Jeremy York.

scene is now on the broad equinoctial warping her up to a stationary ob-ocean, with the fiery atmosphere of the ject. Presently she was showing fair Antilles in every cat's-paw that tar-nishes the polished heaving mirror let the faint air blow whence it will; a sky of copper brightening into blind-ing dazzle round about the sun, that at his meridian shines almost directly lowed by the dull thud of the distant over the mast-heads, and transforms the vast spread of sea into a sheet of white fire, trembling into the blue dis-tance faint with the haze of heat.

There was a small West Indiaman named the City of Glasgow, that had been lying stagnated on these fervid parallels for hard upon four days, There was no virtue in awnings, in ted?" There was no answer. "What wetted decks, in yawning skylights, in do they mean by shooting at us? open portholes, and the heels of wind-Wounds, but it may be a trap! Hoist wetted decks, in yawning skyingnes, in Wounds, but it may be a trapi noise open portholes, and the heels of wind-sails to render the atmosphere of the away our colors and keep all fast. Five minutes later, the stranger that no people aboard the ship. The air was sickly with the smell of blistered paint, the brass-work was fiery hot, and took the skin off the hand that for a moment unconsciously fouched it; ther pitch was like putty between the seams; the fresh water in the scuttle-butts was warm as newly-drawn milk, but quite without dairy fragrance. It was time, indeed, for the wind to blow. The "Down stun'-sails; man the braces!" mere detention was nothing in those pleasant times of groping. In cooler climes the mate would have been satisfied to whistle for wind for a month, and go below every time his watch mast, docil was up with a feeling that he had done to happen. everything that was necessary and that all was well. But the heat made an all was well. But the heat made an ranged alongside, and she then prov-enforced resting-place off the Cuban ed to be a great fifty-gun mau-of-war, heights insufferable.

ad on various jobs about the deck. There was not a breath of air; but there was a run of glassy folds from the south-west, which within the past hour had somewhat increased in weight; and upon these hour-drawn weight; and upon these long-drawn ed coat, and a big white wig, mount-heavings, the ship, that was a mere ing on to the rail of the man-of-war, tub in form, as all vessels were in those days, saving, perhaps, the piratical barco longos, rolled as regularly as a pendulum swings, swelling out her canvas to one lurch, only to bring it in to the masts again at the next with sounds like the explosions of nine-pound

frs in the tops. The captain of the City of Glasgow was a small fiery-faced' man, with was a small fiery-faced' man, with deep-set eyes that glowed liked cairngorms under the shaggy thatches of the brows, a nose that not a little resembled a small carrot both in shape and hue, and a mouth with a set of the lips that indicated a highly peppery temper. He walked to the mate, who stood near the wheel fanning himself with a great straw hat. "When is this going to end, sir?"

"I don't know, sir." "Blood, sir! Is there no limit to calms? Thunder and slugs! If this goes on, we must tow-d'ye see, tow, I say-get the long-boat over and crowd her with men. What though they frizzle? We must get out of this,

He was probably about to launch into a piece of profanity, but he was interrupted by a cry coming down from aloft, delivered by a man who had been sent on to the mainroyal yard to repair some defect that the vigilant eye of the boatswain had detected, 'Sail ho !"

The little fiery-faced captain started and looked as if he scarcely credited his bearing; then running to the rail, he thrust his head clear of the awning and bawled up to the fellow, "Where away?"

'Right astarn," was the answer of the man, swinging with one hand from the tie as he pointed with the other directly over the taffrail to the gleaming haze of sea-line there.

" that said the skipper. Well

Eight months have passed, and the over hand, as though her crew were on the water, a big yellow craft, with great curling headboards and a double line of batteries. Then, when she was plain in view, puffl blew a white ball of smoke from a forechaser, folgun; and a minute after, the mate who was working away at her through ong perspective glass of the per

iod, cried out that she had hoisted the

Union Jack at her fore. "Well, and what's that to me?"

fired again; but observing that no notice was taken of the summons, she waited until she was within range then, yawing, let drive with such good aim as to bring the West Indiaman's mizzen topgallant-mast down with a run. The sight of the wreckage struck

he roared; "bring her to, or he'll founder us.'

In a few moments the City of Glas-gow lay with Ler foretopsail to the mast, docilely waiting for what was

It was not long before the ship had an Englishman on a West Indian cruise, with crowds of pigtailed heads It was half-past eight o'clock in the morning watch; the hands had come pfrom breakfast and were distribut-and a quarter-deck brilliant with the quaint naval uniforms of that day-if indeed, it can be said that any approach to a uniform was then established past lished. A stout man in a cocked-hat, in white silk stockings, handsomely lacclapped a huge copper speaking-trum pet to his lips and bawled out, "Ship aboy! What ship are you?"

The little peppery captain sprang on to a hencoop and answered. "The City of Glasgow of London, from Havana." "Keep your topsail to the mast; I'll send a boat," cried the other.

"A boat ?" cried the little chap, turn-g to his mate. "What does he want ing to his mate. "What does he want to send a boat for? Does he question my papers ?-Zounds! if there be any sort of law still agoing in the old country, I'll make him pay for that mess up there;" and he sent a fiery glance at his topgallant-mast.

The boat plunged from the man-of-war's side; a crowd of sturdy fellows armed to the teeth, jumped into her; a young marine exquisite, with a hanger on his hip, and a cambric pocket-handkerchief in his breast, his laced hat airily cocked upon his bead, and a flash of jewels upon his fingers, took his place in the sternsheets, and with a few sweeps of the long cars, the boat was alongside. The dandy lieutenant stepped aboard. "Why did you not heave to," he ex-claimed in an affected drawl, "when

you were summoned by our cannon? "How did I know what you fired or ?" oried the irritable captain. what you fired for ?" "Look how you've served me;" and he pointed aloft.

"'Pon honour !" exclaimed the lieut enant, "you deserve that we should have sunk you." He applied the scented pocket-handke ef to his nose, as though he could not support the smell of the hot pitch and blister ed paint rising into the atmosphere from off the Indiaman, and exclaimed in a voice as if he should swoon, "Muster your men, sir, and for the Lud's sake be quick about it." The little captain fully understand-ing the significance of this order, was

about to remonstrate, but seemed to change his mind on catching the glance that was shot at him from under the seemingly sleepy lid of the languid, perfumed sea-dandy, and re-peated the lieutenant's order to his mate, turning sulkily on his heels afterwards, and starting off into a sharp fiery walk betwixt the binnacle and the mizzen rigging. The boatswain's pipe shrilled to the silent hollows of the canvas aloft; the men stood along the deck, and the lieutenant with six armed seamen at his back fell to picking and choosing. The man-of-war wanted twenty men to complete her complement, and of these the Indiaman must contribute and of There was no help for it; and the little captain had presently the mortification to witness ten of his best seamen descend the side with their bundles and bags and enter the boat, which forthwith carried them aboard the fifty-gun ship. One of these ten men was a tall handsome young fellow, whom no one who had before known him could have failed instantly to recognize as Jer-emy York, spite of his assumption of the name of Jem Marloe, of his long hair being cut short in front and rolled into a tail down his back, and of the hue of it, that had been a sunny auburn, being now whitened as though dusted with powder. He was the sec-ond of the ten men to step on board, It was not only that he was the most conspicuous of them all by reason of his stature and beauty-for his frame had long since erected itself into its profound indifference. Most of the others glanced insolently and mutinously about them, savagely resentful of this impressment and of their liberty as merchant seamen being abrupt lyended without regard to wages to cherished hopes, to their homes, their wives, their sweethearts, their children ashore. A number of the ship's crew stood near the mainmast watching the new hands as they went forwards marshalled by the boatswain. on studding-salls, but to no purpose, for the fellow astern came along hand to 'come to a dead stand with his eyes

fixed upon one of these sailors; his bundle fell from his hand, his face turned to a deathlike white, shiver after shiver chased his form, they saw his fingers convulsively working, and his eyes, filled with horror, dismay, incredulity, seemed to start from their sockets with the intensity of his stare. They believed he was seized with a fit and would fall to the deck in a minand amongst those g to his assistance fellow on whom his who ute; t hose sprang to the fellow waa gaze was riveted. He shricked out at his approach, and fell upon one knee trembling violently, swaying to and fro, with his hands pressed to and fro to his eyes in the posture of one wild

almost to madness. "Is the man ill?" bawled a lieuten-ant from the quarter-deck. "If so, bear him, below, and let the surgeon at-tend him."

York staggered on to his legs, and looking at the man at first sight of dross of gold, and didn't find any. At whom he had appeared to have fall- last I made a fortunate stailen crazy, he cried, in a weak, faltering voice, "Your mame is Worksop? You were bo'sun of a West Indiaman."

The other, full of amazement, with a slow bewildered stare at York and then round upon his shipmates, answered in a hurricane note, "That's so: I ain't ashamed. My name's Worksop, and I bushmen trained kangaroos to be horse was bo'sun of a West Indiaman. as ve

say." "Look at me!" cried York. "O man, look at me! What have I suffered through you! Do not you remember

Anyone would have laughed outright to have witnessed the perplexity that lengthened yet the longdrawn countenance of Worksop. "What's all this?" cried the lieu-

tenant in charge of the deck, coming forward angrily. "Sir," shrieked York. "I have been

hanged for the murder of that man !" "Mad, by Heaven !" cried the lieu-

tenant, sunstroke, no doubt. Take the poor devil below, and see to him." "Sir," cried York, clasping his hands,

"I beg you to listen to me one min-ute. I am not mad indeed. Mr. Worksop there will remember that one night more than eight months ago he gave me a share of his bed at an inn at Deal called the Lonely Star." Worksop started and looked intent-

ly at the speaker. "I quitted the bed to get some water; when I returned, my companion was gone. Blood was found in the bed; there were bloodstains down the staircase, along the roadway to the beach; there was blood upon my shirt, although as God is my witness. I knew course, had to hunt kangaroos. You not how it came there. They found his hunt kangaroos on horseback, and you knife upon me, which I had taken from his pocket whilst he slept to prise open the door with; and also a gold coin belonging to him they found, though how I came by it, I vow, before Heaven, I know not; and on this evidence they hanged me!" He faltered, hid his face, and fell to

the deck in a dead faint. "Hanged him, hanged him for me!" shouted Worksop in the voice of a man about to suffocate. "Hanged him for me!" he repeated. "But, lor'bless my soul and body! I was never murdered, mates !" and in a very ecstasy of astonishemnt, he hooked an im-mense quid out of his cheek, and flung it overboard.

Rally this poor fellow, some of 1," exclaimed the lieutenant, and you," hastened aft to the captain to make his report.

A bucket of cold water topped with dram of rum served to restore York to consciousness; and when he had his wits, he and Worksop were con-ducted by a midshipman to the captain's cabin.

"What is all this?" inquired the grayhaired commander, levelling a piercing not of kangs, and there's more fight glance at York, as though he made up in him than there is in a barrel of his mind to be confronted by a mad-Sixth ward rum. If the bloomin' old man. "D'ye mean to tell us that you've been hanged for the murder of

yonder seaman alongside of you?" "Yes, sir; I've been hanged as his murderer;" and thus breaking the sil-ence, York proceeded. He told his "It isn't sportsma. ence, York proceeded. He told fills story in good language, plainly and in-telligently, with an occasional catch of his breath and a sob or two when he spoke of his sweetheart. "You were hanged," cried the com-mander, watching him with a fascin-Dogs trained for the purpose harass ated countenance, for the corroborative the game and get it in position so looks and nods of Worksop as York that you can the better and surer de-

THE OUTLAW KANGAROO.

A CATTLE THIEF AND A KIDNAP PER, AUSTRALIAN TALES SAY.

Wicked Bushmen Train the Queer Beasts to Steal Both Men and Horses, It Is Declared-At Any Rate Some Austra-Han Kangaroos Have Ways That Make Hunting Them an Exciting Pastime.

"Years ago I was a rover in Australia," said a former member of the dramatic profession, "and I dallied for a while with the dramatic muse, and somewhat successfully. Then, metaphorically speaking, I piped on oaten straw, like the Arcadian shepherd, and dropped money in wool. Then I delved in the mines for the last I made a fortunate strike in tallow, and for a time revelled in the charms of nature and learned to hunt the kangaroo. I learned a good many things about kangaroos that are not in the books-for instance, that the and cattle thieves, kidnappers, highway robbers and the like. I say I learned that, but perhaps I had better say that the good people I met during my career as a gentleman sportsman in Australia told me such was the case. I never had any ocular proof that there were kangaroo cattle thieves or kangaroo highway robbers, but I shall believe in kangaroo horse thieves and kidnappers until my dying day. I'll tell you why.

"While I was living this life of gentleman sportsman I was quartered at a little settlement at Boort Run. right in the kangaroo country. То hunt kangaroos seems almost like going out to run down and maul the life out of a few of your decent relatives, but

THE KANGAROO HUNT

was the chief recreation of the gentleman sportsman in Australia the time I was there, and as I had become a member of that order of citizens, after making my pile in tallow. I, of course, had to hunt kangaroos. You have to sit on your horse like a star circus rider, too, or you will never hunt kangaroos more than once. You are apt to be lassoed out of your saddle and left hanging by your neck at the end of some drooping vine as you pass through the country, and if you keep your seat as your horse dashes over a stretch of ground made picturesquely irregular by a million big ant hills, you stand a chance of being tipped out of it into an adjoining tract of down timber and treated to a run across country with your foot in the stirrup and your head playing shinny with logs and boulders. Then, when you get into a nob of kangaroos-half a dozen or so "kangs" together make a nob-you may have the luck to tackle what they call a regular up-and-up boomer, and if you do-well, sayl If you do, you will begin to have your doubts about your caring to be a gentleman sportsman in Australia. up-pind-up boomer, or a bloomin' old man, as some call him, is a leader in a An man gets the squeeze on you and is inclined to stop the fight right there and then, he'll put on the pressure and crack your bones as you would crush

ers, and we all charged upon the boomer, the two remaining dogs having fol-lowed the fleeing nob. I can't tell you how it was done, but that big kangaroo yanked my two companions out of their saddle as

QUICK AS A FLASH,

and away their frightened horses went over the plain. Their unseated rid-ers followed them, and I was left alone to have it out with the bloomin'

man. "Say, he didn't wait to take breath, but leaped on me and grabbed me round the waist before I could play my club, but he hadn't got his squeeze on me when I brought my club down on his head. That staggered him and forced him to loosen his hold on me and tumble from the horse, but he took with him half of one trousers leg and a big chunk of skin from my thigh. He had no sooner struck the ground than he sprang and caught the horse around the neck, and was effectively shutting off the poor beast's wind when I pounded the kang loose with my club. It seemed to me that old boomer was just more than enjoying the fight, and it struck me that he had an object in all he was doing beyond the simple fact of wanting to win the fight. Failing in his attempt to choke the horse to death, he drew off a few paces, looked me and the horse over, and at once made up his mind. He came toward me with a tremendous bound, and as I raised my club to meet him with a blow he feinted and landed on the horse behind me. Before I could move a muscle he had my arms pinioned to my sides as if they in a vise. I suppose, from the were way the horse sprang backward, that the kang stuck his claws in the horse's flanks. At any rate, away over the plain we went like the wind, headed for the bush. At first I struggled to free myself, but I found that the more I struggled the tighter grew the clasp

of the kangaroo on my ribs, until I was afraid he would squeeze the life out of me if I didn't quit, so I quit. "On we went, deeper and deeper into the dense bush, and further away from succor at every bound. Then it struck me all at once that I was in the clutch of a kidnapper kangaroo, the trained agent of some savage tribe of bushmen, although up to that moment I had rather doubted what had been told me as to the way bushmen induced kangaroos to become outlaws in various lines. With this prospect before me I made up my mind I might as well be killed trying to free my-self from the kangaroo as to wait until the bushmen fell foul of me, and I began to struggle more desperately than ever, and

SHOUT LOUDLY FOR HELP,

although I hadn't the least idea there was any such thing as help within ten miles

"When I began to struggle the boomer began to squeeze, and as I kept on struggling, he had pretty nearly squeezed the breath out of me, and there isn't any doubt but that the next hitch he would have tightened on me would have cracked me in two. But that hitch never came. All I can remember about it is that I saw a giant rise ahead of us, a little to one side of the horse, grab the bridle and fetch us all up a-standing. I felt the boomer release his hold on me and heard him drop from the horse. giant at the horse's head dropped the bridle, and when I turned my head to see what all the commotion was I saw two gigantic kangaroos in combat. The combat was short. One kang lay stretched lifeless on the ground. The other turned and came toward me. I almost fell out of my saddle, for who should it be but Danny Dee, the giant tame kangaroo of Boort Run settlement. Happily for me he had been on one of his strolls that day, and hap-pened along in the bush just as that Happily for me he had been on kidnapping boomer was rushing me to his destination. Danny recognized the horse and me, knew what the trouble was, and that was enough. He step-ped into the rescue, and healt out vengeance with a merciless hand.

should be a sign there's wind some-where about." "It is some craft," said the mate,

"that may be bringing a draught of air along with her."

"Don't talk of a draught of air, sir said the captain passionately; what we want is wind, sir, a fresh breeze-a gale-a howling hurricane, by thun-der! H'an't we had enough of cat'spaws? Draught of air !" he muttered under his breath with a look of loathing in his eyes as he made them meet

in a squint upon the compass card. But the mate was right on one side of his remark at all events. What the fellow aloft had sighted proved to be a ship climbing the shining slope to the impulse of a breeze; but it was not until her royals were trembling like stars above the horizon, with not hing else under them showing, that the people of the City of Glasgow caught sight of the line of the wind darkening the waters in the south-west. In half an hour's time it was blowing into the canvas of the West Indiaman, raising a pretty tinkling sound of running waters all around her; and though it came warm as the human breath yet, after the long spell of hot and tingling calm, it put a sense of coolness each fevered cheek turned into gratefully to the quarter whence it came. If ever the crew of the City of Glasgow desired an illustration of the ponderous sailing qualities of the clumsy old castellated wagon that navigated, they might have found it in the of her forecourse, with her flying jib yearning fair over the water-line. She was clearly making the same course, and the same course, be and the same was clearly making the same course as the West Indiaman. Indeed, it took rather the form of a pursuit, for, when first seen, she was apparently headto the north-west; but scarcely had the West Indiaman to the first of the breeze trimmed yards for the northeast, than the stranger was observed to also haul her wind.

The fiery little captain did not like it. What was she' A Spaniard' A Frenchman' A Dutchman' He packed

delivered his tale had soon abundantly liver satisfied the captain that the poor "young fellow was speaking the truth-"you were hanged," he repeated, "strung up by your neck in the custo-mary style, I suppose, and left to dangle for the usual time. And yet you are alive!"

To be Continued.

"A BIRD."

A parrot, in a remote country district, escaped from its cage and settled on the roof of a laborer's cottage. When it had been there a little time the laborer caught sight of it. He had never seen such a thing before. and after gazing in admiration at the bird, with its curious beak and beautiful plumage, he fetched a ladder and climbed up it with the view of secur-ing so great a prize. When his head reached the level of the roof the parrot flapped a wing at him and said: What d'ye want? Very much taken aback, the laborer politely touched his cap and replied: I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were a bird!

A young doctor and a girl of nineteen committed suicide in a Vienna hotel, having first bequeathed their jewelry, which they declared was "imitation," to the chambermaid who attendtheir value.

Your weapon

THE DEATH BLOW.

It requires a good deal of skill and dexterity to strike the right spot and at the same time guard yourself against the assaults of the kangaroo, for he has his eye on the chance of getting in a blow on you that may send you sprawling from your horse "I got so that I could handle the club and the horse pretty well on a kangaroo hunt, and rather liked the exciting sport until one day I ran foul of a kang that was following a life of outlawry, and that spoiled me for kangarooing. A party of us had gone up the run five or six miles kan-garooing. We had five dogs and ran garooing. We had five dogs and the suddenly into a nob of seven kanga-roos. The leader of the nob was the up-and-uppest boomer, the bloomin'-est old man I had ever seen except a tame kangaroo that belonged at the settlement, and that tame kangaroo beat anything, they said, that had even been seen in Australia. It was It was taken when only a few days old and grew to an enormous size, and had the run of the settlement, and the whole country, for that matter. Everybody knew Danny Dee, as the big tame kang was called, and Danny seemed to know everybody and everything. When I saw the big leader of this mob rise before me, I couldn't help but think that he might be Danny Dee's brother. He rose to receive the attack of three of our dogs, and he stood not less than eight feet high. He gathered tion," to the chambermaid who attend-in each one of those three dogs as ed them. The latter cared so little for they sprang at him and laid them the trinkets that she bestowed them down in one, two, three order, without upon a friend. The friend has discov-ered that the jewelry is genuine, and worth almost \$5,000. The chambermaid ing but anxious to join in a general ing but anxious to join in a general has begun suit for the recovery of the fight with us. One of our party killgifts, declaring that they were given ed his kangaroo, but all the rest of the away under a misapprehension of nob except the boomer fled to the pound hard enough to hurt me ner her, their value.

Danny led the way back to the settlement, and when I told how he had saved me from being kidnapped he was a bigger lion than ever. But that it was a fact that kangaroos were thus corrupted and turned into ways of crime saddened me, and I never went kangarooing after that."

THROWING THINGS AT CATS.

Mr. Glimmerton Notes That the Custom Has Not Been Abandoned.

"It's a long time," said Mr. Glimmerton," since I've read anything in the papers about throwing things at cats. There used to be frequent mention about how men threw bootjacks, boots, water pitchers, coal scuttles and fire tongs at them. I knew a man myself once that threw a lighted lamp at a cat on a fence. He never touched the cat, but set the fence afire and

had to pay \$7. "But the custom has not fallen al-back fences at night, weeping and wailing in a manner most distressing to hear. For a long time these unpopular concerts were not disturbed, but night before last we heard the sound of a mighty blow upon the fence; it sounded like the crash of an immense rock. It evidently missed the cat, but it ended the concert. The cat didn't come back that night-we hope it never will. How the man got the rock over there, we don't know. Surely be never could have thrown it that distance. He must have rigged up a catapult of some sort; a catapult would be very appropriate for the pur-pose."

A CONSIDERATE SON.

Father-Willie, I hate to whip you. It hurts me worse than it does you. Willie-Let ma do it, then. She can't