

A DOOMED SHIP.

Out on the broad blue ocean, not far from the equator, thousands of miles from any land, lying motionless on a calm sea, was a dismasted ship. Nothing remained of her taut masts and spars but the mizzenmast, the bowsprit, and jib and flying jib-booms. From the mizzen topmast and cross-jack yards hung a few ragged strips of canvas, and out at the far ends of the flying jib-boom depended part of the stay and some fragments of a sail, torn and rent, just as it had been left after the fierce gale which had rendered this gallant ship so helplessly a wreck. Not a breath of wind was stirring in the heavens; not a cloud was in the deep-blue sky; not a ripple or flaw disturbed the far-stretching ocean. It was high noon, and the sun was almost vertical. All was silent. The sun was pouring down its fierce tropical rays on the blistered deck and on the vast, calm sea. There she lay, a spectral ship upon a silent ocean. There was not a sign of life on board; not a sound could be heard, except now and again when a swirl of water made the rudder-chains rattle and creak, as the wheel moved a few spokes backward and forward; or when an albatross flapped up from the sea, hovered over the ship, and then flew away in the distance.

Tuesday passed slowly, as many days had passed; the sun began to sink lower and lower in the western sky, and once more, like a blood-red shield, it sank into the bosom of the ocean, leaving behind it a flood of lurid light, which tinged the sky with its ensanguined hues, and these, reflected in the water beneath, caused the ship to appear as though she were floating in a sea of blood. The crimson faded into orange and pink, and then into gray, and then the shadows of evening stole slowly over the scene; then one by one the stars came out and studded the whole of the cloudless firmament.

Suddenly there came from the cuddy windows a stream of light, and a man, gaunt and emaciated, peered out on the deserted deck. A few minutes afterward another gleam of light shot from a small aperture in the door of the fore-cabin deck-house, and two eyes—red, reddish-brown eyes—also peered cautiously out. These two men had been for days watching and waiting for each other's death. They were the captain and mate of the vessel, who, when the crew had taken to the boats, had refused to desert her.

For days and weeks—how many they had no idea, for they had lost all count of time—they had been alone on the pathless deep. At first they had made the best of their situation—day by day hoping and expecting that succor would come and they should be rescued. They had put themselves on short allowance of both food and water; but, notwithstanding, the food was at length nearly consumed, the water was quite exhausted, so that they had nothing left that was drinkable but a few bottles of wine and brandy. To the torture of hunger was now added the agony of raging thirst—a thirst which neither wine nor brandy would quench, but rather intensify.

Anything more horrible than their situation cannot be imagined, and the dreadful conviction was being forced upon them that they must die.

This was the state of affairs three days previous to the opening of this story. The captain was sitting with his eyes apparently closed and the mate was watching him with eager, hungry eyes. Up to this point the mate had been the most hopeful of the two; but now he had abandoned himself to despair.

No succor could reach them, he knew, while the calm lasted, but this was not the thought that was haunting his mind. "One of them must die—the death of the one would be the preservation of the other." This was the mental refrain which, as it were, formed the chorus to every other thought. "The death of one would be the preservation of the other."

He sat there eyeing the captain with a diabolical leer. He was no longer a man; he was a demon. Suddenly he started up. By a revulsion of feeling which is not uncommon in such cases, he had passed from helpless despondency into furious delirium. With a hoarse cry he sprang at Captain Dunnett, brandishing a long knife in his hand. A fierce struggle ensued; it was short and sharp, and the mate, after being disarmed, was pushed forward, and fell violently upon the deck. Captain Dunnett was the younger and stronger of the two, and had he been so inclined, could have despatched the mate with ease; but he contented himself with disarming him, threw

the knife into the sea, retreated to the cabin and shut and locked the door.

The mate after this grew more furious, and after vainly attempting to enter the cabin withdrew to the fore-cabin and took up his abode there; and for three days he had been waiting and watching for the captain's death.

To be buried alive has been thought to be beyond question the most painful of all deaths; but it is doubtful if the long-drawn agonies which were being endured by these two men were not more painful of the two.

"How long—how long can this last?" moaned Captain Dunnett, as he sat and gazed out into the night. A painful sort of apathy was stealing over him. He had no hope, he had no effort, he had no longer any wish to live. If death were come, his only prayer was that it might come quickly.

Slowly, minute by minute, the life was ebbing out of him; and as surely, with a tortoise-like gradation, the night crept on. The moon had risen, and now, in full-orbed splendor, was riding high in the heavens, casting a long wake of silvery light on the placid sea, which danced and flickered right away to the distant horizon.

The two lights still gleamed on the deserted deck and two watchers still watched on.

Meanwhile nature had not been idle. Away in the distant horizon great masses of fleecy clouds began to pile themselves up one above another, gradually extending themselves across the northern heavens. The cloud-packing went on for more than half an hour accompanied by hot puffs of wind which now and again ruffled the waters. The sky every minute grew blacker and the clouds more dense; vivid flashes of lightning shot across the northern heavens, and there were mutterings of thunder in the distance.

The silent watcher in the cuddy saw nothing and heard nothing of all this. His head had sunk heavily on his bosom and he slept. Suddenly there was a noise below the deck like the scratching of a rat; then, slowly and noiselessly, the trap-door under the table was lifted, and through the aperture a head, with curly red hair and fierce eyes, appeared. They were those of Jarvis, the mate. After pausing to see that all was clear, he placed his hands on the deck, and then with a supreme effort, he lifted himself to a sitting posture, and again he paused to listen. He could hear the regular breathing of his companion as he sat sleeping peacefully, and a grim smile of satisfaction passed across his wild and haggard face. Silently and stealthily he crawled clear of the table, and then stood erect upon his feet. His eyes glared wildly, and his breath came quick and short as he drew a knife from his bosom and poised himself to strike.

All unconscious of his peril, Captain Dunnett slept on. He had no idea of danger from such a quarter; no idea that the mate had for two days past been laboring with maniacal intentions to clear an opening through the cargo and had at length succeeded in making his way to the cabin hatch.

Jarvis stood over his intended victim, his eyes glittering with diabolical light; the blow was in the act of descending, when his arm was arrested. The cabin was suddenly illuminated with a blue, electric light, and a peal of thunder, loud as the crack of doom, broke over the ship. The maniac stood with his arm raised, as though it were suddenly paralyzed.

The crash of the thunder awoke Captain Dunnett from his slumbers and he sprang to his feet. He took in the situation at a glance, and flinging himself on his would-be murderer, sought to disarm him. The struggle was for dear life, and the mate fought savagely. But at last the captain's superior skill and strength prevailed, and Jarvis was once more at his mercy.

"Strike man—strike!" shrieked the mate. "It is your life or mine." "You are mad, Jarvis!" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes, I am; but strike, man—strike! Put an end to this torture; I can stand no more of it."

"No!" cried the captain, throwing him from him.

Then he turned and left the cabin, locking the door behind him.

Out on the deck a grand and startling sight met his gaze. The whole of the northern part of the heavens was enveloped in the blackest darkness, while the southern half was clear and bright. The next instant the northern half was ablaze with a most vivid light. But it was not this that caused excitement in the breast of Captain Dunnett. The central object in this scene was a large brig, not more than a mile and a half distant, bearing down to their succor, under press of canvass.

For a second or two he stood rooted to the spot. Then in a wild transport of joy he threw up his arms and cried:

"Saved! Saved! Thank heaven! Thank heaven!"

All thoughts of Jarvis's diabol-

ical attempts on his life vanished, and in an instant he had unlocked the cuddy door, and seized the mate by the arm, dragged him, half stunned and half dazed by his fall, out onto the main deck, and, as another flash of lightning disclosed the brig to view again, cried:

"There! There! See what a merciful heaven has sent us!"

A second or two afterward a vivid flash of lightning moved over the mizzenmast; it ran down the mast, which tottered, and with a crash, fell over the side. With the first crash of thunder that followed Jarvis rushed to the side and was in the act of springing over into the sea when Captain Dunnett seized him by the collar and flung him back violently on the deck, where he lay stunned and bleeding.

The lightning flashed incessantly. The wind came in hot puffs. The brig still held in her course. By this time she was within half a mile of them. But suddenly the hot puffs ceased and she lay motionless on the water.

All this while Captain Dunnett and the mate, who had soon recovered their consciousness, stood watching her in an agony of suspense. The gloom was rapidly deepening; the clouds were hurrying on; the moon and the stars had all disappeared, and the sky was one vast pall of inky darkness. Broad sheets of lightning now shot up from the bosom of the ocean, illuminating the whole mass of sea and clouds with a blue, spectral light, which made the portentous aspect of the heavens more visible, while the silence, when unbroken by the thunder, was solemn and oppressive.

But what is that curling up from the open hatch in the cabin? It is smoke! At first it came in small wreaths, but now it is pouring out in a great volume.

The ship is on fire. The lightning, which had shivered the mizzenmast, had descended into the hold and set fire to the cargo, and the conflagration was spreading rapidly.

The two men, when they made the discovery, stood appalled with horror. They knew they were standing, as it were, on a volcano, for in the magazine below was stored a quantity of gunpowder, which might explode at any moment and blow the ship to atoms.

The smoke belched forth in large volumes, and now and again a bright, flickering flame shot up from the hatchway.

In another few minutes the flames were pouring into the cuddy, and the whole structure was on fire. The flames extended and in less than ten minutes the whole of the after part of the ship was on fire, the lurid glare lighting up the superincumbent clouds and leading sea, and producing a scene of surpassing grandeur.

And now another danger was threatening them. Away in the distance there was a dull, sobbing moan, which each minute became more distant—the tornado was fast approaching.

The last time they had looked at the brig she was lying becalmed, and they had imagined that at the rate the conflagration was extending there was little chance of succor arriving in time to save them, for now the deck was getting hot under their feet, and the fire had extended to the fore-cabin deckhouse; but at that moment they were startled by a sharp cry of "Ship ahoy!" and looking in the direction whence the sound came they saw a boat, manned with four oars, pulling rapidly toward them. In another minute the welcome sound of "In bow!" was heard, and the boat was alongside.

No time was to be lost. The storm was brewing in the north, and if it burst upon them before they reached the ship their doom was certain. Again, the powder in the hold might explode at any minute, so they hurriedly lowered themselves into the boat and pushed off.

While the second mate was rescuing the two men from the burning ship, the captain and mate of the brig were making all preparations for the coming gale, and before the boat had got alongside, the sails had been furled and everything made snug.

Captain Dunnett and his mate had been kept up by the excitement of the situation, but the moment they were on board the brig they fainted dead off and were taken below in a state of unconsciousness. This had scarcely been accomplished, and the quarter-boat hoisted up and made fast, when the tornado burst upon them with terrific fierceness. For a few minutes they could neither see nor hear anything but the roaring of the tormented waters and the howling and thundering of the wind. At first the brig reeled and bent before it; then she rose up, and, like a furious steed, dashed on frantically in the wake of the burning wreck.

It was a scene of grandeur and horror which would be difficult to equal, and excited awe in every heart. The force of the wind was tremendous, and the two vessels drove on madly before it. The wreck was now one mass of flames, the red glare of which lit up the foaming sea and the sky above, showing the outlines of the brig and the faces of her crew with terrible distinctness. The two vessels were running in parallel lines and were not more than half a mile apart. Suddenly there shot up into the sky a towering mass of flame and smoke which was followed by a terrific report, and then all was black darkness. The powder in the magazine had exploded, and that was the last that was ever seen of that poor doomed ship.

All that night the gale continued and shortly after daylight it moderated, and by noon it had blown itself out, the clouds rose and the weather cleared up.

Captain Dunnett and the mate were attended with all the kindness and attention which was necessary for men in their exhausted condition. Jarvis was delirious; and

many weary days and sleepless nights passed before he showed any signs of recovery. But he pulled through at last. The captain was also for a time entirely prostrated, but he, too, gradually regained his strength, and in a fortnight was on deck again.

Poor Jarvis was greatly embarrassed when he first met his old commander. He was naturally of a humane disposition, and now the frantic passion, which was begotten of despair had passed away, he was heartily ashamed of himself and his conduct.

"I was not myself, Captain Dunnett," he said apologetically. "I was mad with hunger and despair. The devil seemed to have got into my heart, and when I reflect on the thoughts that passed through my mind, and the things I planned during that time, my mind is filled with horror and I blush for shame when I think of them."

"I am sure you do, Mr. Jarvis," replied the captain soothingly, "let us forget all about it."

"Forget it, Captain Dunnett," cried the mate plaintively; "I shall never forget it! The misery and torment of that dreadful time will haunt me to my dying day."

"A dreadful time, truly," replied the captain solemnly, "and I can only pray heaven that no other two men may ever be called on to pass through such a dreadful ordeal as we did."

"Amen!" cried the mate.—All The Year Round.

Personal and Pertinent.

About 300,000 telephones are in use in the United States.

New York expends \$100,000 a month in street cleaning.

The entire village of Povelton, Pa., is advertised for sale.

A Japanese has discovered a process for making artificial tortoise shells with the white of an egg.

Nevada City is said to be so quiet that flocks of quails are seen on the streets every day.

One of the remarkable things in Utah is a mountain near Salt Lake City completely covered over by oyster shells.

Over 1,000,000 miles of telegraph wire are in operation in the United States—enough to encircle the globe forty times.

The most widely separated points between which it is possible to send a telegram are between British Columbia and New Zealand, via America and Europe.

A Belfast, Me., merchant hired a new clerk, who immediately distinguished himself by trying to get those queer chimneys off the incandescent electric lamps so as to light them with a match.

The fish are getting so numerous around the docks at Fort Tampa, Fla., that they jump out of the water and land on the docks. A kingfish weighing seventeen pounds was captured in that way a few days ago.

Massachusetts has probably a larger assortment of ex-governors than any other commonwealth. They are taken alphabetically. Banks, Boutwell, Butler, Clafin, Gardner, Gaston, Long, Rice and Robinson.

A biographer of David Bennett Hill recalls the fact that the bachelor governor was never fond of the girls. He has always avoided their society, and has been known to walk around a block to avoid meeting one.

John Burns, the English socialist leader, who managed the great strike of the London dockmen, is a relative of Robert Burns. In appearance he resembles the dead poet so strongly as to cause general comment.

A contemporary has discovered that as the hand of Providence blanches Dr. Depew's whiskers, and his own hand boldly adjusts his white cravat, the resemblance between the great New Yorker and the late Col. Vanderbilt becomes daily more and more striking.

It is not generally known that there are in existence some very spirited ballads by Lord Macaulay, which, in accordance with the author's wish, have never been published. The best of them relates the story of Botsworth field.

When the pope recently received a letter from Harvard university in acknowledgment of some presents which he had sent it, he read the communication out aloud, slowly, and expressed his admiration of the classical Latin in which it was written.

Mrs. McAdow, one of the owners of the Spoiled Horse mine of Montana, recently drove into Helena in a buckboard, unattended, carrying a gold brick worth \$40,000. It took two porters and a truck to get the heavy mass of gold from the wagon into the bank.

Gov. Lee, of Virginia, has a letter from Lord Wolseley, saying that he will attend the unveiling of the monument to Gen. Robert E. Lee in Virginia early in December unless something unforeseen happens. This is in response to an invitation. Jefferson Davis will also attend, and Lord Wolseley and Mr. Davis will be the lions of the occasion.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE PRESENT RAPID GROWTH

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CITY OF M'MINNVILLE

Demonstrates that the Nucleus for a Great City has been formed. During the last two years in the neighborhood of

\$200,000 Have been Spent for Public Improvements.

It is the Only City in Oregon that Owns and Operates COMPLETE ELECTRIC LIGHT and WATER PLANTS.

And soon the Rattle and Ring of a Street Car Line will be heard.

No city in the Willamette Valley presents a better field for the operation of Capital.

The Manufactories of the Town

Are comparatively few in number, but still they employ a large number of people. Among them are the McMinnville Flouring mills, with a capacity of One Hundred Barrels of Flour per day; two lumber yards, with sash and door factories in connection; a creamery and cheese factory, with a capacity of one thousand pounds of butter per day; a furniture factory, yet in its infancy, but with the surety of increased operation in the near future.

The Population of the City is 2,500

And is constantly increasing; faster in proportion than other cities of the same size in Oregon. The surrounding country is exceedingly productive, a larger yield per acre, being raised within a radius of ten miles than in any other section of the State. YAM-HILL County is known as

"The Banner County of Oregon,"

And McMinnville is the county seat and metropolis of the Banner county.

This city is receiving deserved comment from the press of the State, and it is the intention of the proprietors of

The Telephone-Register

To issue on February 1st a Mammoth edition devoted entirely to McMinnville. Her business interests and business men will each receive attention in their respective columns in the issue, together with a history of the town from its first settlement to date. The educational facilities will receive their portion, together with interesting statistics, Banking, Commercial, Express, Freight, Municipal, Building, Religious and Fraternal will given. Articles by prominent people; sketches of the Lawyers, Doctors, County and City officials are being prepared, making it, as a whole, a paper which should be read and distributed throughout the State and Union in order to give the outside population a correct picture of McMinnville, the banner town of the banner county of the banner state.

The price of this paper will be 10 cents, a sum which you can easily afford to spend in order to let your friends know the true merits of our city. This is the first edition of a newspaper devoted entirely to McMinnville, and it will be complete with superb portraits of her business and professional men, with views of the principal buildings and points of interest.

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