MUTINY AT SEA.

When you come to speak of dreadful things, you may set it down that a mutiny at sea can be classified first. It is in most cases the turning of the worm. Men who have had it drilled into them for years that they must put up with such food as hogs would refuse, obey every order without question, peril their lives at the word, cringe and tremble before one of their own species because he is in authority, are not to be driven into mutiny on the high seas without extreme provocation.

When the worm turns, then look out!

Your cringing foremast hand, who only the day before thanked the mate for knocking him down, may be a tyrant in turn.

The ship becomes a floating hell. The slaves of yesterday are the masters to-day. If once they take the step which render them mutineers, they will not hesitate to go farther and add murder to the crime.

In the year 186-, after having served on coasting vessels for several years, and made one voyage from New York to Liverpool, I shipped as second mate on the bark Medway, bound from San Francisco to the Sandwich islands, and thence on a trading voyage to the islands of the southwest. The bark was a small one, but a good sailer and a dry ship, and I believe I was in luck in securing my berth. The captain, whose name was Burrows, seemed a very pleasant man, making use of no profane language, and appearing to be as mild-tempered as a parson. Mind you, I am giving my first impressions as I sized him up while we yet lay at the wharf. I shipped at Honolulu, the bark having already completed the first part of her voyage. I heard rumors to the effect that her whole crew deserted her on her arrival at the islands, but rumors among sailors are not to be depended on, and I gave the matter no investigation, though I saw that she was shipping a fresh crew. We left Honolulu with twelve men before the mast, and we were not yet off soundings when the trouble began. The meat which had been boiling away in the cook's coppers during the forenoon gave out stange odors. From the whiffs I had caught now and then I knew something was wrong, and when the meat was carried forward in the kids at noon the stench was enough to turn one's stomach. The mate, whose name was Berry, saw that I was surprised such meat should be placed before the men on a voyage just begun, and he growled:

"Ah! d—— 'em; it's too good for such as they. Just let me catch 'em making a fuss over it, and I'll work up their old iron in a way to open their eyes!"

I was astounded. Mr. Berry had seemed a quiet, even-tempered man, and I had said to myself that there would be no bullying aboard of the Medway. The watches had not yet been set, but the bark was on her course before a light breeze, and things were being made shipshape. The captain was already at dinner, and soon after uttering the remarks quoted above the mate went down to join him. I was thus left in charge of the deck, but the crew, with the exception of the man at the wheel, were forward with their kids. As the beef made its appearance there was a movement of surprise, and I heard several of them utter expressions of disgust. The meat was picked up and closely examined, and then all faces were turned in my direction. Then, after a brief consultation, an old sailor whose every look and action proved the genuine tar, picked up the meat tub and came aft with it. He was going to make a complaint, which he had a perfect right to do, and I, as officer of the deck, had no right to refuse to listen. He put down the tub, doffed his hat, and very respectfully said:

"Mr. Carling, the meat isn't hardly fit to bait a shark. It is probably the fault of the cook. Will you kindly forward our complaint to the captain?"

At that moment Captain Burrows appeared on deck. Taking in the situation at a glance, he walked straight up to the sailor and thundered:

"What in hell's name does this mean, you dog?" Finding fault with your provisions before the first meal is begun! Get forward, you infernal whelp!"

The man retreated without a word in reply, but left the tub behind him. I'm telling you the solemn truth when I say that the odor of it was enough to turn my stomach seven or eight feet away.

"It's just like 'em, the hounds!" roared the captain. "It's the beef they find fault with, eh? Here, every mother's son, come aft!"

The men slowly obeyed, knowing that a storm was at hand. The captain picked up the tub, held it out toward them, and said, "Is there anything wrong with the meat? Who says this isn't as sweet beef as was ever placed before sailors? Who is the man?"

For a minute not one of them answered him. Then the man who had brought the tub aft stepped out, made a respectful salute, and replied, "Captain Burrows, we didn't find fault with you, but with the cook. The meat is so far gone that no man aboard can eat it."

"Oh, it's bad, is it?" sneered the captain, as he placed the tub in my hands. "No one can eat it, eh? Let's see about that!"

With his naked fingers he lifted up a piece and bit off a mouthful and swallowed it. At that moment the mate appeared on deck, and the captain called: "Mr. Berry, the men declare this meat is unfit to eat. Come and taste it, and give me your opinion."

The mate came forward and tasted it. I saw him wince as he chewed at the stuff, but he bravely swallowed it down, and exclaimed: "The best beef I ever saw aboard a ship!"

"You whelps! You hounds! You gang of lazy sojers, but I'll teach you to find fault!" screamed the captain, as he threw the tub at the nearest sailor; and then he dashed among them, followed by the mate, and four or five men were knocked down and kicked about in the most brutal manner. Not one of them made an attemt at resistance, and they were not followed beyond the foremast.

"There! I guess they have had an introduction to me, and will know hereafter how to brace their yards," chuckled the captain as he came aft. "I run this craft, Mr. Carling, and I want every man aboard to know it. I want no man in the cabin who coddles the fo'castle. Why didn't you knock the dog down when he came aft with the beef?"

Capt. Burrows," I replied, "I was never aboard of a vessel yet where the master would not listen to a complaint when respectfully and regularly set forth."

"Oh, you weren't! And so I've got a second mate who can teach me something. How very fortunate I am! Let me say to you sir, that you had better go slow. I can break you and send you forward among the men, and I'll do it if you give me the slightest excuse."

With that he turned and went below. In a little time the watches were named and set, and as I was ready to turn in the mate took occasion to observe:

"The old man is a little headstrong, but it needs a strong hand over these fellows. If once you begin to palaver with 'em they'd demand cabin stores within a week."

"But the meat was horrible."

"Well, I've seen better; but they had no business to kick up a row about it. They're lucky to get meat of any sort."

I went below realizing that I had shipped aboard a floating hell, and that my position was a precarious one. As for following the example of captain and mate I would not, and if I was degraded and sent forward—a matter which lay entirely with the captain—I had better go overboard at once. Had the captain been a just and mild-tempered man the mate would have been under restraint. As the captain had taken the lead and shown that he intended to govern by kicks and blows, the mate felt free to exercise his brutal nature. Within half an hour after I had left the deck he forced an excuse for knocking one of the men down, and an hour later he reported to the captain that he had never sailed with such a gang of mutinous dogs.

During my night watch I saw and heard enough to realize a feeling of deep indignation had taken hold of the crew, and that it needed only another act of brutality to incite a rebellion. The man at the wheel invented an excuse to speak to me and presently observed:

"Some of the men feel pretty sore, Mr. Carling, and I hope they won't be driven to——"

He did not finish the sentence, and said:

"Let them take their grievances before the first American consul. There are laws to protect the sailor as well as the officer."

"But who of us ever saw those laws enforced, sir? Jack is a dog at sea, and a nobody ashore. The captain tells his story to the consul, and if Jack follows after, he's more likely to be sent to prison than to receive justice."

I could not gainsay it, and I, as an officer of the ship, had no right to encourage a spirit of complaint. Sailor men will stand poor rations and the most brutal abuse so long as they are without a leader. What had happened during the day might have been passed over and forgotten had not the scenes been renewed. The mate came on deck in bad temper, and as my watch turned in he was abusing his for their tardiness in answering the call, though I never saw a quicker change on any craft. It happened that the man who had acted as spokesman in regard to the beef was the last one out of the fo'castle. It was no wonder for several of his teeth had been loosened and one of his eyes closed by the blows, and he was probably stiff and sore. As I went down the companion I heard the mate shouting:

"Ah! you infernal skulker, but I'll cure you of this! If you've come aboard this bark to sojer and live on sweet cake, you want to look out for me!"

I turned in sick at heart, now realizing that there would be no let up on the part of captain or mate to the end of the voyage. It did not seem as it I had been asleep half an hour, though in reality three hours had passed, when some one pulled at my arm, and a voice said:

"Mr. Carling, you are wanted on deck, sir."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"It's me, sir—James Martin. Will you come on deck at once?"

I knew that the man was a common sailor, though I did not know any of them by name as yet. I reached the deck a minute behind him. The bark was on a course, but the breeze was very light. To my astonishment I found most of the men aft, and I was no sooner on deck than I saw that something was very wrong.

"Mr. Carling," said the man who had complained of the beef, and whose name was Johnson, "the Medway is in our possession. We have been driven to mutiny."

"It can't be," I exclaimed, as I looked about.

But it is true, sir, and now we want to know whether you are going to stand by us or side with the captain?"

"Where is the captain?"

Lying over there in the lee scuppers bound hand and foot. The mate went overboard half an hour ago."

I walked over to where the captain was lying. He was securely bound, but no harm had come to him as yet. He was, however, in mortal terror, and as soon as he set eyes on me he called out, in broken tones:

"Mr. Carling, for God's sake save my life! Don't let them murder me in cold blood!"

As I looked from captain to mutineer, Johnson said:

"The mate was among us with a belaying pin, seeming bent on murder, and we had to do for him. Then we reasoned that we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and we secured the captain."

"Men, you have done a terrible thing! Don't you know every one of you will swing for this?"

"We want no preaching, Mr. Carling," replied Johnson. "What we want to know is, how you stand? The mate has gone, and the captain must follow. If you will navigate the bark for us, no harm shall come to you. If you refuse, then we shall set you adrift. We've gone too far to back water."

"Talk to 'em, Mr. Carling," gasped the captain, who was greatly broken down. "Tell 'em that if they will spare our lives they shall not be punished for what they have done. I give my word they shan't."

"What will you do with him?" I asked.

"Set him adrift in the yawl at daybreak."

"And if I refuse to navigate the bark?"

"You go with him, though we'd be sorry for it, for you've used the men right."

"What point do you wish to make?"

"The coast of Brazil."

"Will you all sign a paper to the effect that I had nothing to do with bringing about this mutiny, and that I navigated the bark under duress?"

"We will that!" they shouted in chorus.

"Very well, I will remain; but why not keep the captain a prisoner instead of sending him adrift?"

"He must be punished, sir," replied Johnson.

I argued with 'em together and separately, but it was no use. They had decided on a course, and could not be swerved from it. Captain Burrows was a cringing coward. He begged, entreated and sought to bribe, and when day fully broke he hadn't the heart of a woman. A man was sent aloft with a glass to survey the sea, and when he came down and reported the sea clear of sail the yawl was lowered, a keg of water, some of the spoiled meat, and a lot of wormy biscuit were placed in it, and they were ready to send the captain adrift. His cowardice was so great that one could not pity him. He had to be lowered over the side like a bale of rags, and as his boat floated away he cowered down on the bottom, and seemed to fall into a stupor. When he was half a mile astern, Johnson called every man aft and said:

"Now, men, Mr. Carling is to be our captain, and he is to be promptly obeyed. I shall be first mate, Peterson second, and, though we berth in the cabin, you shall have just as good food as we do. We will now name the watches, and things will go on as if there had been no trouble."

His word was not questioned. There was no exultation, no lawlessness, no boasting. Every man was quiet and thoughtful. They had been wronged. They had righted that wrong in their own way, and were now simply seeking to make a safe escape. In twenty minutes after the captain was set afloat you could not have told that anything out of the routine had happened. The decks were washed down, breakfast prepared, and when things had been cleared away Johnson came down into the cabin and said:

"Mr. Carling, how far are we out from the Sandwich islands?"

"Not to exceed seventy miles."

"Very well; will you please give us the course for the Paumotu Islands."

"But I was going to alter the course to run for South America."

"We don't want to go there. What I said was to deceive the captain, for it's likely he'll soon be picked up. We want to run down to the Paumotu islands."

I got out the charts, gave him the course, and followed him on deck. Everything was shipshape, the men as respectful as you please, and it was hard to realize that anything like mutiny and murder had occurred. It seemed as if the very winds looked upon the revolution with favor, for the breeze hauled to our best sailing point and sent us along hour after hour and day after day until we were far to the south of the Sandwich Islands.

I am telling you now what I afterward swore to, that a better crew never trod a deck. There was no wrangling, no drinking, and not the least indication of insubordination. When we came to overhaul the ship's stores we found four-fifths of them as fresh and sound as any sailor could ask for. The other portion must have been put in by the captain on some speculation.

Near the line of the equator we had light winds and calms for several days, but finally got a slant which carried us to the south until we got a holding breeze, and one afternoon we sighted the islands for which we had long been headed. The group comprises fifty or more islands, with those of the Society, Cook, and Tabna lying just to the south. At this day most of the islands are inhabited. At that date only a few of them were, and there were not above three or four ports of call, mainly for the convenience of whalers in want of vegetables and water. The bark had planned to visit the Marshall, Gilbert, and Phœnix islands, lying near the equator, and much nearer Honolulu. The Paumotu islands had been selected by the mutineers because two of them had once been wrecked among them, and spent a year or more in leading a half-civilized life.

Before dark we had made a safe anchorage, and, though the voyage was now ended, discipline still remained as strict as ever. That evening Johnson came down to me and said:

"Mr. Carling, the voyage is ended. You have done as you agreed, and you must admit that the men have been well-behaved. Will you go with us to-morrow or stick by the bark?"

"I must stand by the craft."

"Just as you say, sir. This is a sheltered spot, and we will leave you in good shape. We shall take the long boat, some spare sails, a few stores and other things, but nothing to cripple the bark. Good night, Mr. Carling."

The next day the long boat was hoisted out, and the men took some muskets, a few hatchets, kettles to cook in, fishing tackle, tobacco, pipes, and a keg of rice, and finished off with ship stores enough to last 'em for a couple of weeks. There was over $2,000 in gold in the cabin, and as Johnson knew it the others must have known it as well, but not a man asked for a dollar. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon before they were ready to go, and the last two hours were spent in making everything snug. All the light sails were sent down and put into the sail room, and the others were carefully stowed. The second anchor was dropped, and the captain's dingey was hoisted out and made fast alongside for my use if I wanted to go ashore. Then every man signed the paper I had drawn up, and as they went over the side each one took my hand and bade me good-dy. I never saw one of them again.

Six weeks later a Massachusetts whaler discovered the Medway in her snug berth, and, as she happened to have the crew of a wrecked vessel aboard, I had no trouble in securing a compliment of men to return the bark to San Francisco. The captain, as was afterward learned, had drifted two days before he was picked up by a trading steamer, but he died several days after his rescue. So far as I know no steps were ever taken to overhaul the mutineers, as after my statements in the courts public sympathy was altogether in their favor.—New York Times.

What an English Journal Slangily Says.

Efforts are being made to create a reaction against the present rage for the general use of steel instead of iron. Commenting upon the disastrous results of the experiments to test the merits of some new Krupp guns, several of which burst and killed a number of gunners, the Manufacturers' Gazette slangily says: "These were steel affairs, like the hull of the Oregon, which proved to be as brittle as pipe-clay. The Yankees have demonstrated their ability to make iron guns that 'won't bust,' and that will give all the service steel guns yield, and cost about one-half what steel guns do. Now, why not develop iron? Our leading investors in your western railways are talking hereabout that good old-fashioned iron rails outlast the 'new-fangled' steel ones, and are fighting 'tooth and nail' against buying any more of the 'pesky things.' It was on a compromise to settle this that that first notable steel-rail order went abroad. Now, let us have a good test of the big iron guns the government officials have been fooling with at Sandy Hook the year past, and see if the best iron has not some virtue left. Steel is fashionable, that's what's the matter!"—Chicago News.

Roofing-Tiles of Wood Pulp.

Roofing-tiles are being manufactured of wood pulp, and by the use of different colored sands a variety of tints are imparted to the tiles, rendering them capable of producing pleasing effects in ornamentation. It is claimed that their lightness obviates the necessity of heavy framing to support the roof, while their toughness protects them against blows, footsteps, or the action of frost. Pulp tiles are more elastic than wood, and therefore lie closer together and nails penetrate them more easily and bind them more closely to their beds than is the case with shingles.—Chicago News

Ceylon now claims to grow the finest tea in the world.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

GRADUAL EXTERMINATION OF THE SONGSTER OF THE SOUTH.

Shot by Unsentimental Hunters—Robbing the Nests—The Mocking Bird from a Sentimental Point of View—His Wonderful Powers of Song.

A great deal has been written during the last three years concerning the gradual extermination of the south's splendid songster, the mocking bird, or to be more definite, the Mimus Polyglottus. The Telegraph first called attention to the subject, and I see no reason to doubt that the theory then advanced to account for the growing scarcity of the birds was and is a true one. The reason given was the unchecked slaughter of the birds by negro "sportsmen," and the destruction or capture of their young from wantonness or a desire for gain. The theory has been combated. It is stated by some that the English sparrow is driving out the singers. By others that the destruction of the forests has something to do with the evil. It is even suggested that hurricanes may be the real cause. None of these theories will stand the test. The English sparrow can not, in fact no bird can, drive out the mockers, who belong to a game and belligrent family. The common mocking bird will attack dogs, cats, hawks, crows, and buzzards when they invade his range, and I have never known one of them to give up the contest. He is not a forest bird, but of the fields. He prefers an open situation and the haunts of men. The orchard, hedge, a solitary haw bush, where he has plenty of sunlight and a breadth of view, suits him best. And it is in the fields and orchards that he finds food. Of all nests his is probably the most carefully built, and little trouble is taken to conceal it. He seems to feel that his song is the price of security, and this mistake is fast playing havoc with him.

DESTRUCTION BY NEGRO HUNTERS.

Up to emancipation times, or rather the close of the war, mocking birds were plentiful every where in Georgia. During the years that followed freedom armed a race to whom guns had been forbidden. The negro became an enthusiastic hunter, but he was unskilled and could not gratify his craze for destroying only upon birds that were nearest at hand. Mocking birds, cardinals, jo-reels, catbirds and thrushes went down as easy conquests before a class that had never been taught better, and had neither sentiment nor conscience. The negro hunter of to-day, with possibly a few exceptions, are not wing shots, and they fill their bags with birds that can be killed in the trees. It goes without saying that these are the birds that should be spared to the fields and to society. My observation has been that few, very few, negroes will pass, gun in hand, anything that has feathers and is large enough to cook, and this is borne out by the fact that the bluejay, the woodpecker, and the catbird are disappearing from the fields and woods almost as fast as the mocking bird proper.

The destruction of the mocking bird has been more rapid because his nest has been systematically robbed by parties of both colors for private gain or gratification. A year or two since we noted one shipment of these birds from Savannah which contained 600 or 700. Upon the streets of this and all other cities they are openly sold every summer.

When, however, we look at him from a sentimental point, the wonder that any one can harm a member of the mocking bird family increases. No song bird in the world can equal the sweetness of his notes or sustain a song so long. No bird known to naturalists can produce the notes of others and of fowls or even animals with such precision and in such combination. The little gray singer that balances himself upon treetops, or dances along the ridges of our houses, seems to have all the bird notes of the land at his tongue's end, and to delight in weaving them into new forms of beauty. That he has never been the poet's theme to the extent that the lark, the nightingale, or even the robin has, I attribute to his name. It is not fitted for verse, nor is it at all poetical. Had he borne the name of Orpheus, as does his cousin, of the Greater antilles, he would have filled the song lore of the south. Paul Hayne, William Hamilton Hayne, and a few others have used him, but none have conquered his plebeian name.

SONGS OF THE MOCKING BIRD.

Mocking birds can be taught almost anything in the way of tunes. Macon used to boast of a bird that whistled "Dixie," and years ago a Frenchman traveled about the country playing airs upon the piano which his bird would follow accurately. At the Pulaski house, in Savannah, a negro used to keep a bird that would whistle a good alto to tunes his master whistled.

One of the most popular errors concerning the mocking bird is the belief that he has no song of his own; that he adopts and blends only the notes of other birds into a song. This is pure nonsense. The young mocking birds reared in the garrets of great cities and beyond the reach of the songs of others sing as do the natives in their freedom, though not as strongly, since they lack the inspiration of mates, the mellow sunlight and liberty. Their song, is, in fact, a number of songs, but entirely original. No man ever heard the divisions of the mocking bird's song in any forest. That he intersperses them with cat-calls, the hawk's screech, the whir of the bull bat and chicken's melancholy "peep," and notes from other birds is true, but these are only characters in his recitative ballad, features in the romance of his summers. That he sings his parts backward and forward and combines them anew is also true. The mocking bird's song is to the ear what the kaleidoscope is to the eye, and the combinations of his songs are as endless as the glass forms in the toy. But the song notes are the same.

The bird is probably the most continuous singer in the world, but there are two weeks out of every fifty-two when nothing can tempt him to sing, and that is when he is molting. At such times he may be found moping in a secluded spot lost in rayless melancholy. He looks then hot and sick, and the only note he utters is a short low whistle, not unlike that which the fat man makes as he removes his hat and mops his brow. Perhaps during this season the bird lays aside mockery, repents, and makes good resolutions.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Great Achievement of Science.

The free Monday scientific lectures have become such a passion among the daughters of the lowly at Birmingham, England, that "wash-day" has been changed to Tuesday, which The London Globe considers the greatest achievement of science thus far.—Chicago Herald.

EFFECTS OF NITRO-GLYCERINE.

Contradiction of a Newspaper Article. Explosions Cannot Cause Annihilation.

A nitro-glycerine explosion cannot cause annihilation of human bodies, horses, magazines, etc., as therein stated. It is true that a man's body is often reduced to minute atoms, but the debris will cover the ground for a large space all about, and it is impossible to gather it together. I have seen a number of explosions, and in the winter as well as the summer. That the snow or ground remained pure and spotless in any case, after such an explosion is false.

I was on the ground within ten minutes after a nitro-glycerine explosion that happened in the woods near Aiken, this county, about four years ago. A shooter was driving along the road with a sleigh load of sixty quarts of the explosive. From some means or other, the stuff went off. There was a hole about three feet deep and four feet square blown in the frozen ground. The horses were hurled forward about twenty-five feet, and their hind quarters were driven forward into their bodies. Nothing remained of the sleigh but splinters, and those were very small. A part of the tongue, with one of the whiffletrees, was still connected by the harness to the horses. Of the unfortunate driver, we picked up probably thirty pounds of flesh and bone. Several trees were chopped down to secure small portions of his remains. His face was intact, but there was nothing left of his skull; but the ground for an area of several acres was covered with the blackened portions of the wreck, interspersed with darkened blood stains, that showed out clearly from the snow.

Aug. 27, 1885, a nitro-glycerine factory was blown up, just beyond the city limits. Twenty-three hundred pounds of the explosive were destroyed. The wreck was complete. A horse was killed, and his body was blown several yards, but it was not annihilated. Several heavy iron safes were turned over, but they were not removed from human vision. Where the factory had stood was a large hole in the ground, and a space of about twenty acres covered with kindling wood. There was a score or more of the heavy iron drums in which acid is transported, scattered about. None of them was annihilated. I can cite a dozen more cases if necessary.—Bradford (Pa.) Cor. Scientific American.

Dignity at the Capital.

Originally, it is said in history, the United States senate was a very dignified body; its members were returned for many successive terms; they were men who belonged to the old colonial aristocracy, which held itself aloof from and above the people as distinctly as the landed gentry does to-day in England. The tradition of this has descended; much of the dignity, it is true, has evaporated, but the recollection of the personal consideration still lingers, and the women of the family make the most of it. It is amusing to watch some of these ladies. Many arrive in Washington knowing nothing of the social usages that prevail there; ignorant of the very meaning of precedence; not aware that people ever go in to dinner in any peculiar order or with any significance. They wear high bodied gowns and unfashionable gloves when they first dine out and make their husbands put on yellow cravats to "look like other men." But all this changes in a single season. Before the end of the first session they learn to get their gowns from Paris and their gloves from—whoever is the most the mode; while about the etiquette of visits and the place they insist on at table they are as inflexible as if they had been born at the White House and never been out of sight of the Capitol.—Adam Badeau in New York World.

The Prussian Policeman's Happy Lot.

The police of Berlin are only on duty during the day. At night the capital is confided to the care of the night watchers, who are under the orders of the president of police, wear a special uniform and are furnished with a whistle and sword. Their service last from 10 to 5 o'clock, according to the season. They number about 500, while the policemen number 3,500; fifty of them are mounted. All the policemen are old non-commissioned officers, tall, well formed men, who have served many years in the army, and only those who have been noticed for their good conduct, their zeal and faithfulness, are eligible for this duty. The people respect them and are on good terms with them. Sometimes they act as if they were still in the army and are somewhat brusque. The people are accustomed to submit to these men, and at a parade one policeman is all that is required to maintain order. The morality of these men is excellent; they are upheld by the people and by their superiors and every fault or negligence is punished. They know how and when to punish as well as to protect.—Berlin Cor. Albany Argus.

Gallinaceous Vandals.

H. D. Thoreau was once called upon by Mrs. R. W. Emerson, whose flower garden was being scratched up by the hens, to help her devise some plan to prevent further damage. After a consideration of ways and means, Mrs. Emerson hit upon the expedient of putting linen gloves upon the feet of the gallinaceous vandals.

Thoreau, who had a keen sense of humor, restrained the laughter which was nearly choking him, and gravely, under Mrs. Emerson's direction, bandaged the claws of the assembled barnyard in stout linen cloth. For an hour or so the fowls did no harm, and the Emerson household was greatly pleased.

Finally there was heard an exultant crow. The rooster had scratched through his bandages and was triumphing over his exploit. The hens followed suit, and Mrs. Emerson was reduced to despair, while Thoreau went to the woods, where he could let his laughter have vent.—Youth's Companion.

Gymnasium for Women.

Boston has a gymnasium exclusively for the use of women. It has six bowling alleys, a tennis court, a gymnasium hall, a running track of twenty laps to the mile, hot and cold water baths, etc. It was projected by Miss Mary Allen, who has for years been a devotee of physical culture. It is well patronized.—Chicago Herald.

No task is well performed by a reluctant hand.—Nisami.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

How the United States Very Narrowly Escaped a War With Spain.

Judge Advocate General Remey of the navy gave me an account the other night of an incident which illustrates how much a proud-spirited people will undergo for a mere question of sentiment. Just after the war Admiral John Rodgers, with a convoy of three war vessels and the great double-turreted monitor, the Monadnoc, was sent to go around the Horn and visit the Pacific coast. This trip was a test on the sea-going qualities of the monitor. This heavy vessel stood the voyage better even than any of the vessels of the fleet. They arrived off Valparaiso a few months after the war had closed. Their vessels were manned by veterans and commanded by one of the most courageous officers of the war. The Spanish authorities at that time had sent out a fleet to punish Chili for some insult to the Spanish flag. Admiral Rodgers when he steamed around the point into the bay opposite the city found a large fleet of Spanish men-of-war blockading the harbor. The Chilians had understood that the Americans were coming to raise the blockade. The houses in the city were black with people. Cheer upon cheer burst upon the air as the four American vessels swung inside the Spanish line and anchored in the bay. There was one other American war vessel in the harbor at the time of the arrival.

General Kilpatrick had just arrived then in Chili as our Minister. He came down to the flagship and soon made the Americans acquainted with the situation. The Spanish Admiral had notified the people of Valparaiso that he intended to bombard the town in four days unless the Chilians would run up the Spanish flag at a point out in the harbor as a salute to the Spanish fleet. This the Chilian authorities had refused. As there were large American interests in the shape of bonded warehouses in the city General Kilpatrick was very anxious to have Admiral Rodgers drive off the Spanish fleet. Admiral Rodgers was ready for a fight, and said that if the British Admiral, who was there with two or three vessels, would cooperate with him to divide the responsibility he would go in. The English had then even larger interests than the Americans in the city. There was a French Admiral in the harbor at the time of the American's arrival, but he stole out one night without saying a word to any one, to avoid complications. Lord Denham, the British Admiral, agreed to go in. Admiral Rodgers then had his vessels prepared for action. He floated off the wooden cabins and hung out chains around the vessels. The monitor was reduced to fighting trim right under the noses of the Spaniards. Meanwhile the officers of the Spanish and American fleets were visiting back and forth. The Spanish Admiral dined with Admiral Rodgers the night before the day set for the bombardment. This Spanish Admiral, who was a very small but plucky fellow, asked Admiral Rodgers what he was going to do. But before receiving his reply the Spaniard said: "Admiral Rodgers, you have made your reputation in the last war of the rebellion in the States. I have mine to make. I hereby notify you that I shall carry out the orders of my Government to-morrow morning at eight o'clock as long as I have a gun afloat," and with that he retired. The English Admiral flunked at the very last moment, and so we were spared a serious international complication because Admiral Rodgers did not feel like incurring the responsibility alone. He moved outside the line in the morning, and the Spaniards bombarded the town under their very eyes. A third of the town was burned and several million dollars' worth of property destroyed. But the Chilians never cried for quarter, and from the beginning of the bombardment to the close there was not the first offer made to run up the Spanish flag at the flagpost near the harbor.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. World.*

—The oldest institution of the Lutheran Church in America is Hartwick seminary, near Cooperstown, N.Y.