

THE FAMILY STORY

HIS REVENGE.

H. M. S. RAVAGER had met with an accident. Steaming up channel during the night she had collided with a bark out from —; and, though no one could quite tell how the mishap occurred, it was perfectly clear that the bark had gone down, and that the ram of the warship was in a damaged condition. H. M. S. Ravager was accordingly put into dry dock for repairs.

As very often happens at this place where the vessel was docked, convicts were at work upon the quays. They were a mixed lot; but, being good-conduct men, they all enjoyed a greater freedom of action in the discharge of their duties than is ordinarily extended to the enforced working guests of the nation. Yet, notwithstanding this unspoken testimony to their comparative worth, the commander of the Ravager was less disposed than usual to place trust in them. He was in a ferocious humor, for that little affair with the bark was not unlikely to interfere with his promotion. There would be an inquiry, of course, and what Christian ever could tell what confounded foolishness and injustice the "finding" might yield? He cursed the bark, and the ill-luck and the navigating lieutenant whom at one time he had left on the bridge, each with impartial fury; and put a double guard of marines ashore, with fixed bayonets and ball cartridge, and an emphatic instruction to "play the very devil with those jail-birds if they tried on any of their cursed nonsense."

The extra precaution was scarcely necessary. To do justice to these unwilling residents within the shadow of the broad arrow, they had no evil designs upon her Majesty's warship. Their hostility to an unappreciative country did not rise to quite so great a height as that. All the same, the commander might very easily have justified his course of action (had such been necessary) by the fact that many of the convicts were working only a few yards from the dock side and somewhat removed from the warder's immediate watchfulness; though it would have been possible to show on the other hand that, being men whose term of servitude was almost completed, these prisoners were perfectly reliable, inasmuch as they could not afford to commit any indiscretions calculated to jeopardize their expected early release on ticket-of-leave.

These considerations did not in any way concern the commander of H. M. S. Ravager, however. He was merely resolved to blow the convicts to the mischief, individually or collectively, if they tried on any tricks with his ship; and in the choicest of quarter-deck English gave orders accordingly.

One of the prisoners was working quite near to the dockside and almost in the track of one of the sentries from the Ravager. Though rather a refined person in appearance, the degradation of his position by no means overwhelmed him with melancholy or distress. It may have been the consciousness of innocence that enabled him to whistle softly an air which had served the street organs some seven years before and enabled him to view with unconcern the close proximity of his fellow-man. Perhaps he reflected that those aboard the Ravager were harder worked prisoners than himself and that he could afford them a trifle of pity.

He did not disdain, moreover, to take advantage of the situation in which he found himself; nor was his sensitiveness hurt by the silence of Tommy Atkins when he endeavored to engage that worthy in conversation. He was not discouraged by Tommy's dignity, and did not hesitate to try again when guard was changed late in the afternoon and Private Robert Smith commenced his monotonous sentry-go.

As it happened Private Smith was intensely interested and excited by the presence of the convicts. He had good reason to be, for he remembered with a vividness and horror that set him shuddering how near he had been some eight years before to just such a degradation as these men were enduring. He was a different personage altogether now—different even in name—to the slip of a boy who had thought it a distinction to be the boon companion of so clever and so dashing a man as Louis Vaudois. The service had made a man of him, had effected a complete change in his personal appearance; while the narrow escape from the conviction for forgery during the period of Vaudois' influence had so frightened him from wild ways that there was now no steadier member of her Majesty's red marines than Private Smith, sometime Roger Vanbrugh. But in one respect he did not alter. He remained staunch to a savage hatred against the

man who had certainly brought ruin into his life, and by scoundrelly insinuating manners and methods had almost sent him into surroundings like unto those upon which he had gazed with such fascination ever since the Ravager had been floated into dock. It is true the charge against him at the Old Bailey had not been sustained through a defending counsel's clever manipulation of evidence imperfectly presented by the prosecution; but he hated Louis Vaudois no less passionately on that account, for he had but to recall those terrible hours spent before his judges—the miserable twistings, tellings, and halings of the evidence, and, above all, the justness of the charge, to fill his heart with such fierce enmity as even now set his pulses leaping and boiling with the wildest desire for revenge.

A thrill of excitement went shivering down his spine for an instant traveled leily through his veins as he found himself ashore and pacing so closely to the convict who had made vain overtures to Private Atkins, and who was now softly humming a once favorite music hall ditty.

The man's back was turned toward Private Smith. To all appearances he was wholly engrossed by his work. And the soldier, though fascinated for a time, was gradually becoming accustomed to the other's presence when, as he passed the man for the twentieth time, a few words falling from the convict in a whispered undertone caused his heart to give one great startled bound and set all his nerves in a more painful quiver than ever.

"Say, old chap—"

But Private Smith passed on mechanically, after faltering a moment under the shock. Every sense was on the alert with excitement as he turned and came back toward the convict, his heart beating so fast that he felt near to suffocation. He was waiting with every sense in his body listening for the man to speak again.

"A bit of tobacco, old chap, will you?" Again Private Smith passed on. This commonplace request almost caused him to burst out into a loud hysterical laugh. It was so foolish to get into such a state of serious excitement over the presence of a ruffian whose only desire was a "bit of tobacco." And he continued upon his march with a staid and more confident tread.

But when, after again pacing forward, he once more came back towards his sentry-box, his mood was changed. A cloud was upon his face, and his brows were knit in a vain endeavor to recall some memory from the locked-up places within his mind. A repetition of the request had fallen upon his ears; but the ring of the man's voice was louder than it had been, and stirred Private Smith strangely. He stood in his box gazing upon the stooping convict and striving to remember where he had heard such a voice before. But he ransacked his mind in vain; at last dismissing his effort to remember with a rueful reflection that perchance the fellow was some old college chum who had fallen upon evil days, or may be some old comrade in arms who had come to grief. He inclined most to the latter impression, and, himself knowing well the luxury of tobacco and the wretchedness of a solitary man without it, his sympathies went keenly out to the poor devil who, but for the interposition of a merciful Providence, might easily have been a felon-comrade with himself. Though well knowing also that he was running considerable risk by giving the precious weed to the convict, he resolved to give him just a little for the old acquaintance sake which the man's voice vaguely suggested.

It happened that he had in his pocket a cake of tobacco purchased for a trifle when the Ravager was on the West Indian station. This he cut in two pieces, observing as he did so that the convict was watching him furtively. When he resumed his limited parade he held one of these pieces in his left hand and, swerving so as to pass nearer to the man, he loosened his hold of it and it fell at the convict's feet.

The man clutched it with almost savage swiftness, and Private Smith kept upon his way, congratulating himself on having done a kindly thing and on escaping detection.

But the sight of the tobacco and the odor of it excited with the convict a furious covetousness. He had seen Private Smith return the second piece to his pocket, and he desired it with all the greed that was in his nature. That second piece he would have.

Private Smith was expecting a muttered word of thanks; but that was not what came when he once more strode past the recipient of his precious gift. The convict shifted his position, ever

so slightly, yet sufficient to enable him to glance over his shoulder with an ugly scowl at the approaching soldier.

"That other piece," he demanded, fiercely, "or I'll split on you, by heaven!"

Private Smith saw his face clearly for the first time; and at the sight his heart stood still for an instant and then commenced beating at a madly furious and painful speed. A flash of intensest hatred ran through his blood, for there was no longer any mystery about the man's identity; and as he moved out of hearing of that now well-remembered voice he cursed himself with the most savage fury for the folly which had once more placed him in the power of Louis Vaudois.

His first belief was that, having recognized him, Louis Vaudois had done this thing with the mere desire to bring misfortune down upon him. When, however, he presently recalled how altered in personal appearance he had become since that day when last he had seen Louis Vaudois, this fear cleared away, leaving only black hate within his soul. So, he decided, the giving of the second piece would satisfy his once friend and enemy. He had nothing to fear or to lose beyond that. But he was reluctant to do this; it maddened him to think Vaudois, under even such conditions, was able to overreach and compel him to an act he would of his own will leave undone.

And yet there was apparently no other course before him than to accede to the ruffian's demands. He had arrived at this conclusion, and with a savage reluctance was preparing to submit to the inevitable when a thought flashed through his mind and set his pulses leaping with a sudden hope of retaliation. Would Louis Vaudois be fool enough to fall into the trap? That was the only question.

Swiftly he made his preparations, and then strode firmly—yet with pulses beating with an excitement stronger than before—once again toward the convict. As he advanced Vaudois' face was turned toward him with a ferociously threatening expression.

"Box—great coat—get the lot—smart!" Private Smith jerked out hoarsely as he passed.

He marched to the end of his parade, and there stood with his body only half-turned toward the sentry box. But out of the tail of his eye he saw Vaudois creep stealthily in the other direction. Almost shivering in his excitement and eagerness, he watched his enemy slip into the box and, emerging therefrom a moment later, with a swift movement make for the place where he had been working.

Now was the time for Private Smith to act. Turning to resume his march, he made pretense of observing Vaudois' doings for the first time, and with a roar of rage called upon the convict to halt. He covered the man with his rifle.

"Halt, there!" he shouted. "Hands up, or I'll fire."

And Vaudois, speechless with amazement and white with apprehension, obeyed.

The commotion that ensued was astonishing. A warder came rushing forward, and a number of blue jackets and marines hurried from the Ravager. In an instant the warder had Vaudois handcuffed, and then demanded an explanation. Private Smith lowered his rifle and went forward to where the others were standing.

"Well, what's the matter?" demanded the warder, sharply.

"I saw that fellow coming out of my box, that's all," Private Smith answered. "My greatcoat is there."

"And in the pockets—?"

"Two pieces of tobacco and a half crown."

Vaudois, after darting a glance of fierce rage upon the soldier, with imprecations upon his tongue, was taken, struggling, to the guard-room, and, being searched, the articles named were, surely enough, discovered upon his person. As Private Smith had hoped, the temptation to take the silver piece had been irresistible.

"The soldier fellow gave them to me," he cried, sulkily.

But Private Smith only smiled. "Now, why should I give a convict half-a-crown?" he demanded, with quiet protest.

That was sufficient. The soldier turned to depart; and as he did so, he bent upon the convict a sly glance and gave a dry little chuckle just after the manner of Vaudois' own chuckling laughter—which he had imitated a thousand times in the days long past.

Vaudois started and stared. "By heavens, you are—"

But a door closed between them, and the soldier heard no more.

Vaudois was punished. He was drafted to the heavy labor gangs; and the much-desired ticket-of-leave had to be worked for over again.

And I fear Private Smith felt more delight at having overreached his old enemy than compunction for the rather tricky way he had managed it!—Chambers' Journal.

No, Thanks.

Host (about to sing)—Would you like the "Barber of Seville?"

Absent-Minded Guest—No, thanks; I always shave myself.—Exchange.

A Chinaman of Walla Walla, Wash., answers to the name of "Shoo Fly."

A REVOLUTIONARY PICTURE.

Life in Philadelphia in the Latter Days of the Colonies.

And so passed the years 1770, 1771 and 1772, when Lord North precipitated the crisis by attempting to control the judges in Massachusetts, who were in future to be paid by the crown, and would thus pass under its control. Adams now suggested committees of correspondence, and thus the first step toward united action was taken.

These years, up to the autumn of 1772, were not without influence on my own life for both good and evil. I was of course kept sedulously at work at our business, and, though liking it even less than farriery, learned it well enough. It was not without its pleasures. Certainly it was an agreeable thing to know the old merchant captains, and to talk to their men or themselves. The sea had not lost its romance. Men could remember Kidd and Blackbeard. In the low-lying dens below Dock Creek and on King street were many, it is to be feared, who had seen the black flag flying, and who knew too well the keys and shoals of the West Indies. The captain who put to sea with such sailors had need to be resolute and ready. Ships went armed, and I was amazed to see, in the holds of our own ships, carronades, which set in place on deck; also cutlasses and muskets in the cabin, and good store of pikes. I ventured once to ask my father if this were consistent with non-resistance. He replied that pirates were like to wild beasts, and that I had better attend to my business; after which I said no more, having food for thought.

These captains got thus a noble training, were splendid seamen, and not unused to arms and danger, as proved fortunate in days to come. Once I would have gone to the Madeiras with Captain Biddle, but unluckily my mother prevailed with my father to forbid it. It had been better for me had it been decided otherwise, because I was fast getting an education which did me no good.

"Indeed," says Jack in his diary, "I was much troubled in the seventies" (he means up to '74, when we were full twenty-one) "about my friend Hugh. The town was full of officers of all grades, who came and went, and brought with them much license and contempt for colonists in general, and a silly way of parading their own sentiments on all occasions. Gambling, hard drinking, and all manner of worse things became common and more openly indulged in. Neither here nor in Boston could young women walk about unattended, a new and strange thing in our quiet town.

"Miss Wynne's house was full of these gentlemen, whom she entertained with a freedom equaled only by that with which she spoke her good Whig mind. The air was full of excitement. Business fell off, and Hugh and I had ample leisure to do much as we liked.

"I declare that I deserve no praise for having escaped the temptation which beset Hugh. I hated all excess, and suffered in body if I drank or ate more than was wise. As to worse things than wine and cards, I think Miss Wynne was right when she described me as a girl-boy; for the least rudeness or laxity of talk in women I disliked, and as regards the mere modesties of the person I have always been like some well-nurtured maid.

"Thus it was that when Hugh, encouraged by his aunt, fell into the company of the loose, swaggering captains and cornets, I had either to give up him, who was unable to resist them, or to share in their vicious ways myself. It was my personal disgust at drunkenness or loose society which saved me, not any moral or religious safeguards, although I trust I was not altogether without these helps. I have seen now and then that to be refined in tastes and feelings is a great aid to a virtuous life. Also I have known some who would have been drunkards but for their heads and stomachs, which so behaved as to be good substitutes for conscience. It is sometimes the body which saves the soul. Both of these helps I had, but my dear Hugh had neither. He was a great, strong, masculine fellow, and if I may seem to have said that he wanted refined feelings, that is not so, and to him, who will never reach these lines, and to myself, I must apologize."

I did come to see these pages, as you know. I think he meant that, with the wine of youth, and at times of other vintages, in my veins, the strong paternal blood, which in my father only a true, if hard, religion, kept in order, was too much for me. If I state this awkwardly it is because all excuses are awkward. Looking back, I wonder that I was not worse, and that I did not go to the uttermost devil. I was vigorous, and had the stomach of a temperate ox, and a head which made no complaints. The morning after some mad revel I could rise at five, and go out in my boat and overboard, and then home in a glow, with fine appetite for breakfast; and I was so big and tall that I was thought to be many years older than I was.—From "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in the Century.

Nobody says "yes," everybody says "yeh."



Green figs are excellent food.

The great majority of small fresh seed fruits are laxative.

Walnuts give nerve or brain food, muscle, heat and waste.

Pine kernels give heat and stay. They serve as a substitute for bread.

Apples supply the higher nerve and muscle food, but do not give stay.

Oranges are refreshing and feeding, but are not good if the liver is out of order.

Dried figs contain nerve and muscle food, heat and waste; but are bad for the liver.

Green water-grapes are purifying (but of little food value); reject pigs and skins.

Blanched almonds give the higher nerve or brain and muscle food; no heat or waste.

Blue grapes are feeding and blood purifying; too rich for those who suffer from the liver.

Juicy fruits give more or less the higher nerve or brain, and some few, muscle food and waste; no heat.

All stone fruits are considered to be injurious for those who suffer from the liver, and should be used cautiously.

Tomatoes—Higher nerve or brain food and waste; no heat; they are thinning and stimulating. Do not swallow skins.

To prevent chapped hands, put a little borax in the wash water; or one ounce of glycerine to fifteen drops of tincture of hydrastis.

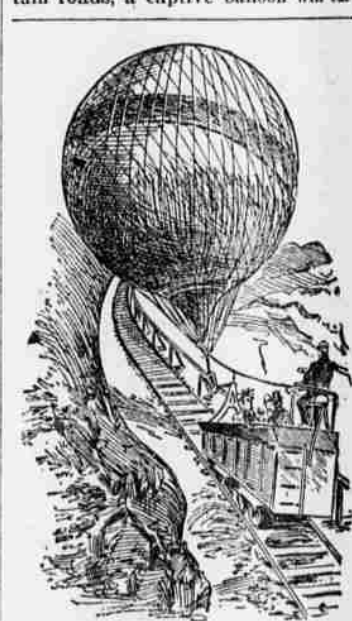
Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food; supply heat and waste, but are not muscle-feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver.

A great many mysterious headaches have their origin in overstrained eyes. This kind is cured only by giving the eyes a vacation or by the oculist. Of course, care in the use of the eyes is also a help. Reading, writing or sewing in a dim or flickering light must be given up.

A VERY NOVEL RAILWAY.

Cars to Climb the Austrian Alps by Balloon Power.

One of the most novel railroads ever projected is soon to be constructed up the side of a mountain in the Austrian Alps. Instead of a cogwheel locomotive, such as are usually used on mountain roads, a captive balloon will furnish the motive power. This device has been invented by Engineer Volderauer, who has spent years in trying to obtain recognition from official sources.



THE AEROSTATIC RAILWAY.

The rails are to be laid from Bad Reichenhall, a beautiful summer resort in the valley, to the top of Hohenstaufen Mountain, a lofty peak, from whose summit a most glorious view is to be obtained. The place is visited each season by thousands of excursionists, not only from the surrounding country, but from other parts of Europe and America. At present the only way of reaching the top is by climbing a steep but well worn path. As the ascent is not in the least dangerous or exciting, and as the climb becomes monotonous, some method of carrying visitors to the summit has long been needed, for the view is one which strangers are told should not be neglected.

With the Accent on the Eye.

When Milton Lackaye first appeared in San Francisco he was introduced to his audience by T. Daniel Frawley. After a few eulogistic remarks Frawley said:

"Many people mispronounce Mr. Lackaye's name. It is Lack-eye, not Lackey."

"All right, Mr. Frawl-eye," shouted a gallery god.

Horses' Feet.

To lessen the shock of horses' feet on asphalt pavement some genius proposes a pneumatic shoe, a layer of rubber between the iron and the hoof.