

THE CAPTAIN OF THE ANTELOPE.

He was Beaten in a Race on the Great Lakes and He Killed Himself.

Down at the lumber market the other night, in front of a roaring fire, were eight or ten old sailors. After a while the conversation drifted on to the subject of steamboat races. Martin Kelly asked his companions if they remembered old Capt. Jake Smith of the propeller Antelope. Most of them had heard of Jake.

"He was about the proudest man that ever followed the lakes," Kelly said. "I was second mate under him. The time I'm telling you about we left Buffalo in the Antelope with a tremendous cargo of oil and salt, about half of it consigned to Milwaukee and the other half for Chicago. Before we cleared we learned that the propeller Ontario was taking a load of salt for Milwaukee and that it was consigned to the same parties that ours was. When our load was about half on the Captain said:

"We've got to get out of here before the Ontario if we can, and get that dock in Milwaukee before she does, or she'll keep us there a week waiting to unload. We must hurry this load on and get away."

"Well you never saw barrels fly like they did after that, and by dark we had every thing aboard and were slipping out of the harbor chucking to ourselves on our good luck in getting so good a start. The next morning away out on Lake Erie, we sighted a propeller right abreast of us, and with a glass we made out easy enough that it was the Ontario. How the old man did swear!

"Now," he says, "there has been some shenanigan about this thing. The Antelope can beat that old tub, and she's got to do it if she goes to the bottom in the attempt."

"Some of us got a little scared at that, because they knew that the old man was desperate. He went down into the engine room and told the chief engineer what had to be done. The engineer called for help in the fire room, and the captain sent two deck hands aft to help fire. The wind was dead against us, and so our sails were of no use. But the way the smoke rolled out of the funnels and the thumping of that old oscillator engine made everybody aware that there was business ahead. The Ontario was steaming up, too, and we kept watch of her until the fog shut her out.

"We saw nothing more of her until we got through the rivers and into Lake Huron and then we sighted her about two miles in the rear. All the way up the lake we lead her easily, but I don't believe the Captain slept a wink the whole time. He was down in the boiler room a good deal, and when the firemen didn't pass the wood fast enough to suit he would lay them off and call for fresh deck hands.

"We had to stop at the Foxes for wood and we knew that the Ontario would stop at about a day, but no crew ever handled a hundred cords of wood as quick as ours did that day. The Captain stood on the rail yelling all the time and the cabin maid, a mighty pretty girl, who was as good a sailor as there was on the lakes, climbed up on a big pile near the dock and sat there swinging her feet. When the load was nearly on the Captain called to her to get down and come aboard but she only laughed and said he needn't worry about her. She'd get aboard as quick as he could haul in, she said. Just then the old man hollered:

"Belively there, now! Haul in the plank, there! Cast off there for ard!"

"Aye aye, sir!" the boys were all yelling, when a splash was heard aft, and there, a bubbling around in the water, was the cabin maid's straw hat. I was aft, and had just shouted "All clear here!" when the girl fell off from the pile with a screech, and I ran forward to where the Captain was, and called "Fanny's overboard back here; don't start the engines." I was afraid that in swinging around the screws would strike her. I didn't wait to hear the old man's remarks but ran back, and with the help of several of the men got ropes and planks out. The girl grabbed a plank, and finally we hauled her in, scared half to death. Just as she was landed on the deck there was another splash, and the nigger deck hands set up a yell of "Man overboard!" The old man was where he could see and hear all this, and looking over from the wheel house he asked in despair:

"Who is it now?"

"One of the deck hands," said the first mate.

"Let him go, curse him!" hissed the old man. "This boat ain't going to wait for any more of them."

"He blew the whistle and signalled the engineer to start up, and I believe the old fellow intended to go off without the darky, but the boys at the front gangway had ropes out, and when the man came up he grabbed one and was hauled in. The Captain didn't see this, it was done so quick, and as he was tearing mad nobody wanted to speak to him about it. After that nearly everybody on the boat got scared, and when the old man came around he noticed that there was a good deal of handshaking and whispering. The next day we sighted the Ontario right abreast of us. She was headed for Milwaukee, the same as we were, and as it was now clear sailing we were bound to be in sight of each other for the rest of the way. The Captain took his observations and declared that we were a little in the lead. If we can keep up this gait," he said, "and gain even a mile in the run, we'll be all right." He went below and swore at the fireman. We went along under prodigious pressure all day and toward night, when the wind shifted, we put up our canvas. When we looked at the Ontario the last time before dark we could see that if we kept it up all night we would be in Milwaukee in the morning, two hours ahead of her. "She won't be in sight," he said, "when we round the point." It was a dark night, and there was such an infernal thumping and creaking on board that nobody slept much. Toward daybreak the Captain had five or six brooms lashed together and ran them up the mast, and as we rounded the point into Milwaukee Bay he ordered all our bunting out.

"It'll make them feel meaner," said the old man, "when they get in and find us at the dock all rigged out this way."

"We swept the lake with our glasses, and could see nothing of the Ontario. I said as much to the Captain.

"Of course you can't," he replied. "It's just as I figured it. She's about two hours behind us. She never overhauled us once."

"As we steamed up the river the bridge tenders and dock walloper all shouted at us, and the Captain thought they were congratulating him. But they were not. They were giving him.

"Just as we rounded the bend the pro-

peller Ontario, lying quietly at the dock that we wanted, loomed up on us. She looked as big to me as the Great Eastern, and I had to spell her blasted old name out two or three times before I would believe my eyes. I walked forward and looked up at the bridge to see the Captain. He was standing there looking straight ahead. I said nothing, and walked aft. The next time I looked toward the Captain I saw that men were at work pulling down the brooms and lowering the bunting, and just as we made fast to the Ontario to wait for her to get out of the way the Ontario steamed by going further up the river. Her Captain yelled out: "We gave you a lively brush, old man."

"It seemed we had been racing with the Ontario from the Manitous down, and nobody knew when the Ontario got past us."

"Well," the old Captain fumed and stormed around for a day or two, and finally went over into a beer saloon on West Water street and blew his brains out."

"Through disappointment and chagrin?" somebody asked.

"Well partly that," replied Kelly, "but he thought also that he had drowned that nigger up there, which he didn't."

What a British Engineer Saw in Burmah.

It was my heavy task to do with the creep destroying Irrawaddy what Canute admitted his inability to do with the sea; in other words, I was told off to construct an embankment against a river that destroyed on an average one crop in every three.

I had 16,000 Burmese working for me, men, women, and children. The embankment was seventy miles, the swollen water would have run over it had it been less than twenty feet high; and would have whirled it into the plain if its base had not been a hundred feet broad. Then we could only work by snatches even in the dry months, and not at all during the long and dreary wet season. My work people returned to their homes for the wet months, but I stayed on to see that our foundation was not washed away.

My best laborers were the women. The mass of them were not from British Burmah, but slaves of the King of Kings, the Burmese of the highlands. If there is to be fighting, it is from these that the King of Burmah will draw his army. Had they their own way, I am quite certain that there would be no war. They have not the practical experiences of the English possessed by the natives of British Burmah; but they know them by repute and by their works. In the heat of the day, when work was out of the question, I have listened with astonishment and pity to their talk over the everlasting cheroot. It was evident that such an idea as not carrying out to the letter the mandates of the King was inconceivable to them.

I have said that my work people returned to their homes during the wet season. There was no option in the matter; they had to do it. The King takes a fatherly interest in them, and sees that they pay for it if they desert him. His favorite method is to keep hostages, and my laborers had to leave their families in his hands before they came to me. Had they failed to render an account of themselves by the stipulated time, the hostages would have been given over to the State, and, if the King desired it, trampled to death by the elephant which in Burmah discharges the duties of public executioner. Out of every rupee I paid my laborers part had to be laid aside for the King.

The Burmese smoke to a man, to a woman, I might almost say to a child. I was physician-in-chief to those under me, and I soon learned to rely upon it that when a patient gave up smoking he or she was really ill. The Burmese ladies have a very peculiar cigar case. But there are two objections to its ever becoming popular here, of which the less important is that each cigar case only holds one cigar. And then the cigar case is the lady's ear. Instead of wearing ordinary earrings, the Burmese women have a large hole in their ears and wear a cheroot in it till wanted. The really great advantage of this cigar case is that it is never left behind. The men would think it beneath their dignity to carry cheroots in this manner, but they do not mind helping themselves from the wife's case. When the King of Kings wants to keep his women folk together or to punish them, he strings them, so to speak, by the ear. A long case is passed through the holes made for cheroots, a dozen women or even more going to one case.

Of late years there have been attempts on a small scale to grow tobacco in Burmah; but most of it is sent from Madras in monster stacks of tobacco leaf. The climate is not cold enough for growing potatoes and other vegetables; and the trade in ivory, &c., is so slight that the natives may be said to live almost entirely on their rice. The German speculators in Rangoon, who are always on the spot to relieve the Burmese when in need of money, are really their worst friends. The course of affairs is this: A flood destroys the rice crop, and the natives have no money to raise another. Then the German puts in an appearance, offering them so much for the next crop in advance. The rupees they get are nothing like an equivalent for the crop, but the native is glad to take them. So far as I could learn, no respectable English merchant lent rupees to the Burmese on these principles.

Reproving the Queen.

A story, for the truth of which we do not in the least vouch, represents Queen Victoria as laying down an excellent rule for table manners, but whether she was justified in exempting herself from its operation, we leave for others to say. The old maxim of the law is that the Sovereign can do no wrong.

It is told that Lord Tennyson and his family, including his little granddaughter, were dining at Osborne, by invitation of the queen. During the meal the bread plate ran low, and the queen took the last piece.

Thereupon the little Tennyson girl, who had been taught that it was bad manners to take the last piece on the plate, pointed her finger at the queen, and said scornfully,—"Piggy, piggy, pig!"

The queen came nobly to the rescue in this odd situation: "You are quite right, my dear," said she; "nobody but the queen should take the last piece on the plate."

At a socialist picnic in Chicago more than \$600 were spent on the grounds for cigars and beer, while on some of the banners carried were written the words, "Our children cry for bread."

DELAYED BY A FRISKY COLT.

Racing for Two Miles Ahead of a Railroad Train, and Coming to Grief on a Trestle.

"I was a passenger on the Vermont Central Railway the other day," said a gentleman to a reporter. "A short time after the train left Windsor, Vt., a young horse that was feeding in a lot close by the side of the track kicked up his heels when the train was within a few rods of him, and, leaping the fence with a bound, jumped on the track, and galloped away ahead of the train. The engineer sounded his whistle, and, although the train was almost up on the horse, the animal did not leave the track. The engineer lessened his speed, so that the horse could keep out of the reach of the train, thinking that the animal would soon be frightened off. He kept straight ahead, however, and the cars chased him closely for two miles. At that point the railroad crosses a deep ravine by a trestle bridge ninety feet long. Some workmen were at the end of the trestle, and when they saw the horse tearing down the track towards them they shook their coats and hallooed at him. The horse stopped at sight of the men, but, looking back and seeing the engine puffing and whistling behind him, started ahead again with a start, and galloped over the trestle, although he could easily have left the railroad on either side of the rails. The horse ran safely more than half way across the trestle, and then missed his footing. Both forefeet went down between the ties, and then the hind feet and legs went through, and the horse was suspended over the ravine, the bottom of which was nearly a hundred feet below. The train was stopped before it ran on the trestle. The trainmen took a number of boards from a neighboring fence and placed them by the side of the horse. Then they tied his legs together and rolled him over on the boards on his side. James Amman, a passenger, was on the trestle looking at the man at work at the horse. He became dizzy and fell through one of the spaces between the ties. He mechanically turned as he was passing through and flung both arms over one of the ties. He hung there in mid air over the chasm, and before his hold could give way he was seized by two other passengers who stood near, and rescued. He fainted a moment afterward, and was not fully conscious for an hour afterward."

When the horse was finally turned over on his side on the fence boards a rope was fastened to him and attached to the locomotive, which was backed down the track, dragging the horse along the boards until he was drawn off the trestle. He was then dragged off to one side of the track, and his legs untied. He quickly sprang to his feet, and, without waiting for any one to examine his injuries, galloped back in the direction from which he had come. As soon as he had ran the length of the train he took to the railroad again, although the ground on both sides was smooth and level. The train was delayed three-quarters of an hour by the stubborn freak of the frisky horse.

Women living in the mountain gulches of the West, miles from their neighbors, have such limited opportunities for exercising a woman's special prerogative of talking, that the most untrusting traveler who furnishes the incident readily pardons the woman's garrulity. He says: "It was near dark when I came to a tumble-down old cabin, half hidden among the pines near the trail. An untidy woman, with a child in her arms, was standing in the doorway. "How far is it to the next camp?" I asked.

"Not very far. Where you from?" "From Ohio." "You don't tell me! Why, I used to live in Ohio myself. Awful purty State! A sight better place to live than Colorado. We lived near Cincinnati. Used to do all our tradin' there. From what part do you hail?" "From Toledo."

"Been there many a time myself. I got a sister there now. Mebbe you knowed her. Her name's Jones. Her husband's a railroad engineer on the cars. I don't hear from 'em often, but I guess they're doin' well. They got five children, three girls an' two boys. No; come to think, I guess it's three boys an' two girls. No, it aint, either. If my man was here, he could tell, 'cause"

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am in a hurry to reach the next camp before nightfall. Do I go to the right, or to the left?" "Oh, you got any amount o' time. It aint fur. How's times back in Ohio, anyway? Come in an' git a bite o' somethin' to eat. Aint got much, but you're welcome to it, such as 'tis."

"No, thank you," I said. "I am not hungry, and it is a little late. I will not"

"Oh, it aint more'n three o'clock. We think some o' 'em back to Ohio some day. This aint no fit place for white folks to live. You a married man, with a family?"

"I have a wife and a little boy."

"You don't tell me! I'd like to see 'em. But if I was you, I wouldn't ever bring 'em here. Your baby purty smart an' well?"

"He is a very healthy little fellow," I replied. "But now I"

"My youngsters is healthy enough, but my land sakes! they don't git to go to school, nor nothin' here. You here fer your health?"

"For the health of my pocket-book," I laughingly replied.

"Most of us is in the same fix, but I didn't know how it might be with you. They say tall, slim, dark complected fellers, like you, is apt to be consumptive. I reckon your wife's fair-complected? Most dark men pick on light women, but me an' my husband is both adzactly the same. What's your business?"

"I am a newspaper correspondent. But I really must go, and"

"A writer for the paper? Well, if I ever! You must know a heap. I've heard said that lots o' things was put in the paper wasn't so. Do you ever write lies?"

"I—I—really, madam, I don't exactly understand you. Did you say I went to the left from here?"

"Yes; but you might come in an' set an hour. Like enough I know folks in Ohio that you know. I was born an' raised there, an' I've got three sisters an' three brothers an' land knows how many other kin folks there. Most o' my connexion is Buckeyes, as the sayin' is, an' so is"

But I was too far on the trail to the left to hear any more.

THE WORLD OVER.

Iowa has a Scandinavian population of 61,753.

The word "moonshiner" was originally "moonshunner."

The total number of physicians in the world is estimated at 190,000.

A bill for the abolition of barmaids has been introduced in the Parliament of Victoria.

A private company is about to lay a naphtha pipe 530 miles from Baku, Russia, to Batum.

London papers abound with complaints of colonists, who aver that they have been lured to Queensland by fraudulent misrepresentations.

Among the callers at the White House, the other day, was a bride with the third husband she had taken there on a wedding tour.

At the court battue the other day in the forest of Spinge, Hanover, the German Emperor, according to the official slaughter list, brought down 17 various head of deer and 31 wild boars.

A Chinese banker, Han Qua, of Canton, is said to be the wealthiest man in the world. He pays taxes upon an estate of \$450,000,000, and is estimated to be worth \$1,400,000,000.

Lieut. Howard, the Gatling gun man, is to receive \$5,000 as a bonus from the Canadian Government, and is about to open a cartridge factory in the Dominion, materials for which will be admitted free of customs duties.

A few nights ago at a church festival in West Union, O., a wooden chair was exhibited belonging to George Bradford of that village, which has long been an heirloom in the Bradford family, and which was brought over from England in the May flower.

In certain towns in eastern Massachusetts stone is now so scarce that builders are resorting to the farmers' stone walls for building material. In the Berkshire region, on the other hand, the farmers consider stone fences a nuisance, and would pay to have them taken away.

It is a fact of which Great Britain, a country especially jealous of its reputation for home life, may justly feel proud that no more devoted husbands could have been found in it than the last seven Prime Ministers. Peel, Russell, Derby, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, and Salisbury all meet on common ground in this respect.

The Palma Cristo plant, now being extensively planted in parts of South Carolina as a substitute for cotton, is as easily cultivated as corn, requires no particular care in handling the seed, and yields a large profit. The climate of lower South Carolina is all that could be desired, and on the sea islands the plant attains remarkable growth without labor or attention.

The death of the Duke of Abercorn, whose ancestor, the first Earl, was one of the original planters in Ulster, has recalled what a good thing these planters and their descendants made out of the Ulster plantation (temp James I.) The Marquises of Donegal, Londonderry, and Conyngham, as well as the Duke of Abercorn, all owe their fortunes mainly to this source.

The musical season at St. Petersburg has been commenced by the reappearance of the American singer, Miss Mary Van Zandt. She is still the favorite prima of the St. Petersburg musical public, and it would seem, from the enthusiasm of the audience at her first concert, which was attended by several members of the imperial family, that her power of attraction has in no way abated.

Leopold von Ranke, the greatest of living historians, and the creator of the modern historical method, is just 90 years of age. He is busily engaged on the crowning work of his life, the wonderful "Weltgeschichte," which has already come down from the earliest authentic records of ancient Egypt to the death of Charlemagne. A sixth volume is about to appear, and the venerable student hopes to complete his vast undertaking in three more years.

The Inquiry into the loss of the SS. "Brooklyn," has, it is satisfactory to know, ended in the conclusion that all that seamanly courage could do to save her was done, and her loss is ascribed directly to lack of knowledge of the strength of the currents of the Gulf, an end which is now being as far as possible remedied. No opinion appears to have been expressed, however, as to whether the East coast of Anticosti is properly supplied with light and fog signals.

M. De Brazza's magnificent discovery of a waterway into the heart of the Congo country, that, as a commercial route, far eclipsed the Congo itself, turns out to have been no discovery at all, as the river is not navigable. This reduces the French control of the Congo to the possession of a probable railway route. It seems from the account given of the natives that France's principal export to that country is similar to that of Germany to its colony next door, namely, strong drink. M. De Brazza has returned to France from his Eldorado, completely broken down in health.

Among the young men of title and fortune who may be said to be coming on for the next London season is Sir Henry Alfred Doughty Tichborne, who will in May next be of age. The youthful baronet is now in his 20th year, having been born in May, 1836. The necessity of defending his property against the celebrated Tichborne claimant has entailed upon his trustees the enormous expenditure of £120,000. His estates are in Hampshire, Lincolnshire, Dorsetshire, and Buckinghamshire, and represent between 11,000 and 12,000 acres. There are, in addition, London properties, bringing up the gross rental roll to £23,000 a year.

The introduction of the megaphone on shipboard—a sort of telescope for the ear, or machine for magnifying sound—is said to be a boon in prospect for mariners. Its design is to enable a person to hear or carry on a conversation with people at a distance, and it is constructed of two huge cone-shaped tubes, eight feet long and three inches in diameter at the large end, which diminish to an apex in the form of rubber tubes small enough to place in the ear. Between these tubes are two smaller ones, constructed in the same manner, but not more than half the diameter. By placing the rubber tubes in the ear and speaking through the smaller cones the person can hear and be heard at a great distance, and it thus aids mariners in listening for the sound of breakers, or carrying on conversation with persons on shore or on other vessels at a distance.

A Boston man, who has spent about four-

teen years on the east and west coasts of Africa, says that the language of the natives of the Congo country is difficult to acquire, and that he knows of only one European who has mastered it sufficiently to understand it, though he can speak very little. It appears to be composed of short words, which, in the rapid manner of speaking seem to be run together, and each sentence to consist of a longer or shorter compound word. It is capable of strong emphasis and is quite expressive, but the natives are not given to gesticulation even when talking excitedly, excepting always the fetichera or fetich man when dealing out damnation to transgressors. The trouble in acquiring the language seems to be the general unwillingness of the natives to teach it to white men. It is said, however, that some of the Portuguese who are born and raised there have acquired the language, and speak it as fluently as natives.

Modern Progress.

BY JOHN VANDE CHERRY.



We're livin' now in most trimmious times, Too wonderous for plain, straight-furrid rhymes. But I confess my old fogey head's been a-rhinin' It wold jest like to ketch a glimpse arsin' Of some things they have whisiked clean out of ken. Up-ettin' natur' and my feller-men. The good old world, I s'pose, is still a ball, And keeps a-rollin'; 'pon my word, that's all Remains o' that 'ra' Once upon a time; 'Twas suthin' of a trip f'om olim to olim;



But any ninny now can stand right here And holler business in a Hindoo ear With engines, an' graphs, an' howlphones A-muccl'ir' up the v'ry poles and zones! Good Lord! is this all! Adam's fallen race Sh' cool annihilatin' time and space. A div'n' of the courses o' the air As sailin' gran'ther days his own mare? But I wold let old Mother Natur' go If they wold leave the folks I used to know. Why, them raised right here in my native lar, wear on 'em takes on't I s'pose understand; While them fresh critters from a fur'n shore, They'd score the geese at our old homestead door. Now take for it, them rattlin' almond-eyed— I thought that sich lived clean on 't'her side; Bless ye, there ain't no 't'her side to-day, Jesse likes not Teront' 's got a Botany bay. The times is thunderin' wonderful! I know— This ere a-mixin' up creation so; But, by my bones! I'd like once more to enjoy Them blessin's I was riz to from a boy. I'd like the reg'lar old religion back, Which said we just must walk the narrow track, And there an end o' it; now, where we're to go (Maybe some folks are smarter) I don't know. My Bible might as well be on the shelf. They've found the world jest up and made itself; And Christian, even, have fixed the good book over. Until there's liddle left on 't but the cover. No, faith, I'll keep the track my fathers trod, For all their sheels and their nothin'— God, Great times. It seems, is made of rush and doubt, But where the great comes in I hain't found out. If nature's done for, and reason, too, Pray leave me suthin' a-ruther won't slump thro'! Leave, say, a man will find spare time to sit Him down in his right mind, and chat a bit, Aplain, old-fashioned, homespun, mortal man, That alle's takes it easy when he can. Leave me a woman, for I'll have her own child A-lookin' like they used to when they smiled, Not makin' on 't; leave a good cart-load O' children which in children till they're grown; Give me some gals, once more, can tell a kitchen, And tend to puttin' else aind's bewitchin'— Some women folks whose art ain't quite so high



They're clamberin' up, a-freacin' the sky; Leave have with a not all base-hall, or else afloat In toothpick of a college racin' boat— Some square-backed boys in breeches, not them cranes From city with a teaspoonful of bran for brains; Leave me a story-book fore'd begin in it, I know for sure that there's a story in it, And let me get at least a quarter thro' it once Before the feller comes out with a new one; And I'd enjoy, once more, a poet's flatin'; That warn't all zigzag, friskin', h' falutin'; Leave papers with some readin'-matter in Between the murders and patent medicine; A room I dare set down if it aint'n; Some dinner-plats for puddin'— not for paintin'; A doctor not o' swamped in his M. D. His stuff at 't with a pinch of raspberry tea. And let me mention, I've forgot to say, Leave me at least one good hot for settin'; Them hand made hens may hatch, but for all weathers I'll stick to an old speckled hen with feathers. Well, this wold do, with these I'll get along. The few days left, I'll have spoke too strong. This mighty age— it must be mighty kind, And leave room, too, for the freelin' of my mind. P.S.—The very thought on it is exasperatin'! I—for Lord's sake save no roller-skatin'!