

THE MATE'S REWARD.

The crimson light of the rising sun fell upon the face of Mary Burlville, the captain's pretty daughter, as she came up from the cabin of the merchant ship *Cameron*, becalmed off the coast of Peru. The girl had just completed her morning toilet, and there was one youthful sailor aboard who fancied he had never seen a lovelier object than this young woman of seventeen. The sailor alluded to was Thomas Rollins, a fine-looking intelligent seaman of twenty, who now stood at the wheel.

For an instant Mary had glanced toward him, and blushed as she bade him good-morning, then she walked to the rail and fixed her gaze upon an old whaleship which was in plain sight, not a league off the quarter. Rollins had politely responded to her salutation, then a sad look had fallen on his manly face. In brief, the young man loved the captain's daughter, but he could have entertained no hope of ever making her his wife, even had he known that his affection was returned.

The girl and he were born in the same village, where, for awhile, they had been playmates in childhood. Then they were separated by the captain's moving to a distant seaport town. A few years later the failure of his father in business had induced the boy to undertake a sea voyage. He continued to pursue the calling of a sailor, and finally meeting Captain Burlville, he had shipped aboard his vessel.

Burlville, however, had at once discouraged any renewal of the old friendship between his daughter and Rollins.

I have nothing against you, of course, he said to the latter, but as you and she are now man and woman, it is better that you should keep apart, as you would never be more to each other than mere acquaintances.

When he also gave his instructions to Mary on the same subject she pouted and wept, for she had always liked Rollins as a little boy, and she had not failed to notice that he was going to be a sturdy, handsome young fellow, with frank, pleasant manners that pleased her.

I think you very unreasonable, papa, she sobbed. It is because he is a foremost hand that you object to him.

An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, he said. I would not have you fall in love and marry any one less than a mate to provide for you better than a poor foremost hand.

Why not make Rollins a mate, then? said Mary, looking up shyly through her tears.

Well, well, he may become an officer in time; but he has his way to work up. True, he is very clever as it is, and as he has a knowledge of navigation, he would, perhaps make a good mate.

Why don't you promote him, if that is the case?

In the first place because there is no vacancy here. Then again, I don't believe in lifting a young fellow up to a position all at once. Let him gradually work his way to it as I have done. The best I can do is to recommend him to some ship owner.

But you own this ship. You could make him a mate of years, she said. She coaxed him and pleaded with him so earnestly, that at last he said he would think about it. If Rollins should prove himself more prompt and true in performing his duties than the other sailors, he, the captain, might take him for his mate in the course of time.

Now, as the girl looked over the rail, on this bright morning, she thought of her father's promise. It was a pleasant thought in her, and her blooming cheeks were dimpled with smiles, while her dark eyes shone like stars. All at once, between the craft aboard of which she stood and the whaler, she noticed a number of forked jets or spouts shooting up from the sea.

There she blows! cried her father, who had just emerged from the cabin. The whaler will soon have her boats down. Upon my word I should like to go near those oil-hunters and see the sport.

Even as he spoke four boats were dropped alongside the stranger, and they were soon heading toward the spouts.

I must see the fun, said the skip-

per, and I shall. Lower the Dingey, he said. I want three good men to go with me.

He selected the three that were to go, among them Rollins, who had just been relieved at the wheel. The boat was soon lowered, with the skipper at the tiller; and the oarsmen in their places.

Give away! cried the captain. The boat made good progress toward the whales, which were now heading seawards. The sailors from the other ship were pulling with might and main after the huge fish, whose dark humps were occasionally lifted above the surface, as they moved along on their way.

At last one of the sharp pointed boats of the whaler was within the darting distance of a great monster which had lagged a little behind the rest of the school. A tall dark man, in a guernsey and blue trousers, rose in the bow of his boat, harpoon in hand. For an instant the weapon was poised, to be hurled the next instant with unerring aim. It was buried to the socket in the whale, whose flukes were seen whisking to and fro through the white sheets of spray that hid the boat.

They are fast, remarked Captain Burlville, who, with his men—the latter now resting on their oars, about sixty fathoms from their ship—was an interested spectator of the scene.

From her father's craft Mary had also seen the man strike the whale. "Poor fish" she said with a shudder, as she placed both little hands over her eyes.

All at once she heard wild shouts. Looking in the direction of the noise, she perceived that the fast boat, dragged by the whale, which had sounded (going down) was leading straight toward the Dingey in which were her parent and the three oarsmen. The whaleboat, its crew cheering and yelling like madmen, seemed to cleave the water with the swiftness of an arrow, and it was soon not more than forty fathoms from the skipper and his companions.

"Oh papa, you will be run into!" screamed Mary in alarm. The captain looked toward her, smiled, shook his head, and in a minute he had the Dingey pulled out of the way of the coming boat.

Scarcely was this done, however, when there was a cry of terror from the young girl, who now beheld the water parted by the huge body of the whale, as the monster shot up, with the iron protruding from its hump and the line attached to the weapon whisking in many bights and coils around it. The creature was close to the Dingey, beating the sea with his flukes and churning the foam with his jaw.

Pull ahead! shouted Burlville, aware of his danger. He directed the small craft away from the whale, his oarsmen pulling vigorously. But before he was six fathoms from the animal the latter suddenly made straight for the little boat, his jaws wide open, his sharp, saw-like fangs viciously revealed.

Take care there! came warningly from the whaler, still more than a hundred yards distant. Burlville did his best to escape the infuriated pursuer but the leviathan gained rapidly upon him, and now, to avoid the great jaw, which was about to close upon the fragile stern of the little vessel, he sheered to one side. In an instant the enormous flukes, almost alongside of which the movement of the skipper had brought him, were raised high in air and whirled directly over the Dingey, over which it appeared they were about to descend with a force which would have crushed the light planks to fragments. Seeing these fearful weapons of the mighty fish fanning the air above their heads two of the oarsmen at once sprang into the sea, leaving Rollins and the captain still in the boat.

My father—oh, poor papa! cried Mary, who now, very pale, leaned far over the rail of the ship, her gaze riveted upon her parent.

The latter was in a peculiarly perilous situation. A bight of the line, whisking from the whale, had caught about his waist, and, having no knife with him, he was unable to clear himself from the rope, which had tightened about his body, holding him down between two thwart, as the flukes with a crash struck the sea, just missing the Dingey.

Rollins, who had been inclined to

follow the example of his two shipmates when they jumped overboard, had controlled himself, when he perceived the situation of his captain. With a quick motion of his oar he had caused the boat to shoot ahead, thus barely getting out of reach of those ponderous flukes as they descended. Now he quickly drew the sheath-knife he wore in his belt, and, springing to the skipper's side, he with one blow severed the line that had caught about the waist of the imperilled man and which by this time pulled him half way over the gunnel.

There was a roaring, gurgling sound, a hissing mass of foam and spray, then crunching, snapping noise, as the boat was crushed in the jaw of the whale.

Rollins and the captain had rolled over into the sea on that side of the Dingey opposite to the deadly fangs. For several moments they were hidden in the sheets of flying spray from the gaze of Mary Burlville, who had witnessed with joy and pride the gallant conduct of the young man whom she already secretly loved. Again she feared that after all they might be lost—be killed by the monster whose flukes were still beating the ocean. Soon these fears were at rest.

The great fish went down under the foaming waters, and there were her father and Rollins' now striking out for the whaler's boat, which was close at hand.

The swimmers were picked up a minute later, to find the two who had previously jumped from the Dingey already taken in. Burlville did not reprimand them, for he knew that had he not been caught by the line which at that time held him fast to the boat he too would have sprung overboard.

He was of course very earnest in his praise of Rollins for rescuing him from a terrible fate. So grateful was the skipper that when he arrived aboard and had embraced his daughter, he told his preserver that he in future take up his quarters in the cabin, where he would employ him as his clerk, and that Mary and he might hereafter be as friendly with each other as they pleased.

When at last the ship arrived home, the captain said to his daughter: "I promised you I would promote Rollins. Well, I suppose you would like to have me make him my first mate?"

Yes, papa, said Mary blushing, as she laid her soft cheek against his arm, "and—and—as he proposed it, I would like to have him for my mate too."

As the captain had lately concluded not to object to any such proposition, he readily gave his consent.

ARCTIC COLD.

A person who has never been in the polar region can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but by reading the terrible experiences of arctic travelers in that icy region some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there. When we have the temperature down to zero out of doors we think it bitterly cold, and if our houses were not so warm as at least, sixty degrees above zero, we should begin to talk of freezing to death. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to thirty-five degrees below zero in the house in spite of the stove. Of course in such a case, for garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins. Dr. Moss, of the English polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned there. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep it warm. It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light. This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold.

GOLD FOUND IN HIS GRAVE.

The accidental opening of a soldier's grave at Atlanta, Ga., disclosed what is rarely ever hidden in the tomb—money. The grave was on the side of a hill, near the East Tennessee railroad shops, and was about four or five feet deep. The soldier was probably hastily buried there during the war. Workmen have been engaged in making an excavation at this place for several days and more than once have discovered bones that greatly resembled those of a human body. They dug a hole twelve feet deep and four feet square and into it lowered a small can filled with gunpowder, to which a fuse was attached for the purpose of loosening the earth. Over the can they firmly packed some clay and the fuse was then lighted. In a few seconds there was a muffled explosion and for several yards around the earth was broken up as if it had been thoroughly plowed.

In one spot, within a few feet of the hole, a solid piece of the earth had been lifted up and turned over, leaving an excavation eight feet square and five feet deep. One of the workmen peered into the cavity, and, hastily returning to his companions, exclaimed: That's a grave and there's a skeleton in it. The men looked into the tomb and saw a human skeleton with all the bones in their proper place, but at a touch they fell apart. A closer inspection was made and several brass buttons with the letters U. S. on them; and the visor to a cap, were found in the grave. There was no sign of burial garments or of decayed wood to show that the dead soldier had been buried in a coffin.

I believe this is money, exclaimed one of the workmen as he brushed the earthstains from something round in his hand. He held a twenty dollar gold piece.

I have found one just like it, excitedly exclaimed another laborer, and he set to work to make his gold shine.

Here's a small piece—five dollars, exclaimed a third workman.

The search became general and one more twenty dollar gold piece, two tens and another five, making in all \$90, were found in the soldier's grave.

One of the laborers who had not been fortunate enough to pick up one of the coins said: "you wouldn't catch me taking money home what came out of a grave. I just tell you that skeleton will haunt you fellows what's got that gold, sure as you're born."

This caused some uneasiness among the holders of the money, but they didn't give it up. The body was that of a Union soldier, as the letters on the brass buttons clearly indicated, and he was probably among the killed in one of the battles fought around Atlanta. Like many others who met a similar fate he was buried without a winding sheet or shroud and with little ceremony. He was probably buried in the clothes in which he was shot down, and his money was left in his pockets and covered up in the grave. After more than twenty years no trace of the garments could be found, but the gold was still there, and, of all the contents of the tomb it was the only thing that remained for which men care or find use to day.—*New York World*.

TELEGRAPH LINE SOLD.

The Philadelphia *Record* of Wednesday was authoritatively stated in this city yesterday that the negotiations between the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Company, by which the former is to obtain control of the latter, had been practically settled, and would be formally made known at the next annual meeting of the stockholders of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. At that time Mr. Garrett will announce the sale of the telegraphic privileges and tender his resignation as President of the company. First Vice President Spencer will be elected as his successor, and it is declared that there will be radical changes made in the executive officers of the company.

A gentleman who has been prominently identified with all matters pertaining to recent operations affecting the Baltimore and Ohio property stated yesterday that the sale of the telegraphic franchises was a part of

the plan of the syndicate which recently took \$10,000,000 of the securities of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

General Superintendent Bates, of the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Company, endeavored to dispose of the rights of the company to a syndicate, but he failed, and Jay Gould will sail at a very early day for Europe considerable haste was required to have the negotiations consummated.

A United Press dispatch from Baltimore last evening said: Vice President Spencer, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, said to-day: The statement that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will abandon so valuable an asset as the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph is ridiculous. You may set this down as a fact, however: The Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph must earn more money with less operating expenses.

THE BIRD'S FUNERAL.

Visiting friends in Waterville, Me., who are remarkable for their love of God's speechless creatures, I listened with tireless interest to their accounts of their pets. Being made much of seemed to develop wonderfully the natural intelligence of the beasts and birds these kind friends took under their protection; but the story which pleased me most of any they told was the following:—

"Mother stood there by her cooking window, looking out on the garden. In the corner, among the apple trees, she saw a most unusual gathering of small wild birds, all intent on some absorbing business.

"Do, children, go out and try to see what those birds are doing," she said. "My hands are in the dough, so I cannot. Be very quiet and careful not to scare them, but creep as near to them as you can. I never saw such a sight as this before."

"We obeyed, and were able to draw near enough to rare visitants to see clearly what they were doing. In fact, they took not the least notice of our approach. The trees seemed full of them. Under the tree nearest to where we stood was a little mound of freshly-plucked leaves. We saw the birds take off each a leaf, and flying down, lay it upon this mound, then fly upward, singing. Thus it was constantly the downward rush, bearing the leaf, the upward flight with singing. We were delighted and astonished at the lovely spectacle, and stood motionless, with almost awe; for we suspected what was the secret of all this.

"When quite a large heap of leaves had been made, suddenly the whole flock of birds soared into the sky and flew away. When they had quite vanished, we returned to raise, carefully and reverently, the leaves. It was so. A little wild bird lay dead."

Tenderly we replaced the covering and hurried into the house to tell mother what we had seen.

"How that wood bird came there, or who told its fate to its fellows, we did not know; but we tell you just what we saw and heard. Do we ever see any dead wild birds lying about? Perhaps they are all buried under the leaves, and sung over by their winged fellows."

SMITH.—Wet enough for you?
JONES.—Let me see. Last winter you asked if it was cold enough?

Yes.
Later on you wanted to know if it was hot enough?

Believe I did.
Now your anxiety centres about the desirability or the present decree of dampness?

Well, yes I did inquire.
Well, Smith, how does it feel to be as big a fool as you are?

In the Gulf of Mexico there are communities of jelly fish so organized that they seem to constitute one animal. The whole has been given the name of Portuguese man of war. The community consists of a beautifully crested air sac, only a few inches in length, floating on the water, from which stream are a number of long appendages. The different parts are so many different kinds of members of this animal community, all filling different functions. Some catch and eat food, others produce buds, and others are the locomotive or swimming members, having tentacles in some cases thirty feet long.

HUNTINGTON, October 3.—Saxton Bedford county, was the scene of a thrilling event yesterday which nearly culminated in the loss of seven lives. Just before noon Albert Martin, a Hungarian employed at Robert Hare Powel Sons & Co's furnace, entered into a tunnel under the furnace for the purpose of cleaning out the flue. Obstructions in the flue had prevented the gas from properly escaping which completely filled the base of the flue and the tunnel which led to it. Martin, who apprehended no danger, reached his destination without detecting the presence of gas, and while engaged in this work was overcome by the fumes. Six of his fellow laborers whom he had left above were unaware of their companion's situation until nearly a half hour had elapsed, when they went to investigate the cause of Martin's delay in coming out.

With difficulty they succeeded in reaching his prostrate body owing to the intensity of the gas in the flue, and in their efforts to carry their unfortunate comrade to the surface, they, too, became asphyxiated by the gas and were prostrated at the bottom of the flue before they could reach the opening to the tunnel. How long they remained in that position is not definitely known, but a considerable time afterwards, their absence being discovered, a search was made, and they were finally rescued with much difficulty. Albert Martin, who first entered was found to be dead, and his six brave companions were so greatly overcome by the gas that they were finally resuscitated only after a most arduous and laborious treatment. All of the workmen are Hungarians.

WILMINGTON, Del., September 30.—The Farmer's bank at Newcastle, was entered at an early hour this morning by masked robbers. Their movements awoke the cashier, who seized his pistol and fired, wounding one of the intruders. His companions picked up the fallen man and quickly carried him out through the front door, making their escape. The bank floor is marked with blood where he fell. The robbers got no booty and left behind them a kit of burglar's tools a wheelbarrow, and a ladder. They are supposed to have come and gone by way of a boat in the river near by. The burglars immediately on entering the building overpowered, bound and gagged Wm. J. Black, United States consul at Nuremberg, who was home on a leave of absence and stopping with the cashier, Richard G. Cooper came on the scene he was confronted by one of the burglars with leveled revolver and the mandate "Don't say a word." "I won't, replied Cooper, instantly leveling and firing his own pistol and wounding the robber who returned the shot without harming Cooper. Blood marks lead to the suspicion that the wounded robber fell into the river and was drowned in attempting to escape.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 30.—The amount of bonds offered to the treasury department to-day was less than on any day since the daily purchase began. This fact is regarded at the department as indicating that the government has partially secured all the floating bonds that can be obtained at the rates fixed by the departments circular and that the stringency of the money market has been sufficiently relieved for the present.

A STEM WINDER.—Stiggins was passing a watchmakers establishment, and looking into the window he noticed a pretty girl at the counter.

Ha! he soliloquized, I'll go in and take a look at her under some pretext or other.

He entered, and was waited on by the young lady's father.

What can I do for you?

I want to get a key for my watch, he stammered feasting his eyes on the young lady.

Let me see your watch, said the watchmaker.

As if in a dream he took out his watch. The watchmaker examined it, and said with surprise:

Why your watch is a stemwinder. Stiggins don't remember how he got out, but he does remember that the young lady smiled audibly at his discomfiture.

—A good parlor suit may be purchased cheap upon application at Corman's Novelty store. Miss Corman will shortly remove to California, and must dispose of her furniture.