A RACE AROUND THE HORN

A MASTER has the right to be proud of his ship, and mine is a clipper—a "wind jammer;" but I've left many a first-class tramp astern of me, yes, and liners, too. I haven't broken any records; I can't claim to have sailed 423¾ statute miles in a day, as did the Flying Cloud, or even 419 miles, the record of the Sovereign of the Seas. Records like those were made when ships carried a big crew, regardless of expense, and spread out their stu'n's'ls and moon-scrapers until the hull was no more compared with their canvas than the basket is to a balloon. But my bark Daisy does all that can be expected with her crew of twenty-one men, and my owners gave me a gold watch and chain when I beat the giant France on a clear run across the Western ocean.

I was loading timber in Burrard inlet, just up the harbor from Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. I was feeling pretty good, because, since my last visit, my investment of $500 in town lots had turned itself into a good $1,500 with the growth of the city. And as to the

DISCOVERING THE TREACHERY OF RAMIREZ.

Daisy, well, I wasn't going to let that swink Jones crow over me. He commanded the Breeze, a four-masted bark, bigger than the Daisy, but with nothing of her sailing qualities. He had got some new fancy patent tops'ls, and was trying to make the merchants believe that he'd be unloading in London River before I was round the Horn. He was a good talker, was Jones, and made himself out a proper hero, especially among the women, who, bless their souls! don't know a man when they see one unless he has got a torpedo beard and apes the naval officer. Anyway, Jones' bragging made me so sick that I challenged him to start the same day—we were both finishing our loads—and race me home for $2,500 a side. He wanted to back out, but the challenge was made at the shipping office before a crowd of masters and merchants, and Jones had talked to such an extent that his friends forced him to stand up to me like a man. I've heard since that he was in desperate hard straits, so much so that the loss of that bet would mean sheer ruin to him; but he had talked too much, and the Vancouver people would have chaffed the life out of him if he tried to sing small before me. We planked down the stakes, the first man home to cable to the stakeholder, claiming the whole amount. Then, I guess, Jones felt sick. Bar accidents, the man couldn't possibly beat me sailing, and I never suspected foul play; such a thing never entered my head. I was short of a bo's'n, my man having run from the ship, and there was not one of the foremast hands who could fairly claim the job. They were good as sailormen go, the best dozen of them, but a really first-class bo's'n could have given points to the lot. Now, Jones had a regular champion, a Portugee, who'd learned his trade whaling, and followed that up under the best masters in the deep sea trade. So when he came to see me the day before I was to sail, I listened to all he had to say about Captain Jones—which wasn't exactly compliments. I couldn't tell him to run from his present ship, indeed, as in duty bound, I advised him solemnly to do no such thing; but I did drop a hint that I'd pick up valuable men who'd run from such masters as Jones, and stowed away in the Daisy. Sure enough, before I'd been a day out I found Diego Ramirez aboard of me, mighty poor in spirit, humble and willing. Naturally, I wasn't going to lose time handing the man over to Jones, so I signed him on the books as A. B. He soon proved the best sailorman in the ship; such a good man, in fact, that my own people weren't jealous when I promoted him over their heads, and made him bo's'n. I was proud of Diego Ramirez. If I'd only known!

We started fair, Jones and I, and all the city turned out to see the start. A 17,000-mile race is out of the common; the papers were full of it, and at the time when we cast off the tugs the betting was five to three on Jones. I took care to be abreast when we passed the city of Victoria; I took more care while we ran down the Straits of Fuca that I should round Cape Flattery ahead of him. The betting there was five to three on me. Jones did all he knew, and as far as speed went there wasn't actually much to choose between our two ships; but for seamanship, well, I'd be sorry for Jones' chance. Of course, we put him astern the very first day, nor did we see him again for many a long day after.

There's no need to describe the voyage. I had all the winds I tried for, and not too much; I rounded the Horn without a reef in my tops'ls, then reached away to catch the trades for home.

We were bowling along towards the Line—running down our latitudes in fine style, and on Oct. 3, at noon, I made it 100 30 7 S. We were under close reefed top gallant sails, wind about S.E., blowing about a tops'l breeze, about as much as we cared for. Indeed, the mate wanted to snug home the top gallant sails. I knew what the Daisy could stand, and when I went below at 10 o'clock I told the second not to call me for less than a light gale.

But I could not sleep, and that's a queer thing at sea how one's body stays awake, expecting danger, while, so far as mortal mind can tell, there is nothing to fear. Everything was what the doctor ordered up to eight bells. I heard the watch changed; then one bell, two bells, three bells, four bells. At last I got sick of hearing the half-hour strokes, and went up on deck in socks and pyjamas to take a look at the night. All seemed well. The mate was at the gallery door, sipping his coffee, and small blame to him for getting it good and hot. His face was turned towards me, his back to the forecastle, where something stirred in the shadow—a man coming up out of the scuttle—Diego Ramirez, who ought to have been in his bunk, sneaking quietly up the ladder to the forecastle head. I felt half inclined to hail him, but why should my bo's'n steal about like a cat, slink in the shadows, instead of going about like a man? I thought I saw the gleam of a knife in his hands. Then I ran full pelt along the lee side of the deck, for if the man meant mischief it was time I knew. I took the steps at three jumps.

When I gained the forecastle head I saw nothing at first. Yes, there he was over the bows, his head just showing, moving from side to side as though he were at work.

I bent down over him, and found him quite unconscious of my presence slashing with a long knife, cutting away the most vital gear in the ship—the gammonings of the bowsprit! I flew at his throat, half strangled him, and dragged him from his perch, until I had him hanging over blue water. But I was too late, for, with an awful crash, the gammonings parted, the bowsprit flew into the air, rearing straight on end. A yell from me sent the mate to the wheel.

"Luff!" I shouted. "Luff!"

But before he could bring her head to the wind, she gave one heavier roll than usual, and with one tremendous smash all three masts, no longer supported by the stays, broke off like carrots and went whirling down over the side. Then I hauled Mr. Diego Ramirez inboard, and battered him senseless.

The Daisy lay a total wreck in mid-ocean, her masts and spars, a tangled mass of wreckage to leeward, were charging into her like a battering ram with every roll, and, worst of all, the whole of the standing rigging was of steel, which no ax could cut for our release.

At once I had all hands at work to deal with the disaster. One watch rigged a sea anchor, with a cask of oil, bored with an auger, which we put overboard to windward and so broke the seas. Meanwhile I got the other watch to work cutting the wreckage adrift as best they could.

Only when daylight came had I time to go forward; time to deal with Diego Ramirez, Esq., my bo's'n, caught red-handed wrecking my ship. Even then I could appreciate the fiendish cunning of the man, his masterly knowledge of seamanship. The chance had been a thousand to one against his being caught, so simple was his plan, so certain its success. No masts ever built could have borne so sudden and so fierce a wrench. It was a comfort to me that I had marked Diego Ramirez for life. But I had not killed him, nor would I while he could be held alive in evidence of his crime.

I put the man in irons, with nothing but bread and water, and on the third day he confessed that Jones had bribed him to come on board at Vancouver, had paid him $250 in cash to commit the crime. That was Mr. Jones' idea of racing, and certainly the way things looked he would have no trouble in reaching England ahead of me, claiming the $5,000 from the stake-holder at Vancouver, and cashing the check before I could interfere. As to the money, I had no redress, for the law would not back me in a gambling transaction, but I swore he should be punished for wrecking my ship.

Well, from the moment we lost our masts I had all hands, including myself, working night and day, saving what could be saved of the wreckage, and using the spars, tackle and canvas to jury-rig the ship. I had thirty feet of foremast, eighteen feet of mizzen, and six feet of the main to build upon; and, if you'll believe me, I turned the Daisy into such a rig as was never seen before in the world. We rigged her as we went along under a jury fore-

MEETING THE EMERGENCY.

sail, and before we passed the Western Islands I had turned her into a sort of four-masted jackass bark, with a sprit-sail under her jury bowsprit, and even booms rigged out over the side to carry small sails. My sailormen laughed until they split their sides at some of my fancy canvas, but we did five knots an hour before the wind. Every ship we sighted howled at us, but I begged, bought and borrowed something from each of them, of spars, rope and sails to add to my rig. I even hoisted sails on the boats in my davits, and Providence helped me with just the winds I wanted. I kept my hands in good humor with plenty of grog, and you should have heard them cheer as we sighted Ushant!

Since we had been delayed at least six weeks, of course there could be no hope of winning the race. Yet we were scarcely in our fresh course up Channel, the time being just after breakfast, when who should I see astern but my dear friend Jones. It was a clear judgment, in my mind, for he'd been driven south by a gale we just missed by a day, blown clean into the Antarctic, where he found a berg in a fog. Anyway, here he was rounding Ushant stern of us, and it was nothing now but a question of tugs. I had one asking for a job already, the only deep sea tug, perhaps, in the chops of the Channel. So I made my bargain for Dartmouth, and soon I was making eight knots for Jones' nine. At noon, I being still a little ahead, another tug hove in sight, and I, being disabled, had a right. So away we went with two tugs, leaving Jones raging mad astern. He was hull down when I got a third tug, just to spite Jones, and went into Dartmouth like a royal procession.

Yes, I was first in an English port, first to send the cable to Vancouver, first to secure the stake. Moreover, I got Mr. Jones dismissed from his ship and charged, with his accomplice, in wrecking mine, and his owners had to pay the damage. Now Captain Jones and Diego Ramirez, his bo's'n, are improving their minds in her majesty's house of tuition at Wormwood Scrubbs.

The Daisy? Well, next time I put into Vancouver the merchants gave me a banquet, and I wear a gold watch and chain to Jones' memory.

A boy smoking a cigar is such a shocking sight that even men feel unpleasant in witnessing it.

FIVE BROTHERS IN THE ARMY.

John Jones, the proprietor of the Jackson House, in London, Ky., is the proud father of nine sons, five of whom are wearing the blue in the service of their country. Three are in the Philippines, and two are in this country. Samuel and Wiley, aged respectively 26 and 24, are members of K troop, Third cavalry, stationed at Manila, Philippine Islands. Both have distinguished themselves by their gallant conduct on the field of battle. Caleb, aged 22, is a member of H Company, Third infantry, Philippine Islands, and has won promotion by his faithful service. Christopher, aged 20, is a member of Company K, Twenty-third infantry, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming. Chester, the youngest, is 18 years old, and has only been in service a few months.

Mr. Jones, the father, is an old soldier, having fought through four years of the Civil War under Gen. Grant, and says that, though he receives a small pension, he thinks the government ought to increase it now that he has five sons in the service.

Captain Joseph Garrard of the Fourth street recruiting office, this city, makes his headquarters at the Jackson House when he visits London to make enlistments. He says that in his thirty years of service he has never known of more than three or four brothers in the service at the same time.

There are three little fellows that are too young for the service, but declare that as soon as possible they will enlist. The oldest brother is married and has two children. His wife says that it is all she can do to keep him from slipping away and joining his other brothers.

HISTORIC POWDER HOUSE.

A Noteworthy Object to Be Seen Near Boston.

One of the most noteworthy objects to be seen in the region round about Boston is the old powder house that stands on an eminence on the road to Arlington. It is intimately associated with the early history of the country and is regarded with much interest by antiquarians. Originally intended for a windmill, it was solidly built of masonry and even at the present day shows few signs of decay. In its original state the old mill had three lofts about six feet apart supported by heavy hewn timbers. It is about 30 feet high, with a diameter of about 15 feet at the base. Mallet, the miller, once lived near the mill, to which the farmers from far and near came with their grists to be ground.

In the year 1747 the mill was transferred by the builder's heirs to the province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England, and it was never used as a windmill after that time, but it became instead a powder magazine for the storing of powder belonging to the province.

In September, 1774, when the old mill contained 250 half barrels of powder, it was raided by General Gage and emptied of its precious store. When the news of this seizure was circulated it created the most intense excitement and several thousand of the inhabitants of Boston and other towns assembled on the common at Cambridge to give expression to their resentment of this act. This is said to have been the first time that the provincials had as-

THE OLD POWDER-HOUSE.

sembled in arms for the avowed purpose of opposing the king's forces. Thus it was that the old mill contained some of the powder used in the War of the Revolution. It is certain that Washington visited the old mill more than once, and it holds an honored place in the history of the war for independence.

One of the stories told in connection with the old mill is that of an Acadian peasant girl who was among the girls of this class who were separated from their homes and parceled out among the different towns by the cruel and unjust policy of their conquerors. This girl's name was Claudine. Disguising herself in boy's clothing she ran away from a cruel master. Reaching the home of Mallet, the miller, at nightfall she asked permission to stay all night, and begged to be allowed to sleep in the mill. This permission was granted, and the disguised runaway climbed to the loft and went to sleep on the grain bags she found there. In the dead of night her master arrived in pursuit of her. Arousing the miller, the pursuer demanded that the mill be opened and the girl be given to him. The frightened runaway was aroused from her sleep by the voice of her master commanding her to descend. When she refused to come down the enraged man, whose name was Richard Wynne, climbed the ladder to bring her down by force. When her pursuer had reached her hiding place the girl tried to escape down the ladder. The man sprang after her, stumbled and fell headlong through the opening at the head of the ladder. He caught at a rope in his descent and clung to it, heedless of the miller's wild cry for him to let go or he would soon be a dead man. The man's weight on the rope had set the mill in motion, the great arms began to revolve, the man was caught in the machinery and before the mill could be stopped and the victim rescued he was injured beyond recovery and he died in a few hours.

The Reward of Truth.

During his second successful campaign on the Republican ticket for Governor of Michigan the late John J. Bagley spoke one evening at Kalamazoo. He was a good business man, but a poor public speaker. At the beginning of his remarks on this occasion he alluded frankly to his lack of oratorical gifts. After he had finished, a man pushed forward, grasped his hand warmly, and said:

"Governor, I have been a life-long Democrat, but at the coming election I shall vote for you."

"Thank you," replied the Governor, much gratified. "May I ask the particular reason for your change?"

"Because you are the first speaker on either side in this campaign that I have heard tell the truth. You said when you began that you couldn't make much of a speech, and, by jinks, you can't!"—Harper's Magaine.

"A Little Gray Sheep" is the title of the new novel by Mrs. Hugh Frazer, who is a sister of Marion Crawford, from the Lippincott press.

Paul Leicester Ford, whose marriage has recently occurred, had sold of his last novel, Janice Meredith, 243,000 copies on the day of his wedding. Ten thousand more were then in press.

Punch announces the immediate publication of a three-part serial by Frank R. Stockton. It is entitled "The Gilded Idol and the Conch Shell," and deals with American life on the side of politics.

A study of modern social conditions as they affect the Jews in the United States is presented by Miss Emma Wolf in her novel, "Heirs of Yesterday," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago.

A new edition of Charles Kingsley's works is in course of preparation by his daughter, Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet). Her introductions to the various volumes will contain much interesting unpublished matter.

American authors, it seems, are helplessly exposed to the depredations of Russian publishers. An illustration of the pillage which constantly goes on is seen in the fact that Benjamin Ide Wheeler's "Life of Alexander the Great" is now being reprinted in the Neva, a Russian magazine published in St. Petersburg. The biography first appeared in the Century magazine, and then was published as a book with drawings by Andre Castaigne, which are also being pirated by the Russian magazine.

A picturesque event happened recently at Garden River, a part of the Ojibway Reservation, nine miles from the Canadian "Soo," as Sault Ste. Marie is familiarly called, when Miss Alice Longfellow, and her sister, Mrs. J. G. Thorp, of Cambridge, and other descendants of the poet Longfellow, were formally adopted into the Ojibway nation. The Longfellows, with others, formed a party who have been camping in Georgian Bay, about thirty miles from Garden River, the latter place being the ancient residence of the Ojibway Kings, who ruled there a hundred years ago, when this nation was supreme among the aborigines, the last King of the Ojibways being the father of the Chief Bukwuk Jinini, who taught Longfellow the legends on which his Hiawatha was founded. This country is supposed to have been the scene of most of Hiawatha's exploits, and here the Ojibways, who are entertaining the Longfellow party, presented a dramatized version of Hiawatha for their guests, which was given out of doors with much realistic effect. The morning after the adoption of the Longfellows into the Ojibway Nation, Miss Longfellow presented their hosts with a handsome portrait of her father, framed in birch bark, which will hang in their Council House at Garden River. The whole story is not only one of much interest, but should form a striking episode in all future lives of the poet.

What great excitement there is among the women when a woman who has been married some time appears in handsome new clothes!

The men also get new underwear when they marry, but they don't advertise it.

A long walk is a severe trial for the human understanding.

A POLITE HORSE.

An Anecdote Somewhat Out of the Usual Run.

It is seldom that horses show their intelligence in any striking manner, but they sometimes do things that would make their mental processes extremely interesting if we could understand them. I once owned a beautiful gray horse named "Douglas," and in every way he was essentially a family horse. He generally knew what was required of him, and would try to do it. He was so gentle that he could safely have been driven by means of two pieces of strong linen thread, and he was so thoroughly trustworthy in regard to standing without hitching, that we left him anywhere we pleased, entirely by himself, and were always certain to find him in exactly the spot where he had been left.

We had such faith in him in this respect that we got into the bad habit, when we were visiting at a house, of leaving him standing at the door and thinking no more of him until we came out. One afternoon my wife and I were making a call at a suburban house, and as usual left Douglas standing outside. In a little while, glancing out of the front window, I was amazed to see the horse slowly moving along the driveway. I was about to go out to him, but as he very soon stopped and stood perfectly still, I remained where I was; and almost at that moment two ladies came in. They were also paying a visit to the house, but on foot.

One of them remarked to me that I had a very polite horse, and as I did not understand this compliment to Douglas, she explained that when they reached the house they found my horse and buggy entirely blocking the entrance; and as they stood wondering what they should do, the horse turned his head, looked at them, and then moved on a few steps in order to give them an opportunity of entering.

I have nothing to add to this anecdote, except to say that it must have been a very strong sense of politeness, or else a word or two from one of the ladies, which would have induced Douglas to move from the place where I had left him.—Frank R. Stockton, in Youth's Companion.

Bet Deprecated Currency.

Several gentlemen in the lobby of the Arlington the other evening were discussing the different phases of the currency question during the last half century and the effect thereon of the recent election.

Col. J. G. Berret, formerly postmaster and Mayor of Washington, told of an interesting and extraordinary disproportionate bet as to odds made by gentlemen in this city in 1839 to illustrate the comparative value of money current at that time, says the Washington Star.

"In 1839," said Col. Berret, "there was a mile track situated near what is now Brightwood, though it was before the day of houses in that vicinity. President Andrew Jackson was then in office. He was a patron of the turf and was very fond of horses. He kept a stable of thoroughbreds, but it was, of course, run under the name of another person, his stepson. The races were running races in heats of four miles and repeat, as was then the custom, and I recall that I once witnessed four successive heats, with a short interval of rest between heats, run to decide a race.

"At one of the events a gentleman standing near me offered to bet $100 in bank bills to 25 cents in silver coin that a horse he favored should win. A friend of mine took him up. He then repeated the offer six times at the same odds, which were accepted, and, his horse losing, he handed my friend $700 in current bank bills, as against $1.75 in silver coin. This shows the relative value of the currency of the period."

Wolseley Merely a Stripling.

It is pleasant to come across old warriors who, having fought in many climes against many people, are still hale and hearty. The other day one of England's veterans, Field Marshal Sir Frederick P. Haines, celebrated his eighty-first birthday.

Just sixty-one years ago he began his career as a warrior, and fifty-five years ago he went through his first campaign, seeing most of the fighting that took place in the Sutlej campaign of 1845. Almost the first time he smelt powder he was desperately wounded.

His next campaign was that in the Punjab in 1848-9, and later he fought through the ill-managed Crimea. Twenty years later he was made commander-in-chief in India, and was specially thanked by Parliament for his tact and energy in the Afghanistan operations.

The old warrior is hale and hearty and still has an opinion of his own. It is told of him that a dictum of Lord Wolseley's was quoted against one of his own. Sir Frederick rapped his cane on the floor and shouted:

"Wolseley! Wolseley! A clever lad. I'll admit, but a mere stripling, sir, a mere stripling!" As Lord Wolseley is only 67, that settled it, of course.—Philadelphia Post.

The Singer and the Porter.

M. A. P. tells a story of how, once upon a time Sims Reeves, the famous tenor, was stranded at a country junction, waiting for a train. It was cold and miserable, and the singer was naturally not in the best of tempers. While chewing the cud of disappointment, an old railway porter, who recognized him from the published portraits, entered the waiting-room.

"Good evening, Mr. Sims Reeves," he said.

"Good evening, my man," replied the vocalist, getting ready the necessary tip. But the man sought for information rather than tips.

"They tell me you earn a heap of money," he remarked.

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Reeves.

"And yet," pursued the porter, "you don't work hard. Not so hard as I do, for instance. But I dessay you earn—p'raps ten times what I do—eh?"

"What do you earn?" asked the singer.

"Eighteen shillings a week all the year round," said the porter.

Sims Reeves opened his chest: "Do, re, mi—do!" he sang, the last note being a ringing top one. "There, my man; there's your year's salary gone!"

A Careful Speaker.

"What did you expect to prove by that exceedingly long-winded argument of yours?" asked the friend.

"I didn't expect to prove anything," answered the orator. "All I hoped to do was to confuse the other fellow, so that he couldn't prove that I didn't prove anything."—London Answers.

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Spokane Flyer 6:00 p. m.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East	8:40 a. m.
4:00 p. m.	Ocean Steamships. All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 4:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex. Sunday	Willamette River. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Oregon City, Dayton, & Way Landings.	5:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
6:00 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Willamette River. Portland to Corvallis & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
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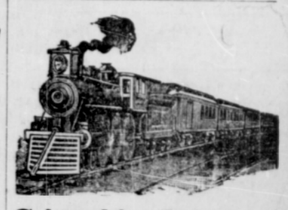

Columbia Southern RAILWAY

Effective 12:01 A. m., September 9, 1900.

South bound	South Bound	STATIONS	North Bound	North Bound
Daily Freight	Daily Pass.		Daily Pass.	Daily Freight
Arrive	Arrive		Leave	Leave
7:30 a.m	1:34 p.m	Biggs	11:25 a.m	3:40 p.m
8:00 a.m	1:59 p.m	Gibbons	11:00 a.m	3:12 p.m
8:30 a.m	2:14 p.m	Wasco	10:45 a.m	2:56 p.m
8:45 a.m	2:27 p.m	Kingsley	10:30 a.m	2:40 p.m
8:50 a.m	2:33 p.m	Summit	10:25 a.m	2:33 p.m
9:05 a.m	2:45 p.m	Hay Creek	10:15 a.m	2:21 p.m
9:12 a.m	2:48 p.m	McDonald	10:12 a.m	2:05 p.m
9:24 a.m	3:00 p.m	DeMoss	10:00 a.m	1:52 p.m
9:50 a.m	3:09 p.m	Moro	9:50 a.m	1:40 p.m
	3:19 p.m	Erskine	9:39 a.m	
10:50 a.m	3:44 p.m	Grass Valley	9:15 a.m	1:30 p.m
	4:06 p.m	Bourbon	8:55 a.m	
	4:26 p.m	Guthrie	8:40 a.m	
	4:40 p.m	Wilcox	8:30 a.m	
	5:20 p.m	Shanike	8:00 a.m	

Through Tickets to Points East and in Europe can now be purchased at the Moro office of the Columbia Southern Ry and at the lowest prevailing rates.
EXPRESS. Consign your express matter to Moro "care of Columbia Southern Express Company.

Geo. J. MOHLER, General Manager — D. J. HARRIS, Superintendent

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