as well as we could a little way. I should think she was four or five miles off when we sighted her, and as she came down upon us Mr. Stephens hoisted the shirt, and signalled as well as he was able, for he had not much strength to hold it up. Quite an hour and a half was passed in this dreadful suspense, for we were afraid, being still to leeward, that the bark would not see us. We at last saw her keep away from the wind, and then we felt she had seen us, and were very much rejoiced, and all thanked God for His mercy.

As we got close alongside I took both oars, being the strongest. The Captain caught the rope, and made a turn, as well as he was able, round the fore thwart, Mr. Stephens being aft. The latter sang out, "Oh, Captain, for God's sake, help us. We have been twenty-four days, and have had nothing to eat or drink. Help us on board." The Captain of the bark made a reply in German, which I could not understand. Capt. Dudley also hailed him. Two of the crew came down and made the boat fast, and got ropes around and lifted us on board, for we were so weak we could not climb the ship's side. I took hold of the main plates and scrambled up as well as I could, and the carpenter then carried me across the deck to the place where Mr. Stephens was lying. The Captain of the Montezuma had taken charge of Capt. Dudley. They all treated us very kindly.

THE MATE'S ACCOUNT.

Edwin Stephens, who is the son of the late Capt. Robert Stephens, of Southampton, late of the Isle of Wight Company's service, on his arrival home, furnished some interesting details. He said:

"Our nights were the worst time; they seemed never to end; and we dreaded them very much. We had now the longest interval without food or water, viz., eight days without food and five days without water, with the exception mentioned. The lad dying before our eyes, the longing for his blood came upon us, and on Friday morning the twentieth day of our being cast away, the master hastened his death by bleeding him. In a minute all was over."

"I will leave you to imagine how we subsisted on the body until Tuesday, July 29, the twenty-fourth day after being in the boat, when we were picked up by the German bark Montezuma, of Hamburg, Capt. Tremouset, bound to Falmouth, from whom we received every kindness. We suffered a great deal for some days afterwards. The extremities seemed to have entirely lost life. We had thus been in the boat from July 5, at 5 p. m., until July 29, at 10 a. m., nearly twenty-four days, having drifted and sailed a distance of about 900 miles, viz., from lat. 27° 10' S., long. 9° 50' W., to lat. 24° 20' S., long. 28° 25' W., our position when picked up."

"Many of the statements that have been published in the papers are wrong, particularly one, which said I stood up and held the boy Parker while the Captain killed him. That is quite wrong. I don't remember hearing anything at all, but I know I was expected to hold his feet if he struggled, but he did not. The fact is, you can't carry your recollection back to the thing at all properly. We don't know what we did; we were maddened with thirst and hunger; but I know I did not suffer from hunger as the others did for the first eight days. I had hardly anything to eat, and I never thought of eating any of the turtle until it was about three parts gone. Drink was all I wanted."

"The boy's death saved our lives, for we should have all have been dead before the time we were picked up. Parker was a nice lad—a regular Itchen ferryman, honest, and always willing to do everything he was told, which is a great virtue in a boy on board a ship."

THE CAPTAIN'S CONFESSION.

The Captain, who is a stout-built, fair-haired man of middle height, looks fairly well, but is still very weak. He wears slippers on his feet, as they are still too tender to admit of putting boots on. When the unfortunate men were picked up both his legs were much swollen, and it was only after a long course of blistering and bandaging that they were reduced to a normal size.

Capt. Dudley, in an interview in the afternoon, conversed freely about the terrible occurrence. After detailing the earlier part of the voyage of the Mignonette from Southampton to Madeira, and their afterwards signalling an Italian bark and speaking the Bridge of Lorne, he said:

Day after day passed, and on the eleventh day we had finished the turtle, and had nothing left except the two fins; but we ate every portion, even the bones. The fat of the turtle proved very nutritious, and we got water a few times when there were showers by catching the rain in our oilskins, though sometimes when we had a little drop of sea breeze into it and spoiled it, so that we had to throw it away.

We went on from the fifteenth to the twentieth day without any food at all or drink, and by that time we had begun to look each other in the face very black. The boy, who had drunk some sea water at night,

had said, "We shall all die," and I remarked, "We shall have to draw lots, boys." This was ignored by all, and they said, "We had better die together," to which I replied, "So let us die together."

A day or two before I suggested we should try and make some kind of a sail, which we did with our shirts rigged on a spar for a mast and a strand of the painter for shrouds and stays. Things now looked as hard as they could.

On either the nineteenth or twentieth day the boy was lying in the bottom of the boat, where he had been for two days, gasping for breath and nearly dead. At about 3 o'clock in the morning I said to the mate: "What is to be done? I believe that boy is dying. You have a wife and five children. I said that human flesh had been eaten before."

Stephens replied: "See what daylight brings forth." Brooks took his watch at 6 o'clock, and we made motions to each. Brooks said he could not do it, and Stephens said he could not do it.

I told Brooks to go forward, which he did. I then took hold of the shrouds and had a last look round to see if anything was in sight, but there was nothing. I offered up a prayer most fervently that God above might forgive us for such an act, and then I knelt down by the boy and said: "Now, Dick, my boy, your time has come." He murmured: "What, me, sir?" I put the penknife in his throat and he was dead instantly.

The Captain, who was much upset by the recital, further stated how they drank the blood of the poor boy, and lived upon his flesh for the next four days. On the twenty-fourth day, when they had almost given up all hope, Brooks called out, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, "Sail, oh!" In an hour and a half the Montezuma was alongside, and they were lifted on to the deck. The remains of the lad Parker were buried by the Captain of the rescuing vessel.

BUBBLES

Didn't Know his Business.

"What are you doing there?" demanded the grocer of the new clerk.
"I'm putting a little sand in the sugar. Ain't that right?"
"Right? Great Scott! No. You take a little of the sugar and put it in the sand."

Quick Work in Court.

"I grant an absolute divorce to both parties," said the Judge. "O. K. the next case."
"But the children, your Honor. What disposition shall be made of them?"
"Equal division. Let each party take half."
"But there are three of them, your Honor."
"Can't help it. That's their look out, not mine. Call the next case."

Where the Libel Hurt.

A politician who had been nominated for office said to a lawyer, "I want you to bring suit against the editor of the Daily Wanderer. He has defamed my character outrageously."
"But, my dear man, what he has published won't lose you any votes."
"Of course it won't lose me any votes, but my wife complains that she isn't able to hire a servant girl."

An Investigation not Necessary.

Depositor—Have you looked into the affairs of the bank recently?
Director—No, but everything is all right I am sure.
Depositor—Why are you sure?
Director—Because the health of the cashier is very poor.
Depositor—What has that got to do with the matter?
Director—He is too feeble to stand the rigors of a Canadian winter.

Sense of Taste in the Lower Animals.

The lowest animals hardly need a sense of taste at all, at least in the developed form: all fish that comes to their net; they swallow, and, if possible, digest every bit of organic matter they happen to come across in the course of their aimless peregrinations. Or, rather, they swallow whatever is smaller than themselves, and get swallowed by whatever is larger. Still, even in these lowest depths of animal evolution, we get in a very simple and undeveloped form some first faint foreshadowing of the faculty which becomes specialized later on into the sense of taste. When floating jelly bags seem to envelop the edible morsel all round with its own matter. But when it meets mineral bodies or uneatable things generally, it either does not try to envelop them at all, or if it coats them for a moment it soon rejects them as of no practical use for its own purposes. These simplest rudimentary animals, besides being all mouth and all stomach, are also all nerve and all sense organ. Every part of them seems to possess in some feeble manner the power of discriminating between what is food and what is useless.

The First Napoleon a True Prophet.

A very curious fragment of Napoleon's table talk is brought to mind by the present position of affairs in Central Asia. The Emperor happened to speak of the way in which Alexander besought him at Tilsit to let Russia seize Constantinople. "Alexander a fort desire Constantinople de moi," said Napoleon; and he then went on to show how Russia might gradually sap our power in India. The subject interested him, and he spoke at great length, laying down a strategic detail of the most minute description. His idea was that when Russia had firmly established herself within striking distance of our frontier she might bring about an insurrection and offer England her kind assistance in quelling the revolt. He said: "De toutes les puissances la Russie est la plus redoutable surtout pour les Anglais. Tout cela je l'avaie prévu. Je vois dans l'avenir plus ou moins autres."
There is no doubt but that he was right. He certainly did see further into the future than any statesman of whom we have knowledge. The predictions which he made during this memorable conversation form very suggestive reading at the present time, for they are being fulfilled one by one.

A COUPLE OF DOG STORIES.

AN AMICABLE TERRIER.

A few days since a letter brought to Mrs. Blok a note from the farm, and later was found sitting on four broken eggs, while the piping of a newly fledged chick came from beneath her wings. In order that it might bring out the remaining eggs the ten chickens were taken a way from her and placed in a box nicely filled with straw in Mrs. Blok's kitchen. The plaintive cries of the chickens attracted the attention of Beauty, a pit black-and-tan dog, who after soberly inspecting the box and taking in the situation, stepped carefully into the straw and settled down among the chickens. The cries of the feathered youngsters ceased immediately, and they took to their unnatural, but attentive mother at once. For several days the dog assumed watchful care over her charges, carefully tucking them down about her nose, and becoming visibly anxious whenever one of the more active of the birds hopped over the edge of the box upon the floor, barking loudly until some one came and replaced the troublesome chick. When the chickens were finally taken from her and placed with the mother hen, Beauty seemed completely lost.

A CUTE CANINE.

A dog belonging to the B—s, which was a great favorite of theirs and regarded as of thoroughly irreproachable training, was charged by some of the neighbors with worrying sheep at night. The family rebutted this charge on the ground that the dog was fastened into their kitchen at night and was never let out until the servants came down in the morning.

The farmers, however, persisted that they knew the dog well, and had seen him going from the sheepfold, though he had managed to escape them. When this was urged so strongly as to make it imperative on the B—s to take some further steps, one of the daughters volunteered to sleep in the kitchen and watch the dog's behavior.

When they made up the young lady's bed the dog seemed very restless and strange but by and by he settled down, and all was silent.

A little after midnight he got up, came to the bed, and sniffed about until he had satisfied himself that the lady was not awake. Then he leaped into the window seat, lifted the latch of the shutters, and opened them. Then he undid the latch of the window, which he opened, and then disappeared.

After a long interval he came back, closed and fastened the windows and shutters, finished by licking his own feet, and the marks which he had left by springing on the floor. To the terror of the seeming sleeper, he now came and closely scrutinized her; but she kept still, and he at last crept off to his own bed.

As soon as she heard the servants stirring, the lady rose softly and slipped through the door. But the guilty dog had marked her. He sprang up and made a dash at her with most undisguised fury, for he saw that his secret was discovered and his character blasted by one whom he now regarded as a hateful spy.

Fortunately, she got the door fast shut in time, and at once alarmed the house. But the dog was now so furious that no one dared go into the kitchen, and at last a gun was brought, pointed through an aperture, and he was shot dead.

Italian Passions.

Love, jealousy, and vengeance continue to affect certain classes of society to a degree disproportionate to their actual importance. Tales of love have an invincible attraction for our lower classes, and there is a whole literature of tales of vengeance. Jealousy takes the same important place, and it has become the subject of legislation. A man who does not know to avenge an affront, to obtain justice for himself, and demand life for life, is unmanly in the popular estimation especially in Southern and Central Italy. A woman would refuse to smile upon a man who allowed himself to be insulted with impunity. This mode of feeling which manifests itself in the higher classes in the frequency of duels, is in the lower orders the principal cause of crime and violence. It is confirmed by the national quickness of temperament, and by the little respect for law which dates from earlier times, when legal justice was full of abuses. For this reason a naturally humane and gentle people takes an unfavorable place in the statistics of crime, in which violent offenses occupy an exceptional place. As, however, the Italians have not adopted destructive societies so, also, they could not possibly be guilty of the dragonnades nor of the excesses of the Convention and of the Commune. And we constantly encounter instances of kindness and humanity, especially in the lower classes, which called for our admiration. From their special qualities the people may be said to be capable of all good as well as of all evil. And among their prevailing sentiments, in addition to those who have already indicated, the highest place is taken by what is termed humanity. The lower classes are not only peculiarly sensible of the bonds of kindred, but they display in their family relations, and even in those with strangers, a devotion and love which puts those classes to shame who might do likewise at small personal inconvenience. The reserved and defensive spirit which characterizes the modern civilization of many countries is unknown in Italian life. The joys and sorrows of life are readily shared with relations, friends, and neighbors: He who has more than one lost is ready to give to the neighbor who is destitute, knowing that he shall be relieved in a like necessity. Insensibility to the sufferings of others, a want of compassion or heartlessness, as it is called, is an unpardonable sin in Italy, while much is forgiven to the compassionate. There is no country where the plea for forgiveness to the Magdalen is more readily accepted. This same people, if their honor or that of their wives is concerned, or even if their passions are aroused by a gument or contradiction, will stain some friendly dwelling with blood without incurring the censure of the multitude. It is this morbid condition of public opinion which produces the evil; nor can it be cured by legislation, but it must be traced back to its source. On the day when the striker is regarded as an ordinary criminal the number of crimes committed in Italy will be materially diminished, since deliberate offenses, committed from motives of self-interest, are comparatively few. The first effect of an act of violence is commonly to ruin the position and future of the delinquent who has preferred the satisfaction of his dominant passion to any other consideration.

Novel Marriage Customs

The people now living in the Northern Turkestan steppes consist of the Kara Kirghese, of which there are several tribes of the south, while the Kirghese of the plains call themselves Kazaks. The manifold circumstances connected with marriage among the Kirghese are somewhat formidable, and involve the payment of a kalim besides the giving of as to its preliminaries by matchmakers, and the bridegroom after betrothal sometimes to wait for a year or more until he can bring the remaining portion of the kalim. If during this period the betrothed girl should die, her parents are bound to give instead their next daughter, or in default to return the kalim and also a fine of one or two horses and camels, or furs. So also is it if the girl should refuse to marry, which she may do on account of the suitor's ill health, or his prolixity, or (in some localities) her prolixity. Yet another custom is that if the bridegroom die or refuse to marry, the girl, his parents are bound to take her to their next son, paying a fine, usually a camel, in case of refusal. When the betrothal period of betrothal is at an end, the bridegroom, dressed and mounted on his best horse, goes with his friends to the village of the bride, where the tent has been prepared for his reception. Throughout the ceremonies of betrothal the bride's brother has the right of pilfering from the bridegroom whatever he pleases; but now the bride's relations come and take as presents almost everything he has—his coat, hat, girdle, horse and saddle, saying each one that they are for the education of the bride—a seizure that is afterward repaid by the relations of the bridegroom on their visit to the aid of the relations of the bride. The bride's parents are bound to give up the bride when the kalim is paid, giving her in dowry a kibitka or tent, a camel or riding horse, and cattle, also a bride's head-dress, called *saukele*, or, if poor, another called *jaoukoul*, besides a bed, crockery and a trunk of wearing apparel.

An Electric French Girl.

M. Arago, D. Cholet, and M. Vieille Meunier are responsible for the following extraordinary account of an electric girl. The girl, a peasant of 13, called Angeline Cottin, was, Meunier tells us in his weekly scientific article, working in a factory, when a small table next to her was violently shaken without ostensible cause. Subsequently, the presence of M. Meunier, she was seated in a chair held by several people, when she was hurled from their hands. This was tried more than once with like results, the chair being in one case broken when she held it were strong enough not to let it go. When isolation from the ground was produced by glass, none of these effects occurred. The only discomfort which the girl ever feels is a pain in the hollow of the elbow. Before a commission of engineers none of these experiments succeeded but it is alleged in explanation that the electric properties of her system have through repeated discharges lost their force and finally become exhausted.

The Moors' Use of Water.

The Moors displayed an astonishing ingenuity and fertility of invention in their manipulations of fountains and baths and running streams. It is plain to see that water from the same source is made to subserve different purposes in different parts of its course, though there is never lack of water about the Alhambra, for the hotter and drier the weather the more rapidly is the snow melted on the mountains and the more copiously flow its streams. All the courts about the Alhambra are arranged that water may flow continually, open to the air, and thus give coolness to the atmosphere even in the heat of day. At the Alhambra (which is Arabian for palace) of Seville the water is made to gush in crossing jets all along the pavements of the gardens, and the apparatus of arrangement still remains unaltered.

The Camphor Tree.

Camphor laurel, a native of China, Japan, Formosa, and Ceylon China, the tree from which most of the camphor of commerce is obtained, has recently been introduced into California. It grows to considerable height and is valuable for timber, the wood being light and durable, not liable to injury from insects, and much in favor for carpenter and cabinet work. Every part of the tree, and especially the flowers, smells strongly of camphor. With respect to the growing of the camphor tree in California it is said that it is easily propagated from seeds or cuttings, and especially well along the coast. A tree at Sacramento has attained a height of thirty feet.

Why the Needle Points to the Pole.

Pressing on to the scientific subjects, Prof. Wiggins was asked his theory regarding the reason why the magnetic needle always points towards the North Pole. The Professor said he believed it was caused by a perpetual current of electricity running over the earth's surface from east to west, for it was well known that a needle swung freely within a wire coil through which an electric current is sent will invariably place itself across the current. This would be greater towards the equator, where the earth's protuberance spheroidal electricity collects at the extremities of the greatest diameter.

Thought He was an American.

Stranger—"Ticket to Montreal, Canada, please!"
Ticket Agent (whispering)—"Here it is; lay low."
Stranger—"What?"
Ticket Agent—"There is a detective right behind you."
Stranger—"What do I care for detectives? I came here from Montreal on business and am merely returning home."
Ticket Agent—"Bog pardon; thought you were an American."

Fifty Hereford and Short Horn bulls and 300 high grade bulls have been added to the herd of Douglas County, Colorado, this summer.