

## A TASTE OF BLOOD

(Original.)

Jonathan Greenwill was a china merchant of Philadelphia. He had several ships afloat, and his son Robert, having a taste for the sea, was given command of one of them, the Pelican. The old man decided to make a voyage with his son on the Pelican and had a stateroom fitted up for him.

The voyage to China was uneventful. Jonathan Greenwill, who was a Quaker of the mildest type, sat much on deck, looking over old ocean's bosom, which throbbed gently; the clouds above, which rolled peacefully, and the sea birds, which sailed gracefully. Nothing could have been more conducive to a deepening of the old man's noncombustant principles.

The voyage out finished and a goodly cargo of silks, tea and other valuables having been taken aboard, the Pelican started for home. She was sailing southward one afternoon on the China sea midway between the Malay peninsula and the island of Borneo when a low, rakish looking vessel appeared on the eastern horizon that especially arrested Captain Robert Greenwill's attention. The old man sat on deck in his chair, absorbed, as usual, in the peacefulness of the scene. The captain went below, and when he returned strange noises were heard underneath.

"What are those sounds, Robert?" asked the father.

"Guns being hauled into position behind masked openings. Do you see that vessel? She's a pirate."

"But, Robert," exclaimed the old man, rising in great trepidation, "what is this going to do?"

"Fight!"

The father said nothing for some time, then spoke earnestly:

"Robert, these know my principles. If these fight, I cannot help thee."

"You can go below, father, and await the issue there."

"What arms have these?"

"I've always carried three guns on each broadside, and I have a plentiful supply of muskets and cutlasses."

"I never knew that, or I would not have allowed it."

"That I knew very well, father."

An hour later the situation was as follows: The Pelican and the pirate were within a mile of each other, both heading for the strait. The owner of the Pelican was in his stateroom. To enable him to keep his principles he had locked himself in and thrown the key out through a porthole. In doing so he caught sight of the pirate just as she "broke" the skull and bones from her peak, and a few moments later she fired a shot across the Pelican's bows. Mr. Greenwill was expecting to hear some response from the Pelican's guns, but he did not. Since this was in accordance with his professed views he should have been pleased, but he was not. He started to go and see what occasioned the delay, but found the door locked. A profane word was on his lips, but he repressed it. Mounting a stool, he called through an opening above the door:

"Why doesn't these fire, Robert?"

But Robert was too far away to hear, besides being otherwise engaged. Jonathan got down from the stool and went to the porthole just in time to see the pirate fire a gun that struck the Pelican within twenty feet of the opening through which he was looking. The pirate was now near enough for him to see the deck swarming with the ugliest lot of yellow cutthroats he had ever looked at.

Again forgetting that the door was locked, he tried to open it. At that moment there were three simultaneous boomings in his own ship, and he ran back to the porthole to get a view. He saw activity on the pirate and new guns run out.

The fight was now well on, and between the booms were heard sounds of the old man's boot against the door of the stateroom, which finally yielded, and Jonathan Greenwill rushed on deck with a cutlass that he had picked up as he ran.

"Give 'em—more balls, Robert! Why don't these fire faster?"

"All hands ready to repel boarders!" was the captain's only reply, seeing that the pirate was hauling in toward the Pelican.

Ten minutes later the pirate had grapping irons on the Pelican and a lot of fiends were climbing aboard. The Pelican's crew were fewer in number, but of a superior race. The Pelican's deck was higher than the pirate's, and as the pirates put their hands on the gunwale they were chopped off by the cutlasses of the Pelican's men. Nevertheless a number of them got aboard, and both sides fought desperately. Finally, when half of those who had boarded were killed, the pirate sheered off and left the rest at the mercy of the Pelican's crew.

Then for the first time Robert Greenwill got a view of his father. The old man, covered with pirates' blood, his eyes glaring, was hacking away at the remnant of the yellow fiends who had sought to take his ship.

"Hold on, father! We'll take them ashore and let the authorities hang them."

Either the old man did not hear or his blood was too hot to heed. He went on hacking and stabbing, and the men, considering his example an order, went on killing the pirates till none was left alive. Then, when there was no more blood to feed Jonathan Greenwill's thirst, he suddenly came to himself. Dropping his cutlass, he went down the companionway, and soon his voice was heard wrestling in prayer for forgiveness for having sinned in having not only used the sword, but having killed more pirates than any man aboard the ship.

FRANK P. CHENEY.

### The Wily Arab of Tripoli.

Down the street the faint intermittent tinkling of a bell was heard. "Burr-ro!" ("Get out!") in warning rasped the high pitched voice of a camel driver. I dodged quickly into the shop of a silversmith and watched four lumbering camels sledge softly by. To prevent those behind the driver from being stolen the halter rope of each is tied to the tail of the one ahead, and on the tail of the last camel are flaps and flaps it from side to side tinkles a bell. A wily one of the faithful, not being rich in this world's goods, turned covetous eyes on a nomadic brother who passed through the town leading a string of six camels. "Allah! Allah! ursel el Allah! Could not the brother spare one of his final?" (camels). So, dusting the flies from his eyes and hooding himself with his barracan, he stealthily followed. He was aware that near the New gate the street narrowed and made a double turn. No sooner had the driver and head camel rounded the first corner than the wily one seized the bell attached to the hindmost camel. With a stroke of his knife he severed it from the tail of the animal, and, keeping it tinkling, he quickly fastened it to the tail of the next, cut loose the last beast and—"Allah wills"—made off with his loot.—C. W. Furlong in Harper's.

### A Mysterious Booming.

A strange phenomenon is that of the so called "guns of Burrisaul." In India, Burrisaul is a station in the Sunderbunds, the marshy delta of the Ganges, a region covered with a vast and luxuriant jungle of tropic vegetation. Here in the rainy season there is occasionally heard a loud, booming noise like the discharge of distant artillery. It seems to come from the south, but if one follows the sound in that direction its apparent distance does not diminish. Travelers have suggested that it may be produced by the heavy surf of the monsoon season thundering on the shores of the bay of Bengal or on an island, but the place of its origin has never been identified, nor has it been explained why the roar of the waves should be heard so much farther inland here than on other coasts.

### When "Girl" was "Gell."

Concerning the pronunciation of "girl," it is to be feared that only very careful English people fail to rhyme it with "pearl" nowadays. The song of some years back—"My dear little girlie, with hair so nice and curly, and every morning early"—shows the custom of the great public in our time, though in the "Vikings and his Dinah" period "girl" was rhymed with "dwell." "Gell" was no doubt the nearest the average man could get to the sound imperfectly represented by "gairl" and at any rate was better than the vulgar "gal." But in these days few authors would go to the trouble of writing "gairl" to show that a character was peculiar in thus pronouncing the word as Thackeray did in the case of Mrs. Bungay. So says a London correspondent.

### Pretty Bashful.

At a village church a wedding was fixed for a certain date. The happy morn arrived, and in due course a youthful swain and faire ladye presented themselves at the chancel steps. The service proceeded smoothly as far as the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" Whereupon the supposed bridegroom stammered blushingly:

### A Russian Pastime.

If the human jaws need some occupation in the intervals of meals and gossip, says Health Culture, masticators could learn a lesson from the peasants of southern Russia, who exercise their teeth on the hard seeds of the Caspian sunflower. There is not a suspicion of a stimulant about it, no chewing gum dyspepsia or navy plug nuisance. It is a pastime and incidentally an excellent dentifrice. In Astrakhan a pint of the requisite seeds can be bought for a quarter of a penny.

### A Plausible Inference.

"Miriam," said her mother, "have you ever given young Mr. Stapleford any reason to believe you cared for him enough to marry him?"

"He seems to think so," answered the daughter, "because I told him the other evening that he was sending me too many costly flowers and ought to begin to save his money."—Chicago Tribune.

### Merely a Suggestion.

Wright—I've tried everything, and my novels don't seem to sell. Penman—Excuse me, but you have not tried everything. You know, it is said that Dickens' novels sell four times better than during his life.—Yonkers Statesman.

### Retribution.

Minister (meeting a small boy on Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish)—Johnny, Johnny, do these belong to you? Johnny—Y-e-s, sir. You see, that's what they got for chasing worms on a Sunday.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Not Her Business.

Husband—Another new dress? Where do you suppose I shall get the money from to pay for it? Wife—You must excuse me, I didn't marry you to give you financial advice.

Mohammedan meals begin with salt and end with vinegar. The salt defends the believer from seventy diseases; the vinegar assures him increased prosperity.

### Hoped He Wouldn't Grow.

A well known member of parliament was addressing an agricultural meeting in the south of England and in the course of his remarks expressed the opinion that farmers do not sufficiently vary their crops and make a mistake in always sowing wheat.

One of the audience opposed to him in politics asked him what crops he would recommend.

"Everything in turn," he replied.

"Well," said his interlocutor, "if swedes don't come up, what then?"

"Sow mustard," said the M. P.

"And if mustard doesn't come up, what then?"

And so he went on through a whole list of crops until, the M. P.'s patience being exhausted, he put an end to his questioning amid roars of laughter by saying:

"Oh, sow yourself, and I hope you won't come up."

### Circumstantial Evidence.

Chick Bruce was a famous Adirondack guide, who accompanied Grover Cleveland on one or two of his hunting trips in those mountains. Chick left Mr. Cleveland sitting on a log one morning while he went out to drive down a deer should he chance to find one. When he came back he saw his distinguished employer still sitting on the log, but with the muzzle of his gun pointing directly at the presidential chest.

"Here," shouted Chick, "quit that, doo' gash ye! Suppose that gun had gone off and you had killed yourself, what would have happened to me? Durn ye, everybody knows I'm a Republican!"—Saturday Evening Post.

### A Large Order.

The proprietor of a certain restaurant "leased" the reverse side of his bill of fare to a carriage manufacturer, who prints advertisements thereon. The other day a customer, in a great hurry, ran into the restaurant, sat at a table and was handed a bill wrong side up by the hurried waiter. The customer put on his pince-nez, curled his mustache with his left hand and shouted in a voice of thunder: "Bring me a fly, a landau, two victorias and a dogcart. Got any funeral cars?" The waiter fled.—London Graphic.

### Judgment Reversed.

Schoolteacher—I am sorry to complain, but Johnnie Jones has been very impertinent. Principal—You must be more patient, Miss Howard. Teach the children to respect you as they do me, and we shall have fewer complaints. What did he say? Schoolteacher—He said you were the skinniest old maid alive!—Brooklyn Life.

### The Disadvantages of Schools.

"Why have you taken your son out of school without asking permission?"

Father (a grocer)—But they were ruining him. I wish to bring him up to carry on my business, and they were teaching him that there are sixteen ounces in a pound.—Motto Pu Ridere.

### A Nice Present.

It is said of a champion mean man that the only present he ever made to his wife was on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, when he gave her four yards of cotton cloth with which to make him a shirt.

### Logical Result.

Teacher—What happens when a person's temperature goes down as far as it can go? Tommy—Then he has cold feet.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.—Van Artevelde.

### His First Love Affair.

Mrs. Rose—Did your husband ever have more than one love affair? Mrs. Pose—Oh, only one, I believe! Mrs. Rose—And that was when he fell in love with you? Mrs. Pose—Oh, dear, no! He had fallen in love with himself long before he had met me.

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