

INSANE AT SEA.

The ship "Sabine" and Mad Captain and His Crew.

The story of the last trip of the ship Sabine is thus related by Mate Griffin...

"Mr. Griffin, do you believe in spirits?"

"I was so startled that I did not know what answer to make, but the captain answered abruptly:

"I have just received a communication from my brother George, who has been ad for ten years—lost at sea. He has written to me that this ship will be lost, and all on board, unless I heed his warning."

"Written to you?" I exclaimed. "How that?"

"On my side on the cabin table," he replied. "Come and see."

"Amazed at the behavior and talk of the skipper, I followed him below. Throwing open the state, he said abruptly: 'Open that!'

"On the state were half a dozen lines, written in a bold hand. As I can recall, they were about as follows:—

DEAR BROTHER: You are in great danger. Without warning by the fall of glass or any of the usual signs your vessel will be struck by a cyclone at 4 o'clock this morning, and unless prepared time you will be wrecked and lost. Time is to be lost. Take the canvass down at once, and get your lighters and yards on deck. Do not neglect warning of your brother GEORGE.

I looked up. The captain was standing with one hand on the table, and his face, blazing with excitement, were fixed on mine. "Mr. Griffin," he said, "this is a warning from the spirit world, and must not be disregarded. On deck at once. Take in the top courses, fore and mizzen-top sails down, and put a close reef in the top-sail. You will need all hands."

"When that is down, send down the royal and strike the top-gallant masts." I went at once on deck and began to work in sail. When all was snug, and the vessel under easy sail, was tumbling overboard, I went down the companion-ladder to the cabin to look at the glass, and the captain pacing the floor of the cabin with a withered, hasty step. He returned to the cabin, and said:

"Well, Mr. Griffin, is everything made?"

"I replied that all his orders had been obeyed and that nothing remained to be done but to wait for the cyclone. I then went on deck till 8 bells, when the second came up with a look of astonishment on his face as he glanced aloft and toward me. I soon put him in possession of the occurrences of the night, and his question was:

"Where is the captain?"

"Below and fast asleep," I replied. "I received his orders to keep the vessel steady for half an hour and then to put me to bed. I went below and threw into my bunk to wait further directions. At 11 bells the second officer came on deck, and in a few moments he had my footstep as he went through the cabin and passed on deck. He had taken three steps when, with a look like a wild beast, he yelled to the second officer:

"Good heavens, sir! What are you doing with this ship? Are you crazy or what?"

"Who ordered you to put the vessel in this trim?"

"I bounded from my bunk and on my feet in time to hear the second officer reply in reply:

"The ship is just as she was at eight bells when I came on deck, and sail was set by your own orders given to the crew."

"You are a liar!" yelled the captain, springing upon the second officer, and striking him by the throat and struck several heavy blows in the face before he was able to drag him away, with the assistance of the man at the wheel. The second officer, alarmed by the noise, running aft, and the captain, shaking himself free, pulled a brace of revolvers from his jacket pockets and began firing right and left, at the same time shouting, by God!

"About ten seconds not a man was seen about the deck. Fortunately the second officer had been injured. The second officer sprang into one of the quarter-deck while I took refuge in the other. The second officer dropped out of sight behind the water-casks. The man at the wheel deserted his post and covered his eyes behind the mizzen mast. The captain, for a moment, listening intently with his shooting irons ready, and then my surprise turned on his heel as he saw the second officer at the wheel. The second mate joined the men began to crawl out of their various hiding-places about the deck."

"The captain is mad," began the second mate, whose face was swollen and distorted from the effect of the captain's blows. I assented to his proposition, and he consulted as to the best way to be done. The men waited patiently for his decision. I ordered the second mate to make sail on the ship and I went to the transom and tried to puzzle out of this serious difficulty. At

two bells the steward brought me a cup of coffee.

"In the captain's room?"

"Yes, sir; asleep and snoring like a trooper."

"My mind was made up. I called the second mate and carpenter, and telling them my plan went below, followed by these officers. We opened the door of the captain's room and entered. He lay on the outside of his swinging door, with his clothes on, and his heavy breathing indicated that no light noise would awaken him. Rapidly and with as little noise as possible I searched his clothes and the room, removing his revolvers and knife and even his razor. Possessed of these weapons, we had little to fear from our insane captain if we watched him. This was soon arranged, the steward and carpenter agreeing to perform that duty."

"The captain did not appear at the table at breakfast or dinner. In fact, all his meals, until we arrived at the break-water, were taken to his room by the steward. He took no noon observations, gave no orders, and did not appear on deck again until the pilot came over the side. He then assumed charge of the vessel, but neither by word or act showed any remembrance of his crazy freak and his subsequent queer conduct."

Upon the arrival of the "Sabine" at Girard point, physicians were sent for from the city, and upon their recommendation the captain was taken to Norristown."

Sudden White Hair.

When the Emperor Leopold was about to make his grand entry into Vienna, the old sexton of St. Joseph's Cathedral was much troubled in his mind. Upon such occasions it had been his custom to take his stand on the pinnacle of the tower and wave a flag as the imperial pageant passed by; but he felt that age had so weakened his nerve that he dared not again attempt the perilous performance. After thinking the matter over, he came to the conclusion that he must find a substitute; and knowing his pretty daughter had plenty of stalwart suitors, the old fellow publicly announced that the man who could take his place successfully should be his son-in-law. To his intense disgust, the offer was at once accepted by Gabriel Petersheim, his special aversion, and the special favorite of the girl, who saw not with her father's eyes. On the appointed day, Vienna opened its gates to the new-made Emperor; but it was evening, or near upon evening, when the young flag-bearer welcomed the procession from St. Joseph's tower. His task performed, Gabriel would have descended from the airy height, but found his way barred. Two wretches had done the treacherous sexton's bidding, and closed the trap-door of the upper stairway, leaving the brave youth to choose between precipitating himself on the pavement below, or clinging to the cold night through to the slender spire, with but ten inches of foothold. In the morning, the young girl for whom this awful sacrifice had been made, rushed frantically about the city until rescue could be afforded, and the poor youth was taken from his perilous position; but when he did descend, his senses were dazed, his eyes were sunken and dim, his cheeks were yellow and wrinkled, his curly locks were white as snow. Gabriel Petersheim had won his bride at a fearful cost; but marry him she would, and did, and report says he entirely recovered all but the color of his snow-white hair.

A Characteristic Episode.

When Gordon Pasha was taken prisoner by the Abyssinians he completely checked King John. The King received his prisoner sitting on his throne or whatever piece of furniture did duty for that exalted seat, a chair being placed for the prisoner considerably lower than the seat on which the King sat. The first thing the Pasha did was to seize this chair, place it alongside of his Majesty, and sit down on it; the next to inform him that he met him as an equal and would only treat him as such. This somewhat disconcerted his Majesty, but on recovering himself he said, "Do you know, Gordon Pasha, that I could kill you on the spot if I liked?" "I am perfectly well aware of it, your Majesty," said the Pasha. "Do so at once if it is your Royal pleasure. I am ready." This disconcerted the King still more, and he exclaimed, "What! ready to be killed?" "Certainly," replied the Pasha; "I am always ready to die, and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favour on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself—you would relieve me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future may have in store for me." This completely staggered King John, who gasped out in despair, "Then my power has no terrors for you!" "None whatever," was the Pasha's laconic reply. His Majesty, it is needless to add, instantly collapsed.

An Honest Critic.

A work of art may be imperfect and yet so life-like as to compel admiration. A specialist will point out its errors in details, but the people pause to gaze at it. A French sculptor, who had erected an equestrian statue to Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, was once lecturing to a class of students. In criticizing works of art, he called attention to the celebrated equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius at Rome.

He pointed out a great number of anatomical faults in the figure of the horse, all of which, as he called the class to note, were avoided in the horse which he had modelled. His honesty as an artist forced him, however, to exclaim—

"Notwithstanding, this poor beast is alive, while mine is dead!"

The Onion.

Of all the condiments used in cooking, the onion is, perhaps, the most valuable, not so many a house-keeper can give testimony, when consuming it, yields enjoyment even to those who would carefully part from it if they saw it, in their abhorrence of everything pertaining to the garlic tribe. There is no doubt that this latter is a most valuable food in a hot climate, especially when eaten raw. I remember reading in a book called "Angola and the River Congo," that the author never travelled without a supply of garlic, whose beneficial effects on the stomach and system were most marked. "When very much fatigued," he says, "I have found nothing to equal a few pieces of raw garlic, eaten with a crust of bread or biscuit, for producing, a few minutes after, a delightful sensation of repose, and that feeling of the stomach being ready to receive food generally absent when excessive emptiness or exhaustion is the case." Very odd contradictions in regard to this vegetable arises; for example, Henry of Navarre had his lips rubbed the moment he was born with a clove of garlic, a time-honored custom in his native place. On the other hand, garlic was forbidden by statute of Alonso the Eleventh to his Knights of LaBanda, and Don Quixote cautioned Sancho Panza to beware of the garlic which the King of France had rubbed upon his infant's gums on his entrance into this world.

To the Canadian taste the pronounced flavor of garlic is unappetizable, and the odor of it, while it has been called the "violet of vegetables," is anything but a delectable perfume. Still people have mourned for it; for example, the Hebrews in their wanderings to the promised land, complained to Moses of the want of the leak and the garlic which they informed him they remembered; or, as the poet says, "The Hebrews gave Moses to understand that the scent of the onion hung round them still."

Niceties of the English Language.

Without grammar, our language would not be available at all. We recently met with this sentence: "If fresh milk does not agree with a child, boil it." Which? The milk or the child? To prevent a stupid, matter-of-fact nurse making a mistake and committing murder, we must be satirical, and write, "If fresh milk does not agree with a child, boil the milk."

Carrying out orders too literally is sometimes unpleasant, as a friend of ours once discovered, when, having told her footman, who was a model of obedience, that when Mrs. Brown and her daughter, a grown-up young lady, called, he was to carry them up into the drawing-room. Mrs. Brown's dismay may be imagined when upon asking for her hostess, she was caught up by the stalwart attendant and, despite her remonstrances and kicking, carried safely up stairs and deposited before his astonished mistress. The historian does not relate how the other lady got up. Davidge tells a story of a somewhat obtuse actor who performed the character of a dumb boy. The stage directions are: "Enter Hugo, who advances to the king, shakes his head and kneels." To the horror of the stage-manager, and the amusement of the audience, the actor advanced to the king, caught him by his ears shook the king's head vigorously, and then sank on his knees before assaulted majesty. Which anecdote, by the way, does not say much for the system of conducting rehearsals at that particular theater.

Tribunal Distinctions in Hair-Dressing.

Among the most striking characteristics of the Soudan Arabs is the distinctive fashion of dressing the hair peculiar to each of the great local tribes, the significance of which is as important as the arrangement of the "head feather" once was among the American Indians. The Ababdeh Arabs, who hold the short cut across the Nubian desert from Abu-Hamed northward to Korosko, twist their hair into long spiral curls no thicker than a quill, which, being intertwined with slender skewers of ivory, make the whole head look very much like a monstrous porcupine. The Bishareen, again, who lie a little to the southeast of the Ababdehs, in the desert between Abu-Hamed and Suakim, comb the hair of the crown straight up into the air to a height of several inches, while letting the rest hang down on either side. The great Kabbabiah tribe stretching westward through Kordofan into Darfour vary this arrangement by gathering the crown hair into an enormous knot, while the side locks fall down upon the neck to right and left. Their neighbors, the Baggarras, actually shave the head altogether and walk bareheaded under the burning sun, confident in the impenetrable skulls given them by nature. A similar custom prevails among the Yemen Arabs in southwestern Arabia, who shave the fore part of the head while allowing the hind hair to stand out in one great bush nearly half a foot in height.

A prominent clergyman calls the face "the playground of the soul." Then a book agent's cheek must be a prairie.

"Charming girl, that Miss Lucy, Jack." "Think so? I never could bear her. She always treats me as if I was an ass, you know." "Indeed, I didn't know she knew you."

Saleratus mixed up with a little thick cream is excellent for burns. Make into a nice soft poultice, spread it upon a cloth, and bind it upon the scald or burn, and renew as often as it gets dry. This will relieve a burn, almost instantly. It should be kept on until the fire is all drawn out.

THE LIME-KILL CLUB.

"Hark as a pious man thirty-four years ago," said Brother Gardner, as the echoes of the triangle died away. "It was a potshun axin' dis club to favor de restaurhun, of capital punishment in dis State. It am evidens dat de signers hadn't read up on our post-sun. If dar am one thing we favor above another it am hangin' fur murder."

"I has attended excecuhuns, an' I has sot in church an' heard clergymen utter ecologies on murderers. When I cum away from de gallows I felt dat de law had been fully vindicated. I felt dat law was a powerful thing, an' dat justice had an arm strong 'nuff to defend de rights of all. I was awed an' humbled, an' my reverence fur de law war neber so deep. On de odder han', I cum away from church feelin' dat a red-handed murderer was sunthin' of a hero. De preacher furnished a dozen excuses fur de murder—a dozen excuses fur sendin' de murderer to prison to wait fur pardon or escape—a dozen reasons why de fiend who chops up a hull family wid an ax should have his precious body kept fat at de expense of de State an' his precious soul kept fur a prison chaplain to practice on. I left de church feelin' dat murder wasn't much of a crime after all, an' had I met de man who frow a dead cat in my well betake I wouldn't lend him \$2 I should have broken his skuff wid a club an' depended on de preacher to cry ober me."

"Our thieves get de same aiverage sentence—when they happen to get sentenced at all—as our drunks an' disorderlies. Our burglars git about what am due de thieves. Our murderers sometimes git de full sentence of a burglar, but when dey do de hull people wonder ober it. Find me de dirtiest tramp—de meanest thief—de toughest burglar, or de mos' pitiless murderer, an' I will find you a lawyer to take de case for \$25 an' do his level best to o'lar de criminal. I will find you men an' women to smile ober dat criminal's wrongs. I will find you clergymen to stan' up in de pulpit an' inveigh agin' his just punishment."

"When the pulpit backs de lawyer you kin bet yer last dollar on a verdict of 'not guilty.'"

"I tell you dat in dis single State of Michigan human life has become so cheap dat de record of murders am appallin'. We hev mo' murders dan either England, France or Germany, vid from twenty to thirty times de populashun. Men tell you dat hangin' doan' less'n de number of murders. Why? Bekase de pulpit makes a martyr of ebery murderer swung off! He am prayed wid an' sung wid an' made de recipient of soft words and costly boquets. He am made to believe dat Heaven's gates yawn to receive him. He am cautioned to die bravely. He am paraded on de scaffold as a man who am gwine to sacrifice his life fur some noble cause."

"Gin us lawyers who will plead de law an' de facks—juries who will decide accordin' to de evidence—excecuhuns properly conducted, an' arter three or four hangin's de State of Michigan won't hev a case of murder once in five years."

DIDN'T SHOW UP.

The Secretary announced that the Rt. Hon. James Kinley, porter in the Kalamazoo House, in the city by that name in this State, had expected to be present and deliver an address, entitled "Does Wealth Increase Happiness?" He started in time to walk the distance by easy stages in thirteen days, but had been arrested while en route as a suspicious character, and now languished in a county jail.

Giveadam Jones moved that Gov. Alger be petitioned for the gentleman's pardon, but Brother Gardner replied that the Rt. Hon. could probably dig out before the pardon reached him, and the matter was laid on the table.

WHY NOT?

Sometime since Shindig Watkins presented the following resolution:

"Resolved, Dat de Committee on Finance be instructed to investigate and report on de number of culle'd pussons in dis kentry who am engaged in de bankin' bizness, wid de amount of capital invested in de same."

The President so instructed the committee, and at the present meeting the Chairman announced his readiness to report. The committee had paid out ninety-seven cents for postage, consulted numerous authorities, and had failed to find one single colored man in the business mentioned. The committee had not been asked to report why this was thus, but being in a liberal mood would venture the information that the reason was due more to lack of finance than any difficulty about renting a building and wearing a plug hat.

NOT UNDER THAT NAME.

Secretary Slowtrack, under the official seal of the lodge he represented, forwarded a communication from the "Natural and Torpedo Chicken Discriminators," of Charleston, W. Va., asking to be incorporated as a branch of the Limekill Club.

The Rev. Penstock at once objected in such a vigorous manner that he broke his vest-strap twice in two. Chicken! chicken! Why was the name of chicken always being rung in on the colored population? Suppose that a person could discriminate between an innocent pullet on her roost and a torpedo chicken lurking in ambush to destroy human life? Did that constitute statesmanship? Was that a certificate of character? Chicken! chicken!

The President replied that his own personal attitude on the poultry question was well known, and that the lodge could not be made a branch under any such name as sent in.

STOOK 'EM UP.

"Gen'l'm," said the President, as the cash box was about to be passed, "I want to

remark a few observations. Somebody has been buying buttons, and punched needles into de contribution box. De receipts receipts has also steadily decreased fur de past three months. I am gwine ter foller dat box wid boat my eyes to-night, an' de fast button dropped inter it will be de signal fur dis floor to settle three inches. I doan't ax you to rob yourselves, but I want it distinctly understood dat at least a dozen of us kin detect de difference between de ohink of a nickel and a quarter."

The box was then passed in a slow and impressive manner by Sir Isaac Walpole and the receipts counted up over \$13—being a clear gain of \$7 over the previous meeting.

English Fairs.

The provincial fair of England is a survival of an ancient religious custom. In early times, when Englishmen observed saints' days, a crowd of worshippers and pilgrims used to assemble within the precincts of a church or abbey during the festival of a popular saint. To supply the want of the throng, tents were pitched and stalls for provisions set up in the churchyard. Pedlars and traders found many customers among the worshippers, and in course of time these pious assemblies became marts of trade and were known as "fairs."

Many odd customs associated with English fairs illustrate the social life of Englishmen, centuries ago. The opening of the fair in several English towns was announced by holting a large glove in a conspicuous place. When there was a law that no fair could be held without royal permission, the king used to send his glove to a town as a token of his consent.

In Liverpool, a hand was exhibited in front of the town hall, ten days before and after each fair-day, to signify that no person coming to or going from the fair might be arrested for debt, within the town's precincts.

At Paignton Fair, Exeter, an immense plum-pudding was drawn through the town, by four yoke of oxen, and afterwards distributed to the crowd. Its ingredients were four hundred pounds of flour, one hundred and seventy pounds of beef-suet, one hundred and forty pounds of raisins, and two hundred and forty eggs. It was boiled in a brewer's copper, three days and nights.

Milk Diet.

Milk should enter largely into the diet of children. It contains caseine, or flesh-forming material, cream and sugar, which are heat producers; mineral salts, for the bony structure, and water as a solvent for all the other materials necessary in nutrition. It should be used with discretion, however, not drunk immoderately, but taken slowly as food after the pattern given by nature. Milk as taken is a fluid, but as soon as it meets the acid of the gastric juice, it is changed to a soft, curdy, cheese-like substance; and then must be digested, and the stomach is over-taxed if too much be taken at once. A large glass of milk swallowed suddenly will form in the stomach a lump of dense, cheesy curd, which may even prove fatal to a weak stomach. Under the action of the stomach this cheesy mass will turn aover and over like a heavy weight, and as the gastric juice can only attack its surface, it digests very slowly. But this same milk, taken slowly, or with dry toast, light rolls, or soft, dry porridge, forms a porous lump through which the gastric juice can easily pass, and which breaks up every time the stomach turns it over. Milk should be slightly salted, and eaten with breadstuffs sipped by the spoonful. Cow's milk produces less heat than the human milk; a child would grow thin upon it unless a little sugar were added. Wheat flour has such an excess of heat-producing material as would fatten a child unduly, and should have cow's milk added to it to reduce its fattening power.

A Tall Bird.

The tallest bird known to ethnologists was found by Professor Herbert in the lower cocene deposits near Paris, France. It was over twelve feet in height, and could have bitten a man's head off as easily as a woodpecker can nip a cherry. We cannot be too thankful that this bird has gone out of fashion and experience. Ladies would have wanted to wear it on their hats, and men who sat behind such bonnets or ornaments in the theatres would be unable to see whether a ballet or a prayer meeting were in progress on the stage.

The Mahdi a Scholar and Theologian.

In the last number of Abou Naddara, the Arab newspaper printed in Paris, M. Sanna states that he saw the Mahdi in 1864. The latter was then on his way to Mecca, and attracted universal attention as a Mussulman devotee. In conversation he proved himself an accomplished Arab scholar and theologian. M. Sanna denies that the Mahdi was ever a slave dealer.

He is of the ordinary Arab type, and has not the flat nose of the Soudanese.

A capital crime—well, kissing is about as good as any of them, if we admit that kissing is a crime.

An exchange wants to know: "What are our young men coming to?" Coming to see our girls, of course.

When you think the world cannot get along without you, pull a hair from your head and see if it makes you baldheaded.

"Does your wife keep a pet?" asked Blighy of Popinjay. "Well, I guess she does," was the reply. "She's never out of a pet."