

MODERN GRANDMOTHERS.

You "wonder where they've gone to, those grandmothers of yore. With such quaint old nursery jingles that we always cried for more. With their spectacles and aprons, and their ruffled muslin caps. And their puffs of snowy hair, and their broad enticing laps?"



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SYNOPSIS.

Master Ardick, just reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, after stating his case to one Houthwick, a shipmaster, is shipped as second mate on the "Industry" bound for Havana. Mr. Tym, the supercargo, describes a sail. The strange vessel gives chase, but is disabled by the "Industry's" guns. The "Industry" is little damaged, but Houthwick and one of the crew are killed. Sellinger, first mate, takes charge and puts into Sidmouth to secure a new mate. Several days later, when well out to sea, an English merchantman is met, whose captain has a letter addressed to Jeremiah Hope, at Havana. The crew of the vessel tell strange tales of the buccaner Morgan, who is sailing under the king's commission to take Panama. One night a little later, the English vessel having proceeded on her course, Ardick learns of a plot among the crew, headed by Pradey, the new mate, to take the "Industry" and join Morgan's fleet. Ardick consults Mr. Tym. They resolve to secure the mate, but Pradey, eavesdropping in the cabin, makes through the door and arouses the crew. Capt. Sellinger joins Ardick and Tym. The crew break through the now barricaded door, but are forced to retire, having lost seven of their number. Sellinger is for immediately falling upon the mutineers, but Tym argues that they are a light crew but still more than two to their one.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

By these arguments Mr. Tym finally prevailed, and the idea of an assault was abandoned. We then fell to talking and Capt. Sellinger remarked that at least we were in command of nearly all the powder in the ship, the magazine lying beneath, in the hold, and the double doors betwixt that and the general storeroom securely locked. It would require the use of a ram and violence, or considerable work of carpentry, to break through.

"Yet I conceive they might employ one or the other," said Mr. Tym, "and since we have the floor of the storeroom between us and the magazine, the sound might be cut off. I think we had best raise you trap, to be prudent. Say, you do it, Master Ardick."

I disturbed the scuttle accordingly, and we moved that way that we might catch even a small sound of operation.

"At least, if it comes to the worst, we can blow up the ship," said the captain, with a setting together of the lips, yet not quite so desperate as his air was, I thought.

"I pray you let us think of less desperate measures," I said, quite disturbed. "Surely, we should take much encouragement from what we have done, and trust to the like fortune in the future. They are but eight, as you say, and for the most part of small skill with arms. We are only three, but all have a good knowledge of weapons—for I would have you to know that I am no novice with either broadsword or backsword, having had instruction from an approved maitre d'armes—so the real odds are by no means what they seem."

"This is all good," said Mr. Tym, with a tranquil air, "and I doubt not that we could hold them a stiff bout, so we could have them all in front, and no use of firearms. Yet let us remain as we are for awhile, and see whether a still better way will not open."

"Faith," said the captain, quickly, "it may be opening now. I see some sort of glimmer or spark through the chinks in yon door."

The spark flickered before the cracks in the door, and I was just thinking that it might be the match of an old-fashioned gun, and had opened my mouth to utter a warning, when the glimmer increased to a clear little flame, and as it did so some one knocked on the door.

I bid the whole rascally pack of you defiance! Yet stay a little, and I will give you the word of the others. What say you, friends?" he concluded, turning to us. "Have you a message of another sort?"

"What manner of terms does Master Pradey offer?" spoke up Mr. Tym, somewhat to my surprise.

"He will spare your lives and give you good treatment," answered the sailor. It seemed to me that he spoke something eagerly.

"Of what sort are the mate's plans?" The man hung a little in the wind. "There you have me out of soundings, sir," he said at last. "You will need to ask Master Pradey."

"I have done with him," said the supercargo, turning with an indifferent air to the captain. "I did but try him."

"And I wish not even to go to that limit," said I.

"Hark'ee, fellows!" cried Capt. Sellinger, sternly. "Begone, and tell that lobsouring villain to do as he lists. We will neither trust him nor hold further parley with him."

The men received the message in silence, and presently we heard them retire, and the glimmer of their lantern died out.

"I think they will now leave us in peace for a little," said Mr. Tym, with the remark sheathing his sword. "They have found they can neither overbear us, and till they think of something new will of necessity do nothing."

"I hold the same," said the captain, "and my council is that we take advantage of the lull, and catch a little rest."

"With all my heart," said the supercargo. "Let us be about it." He yawned prodigiously, but added, laughing: "I am not so worn out as I seem. 'Twas but a lazy trick of youth."

I felt much encouragement and, in a sort, relief at his manner. The strain till now had been great, and my courage, in some wise, had begun to flag. In truth, I was new at such business, and had not learned that steadfastness and command over my nerves that were to come with future experience. We were now ready to arrange our watches, and it only remained to decide who should first stand and who turn in. We settled this after a little argument by my being chosen for the watch below (using the nautical phrase, though in strictness it scarcely applied), and accordingly selected the mate's cabin, and stretched myself in the bunk.

I cannot say how long I slept, but I know I was awakened at last by a sound of crashing wood, and on starting up I found the ship almost without motion and a few faint day streaks coming in at the window. I was on my feet straightway and caught up my hanger and pistol. What had happened I could not conjecture, but it must be something of import. I hearkened for an instant, but there was no repetition of the sound, and without tarrying longer I flung open the door and rushed out. My friends were on their feet, sword in hand, and by the creaking of their heads were in the act of listening.

"What is it?" I cried. "What is doing?"

"Nay, we know not for a certainty," replied Mr. Tym coolly, "but by the noise it is the splintering of boats."

"Is it not light enough to scan the deck?" I asked. "I think there be cracks in the door sufficient to see through."

"We tried but now, and could discover nothing," answered the supercargo. "Yet no harm to make a fresh attempt."

With this I stepped to the door and applied my eye to the chieftest crack. I thought I caught a glimpse of some shadowy figures. Stimulated by the discovery, I boldly drew away the fastening and peered out. I instantly discovered two or three forms flitting about the bows, and as I looked saw one mount the bulwark and drop over. In a moment it came to me what was doing. The mutineers were deserting the ship; I flung the door wide and made a significant gesture to my companions. They were beside me in a twinkling, and on beholding the deserted deck tumbled unhesitatingly out. I was at their heels, and we continued to the confines of the quarter deck, where we fetched up and looked around. All was indeed clear. Poop, afterdeck, midships, and foredeck—no a soul to be seen.

My companions had mounted the bulwark and were bending over, and the captain was wagging his head and pointing at something over the quarter. I was at no loss to guess what it was, and upon running a bit one side and looking past the poop I made certain. It was, in fact, the escaping mutineers.

They were all in one boat—the ship's long boat—and by the aid of several oars were drawing pretty fast to windward. I could not stop to make more of them than this, for the ship was now all ways in the wind, and I hastened to fetch her upon her course. The breeze was light and no harm done, and I presently had her about her business and all drawing as it should. By this time the boat was again under my observation, for she was now upon the weather bow instead of the weather quarter, and I had opportunity to scan her with more exactness. She held all the ten men—that is, the mate, old Lewson, the disabled sailor, the cook, the cabin boy and the five other seamen. I should say here that the cabin boy was scarce of reality a boy, since he was 17, and as big as some of the men. The boat was fitted with a sail, which two fellows forward were even now setting, and by the pile of boxes and casks midships was well supplied with all manner of stores.

I stood on tiptoes and peered with impatience over the poop, hoping to come by a glimpse of my companions, and resolve what they were doing, but just at the moment I heard Mr. Tym say something, and, following the

words, his head rose above the poop ladder.

"At the helm!" he called out, composedly.

"Aye, aye!" I answered, almost a-tremble with anxiety. "How fares it?"

"Not over well," he returned, with the same coolness. "Pradey has stove the boats and spiked at least a part of the guns. But the captain would have you below."

"Yet a word," I said, as I gave up the tiller. "Is the ship scuttled?"

"So the captain conceives. He whipped into the cabin, to note from the window whether the gig was stove or no, and as he was returning descended for a bit to the storeroom. He reported the hold all a-wash."

"Then we are indeed in the plight of your inconvenient kittens!" I cried, flinging myself with all speed toward the poop ladder.

The captain conceived it wise to pay a visit to the hold, for, although he had made sure that there was a great and unusual body of water there, he had not determined the rate at which it was gaining, nor, beyond question, that it had made to a point where there was no hope in striving with it. We advanced into the 'twain-decks, accordingly, and from thence descended to the hold, where we immediately perceived that the worst of our forebodings were justified. In sooth, it was a sure turn of work enough, for the bottom had been clean pierced. Without little force to work the pumps we could no more than partially relieve the ship, and could effect nothing in curing the trouble, which was, in a word, past our mending. We returned at once to Mr. Tym, and the captain, bravely and coolly, as it seemed to me, reported the thing as it stood. The supercargo looked grave, but not dismayed, and said that since such was the situation he presumed we must forthwith set about constructing a raft.

"Aye," answered the captain, briefly. "Follow me and we will at it."

We did not stop to try the well, knowing nearly enough what it would show, but proceeded with all haste to prepare our material and put it together, being assured that we had no time to lose. Some spare spars were first laid down as a frame for the structure, other and lighter spars were placed across and firmly lashed, and the spaces between were filled in with such material—small planks and the like—as were ready to be come at.

"Let us see what this craft will do under cloths."

Over all we placed the two cabin doors and the main part of the boards that had formed the bulkhead forward of the 'twain-decks. Empty breakers, or water casks, were then lashed along all sides to act as bulwarks, and the structure was finished. We launched her without much trouble, the sea running light and there being only a small wind, and when she was clear of the tackle we brought her under the quarter, and with great haste—for now the ship went heavily and showed how nearly she was waterlogged—we fitted her out.

"She is beginning to settle," said I, just as we got the last thin spar over.

"Yes," answered Capt. Sellinger; "but she may not go down for a little time, for all that."

He seemed loath to quit his good ship, and I could not wonder; but yet there was little room in the business for sentiment. We finally cast off, and I put over our oar and sculled off a matter of 100 yards or so, where we hung for a little space, at the captain's desire, to watch the end of the poor craft. We had hardly any time to wait. Of a sudden she seemed to give a great jar, steadied, and almost stood still, and then, with a fling upward of her stern, plunged down, and in almost an instant wallowed from sight. The broken waves swung in, riding in rings above her vanished masts, and the space she had occupied was open sea like the rest.

Till the "Industry" had thus come to her end we could not fetch our minds to other concerns, but now the captain gave a sigh, which seemed to break the spell, and we stirred in our places and presently fell to talking. The longboat was still lifting and falling on the swells to the south of us, her sail not very well filled on account of the light breeze, but yet already a considerable distance off, and slowly gaining. For ourselves, we had hoisted no canvas, and were making no effort to come upon any course, and were therefore merely slipping gently to leeward.

"Pray, where do you prick us down on the chart?" inquired Mr. Tym of the captain, after we had speculated a little upon the weather and the present mild wind.

"Coming at it as near as may be," answered Capt. Sellinger, "we should be in 32 of north latitude, and in longitude may be 60. That would fetch us somewhat above 100 miles east of the Bermudas, and near to 800 miles from our port."

"I had thought a bit farther north and east," returned the supercargo, "but doubtless I am astray as to your

last observation. Then, such being the figures, what say you we should deduce from them—in other words, how shall we lay our course?"

"Well," he said, with a bitter look into the south, "had we yonder boat I could fetch you a straight answer, but what navigator shall lay you the course of a raft? It will be as the wind says. As it holds now, we might strive to make the Bermudas; but by the looks of the sky and the smell of the air there should presently be a change, and it is odds that it fetches then from the north."

"By which it seems," said the supercargo rather gravely, "that we are in a worse case than I had conceived, and can do little save wait and trust in God. I had thought," he added more in his usual manner "that this was the trade wind, which we count to be in a manner steadfast."

"Aye, and so it is," answered the captain, "only not at present confirmed and with a staying weight in it. But since it is better to do something than nothing and no harm can come by it, we will set the sail. Master Ardick pluck the mast from among the raffle yonder, fetch that large piece of canvas, and let us see what this craft will do under cloths."

It came like a bit of cheer to have this rational thing to do, after such a solemn go-round, and I made haste to overhaul the spar and canvas and fetch them aft. Here was the clearest space, and I spread the articles out, and the captain and I fell to work. In a very little time we had the affair ready, and I carried it forward and put it in place.

ODD ABOUT GEESE.

The Web-Footed Fowl Can't Stand a Rainstorm When Thirsty, Says a Poultryman.

"Geese are peculiar," said an old poultry salesman. "Put them out in a rainstorm when they have a good thirst on, and they are liable to die. About ten years ago I was engaged by a firm to go out through the west to buy live geese and chickens. I bought about ten carloads, put them in crates and started east. The geese were in the crates nearest the floor of the open car—that's the regular way to ship them—and on top of them were piled the chicken crates.

"We got about ten miles from St. Joseph, Mo., when the load on one of the cars sagged, and the whole pile of crates was spilled on the side of the track. In piling the crates on again the geese were placed on top. I knew I was taking chances, because a rainstorm meant death to the geese, but there didn't seem to be any storm in sight, and I thought we could make St. Joseph and shift the load there. The train had only gone a short distance when a storm came up so suddenly that the rain was falling almost as soon as the clouds were noticed. The geese had been without water for some hours, and the moment they felt the rain they were stretching their necks through the openings between the slats and holding their bills open to catch the drops. Well, I got an old coat and laid it over as many of the crates as it would cover, so as to save as many as possible. Then I got a switch and tried to force the others to keep their heads inside the crates. They didn't mind the switch very much, and I had to give each one four or five good hits before it would pull in its head, and when I started on a new head the old one would pop up again.

"When we got into St. Joseph it was still raining, and every goose in the top crates, with the exception of those under the coat, was dead. Whether they died from drinking too much or from drinking while their necks were in an unnatural position I do not know, but every man who has handled live geese knows that a thirsty goose in a rainstorm in a crate is as good as dead. I've never told of this peculiarity about geese without being doubted, but you just ask any poultryman if it isn't true."—Chicago Tribune.

Thousands Follow a Dead Crocodile.

A crocodile which, in the course of several weeks, manages to devour some 15 men and cattle, is in a fair way to establish a record. A gharial which infested the River Borak, near Silchar, had achieved this unenviable notoriety and was fast becoming a terror to the inhabitants of the town; it had, in fact, become necessary to protect bathing in the river. Some days ago, however, Subadar Maula Khan, of the Seventeenth Bengal infantry, now at Silchar, waited for the crocodile, and succeeded in disposing of her with three shots from a rifle. In the attempt to drag the animal out of the water a boat was upset and the animal was eventually towed ashore by a steamer. Forty sepoy boys the body of the monster in triumph to the regimental lines, where it was exhibited, fully 10,000 villagers coming from near and far during the day to see their vanquished foe. —Bombay Advocate.

Eye to Business.

"I tell you, sir, the way they soak down the streets in some parts of the city is simply outrageous. If I had my way I'd make street sprinkling a penal offense."

"You're an enthusiastic bicyclist, I take it?"

"No, sir. I am an enthusiastic oculist."—Chicago Post.

All the Symptoms.

They had watched the couple for several minutes. "He has just about reached the point of proposing," said one of them, at last.

"How do you know that?" asked the other.

"Because he is so nervous and she is so self-possessed."—Chicago Post.

Ought to Be.

Bacon—Your friend is well informed. I see. Egbert—Well, he ought to be, with the wife he's got.—Yonkers Statesman.



WOMAN HOME

NOW LIVES IN ALGIERS.

Ranavaloo, Once Queen of Madagascar, Has Been Well Treated by the French Government.

Queen Ranavaloo has only her own cleverness to thank for the fact that she has taken one more unwilling step away from her countrymen and kinsmen in Madagascar. After the execution of her uncles two years ago she was deposed by Gen. Gallieni and removed by Lieut. Durand to the island of La Reunion, out in the Indian ocean, to eastward of Madagascar. But there Ranavaloo was too near to her race and to the throne she had quitted. There were intrigues against the French, "which I could not but overhear," observes Ranavaloo, with pious naïveté, now that the French government is removing her to Algeria, where she may be in no danger of "overhearing" anything prejudicial to the French.

The French were by no means sure that their vigilance was evaded or that the former queen was in anything like active relations with her former subjects, but there was the constant fear that her dusky majesty's presence in the neighborhood would keep alive the hopes which France desires to annihilate.

Though the exiled queen yearns for the land of her fathers, she certainly has no sovereign dignity to regret, for until three years ago the prime minister, Rainilaiarivony, was undisputed master of the land and the nominal queen lived as a recluse in Tananariva palace. When allowed to leave the palace she was carried in a sedan chair



RANAVALO, QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

and always escorted by the vigilant minister, but her appearances in public were few and far between. Once, it is true, the royal negro blood bubbled over. Incensed by the presumption of an inferior and the usurpation of her hereditary rights, she revolted. This exercise of spirit gained her nothing more than a stricter regime of imprisonment, for Rainilaiarivony, indignant that his authority had been questioned, resolved there and then to put an end to the attempt at woman's rights and only screwed the irons tighter. In fact, so closely was she confined that it is said that the only gleam of pleasure that brightened her monotonous life was flying paper kites from her bedroom window.

Things were much gayer for her at La Reunion, where she had two carriages at her disposal and enjoyed more outings in a week than formerly in a year. In Algeria she will have still greater freedom, which, with her yearly allowance of \$5,000 from the French government, and a comfortable villa, ought to render her exile tolerable.

Queen Ranavaloo is slight, of average height, and her copper complexion in a way conceals her 50 years. Her face, though far from pretty, is agreeable, and it might even be said that there is something attractive in the ensemble of large, tender eyes, short, slightly flattened nose and thin lips. Though of a remarkably sweet disposition, the little queen has a will of her own, which France saw very plainly in the several revolts at Tananariva. When it was known that she was expected at Marseilles a crowd gathered on the wharf. The curious were much astonished at seeing, instead of a swarthy, ungainly negress, a most graceful, dignified woman, dressed in green silk, richly trimmed with passementerie, and wearing a black picture hat with feathers and roses, coquettishly perched on the side of the slightly woolly mop.

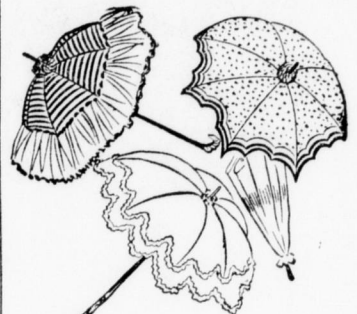
The queen has always been decidedly fond of dress and jewelry, and although she had only 24 hours in which to make all preparations for quitting La Reunion, the quantity of baggage she managed to get together is astonishing. There are cases and cases containing the dresses, which were the object of so much care and attention in her short period of power. During the voyage this wardrobe of thin silks and fluff gauzes proved far from seasonable, and Capt. Bonnefoy, of the Yangtze, was obliged to purchase at Port Said warm clothes and fur-lined gloves for his shivering charge. She carries with her more than \$2,000,000 worth of jewelry.—Chicago Record.

Summer Belts and Buckles.

Belts of bias black satin and black satin ribbon are still a feature of dress, and the wide belt of bias satin folds drawn around a slender figure is one of the most becoming fancies. Belts of ribbon with buckles in the back are seen on many of the new thin gowns, and three bands of inch-wide black velvet ribbon, spreading a little distance apart at the middle of the back, where they are fastened with small steel buckles, is another pretty belt effect.

THE NEW PARASOLS. Polka Dots Flourish and White Silk with Black Moons is Considered Stunning.

The new parasols are very attractive in their varied combinations and degrees of fluffiness, even though their period of usefulness has not yet come; and here, as in every other department of dress, the polka dot flourishes in all sizes. Silk parasols of all tints are spotted over with white, but the most stunning thing of all is the white silk covered with black velvet moons. Graduated rows of black velvet ribbon trim



SOME NEW PARASOLS.

some of the new sunshades, and quite the newest thing of all is the scalloped edge finished with a ruche of the same silk. The ruching is very narrow and three rows are the usual number, put on with spaces between. Face insertions and frills are also used, trimming, and the same little cords, tucks seen last season are set in from the tip to the edge of the plain sunshades.

Most of the dressy parasols have some trimming of white or black or both. Black chiffon parasols made over a color, violet, for example, and trimmed with bunches of violets caught in chiffon rosettes are among the many styles in sight. White chiffon and lace parasols are an indescribable succession of puffs, shirs and frills, most beautiful to look upon, and are trimmed with clusters of flowers or ribbon rosette bows. One variety is shirred in tucks all over, and each tuck is headed by a frill of narrow lace edging. Moire silk parasols in the light colors are especially pretty and are made quite plain. There are broadened silk parasols, too, and all sorts and conditions of handles, the natural wood stick being the prevailing style. Colored silk parasols covered with chiffon decorated with applique lace are another pretty novelty for the few who can afford an assortment in this article of dress.—N. Y. Sun.

CHILD'S WHITE APRON.

The Very Latest Patterns Suggest the Return of the Full and Pretty Bishop Sleeve.

New apron modes suggest the return of the style worn some years back which had large bishop sleeves, gathered into a band of embroidery at the wrist.

And this is after all the more sensible way, for with the long sleeves, a child's dress is better protected from



EMPIRE APRON FOR LITTLE GIRL.

objectionable accumulations and, therefore, lasts twice the usual length of time.

The latest apron design has a full skirt finished around the foot with a narrow hem. The neck is cut square and around it is a ruffle of embare edged with narrow lace. Across the shoulders are bands of embroidery, below which are two ruffles trimmed also with lace.

The sleeves are roomy and comfortable and are gathered into a band of embroidery at the wrist.

German Empress's Gowns.

The German empress is by no means economical as regards her dress, though she does all in her power to be so. Empress Frederick, on the contrary, spends very little on her outer adornment, and has always been noted for the plainness of her clothing. All the grand court toilets of the German empress are made in Vienna, a few only being made in Berlin. The trains alone cost from \$5,000 to \$60,000, and they are of so great a length and so heavy that her majesty is unable to walk unless her train is carried by the pages. It is a rule at the German court that neither the empress nor any of the princesses may appear twice in the same costume at court.