The Frozen Ship

By RALPH HUNTER

When I was commanding the Mary Blake, a brigantine, on one of my voyages I started from Tokyo, Japan, for Boston. The crew I had shipped in America at setting out were very good men, but had been thinned out by the hardships of the voyage. Several had been swept overboard by seas coming over her during storms on the Pacific ocean, others had died of fever contracted on the coast of Africa, and several men who went ashore on the Marshall islands never came back. I suppose they were murdered by the natives.

Unfortunately the men I lost were my best sailors, and the few of the original crew remaining were the worst. To get home I was obliged to pick up a crew in Japan, get more at Hongkong and finish the complement at Naples, Italy. The consequence was that I sailed through the Mediterranean and out on to the Atlantic with the worst lot of seamen ever got together except on a pirate ship.

It was all I could do to handle them, especially as my first and second mate were afraid of them. The crew soon found this out and were proportionately ugly. The weather turned bad soon after we left Gibraltar, and it was necessary to send men aloft to take in sail.

A mist had frozen on the rigging, and the men wouldn't go. When I told them that if they didn't we were liable to go to the bottom they said they might as well perish that way as to slip overboard from icy rigging. I and my two mates were obliged to go aloft and get in the sail.

This, of course, was mutiny, and the men—at least all except the copperskins among them—knew it. When the whites told the latter we were only some ten days' sail from the American coast and, when I got there I could have them hanged they were all in favor of taking the ship, murdering me and the two mates and turning her into a pirate. In fact, some of them I had shipped in the east had been pirates in the Malay archipelago.

I kept a stiff upper lip, being heavily armed all the while, and by my manner endeavored if I could not cow them to at least convince them that some of them would get killed before they killed me. Besides, there is always government, which, though it cannot protect officers far out on the ocean by force, has even there a great moral effect. In this way I, the only one on the ship who did not show fear of the rascals, endeavored to stave off disaster till we neared the American coast and fell in with other vessels.

There is a point in the Atlantic about where the Titanic was sunk by an iceberg where the arctic stream, having brought the ice down from the north, swings it off to the southeastward. We ran into this neighborhood at a season when a number of these sea mountains were coming along amid fields of ice. On the day we struck the ice the men, incited by one of the worst of them, who took the lead, determined that they would go no nearer the coast, where they were liable to meet with the punishment they deserved.

I was standing on the poop deck looking at several bergs that were in sight and inwardly cursing the fields of ice that were impeding our progress toward the land when I saw the crew or most of them coming aft. Neither of the other officers was on deck, and it occurred to me that they had either been secured or made away with and the men were coming to finish me. Glancing about over the waters in the hope of seeing a vessel, I did see one poke her nose from behind one of the bergs.

Some of the mutineers, seeing me looking over the starboard bow, paused to see what I was looking at. The vessel was moving very slowly with only her jib sails set, while the remnants of other sails that had been blown away were fluttering in the wind. My enemies had calculated on removing me without any one seeing them. As soon as they discovered this vessel most of them hesitated. Their leader endeavored to induce them to go on, but we and the other ship were bound to meet a few miles farther on and this was too much for the white sailors, especially those who realized what their punishment would be in case they were caught murdering their captain. Encouraged, I drew a revolver with each hand and ordered the men back to the forecastle. Every man obeyed me.

I took up a glass and leveled it on the ship. What I saw convinced me that there was not a living person on her. A man was lashed to the wheel, but he was dead. Another was leaning up against the side of the poop deck, but I was sure he was frozen stiff. Several other bodies were lying on the deck motionless, and all were covered with a coating of ice.

My protectors were dead men. But they were as good as live men as long as my crew believed them to be living. I resolved to act before we got near enough to the other vessel for my men to see. Calling them aft, I pointed to the ship and, reminding them that I would signal for help, offered to refrain from reporting their action when we reached port if they would return to duty. My offer was accepted, and, leaving the frozen ship to go her way, I steered for Boston harbor.

The ship that had saved me must have got wedged between the bergs and sunk, for I never heard of her.

Legend of the Death of Kenith.

The death of Kenith, the half mythical king of Scotland, was one of the most remarkable in all history—that is, if it can consistently be called a historical fact. According to the story, Kenith had killed a son and brother of the warlike Fennella. She for revenge caused Wiltus, the most ingenious artist of the time, to fashion an automatic death dealing machine, a wonderful statue filled with hidden springs, levers, etc. When finished and set up this "brazen image" was an admirable work of art. In its right hand it held a basin and in the left an apple of pure gold, both set with diamonds and other precious stones. To touch this apple was to dare death, it being so arranged that one guilty of such vandalism would be immediately riddled by poisoned arrows shot from loopholes in the body of the statue. Kenith was invited to come and inspect the wonder, and, kinglike and just as Fennella had hoped, he tried to pluck the precious imitation fruit. The moment his hand touched the incrusted jewel he was filled with poisoned arrows, dying where he fell.

When Folks Feared Gas.

In the early days of the last century, when illuminating gas was first used in London, timorous people talked of the dangers of suffocation and of explosions to which the gas, which was still imperfectly purified, exposed the citizens. Scientists confirmed these assertions, and the first gasometers erected in London by Samuel Clegg so terrified the people that no workman would venture to light the gas jets which had been placed on Westminster bridge. But Clegg soon overcame this difficulty by lighting a torch and applying it to the burners with his own hands. On another occasion before a committee of the Royal society of London he bored a hole in the gas holder and put a lighted candle to it, to the great alarm of the spectators, but without causing the slighest accident. Gradually the eyes even of the most prejudiced were opened to the truth.

What She Overlooked.

"That's queer," said the landlord.

"What's the matter?"

"I've just collected the rent for that house."

"What's queer about it? Didn't the lady ask you to paper the parlor?"

"Oh, yes, and the dining room and the bedrooms, and she also asked me to paint the front and back porches and build another outdoor sleeping apartment on the rear."

"And she threatened to move, of course, if you refused?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't see anything queer about that."

"You don't? Well, she didn't impress upon my mind what good tenants they have always been and advise me that I couldn't afford to lose them. I can't see how she overlooked that speech."—Detroit Free Press.

Remarkable Luck.

In Gold Hill, Nev., in 1877, one of the mining bosses—Tole by name—had trouble with some of the laborers in his mine. One night three of them attacked him in a barroom. Two of them pinned him down, while a third stood over him with a revolver. The muzzle almost touched his stomach. Once, twice, thrice, a fourth and a fifth time the weapon snapped. Tole closed his eyes. Each moment he expected to be his last. The disgusted ruffian threw his disappointing weapon on the floor with an oath and, joined by his aids, left the place. Tole wiped the cold sweat from his brow, mechanically picked up the discarded weapon, went to the door and fired off every charge, remarking that it was just his luck.

Odd Marriage Ceremony.

Polynesia is probably the only place in the world where the marriage feast takes place without the presence of the bridegroom. For some unexplained reason the young man is "sent into the bush" when negotiations are opened with the family of his bride and he remains there during the subsequent festivities. It is only when the guests have departed and the girl is left alone with his parents that messengers are dispatched for him.

Needed Them All.

A well known authoress was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor who retained little but his conceit.

"It is time now," he said pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, health, wealth, of course, beauty, grace"—

"Yes," said his fair listener sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."

Slowly Mending.

She—And how is your bachelor friend? He—When I saw him last he was mending very slowly. She—Indeed! I didn't know he'd been ill. He—He hasn't been. He was sewing fresh buttons on his underwear!

Too Far.

The fresh young man seated himself beside a handsome girl on the train.

"Going far?" he inquired.

"You are, sir, much too far," was the chilling retort.—Boston Transcript.

Trouble and Worry.

Wait till trouble comes before worrying about it. If you worry before it comes it may never come at all and you will have lost health and spirits over a phantom.

Duty puts a clear sky over every man, into which the skylark of happiness always goes singing.—Prentice.

STUNG By College Students

By AGNES L. BOYD

Two young men stood on the platform of a railway station waiting for a train. At the other end were three young ladies also ready for departure.

Now, the two men were college students, and if there is anything else in the world like a college student it has not yet shown itself. The collegian is unique. He usually looks like a man, but when sifted down is three out of four parts boy. If he would take as much pains in his studies as in the invention of pranks he would be learned indeed. Usually his studies don't interest him, while his pranks are his delight.

These two young gentlemen on the platform were eying the girls at the other end. Then one said something to the other, the other replied, and when the train came along the one took hold of the other's arm and, guiding his friend, entered the same car as the young ladies. The latter turned a seat, and the three girls sat down together. The student led his friend to the seats occupied by the girls and, lifting his hat politely and pointing to the one vacant seat, said:

"May I beg a seat for my friend, who is blind?"

The expression on the girls' faces as they looked up changed from irritation at having a stranger thrust among them to pity. One girl moved aside, and the blind man was guided into the vacant seat by his friend.

"This is no intrusion upon your confidences," said the latter, "for the gentleman is not only stone blind, but a deaf mute. He can neither see, hear nor talk."

Having said this and thanked the girls for their courtesy, he took a seat in another part of the car, drew a newspaper from his pocket and began to read.

What the girls had to say to one another was of little importance compared with their interest in this nice looking, well dressed young man, who necessarily lived in a world by himself. There was a sweet melancholy look on his face as of one born to sorrow. Notwithstanding that the young ladies had been told they could converse near him without being overheard, for a time they refrained from extraordinary conversation or remarking upon him; but, since he continued to look straight ahead of him into vacancy, they grew careless and began to say things about him to one another.

"Poor fellow!"

"Handsome, isn't he?"

"What a pity to be born with two faculties wanting which prevent a third! I wonder who he is."

"Did you ever notice the heavenly expression there is on the faces of these unfortunates?"

"Yes. Isn't it lovely?"

"Divine!"

This was pretty hard on the student, who was one of the greatest scamps of his college, but, summoning all his will power, he kept a straight face.

The girls grew bolder.

"I suppose if I should put my hand on his he wouldn't know whose it was. Anyway, he wouldn't know it to be a girl's."

"Of course not. How should he know anything about girls when he has never seen one or heard one speak?"

At that moment the conductor, coming through the train for tickets, took two from the blind man's friend. When he had passed one of the girls remarked:

"Did you see the other give up this one's ticket? It wouldn't be any use for the conductor to ask for it. The poor fellow wouldn't hear."

"The conductor might poke him. They all do that to passengers who don't hear or don't wish to hear."

"I never thought of that."

"I have a good mind to touch him to see what he'll do."

"Don't be silly."

"Wouldn't it be fun to kiss him, he not knowing who you were?"

"In the train?"

"Certainly not, in a house."

"You wouldn't dare."

"I bet I would."

Meanwhile the blind deaf mute stared straight ahead of him, turning neither to the right nor to the left, maintaining that same sad expression of countenance, though the last remarks were well nigh too much for him. Fortunately a trainman called his station and this helped him to keep a straight face. His friend got up, came to where he was sitting, jabbed him in the ribs with his cane to attract his attention and lifted him out of his seat. The blind man gave a groan. It was really to suppress a laugh—and the girls looked daggers at the cruel young pilot.

"I'd like to stick a pin in him," said one.

"He's a brute," chimed another.

The young men left the train and passed the window where the girls sat. The former were chatting glibly, and both cast admiring glances at their victims.

"Girls, we've been stung."

"Oh, heavens! What did I say about kissing him?"

"You made a ninny of yourself; that's all. I'm ashamed of you."

"Did you ever!"

"It was a mean, contemptible trick. They were students, and sophomores at that."

Then the train moved on. The girls looked very angry. Then the corners of the mouth of one began to quirk up. Another followed till they all broke into a laugh.

Disraeli's Ideal of Greatness.

When Disraeli was curly and smart and comparatively unknown he visited the Royal Exchange of Liverpool in company with Duncan Stewart, a leading merchant of the city. It was at high noon, and the exchange was thronged by merchants. The scene so impressed the young member of parliament that he said to Mr. Stewart:

"My ideal of greatness would be that a man should receive the applause of such an assemblage as this—that he should be cheered as he came into this room."

Disraeli went in and came out unnoticed, but several years later he again visited the Liverpool exchange in company with Mr. Stewart. His entrance was greeted by a cheer which spread into a roar and ended in an ovation. The testimony to his political prominence deeply moved Disraeli, who, recalling to Mr. Stewart the remark he had made years before, said, "My ideal test of greatness has been realized."

Thunderbolts.

Thunderbolts are not completely understood. They are lightning phenomena, spherical or ball lightning. They are gaseous beyond doubt, for when they explode with great violence no trace of matter can be discovered. Their color is bluish, and they appear at once, when at all, after terrific flashes of lightning of the darting or filamentary type. Sometimes the luminous balls fall slowly, but do not usually strike the earth, but move horizontally as if supported by the electrical field of force of the earth. When they explode a strong wave moves in air in all directions, and a penetrating odor of ozone fills the adjacent space. The energy of explosion is supposed to be that utilized in the formation of oxygen into the ozone by the lightning. Knowledge of the cause and real nature of thunderbolts is meager. They are more plentiful at sea than over land.—New York American.

Not Accustomed to Princes.

An English paper tells this story about Oliver Wendell Holmes. When in England in 1886 he was at a great reception in London. He sat quietly in a corner, feeling a little faint, and, observing refreshments in the distance, he turned to an elederly man, whom he supposed to be a butler or something of that kind, and asked for a bottle of soda water. The supposed servant brought the soda with great alacrity and remarked: "I am very glad to meet you, Dr. Holmes. I am Prince Christian."

The autocrat of the breakfast table was naturally taken aback, but quickly recovered himself and said: "Dear me! I have not had much acquaintance with princes at least not enough to distinguish them from waiters at a glance."

After that the genial poet soon became the center of a circle of royal people, whom he entertained for hours.

Odd Definitions.

"Amusing and ridiculous answers to examination questions are fairly common in graded public schools everywhere, I suppose," said a teacher at a public institution for the higher education of the colored race, "but an example recently handed in by a girl at least eighteen years of age surpasses anything of this kind I have heard yet.

"Being required to define the word 'tithe' and compose a sentence showing its use, her paper read: 'Tithe, something that binds, love, friendship. "Blest be the tithe that binds."'

"A scarcely less amusing answer was given by another pupil:

"'Upbraid: to braid up. She upbraided her hair. To lift up. They upbraided their hero who was dead with their bayonets.'"

A Dread Ordeal.

The Rev. Mr. Inch of Dumbarton told how on one occasion in his old church in Dundee a brother minister had preached a rather long sermon, and he (Mr. Inch) had occasion later on to enter the pulpit to make an intimation whereupon a "wee Macgregor," who was in the gallery with his mother and the rest of the family, took fright and exclaimed very loudly: "Come awa' hame. There's anither man gaun tae begin."—Glasgow Times.

Which It Really Was.

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "now that you've seen my new hat you simply can't regret that I got it. Isn't it just a peach?"

"Well, if it is," replied John, "I suppose a proper title for it would be 'Owed to a Milliner.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hard Tree to Climb

Unfortunately as the majority have discovered in every age, the tree of fame is an inconveniently tall tree, the trunk of it is abominably smooth, too, affording very little foothold to the climber.

An Ideal Husband.

"He makes an ideal husband."

"That so?"

"Yes. Whenever she entertained her club at night you'd hardly know he was in the house."—Detroit Free Press.

Corrected.

Wife—I really believe you married me simply because I have money. Hub—You're wrong. I married you because I thought you'd let me have some of it.—Boston Transcript.

Dinner Engagements.

A witty Frenchman said, "Only death is an excuse for not keeping a dinner engagement, and even then a polite man would send the undertaker to apologize for him."

ICEBERG AHEAD

By ROGER M. BLAKEMON

Jim Baxter found himself on an ocean liner one day out steaming across the Atlantic ocean from England. A lady was sitting in a steamer chair well wrapped in rugs and her face shielded by a veil which also served the purpose of keeping on her hat. She was reading some letters she had received at the ship's postoffice and seemed very intent on them. Jim passed her several times and on one of these passages saw a letter slip from her fingers and go sailing before the wind along the deck. Jim gave chase, captured the letter and returned it to the lady.

"Thank you very much," she said so graciously that Jim was emboldened to say something in return. Another and more important reason for his addressing her was something familiar to him in the lady's voice.

"It's not pleasant steaming in the teeth of the wind," he remarked.

"It is not. I looked for some corner where I wouldn't get it, but couldn't find one."

"If you will permit me to take your chair over there behind the officers' quarters I think you will be more comfortable."

"You are very kind. I shall be much obliged."

Jim lugged the chair and the robes to the position named, the lady reseated herself, and Jim spread her rugs over her. There was a chair standing near, and the lady turned her face toward it. This Jim regarded as a hint, went for the chair and was soon seated beside his new found friend.

"Have you been abroad long, Mr. Baxter?" asked the lady.

Jim started. "You know me?" he asked.

"Certainly. I have seen you often. You were once devoted to a very intimate friend of mine."

"Jennie Archibald?"

"Yes. I am sorry to say that from what she told me you must have treated her very badly."

"I treat her badly? I supposed that I was the one who was badly treated."

"Of course I haven't heard your side of the story."

"Nor will you. Men have not the privilege of telling their side of such stories."

"Consider yourself so privileged."

"The permission is not available."

"Why so?"

"Because a woman in such a case will invariably decide in favor of the woman. It would be useless for me to give my version of the story. Besides, even with your permission, I would not dispute the word of Miss Archibald."

"That's very nice of you. Is there no other reason why you would not defend yourself?"

"None except that I feel the same toward her as I felt before our break."

There was no reply to this for awhile, then Baxter added, "Now that we have finished the subject perhaps you will make yourself known to me."

"It is not finished. I have a woman's curiosity to know how you felt toward my friend before the rupture. Surely had you loved her you would not have deserted her for that Ellis girl."

"I did no such thing."

"You did," hotly.

"I beg your pardon. It was Jennie who walked off one evening at the assembly rooms with an old admirer—Martindale—leaving me in the lurch."

"You should be ashamed to defend your action by such a statement. You knew"—

"Pardon me," Baxter interrupted. "I do not care to discuss my private affairs with a stranger." And, rising in a huff, he walked away.

The next day the ship steamed in a fog. The unknown lady sat in the same position, veiled, as before, and Baxter walked by her with his nose in the air. Suddenly a voice came from the man in the crow's nest:

"Iceberg ahead! Port your helm!"

There were many people on deck, and they heard the warning with terror. Through the fog suddenly loomed a mountain of ice. Then was heard a grating sound, and the ship swerved to starboard. The unknown sprang to her feet, tore off her veil and cried out to Baxter.

"Oh, Jim!"

"Great heavens! Jennie!"

There was a wild scene on the deck that the officers vainly sought to quiet. The officer on the bridge through a megaphone cried out that no serious damage was done, that the captain had gone below to investigate and all were advised to wait without any action till he reported. He was below some ten minutes, when he sent up word that but little water was coming in and that the pumps were abundantly able to handle it. Within half an hour all had quieted down, and it was known that the damage was trivial.

Meanwhile Jim Baxter and Jennie Archibald stood wrapt in each other's arms.

"This is the first case on record," said Jim, "where two lovers were reunited by an iceberg."

"I supposed when we parted after your barbarous treatment of me that it would require the warmth of a June morning to reunite us."

"How about that friend of yours that I treated so badly? I suppose I should make it up with her."

"Any penance you may think proper to suggest I will communicate to her."

And there was warmth enough to melt twenty icebergs.

Insomnia and Tobacco.

The dominant characteristic of tobacco is the fact that it heightens blood pressure. The irritant action by which it does this sometimes leads to still more harmful results. Its second action is narcotic. It lessens the connection between nerve centers and the outside world. These two actions account for all the good and all the bad effects of tobacco. As a narcotic it temporarily abolishes anxiety and discomfort by making the smoker care less about what is happening to him. But it is a well known law of medicine that all the drugs which in the beginning lessen nerve action increase it in the end. Thus smoking finally causes apprehension, hyperexcitability and muscular unrest. Here this inevitable law seems to give contradictory results. Every physician knows that an enormous amount of insomnia is relieved by smoking, even if it is at the expense of laziness the next day. At the same time every physician knows that most excessive smokers are troubled with insomnia.—Century.

Meanness of Mose.

A typical southern "mammy" entered the office of a well known attorney and, after mopping her shining brow with a bandanna handkerchief, said to the man at the desk.

"Ah wants t' git a divo'ce f'om mah husban', Mose Lightfoot."

"On what grounds?" asked the attorney.

"He's jes natchelly wufless," was the reply.

"What is your husband's occupation?"

"He jes sets roun' de house all day and p'tends to mind de baby."

"Does he take good care of the child?"

"'Deed he do not! He's too lazy. Dis mawnin' he tried to make de dawg rock de cradle by tyin' its tail to one ob de rockers."

"Did the scheme work?"

"Land sakes, no! Mose am so evahlastin' grouchy dat he couldn't speak enough kind words to make de dawg wag its tail!"—Judge.

Yellow Writing Paper Easy on Eyes.

Oculists have often called attention to the fact that the eyes are easily fatigued by the reflection from white paper, especially when the surface is under a strong light. Since green is known to be the color most restful to the eyes, it is a common practice to use wall papers and draperies of that color in libraries and private studies. For writing paper, however, green is an unsatisfactory color. It imparts a reddish appearance to the writing and makes it hard to read. Yellow writing paper is not open to the same objection. In strong daylight it is softer than pure white paper, and in artificial light is not too dark. Black letters on a yellowish background show clear and distinct. Many mathematicians use yellow paper in figuring long and difficult calculations, and many writers have adopted it for manuscripts.—Youth's Companion.

Articles Marked "Patented."

We are all accustomed to see a patented article marked "Patented," with the date of the patent. It is doubtful, however, whether one in a hundred who notices the mark realizes its importance to the patentee. The statute on the subject makes it the duty of all patentees or those holding under or making the patented article for them to apply the mark "Patented," together with the day and year the patent was granted, and the same statute provides as a penalty for not making that "in any suit for infringement by the party failing to so mark no damages shall be recovered by the plaintiff, except on proof that the defendant was duly notified of the infringement and continued after such notice, to make use or vend the article so patented."—Scientific American.

Music and Appetite.

The majority of the great musical composers had appetites on an equality with their talents. It is told of Handel that when he dined alone at a restaurant he always took the precaution to order the meal for three. Once on asking, "Is de tinner retty?" at a restaurant, or a tavern, as it was then called, where he was little known, he got the reply, "As soon as the company comes," and astonished the waiter by seating himself, with the remark: "Den pring up the tinner; I'm de company." The appetite of Haydn was yet more voracious. He delighted in dining alone and always finished the meal ordered for five persons.

Curious Beehives.

In the village of Hoefel, Silesia, there are a number of beehives in the shape of life size figures cleverly carved in wood and painted in colors. The figures were carved more than a century ago by monks of the Naumburg monastery, who were at that time in possession of a large farm in the district. The beehives represent different characters, ranging from Moses to a military officer, a country girl and a night watchman with a spear.

The Fastidious.

"Catch any fish on your trip?"

"No, and I can't understand why. Had a $200 outfit. Had the right kind of hooks and the latest thing in flies."

"Maybe you weren't wearing the right kind of hat."—Washington Herald.

She Did.

"Jack proposed to me while turning the music for me at the piano."

"Ah, I see! You played right into his hands."—London Answers.

Hurt not others with that which pains yourself.