

A STRANGE WRECK.

Why the Pirates Didn't Come.

"I've knocked about a bit in my time," said Charles Miller, a white-headed old Jack Tar, who leaned heavily on a crutch, "and I've seen some things on land and sea which were too deep for my grappling-irons. I went out to Australia in the sixties as a foremast hand on a British ship. I shipped for the voyage, but bad food and worse treatment so disgusted me that when we arrived at Melbourne I took French leave and for that matter the bulk of the crew was ahead of me. After making two or three coast voyages I brought up at Sydney and engaged for a trading voyage to the North-west, after sandalwood, spices, and the like of that. I shipped on a small schooner called the Sparrow, the master of which was an Englishman named Davidson. There were seven of us all told, and we were loaded with a trading cargo. We had axes, hoes, hatchets, shovels, nails, wire, cloths, trinkets, whiskey, shoes, muskets, powder and shot, clothing, and almost everything else you can think of. We had two cannon mounted on deck, with a supply of small arms, and the captain made no secret of the fact that we might have use for them. You see, we were to round Cape York, which I calculate is the north point of Australia, and there bear up for Borneo. While the waters in that direction are a part of the Indian Ocean, you hear of the Java Sea, the Banda Sea, the Aratura Sea, and several others, and there are enough straits, islands, and channels to turn the head of the average captain. The Venture, as I understood it, belonged to parties in Sydney, though I think the Captain had a small financial interest.

"We had the mixture of good and bad luck to be looked for on the voyage, and finally rounded the cape. When we had three days headed to the northwest we spoke a Frenchman, who gave us a tip. He had come down from the Spices, and on two or three occasions had been dogged by piratical native craft, which had hesitated to attack him on account of his size. He had four cannon and a big crew, and on one occasion had been compelled to board a chap who evidently intended to lay him aboard. He warned our Captain to keep his eyes open day and night, and called out his good-by in a way to plainly show that he expected he had heard the last of us. While his news had no effect on our voyage, we went at it and put things in shape to make a fight if attacked.

"As we bore up we passed between the Timor Laut and the Aroe Islands and made the Banda Sea, and then navigation became mere difficulty. That sea is dotted with islands and reefs, and we had plenty to do to keep clear of them. We sighted a few sail, but got no alarm until well into Banda waters. Then, one afternoon, we made out a strange-looking craft to the north of us which had evidently come out from some port or bay along the chain of islands between us and the New Guinea coast. Though she had the wind with her she was in no hurry to close in. The Captain suspected her from the first, and there wasn't a man of us who did not give his promise to go down with the schooner rather than let her fall into the hands of the pirate. She came down on a diagonal course to our off, and at sundown, when the Captain went aloft with his glass to look at her, she was so near that he could make out enough to bring him down with a face as white as a new flying jib.

"It's no use to deceive ourselves," he said as we gathered around him. "The fellow means mischief. While he has no cannon, he has men enough to eat us up in case he can put them aboard."

"As for getting away from him, we had seen that he could easily outcall us, and, too, the wind was rapidly dying out. In half an hour more we were lying becalmed, and as night came down the fellow was within a mile and a half of us. Every one of us knew enough about those native craft to know that this chap could be worked down to us by means of oars or sweeps, and there was no doubt that he would come. We got the big guns over on the starboard side, placed the muskets and cutlasses handy, and the cook was ordered to keep a hot fire in the galley and give us all the hot water possible. We knew that most of the pirates would be barefooted, and we hunted up all the old bottles aboard, and took all the glassware from the pantry, and broke the articles on deck. The broken glass would inflict savage wounds on their bare feet. You see we did not mean to be taken without having done our best, and it was understood among us that, sooner than have hands laid on us, we'd go overboard to the sharks. Capture would mean death, anyhow.

"Well, when we'd done all we could in the way of preparation, and when each man thoroughly understood what was expected of him as the attack began, we had nothing to do but wait. He could sweep down to us in the course of an hour, but, much to our surprise, he did not appear when the hour was up. The Captain's night glass had been broken by accident, and we had no means of knowing what the fellow was about. The night was not over dark, and we counted on having him in sight for four or five minutes before he could lay us aboard. A second hour dragged away, and still no sign. Then a third went, and the men began to be nervous. The mate suggested to the Captain that we provision the yawl and abandon the vessel; and if the idea had been backed by the crew I think it would have been carried out. You see, the waiting had upset the mate, though he was a brave man. I think the Captain was a bit rattled, but he had made up his mind to save his schooner or go down with her.

"A third hour passed, then a fourth, and then we began to believe that we had been deceived. The stranger was a native trader, who meant us no harm, and the crowd of people on his decks might be islanders who were being transferred from one island to another. The Captain acknowledged that he had been too quick in his conclusions, and as midnight came the off watch turned in with many a joke on the way we had been fooled. I was on watch when daylight came. Naturally enough, we had an eye out for the trader, and as the gray mist lifted we got a surprise. In the quarter where we had seen him the previous night, but not more than a mile away, there was a great heap of wreck stuff on the smooth surface of the sea,

but no trader. A boat was lowered, and two of us pulled the mate to the spot. There were spars, planks, timbers, cordage, furniture, and other articles mixed up in a helter-skelter way. It might have been compared to a house which had been blown down by a hurricane. Among the wreckage we found dead bodies, though the sharks took them before we had made a close inspection. The hull of the craft was not there, but there were many bottom planks, a portion of the rudder, and all her sails and cordage.

"You will ask what had happened? but I cannot answer you with any satisfaction. The trader or pirate had been wrecked, but not on the rocks nor by wind or explosion. We had heard no noise from her during the night. Planks and beams were broken and shattered in a strange way, and none of us had the same theory about it. What do I think? Well, sir, I believe that the fellow was a pirate, and that he was working down to us when a whale rose under him. His craft was a light one, and the blow was enough to completely wreck it. If you have any better theory I shall be glad to accept it."

The Old Doctor's Story.

"I have a little story to tell you, boys," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitating.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hayfield, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town.

"My first impulse was to refuse, and harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle patient old man. But something stopped me; one of God's good angels, I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily, giving my mythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, "I was going myself, but somehow, I don't feel very strong to-day.

"He walks with me to the road that turned off to town, and as he left put his hand on my arm, saying again, 'Thank you my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'"

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm-hands at the door. One of them spoke to me, the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father!" he said, "He fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I'm an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since, that those last words he spoke were, 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

No human being ever yet was sorry for kindness shown to others. Do not begrudge kind deeds and loving words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, cross or ill-natured gibing, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath.

And after all it is such a little way that we can go together!

The English Language in Japan.

There are a couple of Japanese journals published in Tokio, the capital of Japan, and not to be behind the times, Kioto now boasts a publication modestly styled "the pamphlet of the Kyoto association of English language." The enterprise of the proprietors of the "pamphlet" evidently evoked sympathy, for, in the specimen number, is reproduced the following advice tendered by a well-wisher:

On first publication of Yeigi Shinshis. About the middle of November 1895, the Hinode shinbun saw an advertisement that you have the intention to publish a first book called Yeigi Shinshis to give the convenient method to the beginners who may want learn English Language themselves. This however owing to the progressiveness of knowledge.

At present condition Japan shows great rapidity on commerce and trade. If the people are ignorant with English language in some case take no small unprofit to carry an extensive business both on delivery and selling. It is therefore necessary for the Japanese to learn English Language before getting into trouble. Consequently the editor will perhaps take strict attention to spelling pronunciation etc. correctly for the New Students. Kobe.

From Thomas A' Kempis.

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen. That thou mayest therefore avoid the everlasting punishment that is to come endeavor to endure present evils patiently for God's sake.

Do not think that the men of this world suffer nothing or but a little? Ask even of those who live most at ease, and thou shalt find it otherwise.

But thou wilt say, they have many delights, and follow their own will, and therefore they do not much weigh their own afflictions.

Be it so, that they have whatsoever they will; but how long dost thou think that it will last?

Behold, the wealthy of this world shall consume away like smoke, and there shall be no memory of their past joys!

Yes, even while they are yet alive, they do not rest in them without bitterness and weariness and fear.

No man doth safely appear abroad but he who can abide at home.

No man doth safely speak but he that is glad to hold his peace.

No man doth safely rule but he that is glad to be ruled.

If thou wilt withdraw thyself from speaking vainly, and from gadding idly, as also from hearkening after novelties and rumors, thou shalt find leisure enough and suitable for meditation on good things.

"Are you pretty well acquainted with your mother tongue, my boy?" asked the school teacher of a new scholar. "Yes, sir," answered the lad, timidly. "Ma jaws me a good deal, sir."

A Palace in the Railroad Station.

The Great Indian Peninsula Railroad terminus at Bore Bunder, Bombay, now nearly completed, is one of the finest buildings in India, and is surpassed by few railroad stations in the world. The buildings contain over forty large offices for the administrative staff of the railroad, including the freight superintendent and clerks, the police, postal, audit, traffic, engineers, agents and provident fund departments. The agent, it may be explained, is the representative in India of the board of directors in England, and has, therefore, the powers of a general manager. These offices vary in size from the agent's chief clerk's office 23 feet by 12 feet to the agent's general clerk's office 64 feet by 48 feet. Many of the offices have private dressing and both rooms attached, a very welcome luxury in the hot climate of India.

The accommodation for passengers is also very complete, including a central hall 82 ft. x 76 ft.; two refreshment rooms, 52 ft. x 47 ft., and 47 ft. x 25 ft. respectively; four waiting rooms, first and second class, for ladies and gentlemen, with lavatories, etc., attached. Passengers arriving from up country and wishing to embark on the steamer, can find all their wants well attended to without going to a hotel. The building is handsomely decorated throughout and great pains have been taken to secure good ventilation, and the best sanitary appliances.

The main staircase to the office is 8 ft. 6 in. wide, and is surmounted by a Gothic stone dome, 40 ft. diameter. The main corridors average 12 ft. wide. The main building forms three sides of a quadrangle inclosing a garden with fountain, etc. The style of architecture is Italian Medieval Gothic, which is said to be well suited to the climate, the massive stonework giving effectual protection from the sun. Work was carried out partly by European and partly by native contractors and workmen, under the direction of Mr. F. W. Stevens, chief engineer and architect; Mr. S. Kaundera, assistant engineer, and Mr. Madharas Janardhan, surveyor and overseer. The work has been in continuous progress since 1879, and the total cost of the station and offices will be about \$1,250,000.

Alderman Jaehne's Conviction.

In August, 1884, the New York aldermen, by a vote of twenty to two, gave away the right of building and operating a street railroad on Broadway. This was done hastily in secret and against the veto of the mayor. The circumstances were so suspicious that a committee of the State Legislature was appointed to review the proceedings. Their investigation showed that the privilege was obtained by corruption. At their recommendation the Legislature annulled the charter. The right to operate the road is to be sold to the parties who will pay into the city treasury the largest percentage of their receipts.

While the State authorities were thus engaged the detectives were endeavoring to locate the bribery. Their efforts resulted in the arrest of fifteen aldermen of 1884. The other five suspected members of the board are thus accounted for: One has turned State's evidence (thereby securing freedom from prosecution), two cannot be dead, and two are dead.

The first case to come to trial was that of Henry W. Jaehne, four times elected alderman, and vice-president of the board for 1886. The most important evidence against him was his own confession, made to the chief of the detective force. In this interview he stated that he had received \$20,000 in bills for his vote in favor of the Broadway measure. Two detectives who had heard this conversation from places of concealment corroborated the evidence of their chief. Jaehne's only reply was a flat denial of the story. The jury believed the detectives and at an early hour Sunday morning, May 16, returned a verdict of guilty. Sentence was pronounced May 20, the judge making a long speech to the prisoner, in which he expressed his horror at the enormity of the crime which had been committed against the people. The sentence was the most extreme which the law allows—imprisonment "at hard labor in the State-prison for nine years and ten months." The result of this trial will tend to strengthen public confidence in the efficiency of the laws against wickedness in office, and ought to teach a lesson that is needed in many cities.

Helpless Against Britain's Navy.

The New York Tribune, after rebuking its bellicose contemporaries which are talking so big in connection with the fishery dispute, thus speaks:—"Have the people of this country recently stopped to consider what a war with England would imply or what an absolute condition of unpreparedness for the defence of our seaports we are in should the English fleet appear in our waters? Every seaport in our Atlantic coast from Portland to New Orleans would be at its mercy. It could demand indemnity and destroy, if refused, without any effective resistance. We have not a foot on our coasts, Atlantic or Pacific, that could stand against its terrific ordnance. Its scores of light-draft armoured gunboats could go up the Hudson to Albany, up the Delaware to Philadelphia, up the Potomac to Washington, up the Mississippi to St. Louis, up the Ohio to Louisville, and we have not a gun or a vessel to stop them. In the war of the rebellion our wooden boats, with nothing but a thin shield of boiler-iron, went all over our inland rivers in spite of shore batteries. How much less resistance could be made to these six-inch steel plated English cruisers! Suppose some of these same ironclad cruisers should go up the St. Lawrence and get through the Welland canal before our forces could seize it and destroy the locks, what is there to save Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, Duluth, Milwaukee and Chicago from bombardment? Not a vessel, not a gun! There is not a port on the coasts of the United States, nor a city on its great lakes and inland rivers that is not absolutely helpless against English naval power."

Wife—"How long would a fish be that would weigh twenty pounds?" Husband—"That depends. Why do you want to know?" Wife—"Why, Mr. Jones says her husband caught a fish the other day that would weigh twenty pounds, and I was wondering how long it was." Husband (carelessly)—"The fish was about four inches long."

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A Boston paper recently printed a Spring poem signed with these strange initials, M U D.

The audacious English sparrow apparently fears nothing. A pair of these birds are actually housekeeping in the hood of an electric street lamp in Portland, Maine.

A Lockhaven, Pennsylvania, man asserts that he owns a locket containing a lock of George Washington's hair. The man never heard the story or he would possess the hatbox also.

A society has been formed in Switzerland for the cultivation of amiability. Its members are to be good natured, polite and agreeable always and under all circumstances. The test will be when they get the toothache or neuralgia, or when their corn-toe is stepped on in a street car.

New Jersey folks are extremely susceptible to hydrophobia. A mad dog is not a necessary adjunct. A boy, whose sister was bitten, worried about it so much that he actually took the malady from sympathy, and put the doctors to their wife's end. It took four men to hold the lad during his paroxysms.

In Wyoming territory the settlers grow their fuel by the acre. Sunflowers are used instead of coal. The stalk, when dry are as hard as maple wood and make a hot fire, and the seed heads with the seeds are said to burn better than the best hard coal. An acre of sunflowers will furnish fuel for one stove for a year.

Jonesville has a very absent-minded citizen. Two mornings in succession, after milking the cow, he set the pail of milk in a corner and carried the milking stool into the house. On the third morning he took a basket of turnips to the cow, emptied them before her, and then began to milk in the basket. He had presence of mind enough to stop when about half through milking.

A correspondent in Montana, telling of the fortuitous discovery of silver mines, relates this incident: A prospector in New Mexico with the honored name of John Quincy Adams, found his haversack on fire, his prospector's glass having focused the sun's rays upon it. As the haversack contained about a dozen pounds of powder, he dropped it and got out of the way in a hurry. It fell into a crevice, and a large mass of rock was thrown up. Adams returned mournfully to gather up what might be left of his effects, and found an exceedingly rich vein of ore, which the explosion had exposed to view. He sold a third interest in his find for \$16,000, and very contentedly named the mine, "The Nick of Time."

A Baby King.

On the 17th of May booming cannon and flaunting banners announced to the populace of Madrid that a baby boy was born in the palace. The cable hurried the news under the seas to Cuba, where the Spanish guns again roared out their greetings to the future king of Spain. A committee of priests and nobles paid their respects to the infant sovereign at the royal palace. The date of the christening was appointed, and the Pope of Rome consented to act as godfather to the child. But all the splendor which accompanies the advent of the prince cannot hide the dangers and difficulties which must be overcome before these baby hands may wield the scepter. The boy's father, King Alfonso XII, died November 28, 1885, and the queen has since acted as regent for her little daughter, Mercedes, the heir-apparent to the throne. The birth of this prince sets aside the rights of his five-year old sister.

The Carlists play an important part in the recent history of Spain, and as they are liable to make further trouble before the young king becomes of age, their position should be well understood. The faction arose nearly fifty years ago. Ferdinand VII. was king of Spain, and having no sons he abolished in 1830 the law of 1713, which excluded females from the throne. Thus his infant daughter Isabella succeeded him (1833) instead of his younger brother Don Carlos. The Carlists—partisans of the latter prince—denied the right of the king to alter the succession, and resisted the rule of Isabella by force of arms. The civil war lasted seven years, ending in the defeat of the Carlists (1839). Don Carlos—Charles V. his friends called him—died in exile in 1855. His claims to the throne have descended to his grandson, the present Don Carlos. This prince appeared in Spain in 1873, when the country was in confusion, and undertook to win the throne by force. The opposing faction proclaimed Alfonso, son of the deposed Queen Isabella, as the lawful monarch, and in a vigorous campaign drove the rebels from the land (1876). The people of the northern provinces remain faithful to the cause of the pretender, and his appearance at any time would be the signal for a serious uprising. Since the death of King Alfonso, there have been rumors of a union of the two claims to the throne by the marriage of the princess Mercedes with the son of Don Carlos.

The birth of a male heir puts this arrangement out of the question, for the prince outranks his sister in the succession. It is probable that the queen-mother Christina will continue as regent until her son becomes of age, or until a revolution makes a new turn of affairs.

Too Early in the Season.

Young Featherly was a guest at Sunday dinner, and was somewhat amused because Bobby complained of there being no ice cream for dessert.

"The weather is rather cold for ice cream, Bobby," he said. "Ice cream is only nice when the weather is hot."

"You like it in cold weather," grunted Bobby.

"Oh, no, I don't."

"Well," said Bobby, as if dismissing the subject, "all I know is that sister Clara says it's a cold day when you buy any. Ma, can't I have another piece of pie?"

The boy had been in the habit of going to the old lady's residence each succeeding spring and raking and cleaning up her yard. This year he went as usual. The old lady asked him what would be his charges. "Two dollars, mum," he replied. How is that? I never paid you but one dollar heretofore. "Well, mum, you see labor is capital, and we just insist on our worth." The old lady closed up the yard herself, and sent one dollar to the missionary society.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

To mend china or broken glass, take a very thick solution of glue, mix the mixture become of the glue, apply with a brush on the edges of the ware and join the same place. The water of the cement makes it doubly valuable.

Chilling the stomach with only another way of taking water has said: "Hold your head in a basin of ice water, and tell me what you think of your more sensitive than your stomach. Life is said to be the best of life. There is no doubt the fact that it has hurried many a man and woman to the grave.

To those who have dyspepsia, I would say by all means silk weed or milk weed root. I cured all who have tried it. Its name is Atriplex Canadensis. It is two feet of the root to a quart of water. I have found it best for a swallow will stop that burning sensation as swallowed.

Methers who have many little things for, I have found, I think, the best way to mend stockings, crochets, hooks and mittens, and knees by narrowing each starting, and out out the old part as new.

A decoction of lemon is said to be antidote to malaria. Cut up a lemon and all, into thin slices; put in two glassfuls of water, and boil it down glassful. Strain the liquid through a cool, and drink the whole amount fasting.

Choice Recipes.

French Buttered Steak—Take round steak three-quarters of a pound. Trim it neatly and beat it with the bat; sprinkle it with pepper, salt and broil it over a clear fire. It has been on the fire a minute or two keep turning it often till done. Ten minutes will do it. Sprinkle with butter placed over or under it. Potatoes round it.

Charlotte Russe—Line a plate with Savoy biscuits, carefully cut to fit brush over the inside (very light) the white of an egg and set it to half a pint of rich cream with a few of ingredients (previously dissolved) sufficient water just to cover it. Taste and flavor with two teaspoons of vanilla and the juice of half a lemon. This into the mold and cover it with sponge-cake cut exactly the size and turn it out very carefully.

Domestic Fruit Cake—One pound of apples; soak overnight in cold water chop till as small as raisins. Put one and a half cupfuls of molasses stew until all the molasses is absorbed the apples. To this add one cupful chopped raisins, one cupful of brown one cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, two beaten eggs, one teaspoon soda, spice of all kinds, or to taste tolerably stiff. Add the fruit and flour. Bake a long time.

An English Railway Car.

When a Canadian first enters a railway carriage, he is pretty sure to think that it is much less comfortable than the cars of his own country, and to wonder why their pattern is not adopted. The first-class compartment is a space about the width of the carriage on each side, and at each end a space resembling as much as anything else the roof of an aristocratic London. The roof is low, and he looks down into the glass ventilators, and the ing silver lamps and the framed ornaments are of the simplest character. The walls are of the simplest character, and the cushions are covered with a green. He certainly cannot find the cushions, they are so deep and soft, and perhaps he thinks the cushions exuberant frescoing of the carriage not wholly lamentable. Most of him is the unseemly confinement, narrowness of the bounds. The fact that though there are seats for two, may have all the compartments. If there are others with him, he is sure to hold their peace and to be conversational overtures with a smileless nod. Each of them has a Canadian train are missing. The papers is not here, and no conductor appears from time to time. The banyan inspector has not yet been begimed brakemen are roused and before the stations a moment afterwards suddenly disappear a moment afterwards. Canadian car is so spacious, so filled that there are always some who are interesting to speak to. There is always a pretty girl, who plays cards, and sets the mind to work in a thread of sentimental conversation. In the Canadian compartments, belonging to a community and change between excitement in one place elsewhere. But in the English compartments, it is impossible to forget that we are in a train, and that travel is attended by strictions.

The Medical Boarder's Dilemma.

"What ails your chop?" asked the lady of the medical boarder, who was absorbed in studying the dinner. "I think it's a cold," was the reply. "Well, it's a cold," said the boarder, "and you ought to pinch and scrub and massage the ends me." "Ah, well, you boarder, holding the chop on a closer inspection." "Now you suppose that the ends me, and trouble is that the thing is really die."