

THE SLOOP CUP

HERE were only two days remaining before the Bay-head regatta, and up to 3 o'clock, Thursday afternoon, the one rival to Dave Garrison's "Fleetwing," that every one wanted to see, had not yet registered at the Yacht Club.

naturally the bunch of fellows lounging on the pier held Friday morning lazily criticizing the regatta fleet as it swung at anchor, burst into interested comment as a long slim boat slid down the harbor and stood before the heavy wind under full canvas.

ello! that's Thorne's boat now," exclaimed Joe Scott, dropping in his seat on the rail and hurrying to the other side of the pier, where the boys at the helm were.

What's the row? asked the newcomer, calmly taking a seat on the rail. "Anything fatal happened the last few minutes?"

Thorne's here with a new set of sails," the "Conqueror," blurted out Joe, "never could keep anything long. Thorne," interrupted Dave, a black mark on his good-natured face. "So he's not after all."

Isn't he, though; it will take your fastest sailing to show him your arm."

If I decide to race him," answered Joe, slowly watching the boat as it sailed seaward.

Nonsense, Dave!" "The idea, old fellow," "Goodness sake, man, you wouldn't drop out for that," argued Joe at once while Joe, who was Dave's particular chum, and dared anyone, added: "Then you'll let Thorne be the cup? Your two are the fastest in the class."

Dave said nothing, but his mouth narrowed to the long, thin line the boys saw so well.

Ever since the two had been old enough to have boats, there had been a rivalry growing up between them, slow-changing their friendship to enmity, ending the year before in accusation and open distrust.

I'd rather have him take the cup than think I wanted it had enough to go for it," said Dave, shortly.

Oh, fudge, then he'll think you're mad of him," laughed Joe, throwing an arm over Dave's shoulder. "What I want to do is to go in and beat him out of his boots; take a little more blast if it's too windy and show him a way home."

Maybe," answered the other, a faraway look in his quiet blue eyes. "I suppose it is the only fair thing to do," said to himself as he walked home, after race and have it over. I only hope this wind will shift before tomorrow. And he glanced toward the northwest, whence a merry gale piped in.

For with all his virtues the "Fleetwing" could not make time in a stiff breeze. She could beat anything in a bit southwest with Dave at the helm, for no man could sail a boat as swiftly as he.

Midway Thorne knew Dave's skill and the "Fleetwing's" powers, too, and he was as earnestly for a "freeing gale" Dave prayed for a cat-spa breeze, a better luck, unhappily for Dave.

I'm afraid we're going to get more this," said Joe Scott, anxiously, as he looked on the "Fleetwing's" deck Saturday morning and felt the puffy north wind that rolled the little sloop heavily the trough of the waves.



A PAINT CRY CAME TO THORNE.

hurled forward with his flying boat; he was making up for the failure of last year—he would win this time beyond doubt or disbelieve. Already the tide in the "pudding stones" was shouting victory in his ears. He laughed to it, and a voice came crying back. Thorne looked around. He wondered if any of the other boys had heard it.

The wind had veered into the east and was piling up the waves so that the "crew" who lay for ballast along the starboard rail caught a glimpse now and then of the "Fleetwing" staggering on behind. They saw and heard nothing else.

Again that faint call came to Thorne like the voice in the ripple of water. He bent and looked under the boom. Something was dancing toward the fatal current round the "pudding stones." Dancing like a thoughtless child.

A wave lifted it nearer. It was a skiff and a bit of white stuff fluttered from the bow. Well, many boats came out to sea, why should Thorne notice this? Yes, many boats came—but not so far—not skiffs—not with something white flying from the prow in terrified signal of distress—surely not with frightened cries for help—"mamma" and "papa." But why should Thorne stop to help. Dave was close behind him, so close that if he changed his course now enough to rescue the little skiff, he would be too late by the time he had come back and rounded the "pudding stone" buoy on the starboard side. Dave would have passed him.

A wave tossed the little craft on its crest—another, and another, came nearer to the whirl of water over the rocks. Thorne could see the spindles on the rag standing like a warning finger. It was time to tack out around it and start on the last leg home. Again came that frightened, sobbing cry, so hopeless and so lost. Thorne looked at his crew.

"I say, Thorne, the 'Fleetwing' seems to be gaining," called little Harley. "We can't be losing now, eh?"

Thorne's hand trembled on the wheel. The rudder swung. Slowly the shadow of the sail swung round over its captain. With a cry of amazement the boys flung themselves into the cockpit.

"What on earth, Thorne; there's the buoy on the port hand—"

Thorne nodded to the drifting boat, already circling in the edge of the whirlpool.

"Get the boat back, Harley, quick. Ease her off, Bob; there she comes, now then, that's it. There's no hurry, Harley, we can't win. Thank God, we saved them in time."

HORRORS OF METEMMEL.

Dervishes Transform the City Into a Modern Golgotha.

The town of Metemmel stands about a mile from the waterway, but the intervening plain presented a most wonderful sight, one of the most wonderful that have crossed my path in four campaigns. The dervish army had evidently remained, after the fall of the Jaalins at Metemmel, encamped for some time in this plain, behind their chain of intrenchments, and had lived on the fat of the land; for this place, and here I am not exaggerating, over an area not less than five square miles, was simply one mass of the refuse of flesh meat—a modern Golgotha. Animals must have been slaughtered in thousands with ruthless waste, since even now the sand-driven plain is but a mass of animal's skulls and bones. The hides even were not preserved, but are there to this day, rotting in the sun.

We rode across this ghastly stretch to the town itself. In its day Metemmel must have been one of the most flourishing Arab towns upon the Nile. To-day it is a ghastly catacomb, a veritable city of death. As we rode down the deserted streets and passed through the crumbling alleys a feeling of deep depression held us. How could it have been otherwise, for here we were in what a few months ago had been a flourishing, busy town, with its commercial interests, its family and internal ties, its markets, its households and its byres. Now it is a gutted city, given over to desolation, decay and the foul scavengers of the desert.

Fire and sword had done their work. There was not a roof but bore evidence of the invader's fire brand, nor a courtyard but held its complement of dead. The very domestic animals had been slaughtered at their tether, and the infants at their mothers' breasts. From the dry-brick mansion of the leading sheikh to the hovel of the meanest fisherman every dwelling bore testimony to the ruthless tragedy which had overtaken them. Bleached bones lay in heaps in every corner and sun-dried carcasses fouled the air of every open space.

Doorways and alleys showed how they had rapidly been muddled up, and in all the scrub by her riverside household belongings showed how the wretched Jaalins had tried to save their simple penates by a hurried flight. But the bones around these caches were only a detail of the one great tragedy which was almost a successful attempt to blot out not a nomad family but an agricultural race.

From the town we went into the desert to the spot where the dervishes had made their second camp. The introduction was gruesome enough, for upon a dry sandy knoll we came upon the conqueror's gallows. It was but a cross-tree of blackened logs, from which a length of rope was still hanging to the breeze, but at its base were evidences of its use in all their grisly details. I counted eighteen human skulls, to the bleached jawbones of which the beards of the victims were still adhering, while a clean-cut shin bone showed that mutilation had preceded death.

Soudan letter in the London News.

For His Old Friend.

A writer in the New York Herald says that there is now on one of the United States battleships a Lieutenant, the story of whose admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis is of a somewhat romantic nature.

The father of the young man was a young officer at the period when Grant was under a cloud, and no one dreamed of the immortality that awaited him. The two men had been classmates at West Point.

Early in the war, before Grant achieved distinction, the officer fell on the field. He left a young wife and three babies almost penniless. Bravely the widow struggled to raise and educate the children. The eldest was a son. It was the mother's ambition to have him enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Hardly had the boy reached the required age when an accident deprived him of a finger, which, according to the law, deprived him from entering. It was a cruel blow to the dotting mother. At the time General Grant was serving his last year as President of the United States. Recalling the warmth of the friendship that had existed between him and her husband, the widow's hope rekindled.

Reading in a paper that President Grant would sail on a certain day from New York for Newport, she went to the metropolis and boarded the same boat. Then she sent her card to the President, who responded in person. He was delighted to meet the widow of his old friend. Together they talked over the old days on the frontier, and the changes war and time had wrought.

"And now, my dear Mrs. X," said Grant, "what can I do for you?"

"Much," was the reply. And the mother told her story. Grant listened. "Go home," he said at length, "and leave the boy to me. I will take care of him."

At the next landing the widow got off the boat and returned to New York. Within a month her boy received his appointment, and in due time he quitted the school with honor.

An Outrageous Slander.

The public may not know the good story, which has been a joy for many a long day among musicians, which tells how a celebrated conductor, who was mixed and beloved by every one who knows him, accused his wife, in broken English, of conduct the reverse of admirable (to put it mildly). He was refusing an invitation to an afternoon party for her on the plea of her delicate health; but he evidently got a little mixed during his explanations, for he made the following astounding statement, which was news, indeed, to the world in general: "My wife lies in the afternoon; if she does not lie, then she swindles!" N.B.—"Schwindeln" is the equivalent in German for "feeling dizzy."

Rhododendrons Thirty Feet High.

NAPOLEON'S ORIGINAL PLAN TO INVADE ENGLAND.



NAPOLEON'S FLOATING FORTRESS.

A German historian now comes forward with the remarkable statement that he has discovered Napoleon's original plans for the invasion of England in the year 1798. Just 100 years ago Napoleon decided to tow an army over to England on great floating forts, with large bodies of troops lined up in battle order. They were then to fight their way ashore and land on the coast without resort to lighters. The troops were to march ashore in the order of their regiments, preceded and backed up by artillery. This, the German historian says, Bonaparte hoped to accomplish in the summer season, when the water was calm and the tending circumstances favored by wind and weather.

It will be remembered that Napoleon has often declared that he would have been as great an admiral as he was a general with half a chance. "But," he added, "the French are useless as sailors. They are too fussy, too excitable. At sea one needs a calm mind, cold fortitude and energy." Bonaparte's ferries were built in Brest, Cherbourg and Boulogne, but when Napoleon inspected them in the spring of 1798 his faith in the new-fangled monsters wavered.

He abandoned the proposed invasion of England and instead started on the expedition to Egypt, from where he hoped to be able to rule the Mediterranean.

QUEEN AGAINST HER WILL.

A Tragic Romance of the South Sea Islands.

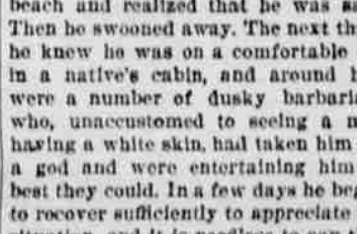
The schooner Ocean Spray, Capt. Luttrell commanding, recently arrived at San Francisco from an extended trading cruise in the Southern Pacific. The Captain bore the news of the death of the Queen of the Muna Islands. A stranger story never was told.

According to a special dispatch from San Francisco to the New York Herald, many years ago William Young, an English sailor on a little trading schooner that had sailed from an Australian port, was shipwrecked and cast ashore on one of the Muna Islands. Long struggling had swept away nearly all his clothing, but he managed to cling to a piece of timber until with it

he was thrown up on shore in safety. It was night when he landed on the beach and realized that he was safe. Then he swooned away. The next thing he knew he was on a comfortable cot in a native's cabin, and around him were a number of dusky barbarians who, unaccustomed to seeing a man having a white skin, had taken him for a god and were entertaining him as best they could. In a few days he began to recover sufficiently to appreciate the situation, and it is needless to say that he enjoyed it. Favors of every description were bestowed upon him. By the decree of the King a palace was appointed for his habitation, and here he continued to receive the attention of the great chiefs of the islands. In a short time he learned the native language and invented many contrivances to gain and retain the homage of the people. He soon became a favorite on the islands and in time became strongly attached to a young sister of the King. Then followed the marriage of the god and the princess. The union was a happy one, and in the course of time a daughter was born and she was named Margaret. She was a beautiful child, and naturally was the idol of her father. He taught her to read and write English, and when she had attained years of understanding he sent her to a convent school at Samoa.

Margaret pursued her studies in the convent about four years, and during that time she fell in love with a handsome young Samoan, who, at the completion of her course, begged for an immediate marriage. The young lady was agreeable to the marriage, but asked the privilege of returning to her father at her old home before the ceremony should take place. The next trading vessel that sailed from Samoa carried her to her old home.

She had only been there a few weeks when the King was taken suddenly ill and shortly afterwards died. When the grief of the nation had subsided the wise men and councillors began to look around for a successor. There were several sons and daughters of the deceased monarch living, but according to a peculiar custom of the people the eldest nephew or niece of the late ruler succeeded to the throne. Margaret was the regular and legitimate successor according to this rule. She was well aware of this, and at the first report of the King's illness had made an effort to get away from the islands, but there was no vessel by which she could escape. She had promised her young Samoan chief that in six months she would return and become his wife. Now her prospects were blighted. She was a prisoner, although as yet to be crowned. Although a queen, she lived like a slave. The constitution of the islands consisted of a code of unwritten laws, one of the most stringent of which was that the Queen could never marry or even look upon the face of a man. The palace was so constructed that one could not see beyond its walls from within, and the royal attendants were all maidens. Every day the wise men and councillors sought the advice of their sovereign on bended knees with their foreheads upon the ground and a partition shutting off the view of royalty. The rules governing sovereigns were inexorable. Nothing, even death itself, could change a law. It was to such a life as this the beautiful young Margaret was doomed. When she was sought to take her place as the sovereign of the people she protested and declined the office. But there was no getting rid of the responsibility. She was Queen by right, and she must be Queen in fact. They brought her against her will into the palace, the inaugural ceremonies were performed, and she was



MARGARET OF MUNA.

infiltrated into the seclusion of a palace that in reality was a prison. Although the first lady of the realm, she did not enjoy the privileges or freedom of the meanest slave.

It was about three years ago that she became Queen, and since that time one can only fancy the life of sorrow she must have lived. Only once was she outside the palace walls in those three years, and that was to attend the funeral of her father.

A bamboo box was made in which she was carried to the graveyard. The sides of the cage were thickly thatched with palm leaves, preventing her from seeing anything that was going on outside. Near the top of the bamboo structure were ventilation openings, but these were so screened that she could not see out. At the grave she could hear the clods falling upon the coffin lid, but could see nothing. She could hear the moans and wails of the mourners, but received no real sympathy. When the grave was closed in she was carried back to her prison and her life of hopeless loneliness. That was about a year ago.

Some weeks ago the Ocean Spray was driven out of her course and stranded on the shores of Muna Island. The natives swarmed around and welcomed the whites. They told the captain of the illness of their Queen, and he, knowing something of the circumstances, secured permission for his wife to see the Queen. From his wife's report he concluded that the unfortunate royal prisoner was merely suffering from a cold. He prepared some medicine for her from his chest and gave it to the chiefs, saying that it was only a cold, and if they followed his directions and gave the medicine she would be all right.

They accepted the medicine with a great show of gratitude, went away, called a council of chiefs, and after long and careful deliberation decided that it would be dangerous to give her the white man's medicine. If she had a cold the proper remedy was an application of heat. The priests built a number of fires on the beach. The Queen was carried out in the bamboo cage, and amid the loud wails of the priests and cries of the assembled people it was placed in the center of the circle of fires. Fresh fuel was piled on and the heat became more intense. The poor Queen cried for help, but no help came. All one night and during the greater part of the next day the cold-curing ceremony was kept up, and then all was still within the cage. Calls to the Queen brought no answer, and the chiefs and priests knew that the cure had been a success. Amid shouts of jubilation the box was carried to the palace gate, delivered to the attendants and dragged into the seclusion of the interior. Soon a piercing shriek came from the

Queen's apartments, and almost immediately two attendants ran out screaming. "The Queen is dead! She is dead!" Instantly all was confusion. The priests chanted themselves hoarse and the people gave vent to their sorrow in long, loud sobs and wails. Several old women were sent in to investigate. They came out shortly bearing the lifeless body that all might see. The intense heat and choking smoke had suffocated the unfortunate woman as she lay in the closed box.

AN HISTORIC HOUSE.

Building Where the Famous Boston Tea Party Met 125 Years Ago.

The last private house that was directly connected with the episode of the Boston tea party in the great struggle for liberty has been torn down to make room for a business block. The old Bradlee house, for as such it is known, has stood at the corner of Tremont and Hollis streets for 127 years, and the land, which when the building was built was a part of a pasture, is today worth \$100,000.

The house was one of the most interesting historic landmarks in Boston. In its wide old kitchen the ringleaders of the Boston tea party disguised themselves as Indians on the evening of

Dec. 16, 1773, before going to the wharf where the cargo of tea was thrown into the waters of the harbor. The Old South Church and Faneuil Hall are the only two buildings besides this house now left that sheltered the patriots on that eventful day.

Although built in 1771, the house was strong enough to stand together another 100 years, and it would doubtless have been left as a landmark were it not for the city's growth around it. The land comprised in its site and the yard have risen so much in value that a building productive of proportionate revenue must be put up to meet the increase in taxes.

AMATEUR SURGERY.

How the Broken Leg of a Chicken or Canary May Be Cured.

Young chickens and other birds frequently break the bones of their legs and if properly attended to these ruptures can be easily cured with very little trouble. As soon as the trouble is noticed the fractured leg must be carefully cleaned and washed with warm water and then wrapped with a bit of antiseptic cotton. Splints are then prepared for the fractured limb, preferably of split elderwood, the pith of which is taken out. These splints are fastened to the cotton with a drop of glue and held tightly in place by being wound with linen thread. The bandage and dressing are left undisturbed for from three to four weeks; then the leg

is soaked in tepid water until the bandage comes off easily. The fracture will have completely healed up in that time. Canaries and other pet birds can be similarly treated in case of a fracture of a leg, only the elder splints are substituted by pieces of cardboard and the bandage is left but two weeks on the little winged patients.



HOME-MADE SURGERY.

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NEW TRAINING VESSEL.

Practice Ship Chesapeake Will Cost \$125,000.

A fine new training vessel or practice ship for the United States navy is under way. She will be called the Chesapeake and will cost to build \$125,000. It will be propelled by steam and sail and will accommodate at once 180 cadets of the naval academy.

The Chesapeake is to be fitted with all the modern appliances for service and comfort and will be constructed entirely of steel, the bottom will be sheathed with yellow pine four inches in thickness, from keel to two feet two inches above the water line, and coppered. The main battery, six four-inch rapid-fire rifles, will be on the covered gun deck; four six-pounders rapid fire and two one-pounders will be mounted on the rail and worked from the flush spar deck.

A full ship rig will be provided, the

lower masts and lower yards to be of steel, the balance of the spars to be of spruce or yellow pine. The bulwark plating in connection with the stem is carried out to form the bowsprit. The total sail area is 19,975 square feet, the vessel depending wholly upon the sails for propulsion.

The principal dimensions of the vessel are: Length on load water line, 175 feet; breadth on load water line, thirty-seven feet; draft, mean, 16 feet 6 inches; displacement, 1,175 tons.

Never Get Thirsty.

There are certain lumpy creatures which never feel the pangs of thirst, for they are so constituted that drink is unnecessary to them and they never swallow a drop of water in their lives. Among these animals are certain gazelles of the far east and the lamias of Patagonia.

Some naturalists believe that horses never drink, but get enough liquid for their needs in the dew on the grass they eat, and it is certain that in the London zoological gardens a parrot lived over half a century without once drinking.

A considerable number of reptiles—serpents, lizards and some batrachians—thrive in places in which there is absolutely no water. In France in the neighborhood of the Losere there are herds of goats and cattle which hardly ever drink and which, nevertheless, produce the milk of which the celebrated Roquefort cheese is made.

"He," screamed the crossroads orator, "who puts his hand to the plow must not turn back." "What's he for?" asked the auditor in blue-green overalls.—Indianapolis Journal.

The poor are always with us—and some wealthy people are pretty close.

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