

THE WRECK OF THE CATTLEBOAT.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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There were considerable troubles and risk in bringing the lifeboat up alongside, but it must be granted that she was unhandy. The gale that had blown them into the Atlantic had moderated, certainly, though there was still a considerable breeze blowing, but the sea was running as high as ever, and all Captain Kettle's skill was required to prevent the boat from being incriminated by swamped. McDodd and the two Portuguese bailed incessantly, but the boat was always half waterlogged. In fact, from constitutional defects she had made very wet weather of it all through the blow.

It was the part of the steamer to have borne down and given the lifeboat a lee in which she could have been more readily handled, and three times the larger vessel made an attempt to do this, but without avail. Three times she worked round in a wallowing circle, got to windward and distributed a smell of farmyard over the rugged frowns of ocean and then lost her place again before she could drift down and give the smaller craft shelter. Three times did the crew of the lifeboat, with maritime point and fluency, curse the incompetence of the rust streaked steamer and all her complement.

"By James," said Kettle savagely, after the third attempt, "are they all farmers on that ship? I've had an idiot steward that knew more about handling a vessel."

"She's an English ship," said McDodd, "and delicate. They're nursing her in the engine room. Look at the way they throttle her down when she races."

"The fools on her upper bridge are enough for me to look at," Kettle retorted. "Why didn't they put a sailor man aboard of her before she was kicked out of port? By James, if we'd a week's water and victual with us in the lifeboat here I'd beat back for the Canaries as we are and keep clear of that tin farmyard for bare safety's sake."

"We haven't a crumb or a drink left," said the engineer, "and I'd not recommend this present form of conveyance to the insurance companies."

A wave top came up from the tireless gray sea and slapped green and cold about his neck and shoulders. "Gosh! There comes more of the Atlantic to bale back into place. Mon, this is no' the kind of navigation I admire."

Meanwhile the clumsy tramp steamer had gone round in a jagged circle of a mile's diameter and was climbing back to position again over the hills and dales of ocean. She rolled, and she pitched, and she wallowed among the seas, and to the lay mind she would have seemed helplessness personified. But to the expert eye she showed defects in her handling with every sheer she took among the angry waste of waters.

"Old man and the mates must be staying down below out of the wet," said Kettle contemptuously as he gazed. "Looks as if they've left some sort of a cheap Dutch quartermaster on the upper bridge to run her. Don't tell me there's an officer holding an English ticket in command of that steamer. They aren't going to miss us this time, though, if they know what they're going to."

"Looks like as if they were going to toss-down slap on top of us," said McDodd and set to taking off his coat and boots.

But the cattle steamer, if not skillfully handled, at any rate this time had more luck. She worked her way to windward again and then fell off into the trough, squattering down almost out of sight one minute, and in fact, showing little of herself except a couple of stumpy, untidy masts and a brine washed smokestack above the seascape, and, being heaved up clear almost the next second, a picture of rust-streaks and yellow spotting scuppers.

Both craft drifted to leeward before the wind, but the steamer offered more surface and moved the quicker, which was the object of the maneuver. It seemed to those in the lifeboat that they were not going to be missed this time, and so they lowered away their sodden canvas, shipped the tholepins and got out their oars. The two Portuguese fishermen did not assist at first, preferring to sit in a semidazed condition on the wet floor gratings, but McDodd and Kettle thumped them about the head, after the time honored custom, till they turned to and so presently the lifeboat, under three straining oars, was holding up toward her would-be deliverer.

A man on the cattleboat's upper bridge was exhibiting himself as a very model of nervous incapacity, and two, at any rate, of the castaways in the lifeboat were watching him with grim scorn.

"Keeping them on the dance in the engine room, isn't he?" said McDodd. "He's rung that telegraph bell 15 different ways this last minute."

"That man isn't fit to skipper any thing that hasn't got a tow rope made fast ahead," said Kettle contemptuously. "He hasn't the nerve of a pound of putty."

"I'm thinking we shall lose the boat. They'll never get her aboard in one piece."

perate efforts in these moments of desperate stress, and they reached the swaying deck planks, bruised and breathless and gasping, but for the time being safe.

The cattleboat's mate, who had been assisting their arrival, sorted them into castles with ready perception. "Now you two dagoes," he said to the Portuguese, "get away forward—port side—and bid some of our firemen to give you a bunk. I'll tell the steward to bring you along a bit of rum directly."

He slapped a friendly hand on McDodd's shoulder. "Bo's'n," he said, "take this gentleman down to the messroom and pass the word to one of the engineers to come and give him a welcome." And then he turned as to an equal and shook Kettle by the hand. "Very glad to welcome you aboard, old fellow—good pardon, 'captain.' I should have said; didn't see the lace on your sleeve before. Come below with me, captain, and I'll fix you up with some dry things outside and some wet things in, before we have any further chatter."

"Mr. Mate," said Kettle, "you're very polite, but hadn't I better go up on to the bridge and say 'howdy' to the skipper first?"

The mate of the cattleboat grinned and tucked his arm inside Captain Kettle's and dragged him off with kindly force toward the companionway. "Take a cinch from me, captain, and don't. The old man's in such a mortal fear for the ship that he's fair crying with it. If he'd had his way, I don't fancy he'd have seen your boat at all. He said it was suicide to try to pick you up with such a sea running. But the second mate and I put in some ugly talk, and so he just had to do it. Here's the companion. Step inside, and I'll shut the door."

"Pretty sort of captain to let his mates boss him?"

"Quite agree with you, captain, quite agree with you all the way. But that's what's done on this ship, and there's a fair cry over it. It's not to my liking either. I'm an old Conway boy and was brought up to respect discipline. However, I dare say you'll see for yourself how things run before we dump you back on dry mud again. Now, here we are at the room, and there's a change of clothes in that drawer beneath the bed and underwear below the settee here. You and I are much of a build, and the kit's quite at your service till your own is dry again."

The mate was back again in ten minutes, dripping, cheerful, hospitable. "Holy taters!" said he. "How you do set off clothes! Those old duds came out of a slop chest once, and I've been ashamed of their shabbiness more years than I care to think about. But you're a way of carrying them that makes them look well fitting and quite new. Well, I tell you I'm pleased to see a spruce man on this ship. Come into the cabin now and peck a bit."

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The greedy waves from underneath sucked and clamored at their heels.

I ordered you a meal, and I saw the steward as I came past the door trying to hold it down in the fiddles. The old girl can roll a bit, can't she?"

"I should say your farmyard's getting well churned up."

"You should just go into those cattle decks and see. It's just badger for the lifeboat. I'm out of the river Platte, you know, and we've carried bad weather with us ever since we got our anchors. The beasts were badly stowed, and there were too many of them put aboard. The old man grumbled, but the shippers didn't take any notice of him. They'd signed for the whole ship, and they just crammed as many sheep and cows into her as she'd hold."

"You'll have the cruelty to animals people on board of you before you're docked, and then your skipper had better look out."

"He knows that, captain, quite as well as you do, and there isn't a man more sorry for himself in all the western ocean. He'll be fined heavily and have his name dirtied, so sure as ever he sets a foot ashore. Legally, I suppose, he's responsible, but really he's no more to blame than you. He is part of the ship, as the tablespoons are, and the mates, and the whole bag of tricks was let by wire from Liverpool to a South American dago. If he'd talked, he'd have got the straight kickout from the owners, and no further argument. You see they're little bits of owners."

"They're the worst sort."

"It doesn't matter who they are. A skipper's got to do as he's told."

"Yes," said Kettle, with a sigh, "I know that."

jects to our driving the regular deck hands, and when we're not at work we're asleep. I can't stop and introduce you. You must chum on. Her name's Carnegie."

"Miss Carnegie," Kettle repeated. "That sounds familiar. Does she write poetry?"

The mate gawmed. "Don't know. Never asked her. But perhaps she does. She looks ill enough."

The mate went off to his room then, turned in all standing and was promptly asleep. Kettle, with memories of the past, refreshed, took paper and a scratchy pen and fell to concocting verse.

He wondered and at the same time he half dreaded whether this was the same Miss Carnegie whom he had known before. In days past she had given him a commission to liberate her lover from the French penal settlement of Cayenne. With infinite danger and difficulty he had wrenched the man free from his warlocks and then, finding him a worthless fellow, had by force married him to an old Jamaican negress and sent the girl their marriage license as a token of her release. He had no word or sign from her since and was in some dread now lest she might bitterly resent the liberty he had taken in meddling so far in her affairs.

However, like it or not, there was no avoiding the meeting now, and so he went on, somewhat feverishly, with his writing.

The squall net entitled tea came on, and he had to move his papers. A grimy steward spread a dirty cloth, wetted it liberally with water and shipped fiddles to try to induce the tableware to keep in place despite the rolling. The steward mentioned that none of the officers would be down, that the two passengers would meal together, and, in fact, did his best to be affable; but Kettle listened with cold inattention, and the steward he had come to wish him over the side whence he had come.

The laying of the table was ended at last. The steward put on his jacket, clanged a bell in the alleyway and then came back and stood swaying in the middle of the cabin, armed with a large tin teapot, all ready to commence business. So heavy was the roll that at times he had to put his hand on the floor for support.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Good Manners Saved Him.

This anecdote proves the profitable character of good manners and was told to me by a descendant of the gentleman who owned them: Mr. M. of — was a rebel in 1745. He was taken and being brought to the tower with Kilmarnock and Balmerino. A block stopped the sad cortege, and a lady, looking from a window, cried, "You tall rebel!" (Mr. M. was 6 feet 4 inches), "you will soon be shorter by a head!"

"Does that give you pleasure, madam?" said Mr. M.

"Yes, it does,"

"Then, madam," said Mr. M., taking off his hat and making a low bow, "I do not die in vain."

Lady was moved. She made interest for Mr. M. There exists a paper in the hand of George II. to this effect: "Let Lady — [the name is obliterated] have access to her tall rebel and be hanged to her."

The royal clemency was extended to Mr. M. I saw his pardon, beautifully engrossed within a decorative border and framed, on the wall of his descendant's study. It is fair to add that practically the whole county of Ross and also the Earl of Sutherland petitioned for the life of the courteous Mr. M.—Andrew Lang in Longman's.

How to Grow Short.

If you climb a mountain, your height decreases by three-quarters of an inch, and it may even diminish, exceptionally, by a full inch.

This is a fact known to all experienced mountain and Alpine climbers. On reaching the summit of the heights that form the pleasure ascents of holiday makers in the Alpine districts the stature of the climber is found to have become less to the extent already mentioned.

Doctors think that the attitude assumed of necessity in ascending is the cause of this diminution. Some persons believe that the pressure of the atmosphere produces this shrinking. In favor of the medical theory there is the ever unquestionable fact that the decrease of stature is greater in those who carry a heavy pack during the climb.

When the Alpinist has descended to the ordinary level, his height begins to increase, but the normal length of the body is not attained until several hours after reaching the regular surface of the earth.

King of Virginia.

Appropos of the British royal titles a reference to colonial possessions appeared in an English sovereign's designation so long ago as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The poet Spenser dedicated his "Faerie Queen" to Elizabeth, and they he described her as "Queen of England, France and Ireland and sovereign of the Dominion of Virginia." It may also be remembered that the Virginians refused to acknowledge Oliver Cromwell's protectorate until he sent a fleet to compel them to do so. Charles II., in return expression of the colonists' loyalty, had himself proclaimed in Virginia on his restoration as "King of Great Britain, Ireland and Virginia." The further statement has been made that Charles caused the arms of Virginia to be quartered with those of England, Ireland and Scotland. Certain it is that they appear so on English coins struck as late as 1773 by order of George III.—Liverpool Post.

A POSTAL DELIVERY.

AN INCIDENT OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS IN CONNECTICUT.

A Letter from the Front That Came and Went and Came Again to Stay. The First Rural Free Delivery in Mansfield Town.

The arrival of the first batch of letters after the establishment of rural free delivery in Mansfield, Conn., recalled to an aged lady of that town a postal incident remembered in her family for 120 years. "My mother always cried when she told the story," she said.

When my mother was a little girl, the narrator went on, to have one's letters regularly brought and handed in at the door would have seemed a miracle of privilege, and to get them without paying postage would have been another. Mails were so slow and uncertain that the safe arrival of an expected letter by any means was an event in a country family, with the postoffice miles away.

Sometimes the delivery was helped along by volunteer carriers—a farmer going home from the grist mill, a housewife returning from market town with her bargains of lamp oil, West India molasses and green tea, or even a passing peddler with his load of tinware and corn brooms. In the old wartime the army had post riders, but they were few and far between.

My grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution, and grandmother kept the home fire burning here, and provided for their three children as well as she could while he was at the front. All summer she had heard no word of him, and when one autumn a man in a military cloak rode to the door on a white horse her heart beat quick.

"Does Ruth Fuller live here?" he says, holding a thick letter in his hand. "Yes, I am Ruth Fuller," and grandmother reached eagerly for the letter, for she saw the address in her husband's handwriting.

"The postage is 2 shillings," said grandmother's countenance fell, for there wasn't so much money in the house.

"Guess you don't know me," remarked the man, opening his cape and tipping back his cocked hat, but still holding the letter. She knew him then—an enemy captive of a mean revenge.

"Ah, yes, you remember Tom Turner and how he asked you to marry him and you give him 'No, I thank you,' and took John Fuller. Wasn't good enough to marry ye, but I'm good enough now to bring ye letters from the man that did, and I'm good enough to charge ye a steep price for going out o' my way. So hand over your 2 shillings and take your letter."

The poor woman told him she had no money. To be held up in this heartless and insulting way was a bitter hurt to her. Her grief was deeper than her resentment, but she was too proud to let the cruel fellow see her weep.

"I will get you a good dinner," she said, "and feed your horse and give you a pair of nice long stockings."

It was a humiliation to plead with Tom Turner, but she could do no less. "Money or nothin'," he says, and he put the letter in his pocket and rode away.

Grandmother went into the house and sat down and cried, and her children, clinging about her, cried too. During her long months of waiting, at odd hours she had spun and woven cloth and sewed garments and knitted woolen stockings for John's winter comfort, trusting to find some way to send them to him. Now the messenger had come and gone who could at least have carried word, and he had refused even to give her her husband's letter.

"Ma, God knows what the bad man did," sobbed one of the little ones. "He knows what nice things you've made for pa, and he'll send a good man next time."

The baby's thought relieved the mother's despair, and the three lonely hearts prayed and waited anxiously for the "next time," and, sure enough, before winter came they saw the same white horse galloping toward the house. "He's brought the letter back!" they all cried together, for they believed the rider to be the same man.

Grandmother rushed from the door with all her children. The horseman held out the same letter, and as he gravely put it into her hands she glanced up to his face and screamed for joy.

"John! It is you!"

It did not take her husband long to tell the rest of the story. Tom Turner had returned to headquarters, and one night, made talkative by an extra ration of rum, he had bragged how he "got him," with an old soldier's heart who fitted him. His exploit reached the ears of his commanding officer, who took away his commission and put my grandfather in his place. The new post rider had brought his own letter to his wife. It was the first rural free delivery in Mansfield town.—Youth's Companion.

Getting at a Fact.

The colored witness, being asked his age, said to the court: "Well, sub. I wuz a young man w'en freedom broke out."

THE LICK LENS.

Wonderful Effect Upon It of the Heat From a Man's Hand.

Some years ago the writer paid a visit to Alvan Clark at Cambridgeport to witness the testing of the huge lens for the famous Lick telescope. At the end of the long, dark room the largest flint glass then in the world was set up on edge. From a distance of about fifty feet a pencil of light was flashed into the heart of the disk and reflected back into the observer's eye. The slightest imperfections, if any, in the glass would then be revealed by the curves of light and the lines of polarization.

"Now," said Mr. Clark, "I will show you the wonderful sensitiveness of the lens to outside influences. Every human body gives out heat and when brought near to extremely sensitive substances affects them to a greater or less extent. Now watch."

He walked down to the lens and held his hand under it about two feet away. Instantaneously a marvelous spectacle burst into view. It seemed as if the great glass disk had become a living volcano, spouting forth jets of flame. The display was dazzling. Waving, leaping, dancing, the countless tongues of light gleamed and vibrated; then, fitfully, reluctantly, they died away, leaving the lens reflecting only a pure, untroubled light.

"What is it? How do you account for the wonder?" were the eager questions.

"It is only the radiation of heat alternately expanding and contracting the glass. If I had put my hand upon the lens itself, the phenomenon would have been even more violent."

To a person ignorant of lenses the almost supernatural sensitiveness of a mass of glass weighing several hundred pounds was astonishing, but to the scientist it is an everyday matter, for he has instruments that will register with unfailing nicety the approach of a person fifty or a hundred feet away.—Youth's Companion.

CONQUERED HER RIVAL.

A Pretty and Pathetic Story of Jenny Lind and Grisi.

We have recently read a beautiful incident. Jenny Lind and Grisi were both rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a court concert before the queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi that she was at the point of failure when suddenly an inspiration came to her.

The accompanist was striking the final chords. She asked him to rise and look the musician. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving pride, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive prayer. Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was a silence—the silence of admiring wonder.

The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now; instead a tear-drop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the lapidaryness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.—Our Dumb Animals.

An Outrage.

An old gentleman was present at the reading of the will of a distant relative. He had hardly expected to find himself remembered in it, but pretty soon a clause was read in which a certain field was bequeathed to him.

"That was good, but the document went on to bequeath the old gray mare in the said field to some one else—a man with whom the old gentleman was not on friendly terms. That was too much for his equanimity, and he interrupted the solemn proceedings and brought a smile to the faces of the company by exclaiming:

"Then she's eating my grass!"—Perrin's.

The Highest Court.

The Denver Times says that when Tom Bagnell was Justice of the peace at Altman, the highest incorporated town in the country, standing 12,000 feet above the sea level, he had occasion to fine a disorderly character \$10 and costs. The victim of the operation of justice objected to the finding of the court and announced that he would take an appeal.

"What? Appeal, would you?" asked the astonished court. "You can't come any o' that, now. This is the highest court in the United States, and you can't appeal."

Robo Paradise.

Languid Trotter (caustically)—Listen to this what th' book sez, Weary, an' then pack yer tomatter can an' foller me!

Weary Willis—Were for? Languid Trotter—Were off fer th' great Salary desert, were there ain't a drop o' water th' year round!—Detroit Free Press.

Heat and Cold.

Professor—Heat ascends, and cold descends.

Pupil—Not always, does it? Professor—Yes, sir, invariably.

Pupil—Then how is it when I get my feet wet the cold always goes up and settles in my head?—Philadelphia Press.

Cupid's Guide.

"In all my life," she said, with a sigh, "I have seen only one man that I would care to marry."

"Did he look like me?" he carelessly asked.

Then she dug herself into his arms and wanted to know what secret power men possess that enables them to tell when they are loved.—Chicago Herald.

The education of a child cannot be shifted to the shoulders of teacher or educator. The responsibility rests, first and foremost, with the parents.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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Giving Her a Lesson.

The habit of describing things as "awfully jolly" was amusingly satirized by a gentleman who came home prepared to chat on events of the day. An acquaintance had failed in business. He spoke of this incident as "deliciously sad." He had ridden in an omnibus with a friend whom he described as "horribly entertaining," and to crown all he spoke of the butter which had been set before him at his restaurant as "divinely rancid."

"Why, dad, you are going off your head!" said his youngest and most important daughter.

"Not in the least, my dear," he said pleasantly. "I'm merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It seems to me rather more effective than 'awfully sweet.' I mean to keep up with the rest of you hereafter. And now," he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef."—London Telegraph.

The Man Faced Crab.

One of the most singular looking creatures that ever walked the earth or "swam the water under the earth" is the world famous man faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the perfect counterpart of that of a Chinese coolie, a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and unmanly creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the matter of facial features, is provided with two legs which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the sides of its face. Besides these legs, two "feelers," each about an inch in length, grow from the "chin" of the animal, looking for all the world like a colonel's forked beard. These man faced crabs fairly swarm in the inland seas of Japan.

She Was an Observer.

"Did George write to you every day while he was traveling around?"

"Yes, every day."

"What regularity?"

"Yes, but I discovered that every one of the letters was written here in his office before he started, and all he had to do was to drop one in the postoffice wherever he chanced to be."

"And how did you find that out?"

"The 'e' in his office typewriter is broken."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.