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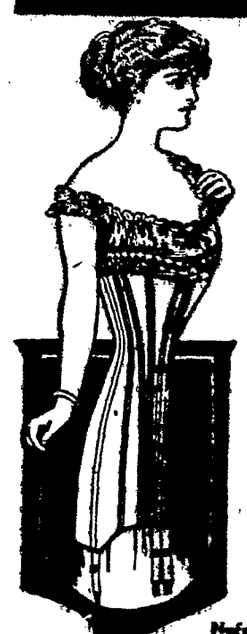

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SURPRISE AT SEA

It was evening in the West Indies. On a pier overlooking the ocean nearly the whole population of the town of D. were lounging, the men smoking, the women gossiping and watching the children who were romping on the heavy planks. One young fellow, a fine specimen of a man, was walking back and forth.

"Ned Chamberlin seems uneasy this evening."

"He's expecting Rose Bickford from Havana—they're engaged, you know—and that villainous picaroon the Marguerita has been reported scurrying about beyond the point there."

At the moment a sloop rounded the point mentioned and bore steadily up to the wharf. When within hearing distance her master shouted:

"The Marguerita is chasing the Inez. We left them ten miles out, both becalmed. We caught a breeze three miles this side of them and got away."

All looked at Chamberlin, for all knew that the girl he loved either had fallen or would doubtless soon fall into the hands of the pirate. He sat down on the top of one of the projecting spiles of the pier and covered his face with his hands. His neighbors thought that he was giving way to his feelings. This was not true—at least not for long. He was forming a plan to save the Inez.

In another hour the Alice, the sloop that had brought the news, sailed away under command of Ned Chamberlin. The moon, slightly past the full, came up out of the water, illuminating all within the circle of the horizon. The breeze began to die away and bade fair to cease altogether. This gave the hope that the picaroon had not been able to move against the Inez. The Alice within another two hours was becalmed, but not before Ned Chamberlin saw on the horizon two ships in the doldrums which he strongly suspected were the ones he sought. Ordering half a dozen men to man a boat, he sent them ahead to tow the sloop and while it was still night placed her between the becalmed ships.

At the first gray light in the east the young captain brought his glass to bear first on one, then the other, of his neighbors, and soon made up his mind that the one on his port was the Inez, the other the Marguerita. Breathing a sigh of relief, he leaned against the taffrail, folded his arms and waited.

What was he waiting for? There was not a gun on his deck nor protruding from portholes below. But half a dozen men were visible, and they were lounging about apparently waiting for a breeze. When the sun came up there was a stirring aboard the picaroon, while the crew of the Inez manned every rail to be ready to take advantage of the first morning breeze. Vain hope!

Presently the picaroon assumed the appearance of a daddy longlegs, sweeps being thrust from her sides, and she began to move. Ned Chamberlin's only hope was that she would stop by the way in her journey toward the Inez to take the sloop. In this he was not disappointed. The Marguerita was obliged to make a slight angle to reach the sloop, and when Ned saw that she was heading directly toward him he seized a basket standing on the deck and climbed the rattlines. On came the pirate, her captain doubtless laughing in his sleeves at the fool who had pulled directly in his way during the night.

Ned Chamberlin kept his eye fixed on the picaroon, and when he saw the grappling irons fixed to the port side he concluded that they were making ready to board on his starboard. Calling to the men on the deck below, he ordered them to swing the gun on which he stood to the starboard and lash it. When the pirate came to within fifty feet and was slowly rounding toward the sloop Ned ran out to the peak and, holding on to a line with his left hand, began to swing with his right a ball on the end of a rope in circles about his head. Presently letting go the rope it slipped through his fingers, and the globe landed on the pirate's deck. There was an explosion, the deck was ripped to pieces, and three-quarters of the men on it were blown to atoms. The shock dislodged Chamberlin, who fell, fortunately escaping the side, into the water, whence he was dragged back on to his vessel. The hatches of the sloop were opened, and out rushed fifty men armed with rifles and cutlasses, with the former of which they shot every living man on the picaroon.

On the Inez the captain, the crew and the passengers watched the Marguerita approach the sloop, not doubting that the latter would fall an easy prey and that they would soon see her crew walking the plank, after which the pirates would turn their attention to the Inez. There was scarcely a weapon aboard, and the ship rolled helplessly in the long swells. Suddenly there was a boom, and a cloud of smoke shot up from among the two vessels. They could not at first tell from which, but presently saw that the sloop was unharmed, while the waist of the pirate showed a great gap. Puffs of smoke appeared on the sloop's deck, growing less frequent till at last all was quiet. Then, and not till then, they began to realize that they had been saved, and a wild cheer went up, which was answered by the men on the sloop.

A few minutes later a boat left the side of the victor and headed for the Inez. When it reached the vessel Ned Chamberlin, followed by his first officer, climbed her side and in another moment was locked in the arms of Rose Bickford.

An Early Wall Paper.

On preparing a room in Bradbourne Hall, Derbyshire, in 1882 I found, partly covered by an old oak cupboard, considerable remains of quite early eighteenth century wall paper, of pale green tint, with a flowing pattern in darker color on it. This paper was made in squares of about twenty inches, and I was able to rescue two or more complete pieces. It had been printed on rather thick paper from woodcut blocks, and each square was pulled up with coarse iron tacks about one and a half inches apart, each tack being run through squares or washers of brown leather, so that both tack heads and washers showed all around each square of paper. It is possible that this wall paper was of late seventeenth century date. Bradbourne Hall, in the lower peak, is a picturesque house, almost unaltered, of the time of James I., having been thus fashioned from the canonical house of the Augustins of Dunstable. It was just the place—"far from the madding crowd"—where curious details of domestic decorations would survive.—London Notes and Queries.

The Cynic's Point of View.

Of course we all like to know that our enemies are vulnerable, but it is only the cynical elect who can appreciate with fine epicurean fastidiousness the glorious revelation that their friends are human after all. And it is not only the weakness of those near and dear to us, but their misfortunes and annoyances, which give a thrill of illicit joy to those foolish contortionists who can look in their own hearts. I once heard a young mother say that there was only one thing which gave her greater pleasure than hearing that the children of her friends were sick, and that was to hear that they were bad. No one but a brom-idiot (to borrow the excellent root with which Mr. Gelett Burgess has enriched us) would think of condemning this young woman for being malicious or unkind. Misery is not the only human quality that loves company. Some of her distant relatives—Anxiety, Discouragement, Annoyance—are equally sociable.—Atlantic.

The Forbidden City.

Peking has been a city for something like 3,000 years, first as the capital of a small state, then destroyed, again rebuilt and finally molded into the form in which we now know it, with its Chinese, Tartar, Imperial and Forbidden cities, each with its inclosing wall. Nobody has ever yet attempted to tell the full tale of its intrigues, its cabals, plots and counterplots. Few know anything about them. No one person knows them all. If only the bricks that form the walls could yield a tongue, if only the partitions in the Chien Hih could produce the ghosts and secrets that have fallen in their lot to see and hear, there would doubtless be a tale to tell which might vie in interest and dramatic force with anything that ancient Rome or Babylon has given, even through the medium of fiction.—Shanghai Mercury.

Napoleon and Waterloo.

There is nothing in the result of the Waterloo campaign to show any decline in Napoleon's powers of mind. The plan of the campaign as laid down by the emperor was a most brilliant one, and had it not rained on the night of the 17th of June Napoleon would in all likelihood have kept his throne. Had it not rained and made the land miry he would have had his artillery in position four hours before he actually did, and Wellington would have been disposed of long before Blucher's arrival. Even as it was, the iron Duke was pretty well used up when the Prussian came up on his left. Napoleon's genius never shone more brilliantly than it did in his last campaign. He was defeated by the elements and by the unaccountable stupidity of some of his lieutenants.—New York American.

Assyrian Seals.

The ancient Assyrians nearly 6,000 years ago put in wax clay their seals, engraved in intaglio upon precious stones, on chests and doors, in order to prevent their being opened. There were no locks or keys in those days. If they wished to send a private letter they would often seal it with a hippogriff, which fabulous winged horse was regarded as the emblem of secrecy. Centuries later the Greeks and Romans adopted similar devices for the same purpose.

He Whistled.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy—That's what the guv'nor told me to do, mum.

"Told you to whistle?"

"Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

Her Sweeping Abilities.

Mrs. Neurich—Did you notice how grandly our daughter swept into the room at Mrs. Puppson's reception last night?

Neurich—Sure I did! When it comes to sweeping into a room Minnie wins in a walk. But when it comes to sweeping out a room she goes lame.

Wanted It Plain.

Mrs. Youngwife—I want to get some salad. Dealer—Yes'm. How many heads? Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, goodness! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad.

Appearances.

Magistrate—If I remember rightly, this is not your first appearance in court. Prisoner—No, your honor, but I hope you don't judge by appearances.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Louis Drucke, Whose Rise to Fame Was Rapid.

Louis Drucke, known in Texas as "the pride of the Brazos," now a pitching pickle for the New York Nationals, was a college student one year ago. In three months he accomplished the step from college baseball to service in the minor league, the league experience being brief, but long enough for Manager McGraw to recognize the lad's unusual ability.

Drucke graduated from Texas Christian university at Waco in June of last year and immediately joined the Dallas team of the Texas league. Drucke pitched twice a week and lost only two or three games. He was considered the best pitcher in the Texas league despite his lack of experience in professional baseball, and that was an honor, considering the fact that several twirlers from that league were corralled by major league scouts last fall.

McGraw closed a deal for the purchase of Drucke last July, or, rather, he then exercised an option and bought the youngster's release for $1,000. But Drucke's experience with McGraw dates back to the spring of 1906, when the Giants made their first trip to Texas for training purposes.

The Giants that season won something like thirty-four exhibition games in the Lone Star state. They were beaten only once, and Drucke, then a green college pitcher, turned the trick.

Ty Cobb on Port Siders.

Cobb declares that left handed batters can spoil the sharp breaking curve thrown by left handed pitchers—a curve that is too much for most of them—by crowding into the plate, stepping forward on the ball and spearing it before it breaks. This, he says, is a comparatively easy thing with only a little practice. Most left handed batters, Ty says, have grown accustomed to imagining themselves paralyzed by the port side pitcher and halt really from fear when that curve comes over. By crowding boldly forward they can get busy with the ball and will soon find themselves making all kinds of hits off the delivery that has so long confounded them.

After Harmsworth Cup.

According to Commodore H. H. Melville of the Motorboat Club of America, who recently returned from England, where he completed the final arrangements for the coming international motorboat race for the Harmsworth cup, the keenest interest is displayed by the British motorboat owners in the coming race, and many of them are coming over in person to attend it.

Played For One Run.

Grimth, McGraw and Brennahan are the hit and run managers of the National league, while Chance, Clarke and Lake are depending more on the sacrifice hit. Doolin and Dahlen are "sisters." Having poor luck with the hit and run style Manager Chance switched, resorted to the sacrifice and played for one run. Seven victories resulted.

$5 Prizes For Pacific Motor Race.

The Pacific International Motorboat association of Seattle, Wash., is completing arrangements for the first annual motorboat race from Puget sound to Ketchikan, southeastern Alaska, next August, for which prizes valued at $7,000 will be given.

McGilvray Fails to Explain.

"The Bald Eagle of the Coldorado" is what the Cincinnati scribes called McGilvray. The first part is all right, but wherein the second portion is apt is a mystery that Hill will not explain.

A Famous Amphora.

The majority of [illegible] are conspicuous for [illegible] words or music. The [illegible] posed by a musician of [illegible] rank in the American [illegible] Haydn in reputation. [illegible] country has the composition [illegible] great poet been eloquent enough to say, where Horsley's [illegible] beginning "Now, we have [illegible] nerve as the national [illegible] Japanese have a dancing [illegible] them which Captain [illegible] later as follows:

[illegible]

Primitive Fire Fighters.

As late as the end of the [illegible] century in London [illegible] extinguishing fire [illegible] by [illegible] contrivances known as "hand [illegible]." These were usually made of [illegible] with a carrying capacity ranging [illegible] two to four quarts of water. The [illegible] quart "squirts" were [illegible] feet in length, [illegible] and [illegible] diameter at their largest part [illegible] half an inch at the nozzle. [illegible] side were handles, and three [illegible] required to manipulate a [illegible] One man on each side grasped [illegible] in one hand and the [illegible] other, while the third man [illegible] piston—or plunger, [illegible] the water was [illegible] of water which filled the [illegible] The bearers then [illegible] when the other pushed in the [illegible] the skill of the former being [illegible] In directing the stream of [illegible] the fire. Such primitive [illegible] are said to have been used during the great fire of 1666.

Mythical Monsters.

Pegasus ("born near the [illegible] the ocean") was the winged [illegible] Apollo and the Muses. [illegible] rode this animal when [illegible] Chimaera.

Hippogriff ("the black [illegible] had eagles legs and [illegible] was an ass, as well as [illegible] mal is believed to [illegible] which blows from [illegible] Pegasus.

Al Reach ("the lightning [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]