

# THE LAST VOYAGE OF MARTIN VALLANCE :

A SEA STORY OF TO-DAY.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY,

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I had something particular to say in reply; but just then the Major's voice broke in upon us with, "Now, then, Vallance, my boy, time's up! A fast and pleasant trip to ye. Don't call me a deserter; but I've had enough of the Hebe. We'll sell her at the Cape, and all go home together. Gad, sir, no more sea! I'll buy a farm, first!" And so on, and so on, until he was in the boat. Still, I was very well satisfied; for even his parting words sounded not without promise as regarded the future.

Thus it was in good spirits that I mustered my new crew—and yet not all new, for the three "Antelopes" made part of it—and roused them round with a "Cheerily, lads! let's shove the canvas on her—everything she can carry! Those kites up there are getting blue-mouldy for want of losing!"

With a rush to the sound of my voice they jumped into her rigging, cast adrift, sheeted home, and hoisted till, under every rag she had, the Hebe lay over to a light breeze as she had not done since I knew her.

The cruiser had stood by us. And now, after watching our start, her great screws began to thrash the water into foam once more; once more the bow wave rolled up till its salt spray wetted the royal arms blazoned in blue and gold at her head; the red cross flag dipped; the Major and his daughter, standing on the lower bridge, waved to us; from somewhere in her vast interior a band struck up, "Home, Sweet Home," and my eyes grew a little dim as I hauled our ensign down for the last time, and the big battleship drew majestically ahead after playing her part, to us, of an ocean Providence.

Nan stood with her feet on the rail chewing her cud serenely; and to add some slight favour of the comic to it all, the burly, bearded "Antelope" at the wheel, pointing with great forefinger to the goat, grinned, and said: "Her looks Al, Mr. Vallance, sir. It were me as give the ole gal a free passage; an', by what I hears, I never done a better night's work."

"No, Johnson, you never did," I replied. "I'm in your debt, and won't forget it; although, remember, it wasn't altogether for my sake you gave Nan a roving commission."

I don't think, dear reader, that I have very much more to tell you; and if I wind up in the orthodox fashion—getting old-fashioned now for a story of to-day—it's because I see no way, even did I so desire, of escaping such ending. I am not altogether a convert to the new style of story beginning abruptly with "Smith was sick," and ending quite as abruptly with "Smith died." Therefore, I shall work this one out right to the pealing of those wedding-bells with the sound of which finished my last voyage as a sailor.

At Capetown we found Helen and her father, together with my old skipper, all staying at the house of a hospitable friend of the Major's, the same to whom Tippee had been on his way when fate overtook him. Our adventures had naturally got noised abroad somewhat; and when we made our number to Green Point, our entering into the harbour was a sort of triumphant procession of small boats and steamers.

Happening as we luckily did, to hit an empty market, the Hebe's cargo sold very well. And the brig brought more than the Major gave for her; thus I found the old gentleman in the best of tempers. Nor, in all ways, ever did the course of true love run smoother than mine and Helen's. The Major, after satisfying himself respecting that little matter of kinship with the Somersetshire Vallances, gave his consent at once. Helen's I won one moonlight night under a clump of pink and white oleanders in our host's garden, finding that I had made no mistake, and that her heart had long been mine. All I had to press for was an early day. And we were married at old St. George's the very next day, all Capetown coming to the wedding, together with the captain and officers of H.M.S. Alexandra. Captain Craigie acted as my best man—weak still, for their privations in the boat had been awful. "Vallance," said he as we parted, "I shall never forget your kindness." I had been, curiously enough through influence exercised by one of the other Vallances, then resident at Port Elizabeth instrumental in procuring the captain a billet in the South African "Harbours and Rivers." "But give the sea best, my lad. It's used you well on the whole. Don't tempt it any more. It's not to be trusted; see how it's served me!"

I don't know whether Nan can be reckoned as a bridesmaid, or rather matron; but certainly she was present at the ceremony. And besides wearing a silver collar, a present from the Major, some of the Capetown lasses had taken her in hand and gilded her horns from truck to keelson, making a very gorgeous goat of her.

The Major's gift to us was a cheque on the Standard Bank of South Africa for the whole value of the brig and her cargo, running into four figures whose initial number exceeded "one!"

And taking Captain Craigie's advice, my own notions tending that way, to say nothing of Helen's, I gave up the sea. For a twelvemonth we stayed at Compton-on-Tor with the old folk. Then the Major, buying a great turreted, straggling place that he called the "Bungalow," at Combe Moham, facing Torbay, would have us go live with him and make his home ours. He is still hale and hearty, and spends much of his time at a certain club over in Torquay affected by the old Anglo-Indians who abound in that beautiful health-resort; and there, amongst these

companions, he spins his tales of the Mutiny and the incident of saving the Viceroy's life. But the favorite with his military hearers is the story of his cruise in the Hebe, which, by dint of tellings, has assumed dimensions and aspect unrecognizable by any of the other actors therein. Nan, too, is well and thriving demeaning herself as a goat with a history should; looked up to by the Bungalow dogs, whom she keeps in order and greatly respected by the domestic animals of Combe Moham.

And o' nights, sometimes, I lie awake and listen to the sea calling at the foot of the tall red cliffs, feeling a faint thrill of the wild longing that ever, now and again comes to the land-walker whose way aforetime has been upon the great deep. But at such moments I turn to Helen lying at my side, or put my hand down towards the cot of my year-old son. And the sea calls still!

But not for me, not for me! I have made my last voyage.  
The End.

## MOVING A CHURCH.

London Edifice to be Taken Down Stone by Stone.

An extraordinary feat in church removal will soon be witnessed in London. Hidden away in the quiet recesses of Great Ormond street, Bloomsbury, is an unpretentious building externally, which in reality is one of the most beautiful Roman Catholic churches in the metropolis. It was built by the late Sir George Bowyer, once a well-known member of parliament and a chamberlain of the pope, as a temple for the Order of Malta Knights of the Hospitalers of St. John, of Jerusalem, whom the baronet was the means of reintroducing into England; but it was also associated with the Hospital of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, next door, founded by Cardinal Wiseman in 1856.

The extension of the Hospital for Sick Children, close by, hampered the authorities of the smaller institution in a scheme of enlargement they had devised, and they accordingly agreed to sell their whole property to the other hospital and erect a new building for themselves in St. John's wood. This involved the demolition or removal of the Church of St. John of Jerusalem, and the question after careful consideration by Cardinal Vaughan, was referred for final decision to the pope, who has now authorized the church to be taken down stone by stone and re-erected beside the new hospital in the district mentioned. The beautiful altar and magnificent carving which the church contains will be transferred, bodily, so that on its new site the building externally and internally, will have exactly the same appearance as it has at present.

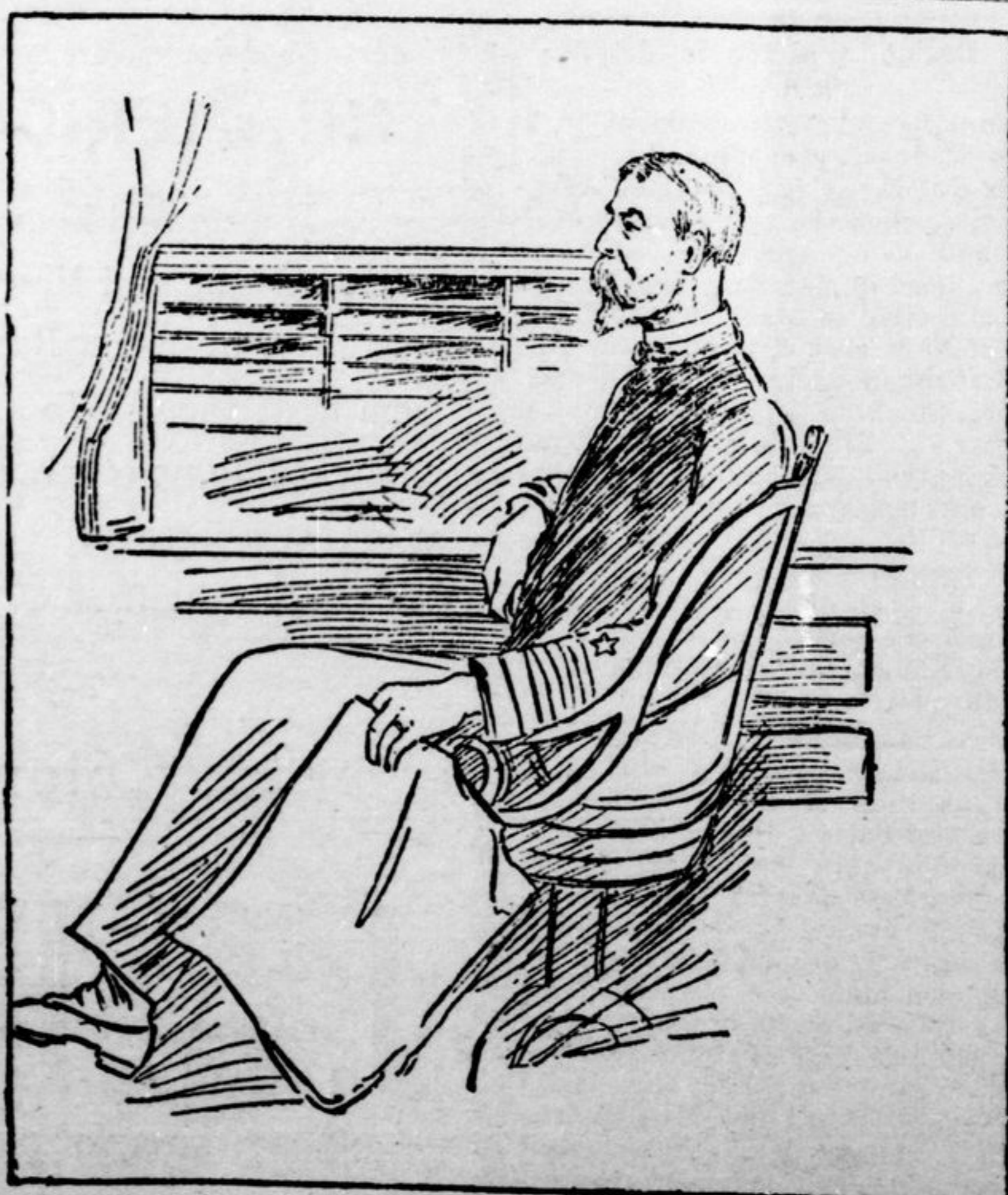
## FORCIBLE TEACHING.

Bill Butcher was called to see a friend and was admitted by a pert, disobedient maid. In telling his friend of the disrespect with which he had been treated Bill worked himself up into a towering rage and concluded his complaint with:

Next time I come to this house if she behaves that way I'll smash her face; that'll teach her to recognize a gentleman when she sees one.

## A SAD OUTCOME.

I thought I would cure my daughter of the extravagant fondness of candy by letting her clerk in a candy store. Well, how did it work? Here's her employer's bill for what she ate the first week; either he is a ruined man or I am.



ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

Commanding the United States fleet off Santiago de Cuba.

## NAVAL STRENGTH.

France and Russia Are Rapidly Gaining on Britain.

A Parliamentary paper has just been issued in Great Britain setting forth the naval strength of the powers. The return gives the strength both in vessels built and in vessels building and the figures are interesting. Under the head of battleships, Great Britain possesses 52 built, as against 27 owned by France, 12 by Russia, 17 by Germany, 15 by Italy, 5 by the United States and 3 by Japan. The Dual Alliance thus has 39 to the British Empire's 52. Of armored cruisers, Great Britain has 18 France 9, Russia 10, Germany 3, Italy 3, the United States 2 and Japan 1. Of protected cruisers Great Britain has 95, France 30, Russia 3, Germany 7, Italy 10, the United States 14 and Japan 10. Of unprotected cruisers Great Britain has 16, France 16, Russia 3, Germany 21, Italy 1, the United States 10 and Japan 8. Of armored coast defence ships, Great Britain has 15, France 14, Russia 15, Germany 11, the United States 20 and Japan 3. As for torpedo flotillas, Great Britain has 35 torpedo vessels, 50 destroyer and 98 boats; France 13 torpedo vessels, no destroyers, and 211 boats; Russia 17 torpedo vessels, 1 destroyer and 174 boats; Germany 2 torpedo vessels, no destroyers and 113 boats; Italy 15 torpedo vessels, no destroyers and 142 boats; the United States torpedo flotilla is limited to 8 boats; Japan has one torpedo vessel and 44 boats.

## VESSELS BUILDING.

Turning to vessel building, which, of course, range from ships launched and having their guns and armor put on board to ships authorized but not yet laid down, the record is interesting. Great Britain has 12 battleships building to France's 8, Russia's 6, Germany's 5, Italy's 2, 8 belonging to the United States and 3 to Japan. Of armored cruisers Great Britain is building 8, France 10, Russia 1, Germany 2, Italy 2, the United States 1 and Japan 6. Of protected cruisers, Great Britain is building 24, France 10, Russia 3, Germany 8, Italy 3, the United States 1 and Japan 6. In the torpedo line Great Britain is building 46 destroyers, 8 destroyers and 38 boats; Russia 28 destroyers and no others; Germany one destroyer and 38 boats; Russia 28 destroyers and two boats; the United States 20 destroyers and 22 boats; and Japan 8 destroyers and 21 boats.

The statement thus set forth shows how rapidly other countries, especially France and Russia, are gaining on Britain. At present the proportion in battleships is 52 British to 39 Russian and French; when all these have been completed it will be 64 to 53, a gain of about 21-2 per cent. for the Dual Alliance. Further, the foreigners can now build nearly as fast as can the British. This rapid increase is still more disturbing for another reason. These totals of battleships include many very old craft of little real value. Taking really modern ships, built within the past ten years, Great Britain has now but 22, against 16 owned by the Dual Alliance; whereas when the building is all completed Great Britain will have 34 and the Dual Alliance 30, a very substantial gain for France and Russia.

## DISCOVERY OF A WAR POET.

A traveller meeting a settler near a house in the backwoods, the following colloquy occurred:

Whose house?  
Noggs'.  
What's it built of?  
Logs.  
And neighbors?  
Frogs.  
What's the soil?  
Bogs.  
The climate?  
Fogs.  
What do you eat?  
Hogs.  
How do you catch them?  
Dogs.

## A HELMET FOR DONT.

Why So Many British Officers Are Killed in Action.

Capt. Norton, M.P., is to ask a question in the House respecting the large proportion of British officers serving with native regiments who were killed or wounded during the recent campaigns on the Indian frontier, says the London Mail.

Capt. Norton holds that the chief cause for these lamentable casualties which, owing to the unofficer condition of the native regiments, might have become a serious menace to the efficiency of the Indian army, is the fact that British officers wear a different head dress from that of the native officers and troops under them; and are so rendered especially distinguishable by the enemy's marksmen.

This danger in modern warfare has long been recognized in Europe, and in the home army the adoption of the universal pattern field service cap for all ranks has been satisfactorily shown to reduce to a minimum the distinction which formerly existed between officers and men. With British regiments in India the white pith or khaki helmet acts in a similar way; but in native regiments, where all but the English officers wear an Eastern headdress, the white helmet is a fatal distinction.

Capt. Norton holds that the chief Secretary of War to make the dress of all ranks when on active duty as uniform as possible; but it is difficult to see how this can be done, as far as headgear is concerned. With the subject races of which our Indian army is composed the wearing of a particular kind of headdress is an integral part of their religion, while the proposal to make British officers adopt the turban would be equally unpopu-

lar. Capt. Norton's question, therefore, seems calculated to bring the Indian army authorities to an impasse; but doubtless, if they appeal to Pall Mall the strong force of experts which has been applying a limited amount of brain power to the invention of a series of more or less obnoxious "improvements" in military headgear during a long period of years, will be able to help them out of Capt. Norton's difficulty.

Encouraged by the success of the in-elegant and useless convertible fatigue cap, the experts should find it a matter of small moment to produce a species of universal pattern tropical headdress which should so combine the appearance of the turban with that of the solar topi, and so amalgamate the discomforts and advantages of both that, while the British wing officer will look like a native and the havidar and the naick fancy themselves almost white men, the wily Afridi will be able to pick off either with equal facility and disinterestedness.

## A BIT OF CUBAN HISTORY.

Sixty Years Ago Spain Offered to Sell Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands.

The Spanish government is making great pretensions as to its purpose to hold on to Cuba and is rejecting with apparent scorn every proposal that looks to the sale of the island. It might be inferred from this that Spain had never entertained any proposition that would alienate Cuba. History, however, speaks otherwise.

About sixty years ago when Maria Christina of Naples was queen regent of Spain she offered to sell not only Cuba but Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands also, to Louis Philippe, who then sat on the throne of France. Senor Campuzano was the Spanish diplomat delegated to conduct the negotiations for the sale, while a Spanish banker residing in Paris by the name of Aguado was to look after the financial part. The price agreed upon was 36,000,000 Spanish reals for Cuba, and 10,000,000 reals for Porto Rico and the Philippines. This would have been equal to a total of about \$2,000,000 at the present time a sum which looks ridiculously small when the value of islands is considered.

The bargain was made on this basis, however, and the papers relating to Cuba were signed, notwithstanding some controversy over the manner and method of paying the money. But when the negotiations reached Porto Rico and the Philippines, Louis Philippe began to haggle about the price. He could not forget that he was a tradesman before he was a king and his propensity to "beat down" asserted itself. He claimed that 10,000,000 reals was too much for Porto Rico and the Philippines, and insisted that 7,000,000 reals were an ample sum to pay for them. This amount he declared was all he would pay for the islands, and said that if it was not acceptable "the contract must be thrown into the fire."

The Spanish diplomat, angered by what he considered royal meanness, suiting his actions to Louis Philippe's words, seized both the Cuban and Porto Rico-Philippine contracts and threw them into the fire, and ended the negotiations.

What the subsequent fate of Cuba might have been had this bargain been carried out it is useless to conjecture. But the transaction shows that the value Spain set upon Cuba was once only nominal, and that the claim that the "Ever Faithful Isle" will never be surrendered is of recent growth.

## USUALLY.

She—Then you think platonic love also is blind?  
He—Of course! It never can see what it's going to end in!

## DONT'S FOR HOT WEATHER.

Don't drink soda-water or ice-water, drink as much seltzer, carbonate water, moderately cold water or hot lemonade as you feel inclined, but take them between meals.

Don't drink anything with alcohol in it, even to a moderate degree. Like beer; although such drinks will give a momentary cooling effect, the alcohol is certain to start unnecessary combustion in the tissues, which will make you feel hotter than before.

Don't eat meat oftener than once a day, and if possible eat no meat whatever during summer; eat plenty of bananas and other fruits and drink an abundance of fresh buttermilk or sweet milk.

Don't smoke between 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. unless you can keep entirely out of the sun's rays during the whole day.

Don't fear to eat all the ice and ice-cream you wish, but first be thoroughly cooled off and eat them slowly.

Don't let a hot day go by without taking an all-over cold bath. If you have been taking violent exercise like bicycle-riding, first take a roll in a hot-water bath, after which give yourself a sponging with cold water.

Don't take any sort of bath within three hours after eating; early in the morning is the best time, and late at night the second best time for the daily bath.

Don't pile on clothing on the notion that it is fashionable to wear such and such; get a net undershirt if you can; go without a waistcoat, and have all the rest of your clothing as thin and light as it is possible to buy them.

Don't wear tight collars, tight cuffs, or even a tight hat; have all your clothing as loose as possible.

Don't wear clothing of a dark color in summer, and particularly black; the sun's heat is greatly absorbed by black, while white tends to dissipate its intensity. The ideal summer dress for a man should be: Well-ventilated, loose straw hat; roll collar; light gray coat; a shirt that requires no vest; wide trousers of some thin, whitish material; low tan shoes, and tan stockings.

Don't wear your hair long in summer-time and don't wear a beard; the hair catches up the heat of the air and communicates it to the skin, while it never does the same thing with any stray breezes flying around.

Don't forget that the great secret of keeping cool is to have your nervous system perfectly calm and your digestion in perfect working order.

Don't worry over anything, particularly during the heat of the day; you cannot accomplish much by worrying at that time, and you are only getting your nervous system excited.

Don't lose your temper with your employees or your superiors; don't complain of how much warmer it is than it ought to be, and altogether avoid everything that is liable to get you excited.

Don't walk on the sunny side of a block because it is a few yards nearer to your destination.

Don't hesitate to drink even ice-cold water if your perspiration has stopped and you still find it oppressively hot; very likely the stoppage of the perspiration is the first stage of sunstroke. Produce a sweat by ice-water at once and you are all right.

## A BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

He Became So Run Down That Work Was Almost Impossible—His Whole Body Racked With Pain.

From the Bridgewater Enterprise.

Mr. Austin Fancy is a well known blacksmith living at Baker Settlement a hamlet about ten miles from Bridgewater, N.S. Mr. Fancy is well known in the locality in which he lives. He is another of the legion whose restoration to health adds to the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Fancy related his story of illness and renewed health to a reporter of the Enterprise, as follows:—"During the last winter, I suppose, to overwork and impure blood, I became very much run down in flesh, and had severe pains induced in my muscles all over my body. I in the muscles all over my body. I felt tired all the time, had no appetite, and often felt so low spirited that I wished myself in another world. Some of the time, necessity compelled me to undertake a little work in my blacksmith shop, but I was not fit for it, and after doing the job, would have to lie down; indeed I often felt like fainting. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a couple of boxes, I felt a decided relief. The pains began to abate, and I felt again as though life was not all dreariness. By the time I had used six boxes I was as well as ever, and able to do a hard day's work at the forge without fatigue and those who know anything about a blacksmith's work, will know what this means. Those who are not well, will make no mistake in looking for health through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

## THE OPPORTUNE TIME.

I shall call upon our new neighbor to-day, remarked Mrs. Grundy, waving Mr. Grundy to silence. I know she hasn't had time to get settled and all that, and probably her parlor looks a fright, but I heard her quarrelling with her husband last night, and I'll never forgive myself if I don't call before they make up.

# The Home

HOW TO SWEEP AND DUST.

There should be just as much in housework as in anything else, especially if the wife must do with and if method is employed, it will facilitate the labor.

The sweeping and dusting house form no small item of the day, and should be so arranged as to produce the desired result with a minimum of work possible.

The tidy housewife always desires to present a neat appearance even when she is sweeping and dusting, and will provide herself with a pair of gloves, a loose jacket, a large apron; then should anyone call, it is only the work of a few seconds to make herself presentable to receive them.

It is a good plan to have covers for all large pieces of furniture are not easily removed. The sweeping and dusting a house week is usually sufficient. The rest of the time a carpet sweeper is just the thing to use as it all the litter and does not dust.

The first thing to do on sweeping is to carefully dust all articles of furniture that can be moved and out into an adjoining room. Raise the windows; shake the well and pin them up out of sweep the ceiling and brush the walls, then sprinkle the carpet, corn meal or tea leaves are ready for the broom.

Begin to sweep in the corner from the door and sweep from toward the door, then in sweeping the dirt out into the street gather it into the dust pan and sweep the next room.

By the time you are through with the last room, the dust will be settled in the first one, and begin dusting. A damp cloth to use for this, as it will take dust and not scatter it back furniture.

Shake the curtains again, the windows and window shades, the backs of pictures and boards all round. Do not shake your dust rag out the every few seconds. Remove it from the furniture, very carefully take them out doors at once, the furniture back in place, the books and fancy articles, the tidies and rugs and behold fresh, clean and sweet.

## HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

A fine orange cake is obtained by taking two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter stirred, three beaten, three cupfuls of flour, two spoonfuls of baking powder, frosting employ the whites of eggs, saving out just enough for the top, the rest of which added to the juice and grate an orange and spread between layers.

To purify a room set a bowl of water in it, and in a few hours have absorbed all the respirable "hold" thus rendering in the apartment a great deal, but itself utterly filthy. If the water, remember, the capacity for absorbing these kinds of broths and gravies only properly carried out when they are transparent and finely in regard to beef tea, however, be allowed to simmer not three-quarters of an hour, more than one hour from the last skimmed.

SELECTING KID GLOVES.

In selecting a kid glove choose a fine, but not too thin, the inside of a glove, is so important that the glove be dyed outside only. Wherever the dye has struck through there the glove will be found to be a writer. This is because the strength of the dye necessary or leather is always strong, make it tender if it strikes it to the inside. Sometimes it will only show the color on the inside. Such a glove out at this season. It is wise to choose a glove of neutral dark colors as a rule do not wear dark colors. Browns wear dark grays and the purple and scarlet tints now so fashionable in mending a glove, avoid except to darn down a piece of the color of the glove or in this case, darn the glove with invisible stitches. Always sew over the thread used in making the glove, so silk to sew ripped