

A SAILOR'S GHOST STORY.

the Swede and the Man who Haunted Him.

"I have never yet seen a ghost, but I think I have been taken for a ghost, and unless I am out of my reckoning there's a man, if he is still alive, who has been haunted by me these 30 years." So said an intelligent looking man who represented himself as the second mate of an East Indian clipper one day recently in the office of a South street chandler shop. There was much in the remark to excite curiosity, and the man who had undergone the strange experience referred to was begged to spin his yarn, which he readily consented to do.

"About thirty years ago—perhaps more," he began. "I was in London, where I landed a lad of 15 after my first voyage. It was the time of the gold fever out in Australia, but I wasn't anxious then to go to the diggings so I shipped on a bark of about 800 tons that was bound for Singapore. The skipper was the greatest tyrant I have ever sailed under, and his mate was nearly as bad as him. Both were Englishmen, I am sorry to say, because I'm English myself. The second mate was a decent enough fellow, I thought, but he didn't seem to be of much account on board. The skipper and the mate thrashed me every now and then, but I was a hardy youngster, and I managed to stand it. The chap who came in for the most thrashings was a Spanish sailor we called Antone. He took the lickings quietly, but at times he looked mighty revengeful. There was a big, heavy-built sailor that we called Pete the Swede. Somehow neither the mate or captain ever tackled him. Early one afternoon, when we had got into the Straits of Malacca, and were, as we understood, within less than a day's sail of Singapore, Antone dropped a bucket of slush on the clean deck. The skipper and mate knocked him down and, springing upon him, and began to pound him. Suddenly the skipper sprang up and I saw blood spurting out of a gash in his side. He staggered forward on his knees, and, seizing his own knife, plunged it into Antone. The latter was then struggling with the mate. Several of the watch ran up and pulled the two apart. But there was a wound near the heart of the mate which had been made by the knife of Antone. The latter was stone dead, and the skipper and mate never spoke again. The mate did not live 10 minutes, while the skipper died within thirty minutes.

"The second mate was called on deck by one of the sailors, but he did not get up in time to see the stabbing. All hands, of course, debated as to what we should do. The second mate was entitled to take command, but he had little to say in the matter. Pete the Swede did all the ordering, and every one obeyed him. We had been running close to the wind, but Pete had the yards squared and we stood in toward the shore. We all went aft to that the man at the wheel could have his say in the council of war. The crew were divided. Pete and the majority wanted to scuttle the bark and to divide the money in the cabin, and to leave it to be supposed that the bark had been lost in a storm. The second mate agreed with Pete. The carpenter said that we ought to keep on our regular course until we fell in with a pilot and to report the killing of the skipper and mate. Pete said our story would never be believed. We would probably all be arrested, and perhaps hanged on the charge of mutiny. The carpenter had only the steward, cook, one able seaman, and myself to back him, while Pete and the second mate had eight men besides themselves on their side. We were rapidly getting in toward the shore, but we were leaving the track of other vessels and of the pilots. The carpenter protested against this, but Pete kept on just the same. Shortly afterwards soundings showed about 10 fathoms of water, and Pete ordered one of the anchors to be let go. The sails were simply clewed up, and no attempt was made to furl them. The matter was talked over again, but the carpenter's party still held out. Pete went into the cabin and burst open the locker where the money was kept. He said that there was several thousand pounds, and that we had only got to divide it up evenly. The carpenter called us that were backing him to one side and told us that we had better pretend to give in. I noticed at the time that Pete and some of his men were looking at us suspiciously.

"We agreed to the carpenter's proposal with the understanding that as soon as we got in to Singapore to report the matter to the proper authorities. Pete said that before we divided the money we had better lower the long boat and drop it stern. Weights were then made fast to the bolies of the three dead men and they were dropped overboard, and the deck where they did the killing was washed up. It was getting near dark, and Pete said that we could not very well scuttle the bark before morning, and proposed that we should break into the stores and get a drink or two. Then I felt myself suddenly seized from behind. I was overpowered and my hands tied. I looked around and saw that the carpenter and his other three backers were in the same fix. We were walked to the forward hatch, which was opened and were pushed down into the hold. Pete the Swede said as he put down the hatch over us: 'I don't want to kill you fellows, but I can't trust you; if we hit on a plan to-night for saving you we'll give you a chance when we scuttle the bark. Then we found ourselves in the dark. We knew that we were in a tight fix, but while there was life there was hope. We turned to and helped one another until we got our hands free. Then we sat down on the boxes of cargo and talked our case over. We could hear occasional yells, which showed us that the men had got at the whisky and were making the most of it. The steward said there was a good deal of it in the cabin, and he was afraid that the men wouldn't be apt to deal kindly with us while they were in liquor.

"The hold was filled with bales and boxes of cargo up to within a few feet of the forward end where a bulkhead of heavy boxes left a place where you could climb down in to the fore peak. Here we supposed was where they would go to work to scuttle the bark. 'I wish I had my tools here,' said the carpenter. 'What good would they do you—would you scuttle the bark now?' asked the cook. 'No,' says the carpenter, 'but I could cut a hole through the planking here for one of us to crawl through, and swim aft to the boat. Then he could bring her around here, and we could all climb out into her and escape.' The cook seized the carpenter and said, 'I saw them putting in the cargo at London, and they stowed right down

here about twenty carpenter's chests. In just one second we five were groping around for that sort of cargo. It took two minutes the carpenter found a chest under some bales. We got this out and broke it open, and the carpenter felt for the tools he wanted. 'We must wait a bit,' said he, 'they'll all be dead drunk in a little while, and no one will be on the lookout.' The shouts of Pete's gang soon stopped altogether. Then the carpenter slid down into the fore peak with his tools. He decided on a spot which he thought was a little above watermark and went to work. It took him some time to start a place for his saw to begin work. In the meantime we listened, ready to warn him in case any of Pete's gang came to the fore hatch. The carpenter's saw was music to us. Finally we saw a ray of what looked like light, although it was long after dark. We all climbed down into the fore peak, and the cook undressed, and, putting a knife in his teeth, got through the hole the carpenter had made and dropped into the water and swam away. It seemed an age while we listened for the sound of an oar. Frequently water would dash through the hole on to us, but we paid no attention to it. Finally the sound of an oar reached us, and the cook came round with the boat, into which we all got. He told us that he had cut the painter close to the boat. Then we rowed away. I'll never forget the black hull of that bark as it looked when we began to draw away from it.

"There was a little bread and water in the boat, but no compass, and no one knew the coast. We soon rested on our oars and drifted about. It was probably then a little before midnight. It was clear, but no moon was out. Toward morning the sea grew rough and we had to bail out the boat with our hats several times. As soon as day broke we began to look about for some passing vessel. The bark seemed to lay about as it did the afternoon before, and we steered toward it. In a moment one of us noticed two poles sticking out of the water. We got nearer to them and could make out the fore and main royal masts of the bark. We could tell them by the gilt balls at the ends. The bark was scuttled and the hole we made had done the business. 'They might have done it themselves,' said the carpenter. 'Not as long as the whisky lasted,' said the steward. We concluded that the men had remained in a drunken stupor until the ship was sinking, had heeled over to one side, and then water had filled the cabin, drowning every one there. We agreed that we did not intend to drown the fellows and our consciences did not trouble us. The carpenter might have cut the hole a little higher up, but we all thought he ought to be excused for his mistake. And we didn't mourn much for Pete and his gang. We got in close to the shore, but found no place where we thought it safe to land. So we rowed along keeping the land in sight, until it was nearly evening, when we found ourselves approaching the harbor of Singapore.

"A sailing vessel came along and we hailed her. The Captain agreed to take us in tow, and asked us questions. He may have taken us for a pleasure party which we were not. The vessel dropped anchor well in the harbor, but it was late at night before we reached the quay. We agreed to say nothing about the loss of the bark to any one until we had reported to the agent, whose name the steward knew. We were making inquiries along a street fronting on the water when the carpenter noted out a public house on the corner a little way ahead and told me to ask the people there if they knew where our agent could be found. As I came up to the public house I mistook the window on the side street for the door. The latter was on the main street. But as the latter was open I looked in. At the bar stood a large man drinking. I looked at him closely and saw that it was Pete the Swede. He laid down his glass and glanced toward the window just outside of which I stood. When he saw me his eyes seemed to stick out of his head and his hair seemed to stand on end while he sat like a leaf. I stood looking at him. I was frightened out of my senses, and I must have stood like a bloke of stone for a ghost. I didn't know whether to cry out or run. Pete looked at me for a few seconds and then backed slowly away, keeping his eyes on me till he reached the door. Then I heard at the door as if some one was running. I waited a moment and then went in to the public house and asked if any one knew where our agent stopped. No one there did. I went back to the carpenter and told him what I had seen. We concluded that the whole gang had escaped. We kept up our search until nearly morning before we could find the agent. We told our story, and he tried to have Pete and his gang arrested. All the vessels bound for Australia were searched during the next day, but we afterwards found that Pete and his fellows paid their passage on a ship bound for Europe, which sailed early in the morning after I had appeared to the Pete the Swede. That made it seem as if the fellows had got away with the money in the cabin. The agent gave us our wages and shipped us on a bark bound to Melbourne, where we separated, all but the cook and I going to the diggings. We made up our minds that the fellows came to just before the painter of the one lowered the day before had parted. They probably thought the bark had in swinging struck a rock, and that we were still in the fore hold when the bark went down. They could not have dreamed of our cutting our way out. They knew the coast better than we, so that accounted for their getting into Singapore before us.

"Pete must have taken me for a ghost as I stood in the dark just outside the window of the lighted room of the public house. Somehow the real facts about the loss of the vessel didn't get out. It was generally believed that she was wrecked. And I believe that Pete and the fellows of his gang took care afterwards to give a wide berth to Singapore, and rarely said anything to strangers about the voyage that came so near winding up with the drowning of them. And I have no doubt, up to the present day, if he is alive, Pete the Swede once in a while sees just outside some public house window the ghost of a lad in whose death he believes he bore a hand."

"Will you have your oysters scalloped?" asked the waiter at an Austin restaurant, of a green customer. "Have the oysters scalloped? Has every thing in the restaurant got hair on it? Why don't you scalp the butcher?"

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Interesting Items About Prominent People.

Alma-Tadema contributes to the Royal Academy Exhibition of Berlin a life-sized portrait of his daughter. A shell necklace encircles her neck, and she wears a gray dress.

A daughter of Dr. Pavy, the physician of the Græly exposition, who died at Cape Sabin, lives, in Paris Kentucky. She is a little girl, and her father left no money for her support.

President Arthur is talked of for the presidency of Union College after his reign at Washington. He is a graduate of the institution, and it elected will still be President Arthur.

"I would sooner have the cordial support of the women in an audience than the men," says Mr. Robert Mantell, the actor; "first, because they lead the men, and secondly, because they are always able to catch the finer points of a play more quickly than the coarser part of the audience."

Mr. Myone, Foreign Minister of Japan, lives in a beautiful cottage in the neighborhood of Tokio. It is furnished partly in the European style. The hard woods used in the interior are highly polished. The coloring of the walls would please a French artist.

The celebrated English painter G. F. Watts, whose highly imaginative works are soon to be exhibited, was the first husband of Ellen Terry. He did not suit the charming actress, and she left him for an architect named Godwin. Her present husband is an actor named Charles Kelly, with whom, however, she does not live.

Mr. Hubert Harkomer is building a medieval tower at Luch, Bavaria, his birth-place. It will contain five rooms, and be used as a studio. Many of its decorative pieces will be of hammered iron. Mr. Harkomer, like Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, having a keen appreciation of the artistic possibilities of that metal, as well as a practical acquaintance with them.

Miss Cobbe thinks that the position of women is improving. Fifty years ago, one Ash-Wednesday, in England, she heard the principal of a young ladies' school tell her pupils, after giving them salt fish and roast mutton for dinner, that fasting was very meritorious, and that they were free to take meat or not, as they pleased, but that it was to be hoped that they would fast—it would be good for their souls and their figures.

Miss Anderson has been telling a London reporter that during her late tour of six weeks in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and Birmingham, she met "audiences of a generous and enthusiastic character, and my efforts to please them were recognized most cordially. The Scotch people I found more eager and responsive than I had expected them to be; they are not cold people but equally warm-hearted and intellectual."

De Nittis, the Italian painter, who died recently in Paris, was told by King Humbert a few years ago that "Italian artists should work at Rome on Roman subjects." "So be it," he replied, "and I remained in Rome I surely should not enjoy the reputation I have. It is to Paris that I owe the pleasure of being claimed by Italians as a compatriot." This story is of a kind to be appreciated by American artists who have been successful abroad.

Frenchmen claim that the inventor of the steamboat was not Robert Fulton, but one of their own countrymen, Jouffroy. They raised a statue to his memory at Besancon on the 18th of August, in which he is represented as standing thoughtful, with one hand on his first steam engine. The Minister of Public Works, who unveiled the statue, coupled the names of Jouffroy and De L'Écluse—the one the inventor of the steamboat, the other the enlarger of the sphere of its use.

William Earl Dodge, grandson of William E. Dodge, and a member of the firm of Phelps, Dodge, & Co., who died recently at Riverdale, New York, in his twenty-sixth year, was a graduate of Princeton, and at his funeral Dr. McCoth said: "He was the most influential man in his class, and he was one of the few students with whom I conferred as to class matters. I had anticipated for him a long career of usefulness, and looked upon him as the one on whom his venerated grandfather's mantle had fallen."

Da Maurier's studio is described as lighted by two large millioned windows. An Indian mittee can run around its walls, and above this a sage green paper, adorned with mythic forms or fruit. The carved stone chimney-piece supports a reduction of the Venus of Milo, and a pedestal clock of ancient date ticks on a bracket. There is a small grand piano of oak and brass, at which the artist and many of his friends have often "uttered themselves in song." The orange-tawny skin of his famous dog Cbang, nearly eight feet long from tip to tip, hangs opposite. De Maurier's lasting affection for that fine brave beast is well known.

The "King of Cyprus," as he entitled himself, has died in St. Petersburg. His name was Colonel Louis de Lusignan, and his descent was from the Crusaders and Lusignans of France. A soldier in the Russian army, he nevertheless preserved the hope of becoming King of Cyprus and Armenia, and advanced his claims with the persistency of a Henry V, as often as a crisis arose in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire. When Lord Beaconsfield stretched Cyprus to the English Empire he issued a solemn protest, and demanded from Turkey a bonus of \$100,000,000 for the surrender of his rights. He was an excellent specimen of the almost extinct species of royal pretenders.

The late Duke of Wellington, son of the Iron Duke, says that the famous words attributed to his father, "Up, Guards, and at them," were really uttered by Lord Saltoun, or rather that the latter's correct words were, "Up, Guards, and gre low." The Iron Duke's horse, Copenhagen, came from Spain, and was ridden by the great soldier during all his Spanish campaigns. When the animal was buried in Stratfieldsaye Park, England, the old Duke, then very infirm and feeble, surprised his family and servants by appearing at the ceremony. He had one of his hoofs made into an inkstand.

The famous French chemist M. Chevreul, now ninety-nine years old, has told a "friend" "the secret of long living." "I have never been a pessimist," he says, "and I have cautiously kept myself from being too much of an optimist. Let us not trouble ourselves about tomorrow. Let us enjoy the present. I had a model of a wife, the mother

of a most exemplary family. She has left me a posterity that I love, and by whom I am loved. Why, one of my little grand-granddaughters—she is three years old—salutes the best of her old grand-grand-father every morning. I have always put in practice the adage, 'Seed and ye shall find.' I have sought and I have always found something, at the domestic fraside as well as in the laboratory."

Optical Illusions.

Many of you know about optical illusions and the curious mistakes which the eye sometimes makes concerning an object at which it is looking; but few of us know how frequently we ourselves are the victims of optical illusions of one sort or another. The fact is, we see nearly as much with our experience as we see with our eyes. We know an object to be of a certain form in one position, and of a certain color in one light; and we are too apt to fancy that we see it of that form and color in all positions and lights regardless of the fact that, seen from another stand point, the contour of it may appear entirely different, and that a different light may totally change the color of it. We all know that the actual color of clean boots is black, and a beginner in painting almost always paints them perfectly black, whereas the direct rays of the sun or of an artificial light may make them appear nearly white in parts, while if they be placed near some bright substance, such as a piece of orange-peel, or a crimson scarf, they will reflect the color of that object, and so become orange or red in parts, and an expert painter would so represent them. We hear people speak of "the white of the eye," and beginners with the brush often give a very ghastly expression to their attempts at portraiture by painting the white of the eye pure white; whereas, owing to the projection of the brows, the lids, and the lashes, it is often thrown into deep shade, and may be even darker than some of the flesh tints. Now, if their eyes were trained like those of a skilled artist, they would know the true color of all objects they beheld. But this is the very hardest thing an artist has to learn, namely, to know really what he does see.

In coloring almost everything depends upon the nature of the light. A white handkerchief is black in a dark room. An excellent aid to the study of color is to take a white card, and with your paints try to match on it some tint in any oil-painting, chromo, or even colored fabric which you may have. Then cut a small hole in the card adjoining your tint, and place the card over the tint you have copied, so that you can see it through the hole, side by side with your own attempt. Then you will see at once how nearly you have matched the tint.

Monte Carlo.

It is impossible that evils so gigantic as the gaming establishments at Monte Carlo should long outlive the chorus of reprobation they have aroused. I am reluctant that they should expire without having lifted a finger to aid in their subversal. Europe in the last century was studded with gambling resorts. Apart from the public gaming tables at Baden, Homburg, or elsewhere, there was scarcely a watering place, or a place of Summer resort like Grenoble or Aix, where a man burdened with loose cash might not find a congregation of gamblers and chevaliers d'industrie ready to ease him of it. Slowly public opinion has put down public gambling as immoral, and now Monte Carlo is a solitary representative of one of the most mischievous of human institutions. Gorged with the spoils of its predecessors, it stands a moral pesthouse. In the midst of the loveliest scenery Europe can boast, in the chief health resorts of the South, it remains a centre of contagion. Seventeen million francs it annually draws from its victims, which means, according to the calculations which cannot be disputed, that between £20,000,000 and £30,000,000 are annually won and lost at the tables. The difficulty seems to be how to get at the owners. If a princeling were to maintain in Europe—and close to such countries as Italy, France and Switzerland, practically Spain also—a physical pesthouse, a seat of disease whence smallpox or cholera sprang to adjoining countries, he would find himself compelled to put his house in order. A collective remonstrance from the powers would, in such case, bring about an immense change. If not, the process described by an Eastern Prince as that he would employ to England if he went to war with it might be recommended, and an army of sappers and miners might be sent to tumble the entire Principality into the sea.

The Bantu Negro and His God.

I believe that much that is said about fetish-worship rests on no solid foundation; neither a kind of worship nor any serious service is addressed to the harmless toy we call a fetish, but only a mysterious good or evil spirit is fancied to dwell within it. A negro, as is his habit, is sitting and thinking about nothing. Casually he casts his eye upon a knotty limb of strange growth that may bear some indistinct resemblance to a human face. Amused at it, he takes a knife and makes an effort to help out Nature by scratching the nose, mouth and eyes into plainer prominence. At last the thing appears so curious that he concludes he will take it home and set it up before his hut. It becomes his "fetich," and grins to-day pleasantly, to-morrow with a cross air, at him. To heighten the effect, he paints it around the eyes, or adorns it with bright ornaments. In some such way as this, I believe, we may explain the origin of the first images of the gods, new illustrations of which we may still observe to be brought before us from time to time. I do not regard the process as a religious one, but rather as an instance of the development of the first idea of art.

They Were Marked Down.

Old Moneybags stood in front of his store the other morning, hanging a "reduced price" mark on several rolls of carpeting. Along comes Harris, and him to Moneybags:

"Those ain't feathers."

"Well, who said they was?" retorted Moneybags, with ungrammatical teetiness.

"Why, you; that is, you've marked them down."

And Moneybags fell through a plate-glass window with a sickening thud. This it is shown that every man will have his joke, feather it be good or feather it be evil.—(Rockland Courier Gazette.)

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

In twenty years the sale of small doses of patent medicines in Great Britain has increased from 6,661,637 to 18,661,637.

Scientists propose to employ an emergency power for ships of war, in which petroleum is sprayed along superheated steam and hot air.

Diphtheria has recently been observed in pigeons in Germany. According to a veterinary reports the disease is highly contagious.

Professor Ball, the Astronomer Royal in Ireland, in an address on comets, announced that the meteors seen at shooting stars in 1866 were actually the remains of the comet.

Dr. Et. Guenet reports that he has moved a large crop of warts containing grain dose of calcined magnesia in the morning before breakfast.

The Lancet informs a correspondent that the possibility, may the certainly, be made of draining, in a warm climate, but especially in warm climates, has been repeatedly pointed out, though perhaps the fact is not sufficiently borne in mind.

Struve upholds Dr. E. Guenet's assertion that only cream should be used for the earliest nourishment of young children brought up by hand, as the dilute milk is inversely as the quantity of casein which remains in the milk.

The Gazette Medicale de l'Algérie calls attention to a great number of facts which appear to show that cider drinkers are troubled with stone, and that patients in this affection are either cured or greatly relieved by that beverage.

According to Professor Young the portion of the sun is probably for the most part a mass of heated gases, the photosphere is a shell of luminous clouds, the chromosphere is composed mainly of incandescent gases, and what constitutes the corona is entirely unknown.

According to the Journal de Medicine de Brussels, if the normal temperature of a kind were 1,000, that of a moderate fever would be represented by 1,008, and the normal pulse under like circumstances would increase to 1,180. The heart is overworked to just the extent represented by the latter figures.

Tabulated results of 250 experiments upon forty-two distinct explosive compounds were published in March by MM. Berthelot and Vieille, of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, bearing on the amount of pressure developed at the moment of explosion, the temperature produced, and the specific volume of the gases, especially those of the condensed ones, at various temperatures.

A recent writer on the emotions of begins curiosity shows itself the minute he starts to take interest in other things besides his food, and when, though he carries everything to his mouth, it does not merely because the tongue is the finest well as the most exercised organ of the body. At this stage the child handles things, and in playing instructs itself.

The height and velocity of clouds may be determined by means of photography. Cameras are placed 600 feet apart, and provided with instantaneous shutters, which are released by electricity at the same moment. The angle of inclination of the cameras, and the position of the clouds, trigonometrical operations give the distance from those data.

The micro-cope reveals that there are more than 4,000 muscles in a caterpillar, and that the eye of a drone contains a mirror. There are spiders as small as a grain of sand, and they spin a thread so fine that it would require 400 of them to equal the size of a sixpence hair.

According to the Journal of the Society for the Industrial Chemistry, bituminous coal which burns at 392° F., cracks at 482° and another at 578° F. This spontaneous combustion has been attributed to the presence of phosphate of iron, but recent experiments demonstrate that the coals absorb oxygen, and ignite quicker than the sulphate, and the rate of this absorption depends upon the temperature and other conditions of the air and upon the size of the coal.

The Chicago Druggist recommends the following for the cure of severe scalds and burns: Cover the injured parts freely with soft soap. If the burn is severe apply after linseed oil, with a plentiful quantity of flour. This cakes on, and fresh oil will be added. When this is done the flour falls off a new skin will have formed, and a scar left. Caron oil is also regarded as an excellent remedy where the skin is unbroken, of course, being taken to exclude the air from the injured part.

Sir J. Freyer inclines to the belief that notwithstanding the fact of the total upper jaw, deer do actually consume the shed horns. He picked up recently a deer's head at Dunrobin, Scotland, which appeared to show that it had been great part eaten away, and this, it was believed also of the members of the Zoological Society of London, who were recently exhibited the gnawed appendages. The marks on the horns are such as would be made by the broad incisors of the lower jaw, and here scientific observation seems to confirm popular opinion.

The Popular Science News says that agreeable beverage known as champagne according to a French recipe, made of a pound of ginger cut in small pieces, gently boil for half an hour, carefully moving any froth that may arise. When the liquor as quickly as possible, and add a blood-heat (100° F.) and nine pounds of raisins chopped fine and the juice of a dozen oranges and six dozen lemons. Let the liquid ferment, and after standing a month it may be bottled in the usual manner. If desired, the ginger may be increased and the number of oranges increased to eighteen dozen.

Must be Distinguished.

"Who is that old gentleman going to the beach?"

"I don't know, but he must be a distinguished personage."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, I know it."

"But what do you judge by?"

"The fact that no one knows his name does not appear in any of the side papers.—(Philadelphia Call.)