10

such days as I would not pass through again; no, not for the reward of a hundred years of life and happiness! We lay as we had been lying—a sheer hulk, entirely dismusted for-ward, while of the mainmast nothing now ed but a height of some six feet above the deck, a stump of splintered ends; for so mercilessly had the weather dealt with us that within a few hours of our maintopmast going, the mainmast, wrenched and wrung by the violence of the fall of its tophamper, broke, and the sailors cut the lanyards to let the raffle of gear and broken spar go

Our decks had been swept; the only two boats we carried-a jolly boat stowed in the long boat-had been beaten into staves; the wheel and binnscle were gone, also the gal-ley and all other deck fittings, saving the companion way and hood. But the hull was sound, and when the water she had drained in through the decks had been pumped out she took no more in.

#### TEN DAYS OF MISERY.

It was the tenth day, as I have said, and the ninth of broiling calm. Nothing had hove into view; no smallest tip of distant sail had broke the continuity of the brassy girdle of the tropical ocean. Happily there was plenty to eat and drink aboard. We got a spare sail up and made an awaing of it, but we were without booms for jury-masts—could erect nothing to enable the brig to blow along when wind should come, and all we could do was to pray for a vessel to show herself and so keep on waiting.

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning on this tenth day. Captain Larkins, whose rotchedness of mind is not to be expressed, had been talking to me about his misfortune, asking what he should do if he should be unable to bring his brig into port; all that he owned in the world was in her, and he told me that if she went to the bottom he should go too, though a vessel should be at hand ready to take us off, for death was far less dread al to him than the workhouse.

We were in the midst of cheeriul talk of this sort when a seaman sang out, "Sail hol" and, looking, I spied right away on the star board beam a tiny square of fleecy white rising like a star above the sea line.

The captain's glass was fetched and the stranger was made to be a small brig or bark, heading directly for us as might be guessed by the set of her yards and bringing a breeze by the set of her yards and ornging a breeze of wind along with her. In fact, with the aid of the telescope, one could distinguish the dark line of the wind drawing fast ahead of her, rippling and deepening the blue dye of the ocean for miles and miles. We watched her with speechless anxiety and expectation.

#### A SHIP OF DEATH.

As she approached we found her to be a ressel of about 200 tons, painted white and brigantine rigged, but her yards and canvas showed 20 symptoms of confusion

and distress. "She's derelict," said Captain Larkins; "no signs of life aboard; and where's she running to? Why she'll be into us!"

She was indeed heading for us on a straight line, as though steered with the sole intention of cutting us down. The brig lay as helpless as a barrel, and down upon us slowly floated the stranger, making for us with the precision of an end of cotton going through the eye of a needle. By 2 c'clock she was within hailing distance, and we all set up our throats in a hurricane roat to her to shift her helm. "She's abandoned! she'll stave us! she'll

sink us!" yelled Captain Larkins. "There's a man on the foretopsail yard," I shouted

It was a negro who overhung the spar in an indolent posture of watching us, as it accmed.

"Shift your helm!" thundered Captain Larkins. The vessel was close enough now to enable

us to see that the negro languidly shock his head, while he pointed downward with a feeble gesture. I also fancied by his motions that he endeavored to hail us; but if he delivered any sentences they did not reach our ears. A minute or two later and the long jibboom of the brigantine was over our deck;

when the sea began to swell, the motions of the dismasted hull grew too much for me. I orawled below and sat in a condition of semi-stapefaction, scarcely doubting but that every moment would be our last, PAET IL. The tenth day had arrived—the tenth of

reached us.

enough. "There may be morel" suggested Wharrier. On this the captain hailed the negro wh

still overhung the yard on high, and to know if there were more beasts of the kind aboard the brigantine. He languidly shook his head and his teeth gleamed between his leathery lips, but no answe

literature.

faithful they could not see, nor seeing ap-preciate; they thought it of no account, this

and call him a fool for scribbling.

reached us. Wharrier went forward and called the men on deck, and I and the captain, still grasping our loaded weapons, got upon the rail to take a view of the brigantine. All betwixt the rails seemed a very shambles. There were the remains of several ostriches, the skull of a negro, with portions of black fiesh still attached, deers' antlers, a number

of bones of brutes, pieces of torn fiesh-and the scene of blood! The planks were everywhere dyed crimson. SAFE AT LAST.

We sung out to the negro to come down, but as he was too weak to bestir himself, Wharrier and a couple of seamen went aloft, where they had a short talk with the man. Wharrier bawled down, "It's arle reet, capt'n; there's now but the tiger, and he's eaten up everything else-this man's ship-mate along wi' t'others." With much difficulty they got the poor

negro down, but it was some time before he could find tongue enough to deliver his story. He then told us that he and another negro, an old man, had formed part of the crew of an English schooner hailing from a West Indian port. She had sprung a leak. The crew had abandoned her, leaving the two negroes behind them. They constructed two negroes benind them. They constructed a rait, got a sail upon it, and after drifting about for three days, during which the old negro went blind, they fell in with this brigantine She was deserted, but under canvas, and ran so close alongside that they were able to attach the rait to her. The blind me me haled onto the oak by blind blind man was helped onto the deck by his bind man was helped onto the deck by his comrade, but the pair of them were scarcely over the rail when the tiger came stalking out past the galley. The negro who could see took the rigging in a breath, and he told us that before he had gained the topsail yard his poor blind mate had been torn to piezed.

### THE TRAGEDY EXPLAINED.

The brigantine was named the New Hope, and when alterward we overhauled her we discovered that she was from the west coast of Africa, bound to New York, but how she happened to be where we had tallen in with her it was hopeless to conjecture. The fore part was fitted up with enormously thick bulkheads for the storage of live beasts. The door of the receptacle that had undoubtedly imprisoned the tiger was open; the bars of the other compariments were torn down-the debris showed the marks of

the tiger's claws; one could only guess what they had contained by the hideous remains which lay scattered about the decks. The general supposition was that the crew had been stricken by fever, and this seemed to be confirmed by the discovery of two dead bodies of white seamen in the forecastle.

There were no signs of human remains in the cabin or on the deck, saving the half devoured head of the negro. What had become of the rest of the crew could only be a matter of the idlest speculation. The tiger, maddened by hunger and thirst, had dashed at the wooden bars of the compart-ments which held the books or African deer, the ostriches, the zebras, and I know not what else, for the mess on the deck defied our investigation; but the animals I have named had certainly formed a part of the living freight.

And now what remains to be told? Old Larkins' hulk lay sound and tight alongside; all hands went to work, cleared the decks, got a tow-rope aboard the brig, and trimmed sail; and by sundown the New Hope with the hull of the Laughing Creele

nope with the full of the Laughing Create in tow was heading a straight course for Nassau, sliding through the water at four or five knots in the hour, with a pleasant breeze gushing over the quarter and all hands hard at work making our new float-ing home comfortable for the remainder of the pressere which terminated without the passage, which terminated without further disaster on Sunday morning, as I very w THE END. MADE THEM LIE DOWN.

AWAITING A GENIUS. Civilized Australia Has Developed

# No Material Literature.

CHANCES THAT SLIPPED AWAY. A Splendid Field Ripe for the Sickle of an Antipodean Writer.

BALLAD POETRY OF THE SHEEPSHEDS

# IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. new comparisons must be produced under the Southern Cross, all things must be altered. What the result will be must prove of interest to all who believe in the flexibil-A land very nearly as large as this country, a land peopled with folk co-heirs with

us in the grand heritage of English literature, yet a land barren of literature; such is ity of our mother tongue. WILLIAM CHURCHILL, Australia. It has its universities, and they are noble foundations; its presses are turning out miles of printed paper every LOVE OVERRULED OBJECTIONS. day; yet Australia has no writers. The

people have not yet swakened to the The Romance Which Involved Two Young bounteous store of material which awaits Mon of Brooklys City. the magic touch of the man who knows how Brooklyn Eagle.] to wield the pen. Australia has been Quite a little domestic romance has come written about, it has not yet learned to write

to light in the new ward which has ended its own life; not until that awakening comes pleasantly, like all touching love stories will there be an Anstralian literature. which conclude with the statement that they Men are too busy, the practical side of life lived happily ever afterward. The young is too commonly uppermost for leisure to scan the underlying truths of life, much woman and the young man in this little romantic tale are both well known in social less for opportunity to set those truths forth. circles and in the eastern end of the city, There is always the wool clip, the grain and they are being warmly congratulated by crop, the mine, the course of trade to engross a host of friends over the happy outcome o the attention; men grow to look upon wool, what might have been otherwise had the the attention; men grow to took upon woo, wheat and gold as the sum of life; the man who turns his thoughts to other matters than sheep and waving fields is looked upon as in some sort deficient; the others sneer at his work and let him starve. But twice has their self-satisfied Philistinism been disparents been hard-hearted. The young man is George Smith, son of Captain Smith, who owns considerable property in this city, and is quite well-to-do. The young woman is quite pretty, and despite the fact that she is but 18 years of age, is well educated, and is in every respect a charming young woman. Her mother, Mrs. Ireland, is a turbed; twice only have they discovered too Inte that genius has been slaughtered among them; too late for regrets they exalt Horne and Adam Lindsay Gordon to high places well-to-do woman. The young people were greatly attached to each other, and when it was made known in memory as the fathers of the Australian

FIRST RECOGNIZED ABBOAD.

to the parents that marriage was made known to the parents that marriage was thought of there were very forcible and emphatic ob-jections entered upon the ground that age was lacking, and it would be quite well for Horne's "Orion" and Gordon's bush bal-lads had become classics in England before New South Wales and Victoria gave them a moment's thought. Why, indeed, should they? What these two wrote had not half the young couple to wait until years had added more wisdom to both and more capital to the young man's credit. This was wise the interest of a new treatise on the sheep dip. The Minister of Mines wrote far more advice, but the young people were head-strong and would not listen to it. So the parents sought to restrain their love-making interesting matter. Of the two melancholy fathers of Australian letters Horne is not distinctively antipodean. "Orion" might just as well have been written in England by more forcible means; but the young couple skipped away one evening and were married. They decided to keep it quiet for or America. With Adam Lindsay Gordon it is different. He is Australian in heart a time; but after awhile Mr. Smith made up his mind that he might as well claim his bride, and so he called upon her mother. showed her the marriage certificate, and said he had made up his mind that as he was married, and as he and his wife were and soul. He writes but what he sees, the life of the bush, the never ending plains of baked elay over which flickers the constant mirage, the gaunt stems of the gum trees the umbrella spread of the mallees, the scream of the cockatoo, the emerald flashing devotedly attached to each other the world might just as well know it, and in the world of the parrot, the rancous shout of the laugh

e included the parents on both sides. The news was received with amazement ing jackass. Who reads Gordon without being to the and unbelief by the parents on both sides, but the wedding certificate was there and recorded, and the young people were evi-dently wrapped up in each other, so the pa-rents releated, blessed the children, and manner born needs a glossary to explain the scenery in which the poems are set. He needs no notes to show him the rich hu-manity of the poet. The tale poor Gordon had to tell was too truthfully told to win they have now gone to housekeeping, and the world is all rosy and full of joy to them. him honor among his own. All recognized the faithful picture; the art which made it

## SLEEPING LIFE AWAY.

The Somnolent Disease That Carries Off In habitants of Africa.

both the second An interesting account descriptive of the "sleepy disease," peculiar to Africa, is given in the "Journal of an African

THE LITERARY VEHICLE. Cruiser." Persons attacked by this singu-Pens spoil as much paper in Australia as lar malady are those who take little exercise elsewhere. There are daily papers and weekly papers, monthlies and reviews, but and live principally on vegetables, particularly cassods and rice. Some observers ascribe it to the cassods, which is strongly no literature native to the soil. The month lies and the reviews are mainly politica narcotic. Not improbably the climate has much influence, the disease being most prev-Grave battles are therein most soberly fought, free trade marshals its forces agains alent in low and marshy regions. Irresistible drowsiness continually weighs

protection, narrow gauge fights broad gauge, all is dignity, also stupidity; there can be no literature in this. The dally papers are blankets in size, blankets in lightness; they down the patient, who can be kept awake only for the few minutes needful to take a

all, the hero of to-morrow, and Morgan and Captain Moonlight are bound to become in time as heroic as the paladina. These materials have not been entirely neglected, though they have not yet been given their place in literature. A mass of ballad poetry has grown up in the shearing sheds, rude verse devoid of beauty, as un-trammeled as to length as Chery Chase. Rough men, by night when work is done, sit by the light of crackling fires or smok-ing slash lamps and monotonously sing the exploits of Ned Kelly, of the plowshares, whe bailed up rich runs and stuck up treas-ure trains. The mystery of Leichardt, who vanished in the desert; the fate of Burks and Wills, who starved on the interior plains, are favorite themes of this rough verse. Out of such materials will grow in time a distinctive literature. The changed condi-tions will necessitate a change in metaphors, new comparisons must be produced under the Southern Crass all things a must be

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH. SUNDAY. AUGUST 24.

gymnasium that I cannot do with more or ets success. I won the horizontal bar amateur championship of the boy turners at the New York Turnverein events h in 1884, and I have a fair

knowledge of the rings, trapeze, clubs and other apparatus. In addition to this I won the amateur boxing in the bantam class.

who I am, but simply to bring out one fact. That fact is, I owe all my success in amateur athletics and gymnastics to my early training in tumbling, and as this article is intended to illustrate and describe tricks in tumbling. I want to impress upon my read-

WHEN TO BEGIN.

tumbling? That is a question I am asked nearly every week of the month. That depends upon the boy. It he is strong and healthy, with no weak points, the earlier the better after he is 5 years old. Not too hard practice at first, of course, but simple, light work, about half an hour a day, and knows something about the exercise. This is the way I began. I belong to an

athlete family; several of my brothers hold championships or have held them, and of course I was greatly interested in all kinds of athletic work and had

(PP) abundant opportunities to gratify my taste. I used to go to the Fifth street gymnasium of the Excelsior Athletic Clab, where my brothers practiced. There I saw some professional

They caught my fancy, tumblers at practice. fancy ones, but at first Forward Someragui I made very poor work of them.

LEARNED THEM CORRECTLY.

But by hard work and steady practice ! was able to do the simple ones, and, having learned them from masters of the art, I acquired fewer faults than I would have done had I picked them up myself. Everybody should have some sort of a teneher. Now, as to apparatus made to help beginners turn somersaults and the like. It is very good, but it is not essential. I had a man aid me by standing by my side and helping me around with a cut on my thighs until I had got confidence enough to do the trick alone. Tumbling exercises every muscle in a boy's body. If he begins work when he is 5 or 6 years old (I was 7) he grows up as limber as an eel. Even if he begins when he is 12 or 14 years old—and I wouldn't ad. he is 12 or 14 years old-and I wouldn't ad-vise any boy to begin later than that-it makes the movements of his muscles free and easy, and gives him grace, agility and

Flip-fap half way skill than you might The forward somersault is executed by jumping and throwing the legs over the head in the air and alighting on the feet in the original position. It is, if anything, easier to learn than the backward, though I

advise the backward to be learned fiart as a rule, but to do it in good style is a difficult task. It canuot be learned without numerneeded in practice. Don't give it up, but persevere. It is not so hard as it looks. An easy way to learn it is by making a short run, jumping up from both feet at once, throwing the arms down and head and shoulders forward with a quick spring, letting the legs go backward at the same time. You will be assisted in this trick by catch-

1890.

again.

[]

6

the waist np, at the same time drawing the feet under with a sharp, vigorous, inward kick.

kick. The snap-up can also be done without touching the hands to the ground, but this can only be done by an expert performer. It is executed the same as the former, only the bands are not used. The snap is from the shoulder and is done with great force, sending the body high enough up to allow the feet to rest on the ground before the im-petus is lost and the body falls back to its original place.

THE FLIP-FLAP.

The flip-flap is simply a backward hand-spring. This is the best way for a beginner to learn it: He should stand on one end of a mattress with his back toward this pro-

tection, his legs slightly apart, arms straight and body bent forward. Stoop and make a

backward spring, throwing the arms and head back and bending the body from the

waist up backward, at the same time throw-ing the legs up and over the head, pitching

over on the hands. With a spring from the hands and arms he will come on to his feet

A succession of flip-flaps ending with a

backward somersault makes a striking feat. I have done 24 flip-flaps in a space of eight

THE SOMERSAULTS.

feet. But I would not

advise any of my younger readers to try and accomplish this feat the first week of

their practice. It is extremely difficult and very few amateurs

have ever equaled it. Though it is not hard

to do another flip-flap

after ending the first,

as the impetus carries you on, still more than

two are apt to be fatig-

uing and require mot

ing the legs below the knees with your hands when you are highest in the air and drawing the knees toward your body, letting them go as you touch the ground with your

moving, says one of our business writers. This is very true, but what is needed now to avoid a collapse is for people to exercise care and caution, and not to catch the fever of speculation, nor to rush into risks and incur liabilities that, in case of trouble, would break them up to pay. This is the time to be wise and prudent, in order to pre-vent such commercial disapper or visit that THE BACK SOMERSAULT. I have already told you how I employed help to get around in the back somersault. vent such commercial disaster or crisis that Now I will tell you how the trick is done without such aid. To execute a backward somersault, stand with the feet apart and the arms upraised. To start, bring the arms down quickly, then raise them as high as ruined so many in years agone. Those who were caught in the panic of '73 are not likely to forget the lesson taught by bitter experience, but the world is by no means lacking in fools, and a new crop of possible, as though trying to lifs yourselt. At the same instant with a jump throw your legs over your head, catching your thigh. I have done 11 back somersaults in young men have come to the front since that Black Friday which filled so many homes rith monrning, and gave so many well-to-

Here are some pretty fancy tricks that may be tried after the simple ones are learned: For instance, there is the round off, which is simply a hand-spring made by turning sideways on the hands and feet, like a wheel. This, together with the twisting flip-flap and forward somersault nakes a very attractive feat.

OTHER FANCY TRICKS. The twisting flip is a back flip with a twist. The twist is made when the per-former is half way around. He comes down with his face forward instead of backward.

One of the hardest of all fancy tricks is the twisting back somersault. After be-ginning the somersault, while the performer pausing to reason why. is in the air, he twists his body, with his face toward his andience instead of his back, as would have been the case had

he thrown a simple back somersault. These are enough tricks to describe

much matter if his wages do get lower or his

LIKE THE PENDULUM poor taxes greater. If Mr. George imagines that ordinary men, as they exist at present, will be re-strained from speculating in land-for the purpose of making money-by the idea that Business Swings Regularly From such action will lower wages and crowd the poorhouses his ideas will certainly never materialize in this day or generation. The greatest good to the greatest number is the theory, but that that number is to be No. 1 NOW ON THE PROSPEROUS SIDE.

is the practice of self-interest. A Proper Time for Sagacious Minds to Look THE PRESENT OUTLOOK.

One Extreme to the Other.

Into the Future.

IS A DEPRESSION CYCLE COMING?

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATUE.

An English writer upon political

conomy says that working people, capi-

begun, new schemes are projected, com-panies are formed and syndicates organized

GET IN A HURRY.

to the foolishness of man. "No person who keeps his eyes open and reads the papers can doubt for a moment

that Pittsburg is experiencing an era of re-markable prosperity, being full of business, with an abundance of money to keep things

moving," says one of our business writers.

EXPERIENCE OF '73.

THERE'S DANGER AHEAD.

TAKE THIS, FOR INSTANCE.

GEORGE'S EXPLANATION.

very small capital.

The prevalence of strikes all over the country shows that there is much dissatisfaction between employers and employed. These are costly tests of strength, and are generally disastrous for both parties. The loss of wages during these strikes, if long continued, will affect business, and depres-sion will follow. Instead of striking at such a time there should be size that such a time there should be saving to avert the ill effects of a crisis if it should come.

talists and all that are connected with busi-ness in any way should remember that "very No one need prophesy evil in view of the present prosperity, but experience has shown that these seasons of duliness and re-duced wages do in course of time follow prosperous trade is sure to be followed by a collapse and bad trade." These ups and downs have been shown to be almost as "remarkable eras of prosperity," and the prudent man will foresee the evil and be regular as the tides of the sea. In England these "credit cycles," as they are called, particularly careful as to what enterprise he goes into when hope is most crowned with richest blossoms. When things are booming is the time to look out for snags or last about ten years, according to the statements of those who have studied the subject. hidden rocks. There seems to be little ground for alarm, but there is always plenty They begin with depression in business, a few years of hard times,- which gradually of need for prudence and careful considera-tion. "Wisdom is a defense and money is a defense," saith Ecclesiastes the Preacher, therefore it would be well to possees both. grow better until there comes a boom when everything is prosperous and cheerful. With visions of wealth in view, filled with high hope and courage, new enterprises are BESSIE BRAMSLE.

#### MARCH OF THE MOUTH.

to rake in fortunes. Fabuious tales are told of people who have made enormous sums on That Necessary Organ is Slowly Traveling Toward the Left Ear.

Paris Edition New York Herald. ] Everybody is enxious to get on the high It has been discovered that the human

road to wealth. Everybody takes a notion to speculate in oil or gas or gold mines or nouth has a steady motion toward the left of the face which will, in time, bring it silver shares or real estate even if they have to borrow the money to do it. Then somesomewhere in the neighborhood of the left thing drops in the business world. A panic may perhaps follow and then collapse. ear. Man has an invincible tendency to east only with the teeth that are on the left side This is the general course whether the credit cycle is 10 years or 20. Then everybody of his mouth. This wears out the left teeth wants to "unload," as they say it at the Exchange at once. Business grows bad, the more rapidly than the right teeth, and this in turn gives the upper and lower jaw an in-climation toward the left. tide has turned, and instead of leading on to fortune, it draws into deeper misfortune until the bottom has been reached, and hard times and blasted hopes are left astestimony

It is the opinion of a learned scientific per-son that in the course of a few millions of years the human mouth will have completely changed its position, and will be situated rather nearer to the left ear than to the nose. While no fault can be found with the train of reasoning that has led the scientific person to this conclusion, he would never-theless possibly find it difficult to explain why the mouth should pause when it reaches the left car. If the habit of chewing on the left side of the mouth can move it a fourth of the way around the head, it is evident that a continuance of the habit will in time cause the mouth to make the complete cir-

cuit of the head. Fortunately we can save our descendants from having mouths at the back of their heads by resolutely eating on the right side as well as the left side of our mouths, but unless we do this persistently the march of the mouth toward the lest will continue with all its painful consequences.

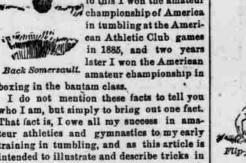
#### THE FIRST EXPRESS PACKAGE

The Way the Great Companies Came Inte Existence Years Ago.

Chicago Tribune.]

do people a taste of pinching poverty. In old times men depended upon hard work and economy to build up their fortunes, but nowadays they think more of The first express package carrier was a rather consumptive-looking young man of lucky strikes and fortunate speculations. Whether it is owing to, increased waves of heat from the sun which, as is claimed, come every 10 or 11 years and bring good the name of Harnden (his given name has escaped my memory) who in 1836 instituted the business in New York City by calling on bankers, brokers and merchants with a harvests and make people more hopeful and confident than usual, it is certain that a carpet-bag and soliciting the carrying of large number can be counted upon to lose their heads during an "era of remarkable money and other valuable packages between that city and Boston. Like all new prosperity," and plunge into all manner of schemes for making money fast. Men have the same tendencies as sheep. If one jum ps over the fence, over they all go without undertakings, it was not long before a competitor appeared in the person of Alvah Adams, who selected Philadelphia as his objective point, and who adopted the same tactics as Harnden. James Hoey,

All can remember when nearly every man was "stuck" on oil. The teachers, the preachers, the lawyers, the doctors, all had a few shares in oil, and some of them who did not get in out of the wet in time have Wall and Pine, and to deliver and call for packages which became too large for the them yet, though the companies are "busted up" long ago. Everyone was eager to grow rich by oil, and men and women speculated arpet-bag. The business grew rapidly, the trunk took with all the money they could scrape up or borrow. Some who were lucky made money, others lost all they had in the world. As a the place of the carpet-bag, succeeded by iron-bound crates strongly padlocked, which had to give way to box-cars on truck others lost all they had in the world. As a general rule, says our political economist, "it is foolish to do just what other people are doing, because there are almost sure to be too many people doing the same thing." This is exactly what was proven to their cost by many of those who invested in oil wheels, for the convenience of transier from the New York and Providence line of steam boats to the Boston and Providence Rail-road. Harnden continued the Eastern route and Adams the Southern. Later on a onsolidation took place under the present during the excitement, when bubble comtitle and Harnden's Express was merged panies were formed only to glitter for a time before they burst and sunk out of sight. It begins to look now as if men, like the sheep, into the Adams Express Company.



ers at the start that the exercise of tumbling is not only beneficial for the time being, but is one of the most valuable aids

to other feats that is known. How young should a boy begin to practice

always under the direction of some one who

her sharp stem struck the hull of the brig a little forward of amidships. The shock made us reel, and never can I forget the sickening sensation that seemed to melt out of the plank on which we stood into one's very

THE COLLISION.

Someone roared out, "Stand by to jump aboard!" and two or three of our se sprang on to the bowsprit rigging of the brigantine while she slowly swung her broadside on to us. Others of our men were about to follow, scarce knowing but that the brig was stove and foundering, and I stood close alongside Wharrier, waiting for the two vessels to close, when on a sudden a loud shriek rose from the deck of the brigan tine. In a breath the three men sprang off her rail on to our deck again, as though the devil himself were in pursuit of them One should out something as he bounded, and while three or four of them rushed to the forescuttle-the hatch which led to the forecastle, in which they lived-a large tiger leapt sheer over the rail of the vessel along side, and, alighting upon our deck, stood with waving tail and fiery eyes and bared seeth, staring around.

There was a general shrick, and in a jiffy all the seamen forward vanished pell-meil down into the forecastle, the last of them drawing the slide over.

The captain, Wharrier and I stood aft! "To the cabin!--to the cabin!--quick!" shouted old Larkins, and down he plunged, followed by Wharrier and myself, who rolled over and over each other as we scuttled down the steps. "Land o' lovel What a thing to happen!"

eried Captain Larkins, pulling the companion door to and looking at us from the head of the ladder.

THE MAN EATER.

It took us some minutes to recover our breath. An encounter of this sort was a thing to expect in some wilderness of Indian jungle or African forest, but on the high sensi A buge creature that had leapt with the speed of light from vessel to vessel, all claws and burning eyes and teeth and work-

"Heaven deliver us, there it is!" I cried, looking up at the skylight, where, sure enough, we beheld the monster glaring down upon us through the glass, which hap-pily was formed of small, exceedingly thick panes, securely fixed in stout frames, and the whole protected by a strong network of brass wire.

"God defend us, what teeth!" groaned Wharrier. But it was no time for idly staring aghast

and venting one's self in expressions of horror. There were a couple of pistols belonging to me in my cabin, and the captain owned a long musket. These we carefully loaded and primed, by which time, however, the fierce beast had left the skylight, though whether it had gone lorward or aft we knew

"A volley should do its business," said Larkins.

But how to take aim? The skipper crept up the steps and listened, then with the ut most caution pushed open one of the com-panion doors by the breadth of his thumb and put his eye to the interstice. I saw him start-be then beckoned to me with a countenance of mingled terror and anxiety, and I crawled up to his side.

#### THE FATAL VOLLEY.

"See here!" he hoarsely whispered, push-"See here!" he hoarsely whispered, push-ing the door open by about an inch; and I instantly saw the huge creature hard by where the wheel had stood, resting in a crouching posture, with its eyes upturned, as though watching the negro who was in the ching loss of the the ship alongside. oftly for our lives, and take good sim!"

snid Captain Larkins. We noiselessly pushed open the door till we could bring our weapons to bear. I leveled both pistols and the skipper his musket.

"Fire!" he whispered. "Fire!" he whispered. The three pieces flashed in a single dis-charge. The creature sprang arect, then erouched as though he would leap over-beard; and I believed we had not hurt it,

#### A Horse Thief Robs His Would-be Captor With Wonderful Ease.

Kansas City Star.] I. I. Somers, a sewing machine agent, living at Lee's Summit, was driving in Cass county about four miles west of Harrisonville yesterday morning, when he passed a man driving a horse and cart. omers recognized the horse and cart as property that had been described as stolen. and as a reward of \$50 had been offered by the Anti-Horse Thiel Association for the capture of the man or the property, Somers determined to do some capturing. He stopped at a farmer's house and endeavored to borrow a gun. The farmer did not have one, but joined Somers, and the two drove on to the next farm. Here they also failed

to get a gun, and driving on they met the man in the road endeavoring to sell the horse to another farmer. There being three of them, they felt bold, and the farmer with Somers spoke up and told the horse thief that he might as well surrender. At this the thief laughed loud and long. Drawing a large, old-fashioned Colt's revolver from his pocket, he com-manded Somers and the farmer with him to

get out of Somers' two-horse wagon, and then made the three men lie down with faces to the ground and about ten feet from each other. He then proceeded to search them. He found nothing in the farmer's pockets, but took a silver watch, \$12 50 in money, several society badges and other small ar-ticles from Somers, got into Somers' rig and

drove away. Grove away. Somers and the farmers then got up. The thief had left the horse and eart, but the horse ran away, and Somers and farmer No. 1, who went after it, did not eatch it until it had broken the cart to pieces. Then they walked into Lee's Summit leading the stolen horse Mr. Somers had started to capture. A posse from Lee's Summit spent 1

A posse from Lee's Summit spent last night in searching for the thief, but did not find him. This morning, however, Mr. Somers' horses walked home with the wagon in good condition. It is supposed the thief turned them loose to avoid being caught and came to Kansas City on foot. He is described as a man shout 26 years old 5 described as a man about 26 years old, 5 feet 7 inches high, medium build, with a light musiache, dark clothes and dark cowboy hat with leather band, and, according to Mr. Somers, "the coolest man on earth."

### HURT, BUT NOT HIT.

#### Seantor Cockrell's Most Fainfal Wound Only Took Of His Whiskers.

Washington Post.] "The severest pain I ever experienced in battle," said Senator Cockrell, who was wounded three times, "was caused by a bullet that did not hit me at all. I was riding at the head of my regiment, when it passed under my chin with a devilish whistle and a slash like a saber stroke. It stung me like a red-hot nron, and I thought it had out my throat, but on putting up my hand it only caught a lot of whiskers that had been cut off. There was no blood and

no harm.

"I was shot through the arm and through "I was shot through the arm and through both legs in the same battle, breaking the bones, but none of these clips hurt half as much as the bullet that did not kit me. In fact, while my right leg became suddenly benumbed, I did not suspect till half an hour afterwards that a bullet had gone through my left leg, too. The boys discov-ered it when they were carrying me off. It had not pained me in the least. I didn't know it was touched."

An Invaluable Traveling Companies. No person should travel without a box of Hamburg Figs in his satchel, for they will be found when change of food and water has brought on an attack of constituation, indi-gestion or torpidity of the liver, 25 cents. Dose one Gg. At all druggists. Mast Drug Co., N. Y. Futor

copy point to point the English . papers, little food. When this lethargy has lasted three or four months, death comes, but

cemeteries of dullness. The only possible literary vehicle is the weekly. These are peculiar to the colonies. They are the only reading of the great mass only in the form of deeper slumber. The author of the book mentioned in the opening tells of a member of the royal family of Luakaka who was afflicted with this le outside the towns. The of people outside the towns. There are a ways 32 pages in each number, sometime curious disease:

"I found the aspect of Queen Maumee's 64-that depends upon the news. Such is the best literary vehicle of the colonies. Yet beautiful granddaughter inconceivably affecting. It was strange to see her so the best literary vehicle of the colonies. Let some write for these papers and their con-tributions are published. One prominent type adopts such signatures as "Bushman," "Swagsman," "Old Colonial," "Old Chum," and the like. They all tell long-winded stories of early days in the colonies, they quiet, in a sleep from which it might be supposed she would awake full of youthful vigor, and yet to know that this was no refreshing slumber, but a spell in which she was fading forever from the eyes that loved her. This young girl was but 14 years of age. have no literary ability, and invariably suc ceed in spolling such stories as they have to tell.

With some difficulty she was aroused and woke with a frightened cry-a strange

AN UNWORTHY LAUREATE. broken murmur-as if she were looking dimly out in the phantasies of a dream. Her Just one more entry suffices to balance the books of Australian literary taste. Ten eyes were wild and glassy; rolled wildly in their sockets for a second, then immediately years ago the colonies were smarting under the just criticism that they starved their sunk into the deep and heavy sleep in which we found her. The girl had been men of genius. The criticism was known to be just because Mother England had passed it. Daughter Australia was resolved suffering for about three months-no, not suffering, for, except when forcibly aroused, to sin no more. A man of genius was to be found and fattened, that these literary com-munities might never again be accused of starvation treatment. Communities which starve their poets cannot always find men of there appears to be no uneasiness until after the end of the third month of this unnatural slumber, when the victim becomes wild and constantly rolls his or her head from side to side-never opening the eyes-death ensuing within a few days after these symptoms genius ready at hand to be invited to feast. Sush was the plight of Australia which had starved poor Gordon. It had no genius to be fed. In desperation it grasped a young

# THE CONDUCTOR'S LOT.

It Looks Like an Easy Job, but He Watches Lots of Things.

man in the university at Sydney, a young man who wrote pretty verses on cottony themes. He was no genius, he was no poet, he was nothing but a young man who had a facility at rhyme and could make his verses scan. Suddenly he found himself famous; his verse was sought for by ladies with New York World.] The average conductor in a railway car

set in.

scan. Suddenly he found himself famous, his verse was sought for by ladies with albums, by editors with Poets' Corners to be filled for a guiuca; publishers solicited his effusions to be offered as a remunerative tribute to the Australian muse. Bread and takes your ticket and punches it two or three times anywhere in the general endeavor to make queer little holes in it. Not so the conductor of-a Pennsylvania Company's train. Every long-distance ticket meat were forced upon the puerile versifier issued by the Pennsylvania road has nume was ordered to grow fat and restore the bers stamped on it, indicating where it reputation of his native land; he became the ounder of a school; he still remains the idol should be punched. Each conductor, as the of his country, an uncrowned laureate, who is blighting the literary future of his land traveler is handed on from one to the other, punches in a new place with a different kind even more fatally than the neglect of Gordon. of punch. Each of these punches is regis-

tered with the conductor's name, so that, when the ticket is finally taken up and

turned in full of queer holes, the railroad man at the end of the road can tell exactly When pampered mediocrity has grown old and slipped from his throne, then will come the chance of those who are to make a through whose hands the traveler has

FIELD FOR THE FUTURE.

true Australian literature with the scent upon it of the gum trees, with the new con-ditions of life cutting it clear from the En-If the conductor punches in the wrong place or fails to punch, this is registered against him. The knowledge of this conglish model with a greater separation than has ever been possible in America. The young soll is already rich in material await-ing the man who shall have the wit to put stant check tends to make him careful to get all the tickets and to punch them properly. Altogether the conductor is a pretty busy man. After his trip is over he has two hours of solid work sorting out tickets, bal-ancing those over his division and making it to use. There is history, a few years in time but years crammed with events, his tory which must read like romance. The story of the discovery of New Holland reads like the disordered vagaries of fiction. It is no more substantial than a voyage to up his cash account. On the suburban roads these conductors'

accounts are looted up every day for every It is no more substantial than a voyage to find the pot of gold at the further foot of the rainbow arch, for it is the story of the search for King Solowon's mines and the gold of Ophir. While its discovery is the romance of ad-venture, its colonization is the romance of ad-venture, its colonization is the romance of crime of every sort, and its redemption is the romance of wealth. These are the ma-terials of the history which yet remains to be written. Romance which is not history may well be written on the lives of the train, so that the company knows every day just how much each train has earned the day before. Of course, all this means hard work for the conductor

WATCH CLUBS ILLEGAL.

At Least They Are Held to be Lotterles According to New Hampshire Law. Jewelers' Weekly, ]

may well be written on the lives of the people whose home is in this new land. En-glish story tellers have written of this life A jeweler of Gratton county, N. H., recently wrote to the Attorney General inas something seen from the outside. Some time it will be written by those who live this life and can write from the inside. closing the prospectus of a watch club which he was about to organize, and inquiring whether or not conducting business on the

system he had adopted would be a violation of the laws. AN EMBEYO LITERATURE.

AN EMBRYO LITERATURE. Gordon's muse was lyric, but he has not exhausted the possibilities. Epics may be written in the time to come; there is mate-rial at hand in the range of the bushrangers. Homeric herces these robbing and killing; there is material in the brave fights of the settlers against marauding blacks and against bands of felon outlaws of their own skin. True, these are but robbers and cut-throats, yet the robber of yesterday is, after

My success in boxing lies in my quickhese, and my quickness came from tumbling. It makes a boy sure on his feet. It gives him power over each separate set of muscles. He can save himself from falls, dodge and escape punishment where otherwise he might suffer might suffer.

But enough of this. I think I have made my theory sufficiently plan for those who do not understand tumb

R ling, and those who do have no need of any. thing that can be written to make them appreciate it more than they do. In learning tumbling I would ad-vise that the tricks should be learned in the following order: Hand-

stand, hand - spring, snap-up, flip-flap, back somersault and iorward somersault. After these comes the fancy tricks. Start for Back Somer- I will now describe some of the simple tricks

and tell how they should be learned. WALKING FEET UPWARD.

The hand-stand is done by standing on the hands, with the heels up in the air. It is easily learned, and should at first be prac-ticed by leaning the feet against the wall until the beginner can keep a balance away from any support

from any support. The hand-spring should be practiced on a mattress in learning. This trick consists in standing up, throwing up the hands and the body at the same movement and pitching forward on to the hands, throwing the legs over the head and pushing with the arms until the circle is completed and the arms until the circle is completed and the per-former stands erect on his feet again. In former stands erect on his feet again. In learning it you should advance one leg, bending the body backward slightly, ex-tending the arms up. Throw yourself on to your hands with a good spring, sending the hindmost leg over quickly, and instantly following with the other. As you may rest on your hands only for an instant the arms should be kept still, the chest thrown out and the head thrown back. and the head thrown back.

THE RECOVERY. As you are falling backward push from

the fingers, throwing the head forward, and bring the legs under as far as possible. With a little practice you will find yourself able to come up in position to do another hand spring, with the body bent ready for the spring. When this trick ends your per-

formance you must come up straight, with the body erect and in a natural position. The snap-up, which consists in lying flat on

coming on to your feet, standing erect, is a sim-ple trick and is very useful in the way of 

the performer is ap-slip. In that case he recovers from his fall with a snap-up, and the with a snap-up, and the

with a snap-up, and the spectator is not the wiser. This is the way the trick is learned: Lie Hand Stand. on your back at full length. Raise your arms above your head, with the hands open. Raise your legs over your head, throwing yourself on to your shoulders with a shar, spring from the hands and shoulders, and with a quick movement send yourself up, bringene the learned

time. When you have learned them all new combinations are certain to come to you, and then you can make your own fancy tricks. But let me advise you once more to learn the simple ones first. You must tumble before you can twist.

WILLIAM HAAS.

COLONEL PEYTON'S PATRIOTIC IDEA. He Wants the Yorktown Battlefield to Become Public Property.

New York Telegram. ] Colonel W. C. Peyton, of Haddonfield, N. J., the venerable patriot, who has worked diligently for the success of all the were all jumping over the fence in specula-tion as to real estate. Everybody wants to national celebrations for generations past, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He is now grow rich by buying land at wholesale and selling it at retail with great profit. imbued with the idea that the National Government should purchase the land upon which the last battle of the Revolution was

fought at Yorktown, Va., after which Cornwallis laid down his arms.

"It is due the people of this country," said Colonel Peyton to a Telegram reporter, "that Congress acquire title to the battle-

field at Yorktown, now known as Temple Farm, and the building, Moore House, which Washington, Lafayette and Rocham-beau made their headquarters, and where adorn, to sit under the shadow of their own vine, to have no landlord collecting rent, is the treaty with Cornwallis was signed. The property consists of 500 acres, and is the the hope of millions of people at the outset of life, and the goal they fain would reach. property of a Virginian, who finds it im-possible to care for the historic ground. The National Government should purchase it, lay out a military parade ground and station caretakers there, whose duty it would be to show visitors the different points of interest and preserve the revolutionary relics. When the Congressional delegation visited the Yorktown monument on June 17, the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, I accompa them, and they were unanimous in their opinion that the battle field should become n their obligations? he property of the National Governme The monument there is one of the handsomest in the world, from the design of Sculptor J. C. A. Ward, and it would be an outrage to neglect such a spot." Colonel Peyton will probably draft a bill providing

for the purchase of the historic field. that man did not walk around that lot and pause to consider at each of its four corners. He did not take counsel of his senses, and THE NEW SOUTH.

#### All Intelligent Classes Recognize the Mis take of the War. Philadelphia Times. ]

quietly weigh the pros and cons in the leis-ure of his armchair in the evening, or put it to the last test of steady brains—sleep on it —until after the bargain was made. Then he found out the faults very quickly. Now they say men do not do such foolish Philadelphia Times.] District Attorney Graham has just re-turned from an extended journey in the South. He says: "One cannot help but be struck with the universal sentiment against lavery now in the South. If it were possi-ble to restore the old institution no one would want to. One soldier who served and suffered in the lost cause said: "We were blind when we entered the war. It was a war for secession, but behind that slavery. Blinded by our interests and property rights we were unable to see that slavery was doomed, and that God was solv-ing the problem of its removal in the only way that it could be done. It was an evit that had to be cut out by the roots. We say more clearly now, and realize that it is far

that had to be cut out by the roots. We see more clearly now, and realize that it is far better for us that slavery is gone.' "The colored people seem happy and con-tented. They are making considerable prog-ress, too. They have an insatiable thirst for education. Even old men and women persevere and study to read and write. Some think this not an unmixed good; education breeds discontent and other evils, but I can not help regarding it as a very great good.

It is far better to have intelligent masses than ignorant years. "The South to-day earnestly desires closer relations with the North. She asks that the people of the North will bear with her pa-tiently while she solves some of the hard problems thrust upon her. She is wrestling with mighty difficulties, which, in their vastness of rea h and result engross her vital energy. A o one outside can properly understand or ar precists them."

ROUGH FOR MRS. BLAINE, JR.

Her Physician Comes Back From Europe Prepared to Kill or Cure Her.

New York World. ]

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., returned to This is legitimate bargain and sale, but New York on Thursday, and will for the nothing is surer than that somebody, in business parlance, will get left. To buy a lot, build a house and secure a pleasant home is a laudable ambition. With such immediate future be located at the New York Hotel. Her five weeks in Saratoga have been of appreciable and visible benefit an object in view people are encouraged to habits of thrift and careful economy. To to her. She has gained in weight, and, what is of more consequence, she has gained in have a home of their own to beautify and strength. When she reached the Springs she was hardly able to move around her room, but before she left she could, with the assistance of her crutches, easily move along br. Bull, who has performed all the more

Many-except for that-would save nothing of what they earn. But while there are always such buyers in recent operations of which she has been at once the victim and the beneficiary, has But while there are always such buyers in plenty, there are others taking the fever of speculation, and it is these who need to be-come cautious and prudent. Before rushing in they should have some capital to go in on and a reasonable hope of being able to make paywents as they fall due. It industrial depression should come in what shape would it find them? How would they meet their obligations? ust returned from Europe and as a result of his consultations with various specialists in Paris he desires to conduct a final operation both on her right leg and right arm. As I understand it, this operation involves out-ting the tendons in both cases, the breaking of the shoulder blade and the breaking of the knee. When these are reset and have healed up it is hoped that she will have a measureable control over these important

A man I heard of the other day, under parts of her body. She is certainly looking very well now, the force of excitement and the eloquence of a land sgent, paid \$1,000 for a lot which has such disadvantages as would make it a costly elephant at half the money. Now and everybody hopes she will improve as much during the next three months as she has during the three months just passed.

GAMING FOR A MAN'S LIFE.

Divided Jary Piny a Round of Seven-Up to Settle the Question.

Atlanta Constitution.] Before the war a man was on trial in Lau-

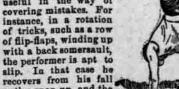
derdale county for murder. The circumstantial evidence against the man was very strong, and when the jury retired and took a ballot the result was six for conviction and six for acquittal. It remained this way for two days and nights, neither side showing any disposition to change their minds. At last one of the jury named Silvertooth proposed a game of seven-up be-tween the opposing sides, one man to be se-lected from each side, and whoever won the losing side were to stand by the result.

This was agreed to, and Silvertooth, who was in of favor acquitting the prisoner, and another juror, who was strongly in favor of conviction, commenced the game. It was a hotly contested game, and each juror had scored six points when it came Silvertooth's turn to deal. He shuffled the cards carefally and dealt orth the sufficient number e each, and then turned a jack, which made im win the game and saved the prisoner's life. The six who were for conviction voted with the other six for acquittal, and the prisoner was discharged from cus

It Guilty of Assault and Battery

GEORGE'S EXPLANATION. Henry George asserts that these credit cycles of industrial depression with eras of prosperity are the clear result of speculation in land. It his theory be accepted, it fol-lows that to avoid these recurring seasons of had should be discouraged for the general good, but who thinks of that in the haste to get rich without work. George holds that when land grows high in price the direct effect is to lower wages, and that speculation in real estate deepens poverty and promotes pauperism. Around this theory he in-gesionally builds a wall of testimony which shows that land ewners in a growing com-munity are those who get rich, and that the way to success for a wage samer is to buy land so carefully that it will increase in value year bygrear, and then it will not so Upon your stomach with blue pill, podoobyills or other rasping purgatives, positively despair of helping your liver. Violence committed ipon your inner man will do no good. Real help, prompt and thorough, is to be found in the wholesome anti-billous medicine, Hostes-ter's Stomach Bitters, which is, moreores, productive of happy results in malarial disease, rheumatism, dyspepus, nerrousness and kid-ney troubles. found in Hoster

your back on the ground and by one movement



of flip-flaps, winding up with a back somersault,

the performer is apt to

spring from the hands and shoulders, and with a quick movement send yourself up, bringing the legs down under the body. The feat will describe a semi-circle. As soon as the feet have made the femi-eircle you are apt to lose control of yourself, falling back to your original position avoid this bring the feet under the body, and as they nearly touch the ground oring the head forward as well as the bod from