"keep her on her course again. It's nothhe out a bloody Yankee whaler!" Day after day the weather now grew per-otibly cooler. Slowly the old craft oughed along till at length we passed the surprised to meet the bark Atlantic She had taken some 300 barrels of cil. We 'gammed' all day, and I came namy richer by three pounds of tobacco.

On February 17 we ran down between Hog Island and the Twelve Apostles, among the Crozet Islands, where a few as wrecked and 41 persons, including one ade lived over six months on a barren sulmisting on crabs and mussels, when the whaler Young Phonix, Captain Gifal of New Bedford, rescued them.

people at home were celebrailing Washington's Birthday, we were cutting in a huge whale which made over

I shall not attempt to give an attempt of our dready cruise around Desolation Island, but at lost the Captain gave orders to head Amsterdam, one of the St. Paul group in the Indian Ocean, where we hoped to obable passage we arrived one morning off a low, rosky island, where the kelp was so thick around the shore that it was almost impossible to force a boat through it.

The back hove to and two boats were low-We pulled within a short distance of he shore, and then threw over our lines. Great fish, small fish, fish of all colors, some tumbling in, and occasionally some o fish would be hooked which would demp with the gear. In fact we lost about If our lines in this way finally, but not nell we had loaded the two boats to the mer's edge. They were a treat to us tare use, and we resumed our long voyage New Zealand with nothing to chronicle interest until April 14, when our third , who had long since been replaced by Mr. Perry on account of his failing health, passed quietly away, and we buried him at



Nothing can equal the solemnity of see of a departed shipmate and the imwords of the burial service are kingly read by the Captain. Although Blaine had been a very reserved man had no intimate friends on board, I saw my a broazed face wet with tears of symav as the body shot from the planks into blue waves and was lost to our sight for-

morning after the funeral we had a upse of Australia, and I recalled the ks of adventure I had read at school of align mines and Keeler, the bushranger. did not have a chance to see much of amous Island, as a strong gale preed our landing for water, as was in-ed. So we can before the gale, and on 6, after rounding the north island of Zealand, we met the ship California, comber previous, and several of our crew letters and bundles of "goodies" m friends at home. The first mate and I was made the happy custodian

have mentioned an old sailor we shipped in Pavai named Peter Lee, and also made e to his love for spinning yarns. e had an nely sear on the top of one foot. d often regaled us with a thrilling tale of w he served in the cavalry with the on forces in the War of the Rebellion, and in a desporate charge upon the rebels an wounded in the fact by a baronet, mbel with his saber. When we "cammed" ne of his who assured us that no 61 to 65 they were both on a olar in the Pacific Ocean. This opened our ever a little, and in revenge for being so

make it my business to get even with him. Accordingly I jotted down every business trage in which he said he had been enand, together with the number of years had devoted to the same, and one Sunwhen nothing else was available for ement, I confronted him with the list, ch proved him, by his own contession, a be 125 years of age. He never forgave but in future we heard no more miracutales of adventure from him. om this time until June 4 we cruised ness, I never knew which, a as French Rock. On the date above

A favorite amusement w

ed we dropped anchor in the aland locked hay of Mongonui, on the eastern extremity of the north island New Zealand The ship California harbor is several miles in extent, a narrow passage between the rocks. wide enough for a ship to enter, conets it with a circular bay or inner harbor, here no swell ever is telt, and which is arrounded by high hills. There is a moden pler, and a small steamer arrives more a week from Anekland with the mails and what little freight there may be. The own proper consists of a dozen or so small houses, occupied by English settlers, two township in all includes over 40 square

The half-easte Maoris and full-blooded entives bring down the famous "cowry" gain to the stores, where they exchange it need by steamer to Auckland.

or the first few days after our arrival we to base carrying water casks ashore, filllittle spring, towing them side and hoisting them on board. We 200 tarrels in this manner during our and wet, cold work we found it. I ald mention that the Captain had sent ackland for our letters, which were di-

We now had plenty of fresh beet every day and, what pleased me the most, we sound an abandance of small quabogs, which the matives call "pippies." Every seeing after work was finished the crews of the two slaps visited freely, and the echoed to the chorus of our rollicking

er we had been here a week the steamer Ionn arrived with our letters, and all work was suspended for that day. I had several from relatives and friends, and an abundance of Boston papers, which I read gard re-read notil I almost knew them by Alter I had read my letters the first time I had an opportunity of watching the orgotten. Some had received pictures of wlatives and friends, and soon we were all ling each other about our news, comparpictures and boasting of the amount of re had received. I neglected to state has when we were at Faval some of us had eived letters, and I noticed that one fine soking young man named Henry North, a Prince Edward's Island, received no mail whatever. I asked him the cause, and he confessed his family were in ignorsame of his whereabouts, as he had left home three years before and had never written to them. I was no saint, but I told him in my rough way that in common decency he

send a letter from Fayal, and this day in Mongonui I was repaid for my trouble a thousandfold, for, as we had since become very good friends, I looked around for him if he had received any letters, and

also to show him mine. At length I found him stowed away by the heel of the bowsprit, seated on a coil of rope, with a letter in his hand and the tears rolling down his cheeks. I stole softly away, and after awhile he came and held out his hand, which I grasped, fully understanding the thanks which he could not find words to express. He afterward told me of the joy his letter had brought his aged par-ents, and how happy he was to hear from them once more, and for the rest of the voyage his mail compared favorably with mine.

CHAPTER VI.

A RUN ASHORE. For a few days after our mail arrived we were kept busy painting the ship, but when we had finished we were allowed some liberty, each watch going ashore on alternate days. Of course there was the usual rush for the little public house, and as the California's men were given liberty at the same time a large majority of the men were soon drunk and noisy. We were each allowed six English shillings to spend as our tastes might incline us, and, with two others, I paid the landlord four shillings of mine to get up the best dinner the house afforded, and we dined in royal style on wild game, including pheasant, squabs, rabbit and duck and topped off with a good eigar, an anti-quated copy of the London Punch, and a bot-tle of execrable claret. There was a piano also available, and I made out to bang out an accompaniment, to the delight of the host and his family. Toward night we heard a terrible war of words in front of the house, and upon rushing out to ascertain the cause we found everyone half or wholly drunk, and it appeared that one of the crew of the California had struck Peter Lee,

near by, marched up to the aggressor, shout-"You are a coward to strike that old man. Come out here on the green and strike me!"
A ring was quickly formed, and when I saw the Maori square himself for battle I knew the sailor had no chance, but as he was a quarrelsome man I felt rather glad

whereupon an athletic half caste, who stood

The sailor, whose name was Macan, rushed furiously at the Maori, but no sooner was he within reaching distance than a straight

left-hander sent him to the earth.

Three times was this repeated, until, maddened by the science he could not combat, the sailor ran forward with his head down, and, unmindful of a stinging uppercut, suc-ceeded in closing with his opponent. The struggle now became more even, and how it would have terminated is uncertain, but at that instant the burly constable put in an appearance and arrested the Maori for picking a quarrel with the sailors, while the other participant was not molested. We were evidently expected to fight and get drunk and must not be interfered with. So the Maori paid 15 shillings for espousing Peter's cause, and the latter carried a black eye for a week, never failing to remark that d been sober he could have thrashed a dozen like his assailant.

Having dispatched our letters by the steamer and finished repairing ship and taking water, we left Mongonui June 22 and made straight course for French Rock, which we reached in three days. From thence we proceeded to Sunday Island, where we met the whaling bark Alaska of New Bedford, and I found a townsman of mine in the cooper, and enjoyed a pleasant chat of home and mutual acquaintances. The glorious Fourth was much like other days except that some one stole a piece of

left on deck, and we were informed that, until the thief was found, our allowance of tobacco would be stopped. It is needless to say he was soon produced. We cruised without seeing "fins or flukes" until at last the old man became disgusted, not having taken a whale for five months, and we shaped our course for the Friendly

tobacco which the Captain had carelessly

Islands, where we intended to obtain fresh provisions and fruit. The watther grew warmer as we gradually run down toward the equator, and I turned myself into ship's barber and trimmed the hair of most of the white men, for which I received a stipulated amount of tobacco. On August 29, one year from home, we raised an enormous school of whales, and

although three boats had excellent chances to strike, the boat steerers missed invariably, and we saw the whales disappear to the wind ward, leaving us disconsolate. October 11, nearly eight months since we had "greased our irous," we killed six small whales, which yielded us about 150 barrels, and we began to take courage once more. Again our course was changed, and now

the report was we were bound for the Chat-Islands in latitude 480 south, and about 600 miles southeast of New Zealand. In a lew days the weather grew colder and we began to see numbers of albatross, or "goneys," as the whaler calls them. We caught one with a hook and line, but he became seasiek in a few minutes and we set him at liberty again. He measured over ten feet from tip to tip, and was unable to rise from the ship's deck. So a sailor seized the tip of each wing, and, with a "one, two, three," swung him up over the bulwarks into the wind, when he at once regained control of his movements and sailed majestically away to tell, perhaps, is miraculous escape, which was owing to

the Captain's superstition or kindhearted-A favorite amusement with us was to tie a piece of pork to either end of a fathom of manila rope yarn and throw it among a flock of these monstrous birds. instant each piece was swallowed by different birds and they would attempt to fly away. Of course their flight was suddenly arrested, and either one or the other would involuntarily disgorge his share, which would be almost instantly swallowed by another ravenous "goney," and the pieces of pork would be swallowed and resu many times before the rope yarn finally broke and allowed the lucky r

the pork at that particular instant to retain the choice morsel. In November we again had ar opportunity of striking a large whale, but the mate's boat steerer missed with both irons and a general gloom settled over all hands at our continued ill luck. As for the mate himself, I will not sully my pages with the profanity in which he indulged, but he wound up by shaking his fist under the poor

fellow's nose and saying: "Look here, you clumsy lubber, it I had an old grandmother, 90 years old, that couldn't throw an iron better'n von. I'd tie

her heels to her head and drop her over the stern. The same ill fortune attended us until at last we started for the land, and on the first day of January, 1878, we dropped anchor at Big Chatham Island, a large, dreary-looking place, with no harbor or decent landing, and began telking trees for fuel. The wood was of a hard, vellow kind of which I could not ascertain the name. We cut the fallen trees into cord-wood lengths and piled it to season, in order to have a supply when we next touched there. The native name of the port is Owangi. When in the woods I accidentally discovered a field of wild strawberries and we sat down and satisfied

our appetites to the utmost. The natives of this place are an offshoot from the New Zealand Maoris, and there are also half a dozen white settlers here engaged in raising wool, which is shipped to New Zealand in a trading schooner which calls twice a year, and is the only connect-

ing link between them and civilization. The next day we got under way and ran over to Pitts Island in company with the bark Alaska and dropped our anchor again. We stayed here several days and became tolerably familiar with the history of the hardy old Englishman, whose life almost equals that of Robinson Crusoe in many respects, and to whom I propose to devote a

CHAPTER VIL

A MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOR Somewhere about the year 1848 an Engought to at least let them know that their lishman named Hunt came from England to son was alive, and finally persuaded him to

and after roaming about for some time finally took passage for Chatham Islands with a partner, intending to engage in sheep raising. Upon arriving at the latter place his partner died. Hunt cast longing eyes upon a fertile island about ten miles from Big Chatham and uninhabited, Twice a year the natives went to it in their canoes for birds' eggs, and at last he moved his family to it, coolly took possession of the land, built a rude hut, and in spite of the threats of the natives and the rigors of the climate in winter, he lived there year after year, until at length he came to be known as the owner of the whole island, and it is usually called Hunt's Island by sailors to

As time passed on his family increased, and two sons grew to manhood who knew no other world than that bounded by the rocky shores of the little isle. Two daughters also grew up and married the officers of a trading schooner which called semi-annually for wool, for his few sheep had increased until they were numbered by the thousands. The sous law forwork the housands. The sons-in-law forsook the sea, built houses near by, and thus, with his own immediate family around him, the sturdy pioneer has lived to a good old age, while his sheep number over 10,000 and over 100 cows are grazing on the green hills. Of late years it has become a custom for whaling ships to call there, as beef can be bought for a trifle, and wild sheep may be

captured by the score without price.

The joyial old fellow gave us an ox, 80 sheep, the wool of which was inferior and valueless to him, and turned us loose in his dairy to drink milk to our hearts' content. We also purchased a field of potatoes and dug them ourselves, but as the supply of hoes and shovels was limited, I, among ethers, was obliged to use my fingers. A cracked old piano was in the house, and in the evening I was invited to favor the company with a few selections. I insisted that my fingers were too sore from my agricultural efforts, and after that I dug no

The island comprises 16,400 acres of land, he informed me, and at that time he employed four white men and two Portuguese. He had a large herd of horses, which, however, are useful only for riding. A sound young horse in some parts of New Zealand. by the way, is worth only from £1 to £5

sterling.
The old man Hunt was passionately fond f music, and on this account I was always one of the crew to pull the Captain ashore in the evening, and my musical perform-ances, which would have disgraced a dime museum, were simply marvelous to the un-sophisticated settlers. I had collected a piccole, harmonica, banjo and flute from various sources, and, as one of the crew played very nicely on a large German ac-cordion, we had several "star" pieces which we performed in a most agoniz-ing manner. Under the combined influences of our music and repeated potations the old gentleman finally dragged his better half to the piano one night, and together they sang "The Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon" in the fashion of half a century ago. Words are too weak to describe the performance, but they meant well, and I felt quite encouraged in regard to the merits of my own efforts in that line. Two of our men ran away here and hid in the hills, and we went to sea for a week's cruise, knowing that they would be glad to return by that time. For several days we kept company with the Alaska, and "gammed" at night.

One evening I was chatting with the second mate of the Alaska, an old but stalwart negro, when he informed me that his captain and himself had been boat steerers together. As he evidently felt how much

more favored the Captain had been by Dame Fortune, he remarked sadly: "Yaas, sir; we was hofe ob us boat steerers togedder, and now he's marster ob dis ship, an' dis poor ole debbil kaint hed no better'n

whales during the remainder of the season. and on April 11 we raised a strange sail, which proved to be the new ship Horatio, Captain Charles Grant, one of the oldest and most successful of Nantucket Captaius,



who had been over 60 years at sea. He was accompanied by his wife, who had spent nearly all of her wedded life with him on whale ships, and was a first-rate sailor. They were near neighbors of mine at home and I was kindly remembered by them, and presented with letters and a large box of nome comforts sent by my mother and sis-

ters. One of our Portuguese died of consumption shortly after we left the Horatio, and we buried him at sea.

Nothing occurred to break the monotony for several weeks, until, at last, we met the English ship Splendid, from Dunedin. She had a motley crew, including an ex Licutenant in the British army and a Maori

prince, who informed us he shipped "for the fun of the thing, you know. At length we turned toward New Zealand nce more, and on June 1 we dropped anchor in Mongonin to refit our ship and prepare for a cruise among the Friendly

[To Be Continued Next Sunday.]

HEIGHT KITES WILL REACH. If More Than One Is Used They Will Go

Very Bigh in the Sky. The actual height of kites above the earth is difficult to measure, because an object floating alone in the air looks farther away than it really is. When a kite is flying at height of 1,800 feet, it has reached about as high a point as is possible without the assistance of other kites. Such a kite will seem to have reached an altitude of half a mile; yet a careful measurement of the string and its steepness will show that the kite is not over one-third of a mile above he ground. Ordinarily the kite will go no higher even if more string is let out, be wind presses against the great length of string with increasing force as the

cite recedes and rises.

If more than one kite be used, remarkable eights are attainable. The kites can be fastened along a single string, but this method requires quickness in attaching the right amount of sail to each kite; otherwise so much time may be wasted in preparing the successive kites for flight that the day light will wane before the experiment can be concluded. However, when one kite is up and the amount of tail for it is determined, it becomes possible, after long experitail necessary for each additional kite, ac-

cording to its size. Varnish Taken From a Tree.

Leisure Hours. The Rhus coriaria, or varnish-tree, grows in many parts of what may be termed the Mediterranean district, and its juice is known for its deleterious or injurious properties, and has consequently been let alone. The Japanese, however, seem to understand it, and it is certain they make a beautiful lacquer or varnish from the juice of their trees; but they keep the processes secret.

Rudyard Kipling Sees Much to Laugh About in New York and St. Paul.

GOTHAM LOVES PRAISE.

If the Stranger Does Not Give It the Townsmen Force Him To.

Pen Pictures From the L'esidence Part of Minneapolis' Rival.

A SCARLET FEVER SIGN UPON A DOOR

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) It is not easy to escape from a big city. An entire continent was waiting to be traversed, and for that reason we lingered in New York till the city felt so homelike that it seemed wrong to leave it. And further, the more one studied it the more grotesquely bad it grew-bad in its paving, bad in its streets, bad in its street police, and but for the kindness of the tides would be worse than bad it its sanitary arrangements. No one, as yet, has approached the management of New York in a proper spirit; that is to say, regarding it as the shiftless outcome of squalid barbarism and reckless extravagance. No one is likely to great American people, and lead to angry

comparisons. Gullies, holes, ruts, cobblestones awry, curbstones rising from two to six inches above the level of the slatternly pavement: tram lines from two to three inches above street levels; building materials scattered half across the street; lime, boards, cut stone and ash barrels generally and generously anywhere; wheeled traffic taking its chances, dray versus brougham, at cross roads; sway-backed poles, whittled and un-painted; drunken lampposts with twisted irons; and, lastly, a generous scatter of filth and more mixed stinks than the winter wind can carry away are matters which can be considered quite apart from the "spirit of democracy" or "the future of this great and growing country."

New Yorkers Look on the Bright Side. In any other land they would be held to represent slovenimess, sordidness and want of capacity. Here it is explained not once but many times, that they show the speed at which the city is growing and the inevit-able indifference of her citizens to matters of detail. One of these days, you are told, everything will be taken in hand and put straight. The unvirtuous rulers of the city will be sweptaway by a cyclone or a tornado or something big and booming, of popular indignation; everybody will unanimously elect the right men, who will justly earn the enormous salaries that are at present being paid to inadequate aliens for road sweeping, and all will be well. At the same time the No one but a sailor can fully appreciate the simile, but it expressed his meaning better than a more elaborate speech could probably have done.

At last we caught our two runaways and resumed our cruise. We took several large whals during the reckless disregard for human life. bred by impotent laws and fostered by familiarity with needless accidents and criminal neglect will miraculously disap-

pear.

If the laws of cause and effect that control even the freest people in the world say otherwise, so much the worse for the laws. America makes her own. Behind her stands the ghost of the most bloody war of the century, caused in a peaceful land by long temporizing with lawlessness, by letting things slide, by shiftlessness and blind disregard of all save the material need of the hour till the trouble long conceived and let alone, stood up full armed, and men said. "Here is an unforeseen crisis," and killed each other in the name of their God for four

years. Cannot Get on Without Praise, In a heathen land the three things that are supposed to be the pillars of moderately decent government are regard for human life, justice, criminal and civil, as far as it lies in man to do justice, and good roads. This Christian city, where they think lightly of the first — their own papers, their own speech and their own actions prove it-buy and sell the second at a price openly and without shame, and are apparently content to do without the ne would almost expect the racial sense of humor would stay them from expecting only praise, slab, lavish and slavish, from the stranger within their gates. But they do not. If he holds his peace theyforge tributes to their own excellence which they put into his mouth, thereby treating their own land, which they profess to honor, as a quack treats his pills. speaks—but you shall see for yourselves what happens then. And they cannot see untruth and invective it is themselves and themselves alone that they in-

The blame of their city evils is not altogether with the gentlemen chiefly of foreign extraction, who control the city. These find a people made to their hand—a lawless breed, ready to wink at one evasion of the law if they themselves may profit by another, and in their rare leisure hours content to smile over the details of a clever fraud. Then says the cultured American: "Give Then says the cultured American: us time. Give us time and we shall arrive." The otherwise American who is aggressive, straightway proceeds to thrust a piece of half-hanged, municipal botch work under the nose of the alien as a sample of

perfected effort. Comparing Gothamites to Children. There is nothing more delightful than to sit for a strictly limited time with a child who tells you what he means to do when he is a man; but when that same child, loud voiced, insistent, unblushingly eager for praise, but thin-skinned as the most morbid of hobbledehoys, stands about all your ways telling you the same story in the same voice, you begin to yearn for something made and finished—say Egypt and a com-pletely dead mummy. It is neither seemly nor safe to hint that the government of the largest city in the States is a despotism the alien by the alien for the alien, tempered with occasional insurrections of the decent tolk. Only the Chinaman washes the dirty linen of other lands.

Yes, it is very good to get away once more and pick up the old and ever fresh business of the vagrant loafing through new towns, learned in the manners of dogs, babies and perambulators half the world over, and tracking the seasons by the upgrowth of flowers in stranger people's gar-dens. St. Paul, standing at the barn door of the Dakota and Minnesota granaries, is all things to all men except to Minneapolis, 11 miles away, whom she hates and by whom she is patronized. She calls herself the Capital of the Northwest, the new North-west, and her citizens wear not only the tall silk hat of trade, but the soft slouch of the

How St. Pant Differs From New York. She talks in another tongue than the New Yorker, and-sure sign that we are far across the continent-her papers argue with the San Francisco ones over rate wars and the competition of railway companies. St. Paul has been established many years and it one were reckless enough to go down to the business quarters one would hear all about her and more also. But the residential parts of the town are the crown of it. In common with scores of other cities, St. forming a c Paul has reared for herself broad-crowned out gloves.

suburbs, using the word in the English sense, that make the stranger jealous. You get here what you do not get in the city-well paved or asphalted roads, planted with trees, and trim sidewalks studded with houses of individuality not boorishly fenced

off from each other, but standing each on its plot of well-kept turf running down to the It is always Sunday in these streets of a morning. The cable car has taken the men down town to business, the children are at school, and the big dogs, three and a third to each absent child, lie nosing the winter-killed grass and wandering when the shoots will make it possible for a gentleman to take his spring medicine. In the afternoon the children on tricycles stagger up and lown the asphalt with the proportion of

big dogs at each wheel; the cable cars com-ing up hill begin to drop the men each at his own door—the door of the house that he builded for himself (though the architect LONG, NARROW DIRTY PIG-TROUGH
incited him to that vile little attic tower and useless loggia) and, naturally enough, twilight brings the lovers walking two by two along the very quiet ways.

The Architecture of the West. You can tell from the houses almost the exact period at which they were built— whether in the jig-saw days when it be-hooved respectability to use unlovely turned rails and pierced gable-ends; or, during the colonial craze which means white paint and fluted pillars; or in the latest domestic eraa most pleasant mixture that is, of stained shingles, hooded dormer windows, cunning verandas and recessed doors. Seeing these things one begins to understand why the American visiting England is impressed with the old and not with the new. He is not much more than 100 years ahead of the English in design, comfort, economy, and (this is most important) labor-saving appli-

(this is most important) labor-saving appli-ances in his house. From Newport to San Diego you shall find the same thing to-day. One little brown house at the end of an avenue is shuttered down and a doctor's uggy stands before it. On the door a large blue and white label says, "Scarlet Fever."
Oh, most excellent municipality of St.
Paul! It is because of these little things and now rowdying and racketing in public places that a nation becomes great and free do so, because reflections on the long, nar-row pig-trough are construed as malevolent attacks against the spirit and majesty of the great American people, and lead to angry matters of no great moment compared to those streets and that label. RUDVARD KIPLING.

HARASSED BY A NAME.

McGinty Thinks of Disposing of His Patro nymic Very Cheaply.

St. Louis Republic.] "I am sorely annoyed and harassed by a name," said a dapper little man with keen gray eyes and fierce mustache, at the Laclede. I bear a name that for centuries has been born with pride and that to my positive knowledge has never been disgraced. It is an honorable name and is associated with many of man's greatest achievement. And yet in these degenerate days of the comic song writer and his arch conspirator, the wandering minstrel, my name is weighing down my ambitions and my hopes of prosperity and posterity. My name is Mc-Ginty-Michael J. McGinty-but not one man in fifty to whom I am introduced be-lieves either my introducer or myself when with the most dignified solemnity we assure him that that is my rea! cognomen.

"I have surrendered all hope of ever utilizing the telephone, for as soon as the man at the other end of the line asks me it is that has rung him up, and I tell him McGinty, he rails at me for disturbing him with my jokes and snappishly rings me off. I never attempt to introduce myself to anyone as other men do, for I would only be considered an imposter who was trying to disguise his identity for some sinister motives or an individual entirely too fresh. About the queerest experience that my name has occasioned me occurred last summer on one of those magnificent steamboats that ply the Hudson. I joined a party of friends for an excursion up the river. In the party was one of the most beautiful young women Lever saw. I at once sought an introduction to her, and imagine my heartburns and enagrin when I was introduced to Miss Rooney. I tried to relieve the embarrassment we both felt by my making some jocular remark about the singular coinci-dence, but Miss Rooney wouldn't have it. Her grea:, liquid eyes filled with tears and she turned her back on me. All this may seem funny to you and other people, but tell you the thing has gone so far that there

MODERN WARLIKE ARMS. The New Style of Sword Used by the English Army Officer,

Philadelphia Telegraph.) The latest illustration of the changes constantly occurring in the conditions of modern warfare is an order just issued from the British War Office substituting swords of a new pattern for the weapons which have been carried by officers since the days of the

Iron Duke. With a view to efficiency at close quarters, the blade of the old sword was sharpened throughout the whole length of its edge, and on the back for some seven or eight inches from the point, the idea b ing to make it available for cutting as well as thrusting. In order to increase its strength it was also slightly curved, and was a formidable weapon, though somewhat light in comparison with the more massive service swords of Continental infantry officers. In the new sword the blade is perfectly

straight, its shaft being set in a roomy hilt, squared to give play to the wrist in guarding and thrusting, the mode of fighting recom-mended to unmounted officers of the present day on actual service, who are taught to re-gard cutting as an obsolete method of attack. Only about ten inches of the edge from the point, and six inches of the back, are sharpened, the rest of the blade being blunt and rounded for parrying purposes, and having, therefore, no cutting capacity whatsoever. The new regulation sword, in fact, is exclusively a thrusting and guarding weapona sort of rapier, double-edged for about a fourth of its blade-length in order to facilitate penetration when its wearer "gives but unless as an arm wherewith to strike a swinging blow.

THE WORLD A COCOANUT SHELL The South Pacific Islanders Believe This to

Be the Case. Washington Star. 1 The savage islanders of the South Pacific believe that the world is a coconnut shell of enormous dimensions, at the top of which is a single aperture communicating with the upper air, where human beings dwell. At the very bottom of this imaginary shell is a stem gradually tapering to a point, which represents the beginning of all things. This point is a spirit or demon without human form, whose name is "Root of All Exist-ence." By him the entire fabric of crea-

tion is sustained. In the interior of the cocoanut shell, at its very bottom, lives a female demon. So narrow is the space into which she is crowded that she is obliged to sit forever with knees and chin touching. Her name is "The Very Beginning," and from her are sprung numerous spirits. They inhabit five different floors, into which the great coccanut is divided. From certain of these spirits mankind is descended. The islanders, re-garding themselves as the only real men and women, were formerly accustomed to regard strangers as evil spirits in the guise of humanity, whom they killed when they could, offering them as sacrifices.

Cranks of the Collectors. The Collector. ] The latest novelty in the way of collections is reported from Philadelphia. It is a collection of door mats. In the same town is also a man who collects tin tags, and who owns them by the thousand. A Boston man devotes his surplus energies to gathering pen-knives, and one in Albany goes in for railroad time tables. A Buffalo woman is forming a collection of more or less wornAN EBONY PRINCESS.

Her Part in the Tragedy That Ended Explorer Crampel's Career.

WAS GIVEN TO HIM BY A CHIEF.

She Shot Down a Mohammedan Who Came to Attack Her Master.

FRENCH ENTERPRISE ON THE KONGO.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH, ) About four years ago Paul Crampel, brilliant young Frenchman, who had made a name by exploring the depths of the French Kongo country, was welcomed home to Paris with the honors and attention that the French bestow so lavishly upon those who achieve conspicuous success. He brought with him a young black girl, and the French were greatly entertained by her. novel and romantic story. All the news-papers and magazines published pictures of Paul Crampel and Niarinze, the bright, jolly girl from the greatest tribe in West Africa, the Pahouin, who had thwarted Du Chaillu and opposed De Brazza, but among whom Crampel had lived and wandered fo many months.

To-day Crampel's bones are bleaching near the banks of the upper waters of the Shari river, where he was treacherously murdered a year ago; and poor Niarinze, if she is alive, is wearing the yoke of slavery among the women of some fanatical Arab



Paul Crampel in the Soudan. It was not until four weeks age that the report of the Dybowski search party reached France settling conclusively the fate of the brave explorer, and giving all the facts of his cruel taking off, that are

likely ever to be known. The Daughter of a Chief. Crampel had lived for months in the wholly unknown eastern part of the French Kongo, wandering from chief to chief of the great Pahouin tribe, that numbers at least a million souls. One chief be-

stowed upon him many special marks of his favor, and he greatly surprised the young explorer one day by remarking:
"I am astonished that you have come through all the country of the Pahouins and are now about to return alone among the whites. The chiefs have treated you badly. A great man like you ought to take home women from all the nations he meets. Now I am going to show you that I am the friend of the whites, for I shall give you one

of my daughters to take back with you." In vain the explorer protested that he did not want such a present. Crampel had a scanty following, and was in no position enemy. So this young girl was taken from her native forests, which only one white man had ever entered, and introduced to the wonderful sights of the sea and its highest and introduced to the wisely decided that an attack as the transfer of the sea and its highest affairs reached Mr. Nebout. He and the country beyond, with its countless marvels, where she was to learn to read and live out her years. But one day the plans for Niarinze's future were all changed.

would only be to court interest interest in the returned to France on April 3, this year, the sole survivor of the five white members of the excedition; and the 15 men who returned to

A Secret Mission to the Interior. Crampel received a commission to go to a part of Africa that no explorer had visited. It was believed the influence of the widespread Pahouins extended there. No one knew what languages would be met, but the people probably understood Pahouin. Crampel needed a Pahouin interpreter. His mission, political in its nature, required celerity. This young girl, conning her French lessons, was an interpreter to his hand. So Niarinze cheerfully turned her



Crampel's Route.

happy to be of service to her kind benefactor; and the last their friends were ever to see of them was as they stood on deck waving their handkerchiefs as the steamer bore them out of the harbor toward their fate.

In August, 1890, the writer of this article received a letter from Mr. Carl Steckelmann, Loango, West Africa, announcing that Paul Crampel had arrived there with a large lot of trade goods to pay his way through the country. To all who asked whither he was bound he replied merely that he was not at liberty to divulge his plans. The white men he met could learn only that he was going to Brazzaville, on Stanley Pool.

A Plan to Beat the English. Geographers in Europe were as mystified traders on the coast; and it was not until the explorer was far on his way that the facts about his mission became public. Crampel had been instructed to ascend the Kongo and its greatest tributary, the Mobangi, to the most northern part of that river. Then he was to march overland about 700 miles, to Lake Tchad, on the bor-Then he was to march overland der of the Sahara. He was to make treaties on the way with the various tribes, placing them under the protection of France, and if possible he was to secure commercia treaties with the powerful Sultans of Wadai, Bagirmi and Bornu. In short he represented France in the great race for Lake Tchad, in which France, Germany and England competed, though England alone reached the goal.

Our map shows El Kouti, where he was killed when 300 miles on his way. When Crampel, with four white assistants, started north from the Mobangi in January, 1891,

ne had 230 loads of merchandise and 78 por-

ters. He was met at the outset by the im

possibility of hiring men enough to carry his goods. He heard there were Mohamme-

to go with Crampel, because he was familiar with a part of the country to be crossed.

Betraved to the Mohammedans. This traitor found means to send word to the Mohammedans that Crampel was advancing in small force, and would fall an easy prey. With treachery in his camp, food very scarce, his little band of porters depleted every week by descritions, Crampel's situation grew more

desperate; and this was the position of af-



(From a photograph taken in Paris.)

fairs when in April last year irretrievable disaster overtook the expedition.
Crampel, with Niarinze and his handful of men left to him was among the Arabs of El Kouti, in the southern part of Wadai. Biscarrat, with 25 porters and a part of the supplies, was about 100 miles south. Nebout, with eight Senegalis, a few port-ers and some supplies, was still further south. Messrs, Lanziere and Orsi, the other white members of the party, had died of fever. Crampel was received with the most friendly manifestations by the Mo-hammedans, who told him, however, that he must seek means of transportation further north. On the day that he renewed his journey came the beginning of the end. A crowd of the apparently friendly Mohammedans suddenly overpowered and disarmed the Senegal soldiers.

Brave in Her Master's Defense, At the same moment another throng attacked Crampel and Mohammed-ben-Said, his Arab interpreter, and stabbed them re-peatedly with knives. Then as the dying men lay on the ground the Arabs shot them through the head. All their clothing was then stripped from the bodies, which were dragged through the bush and finally abanoned by the murderers. The black members of the expedition were kept as slaves. One of them escaped, and he teils this story of the part little Niarinze took in this fear-

He says that when the attack came, as unexpected as a thunderbolt on a sunny day, the young girl seized a gun, shot dead one of the men who was stabbing her mas-ter, and a moment later she fell dead with a bullet through her body. Mr. Dybowski, who led the scarch expedition, tells another story, which he believes is the true one. He says that all the native and Arab versions of the affair that he could gather agreed in saying that the girl seized a gun to defend her master, shot an Arab, and was immediately knocked down and disarmed; that she recovered from the severe injury she received and was taken further North in Wadai as the slave of one of the

murderers. Only One White Man Escaped. The Arabs at once sent a party south to attack Biscarrat. On the morning of May 25 last he was suddenly surrounded by 20 men, one of whom stabbed him in the side, and his body was then riddled with bullets. Meantime a larger party had surrounded his escort of Senegalis and porters. The terror-stricken blacks were told that they would not be barmed, as the Arabs wished only to

the il-fated party. ce to follow up Crampel's route, in the nope that the explorer was still alive. He had a pitched battle with the Arabs about 100 miles south of the place where Crampel fell. The enemy finally scattered, leaving 15 dead and quite a number of wounded and prisoners in Dybowski's hands. In their onggage were found many relies of the

Crampel party.

The end is not yet. France is determined to reach Lake Tchad. Mr. Maistre left France in January with ample provisions for the strong reinforcement of Dybowski, and with orders to carry out the mission that was defeated by the Crampel disaster. CYRUS C. ADAMS.

THE DUST TEST FOR FIREARMS. Little Process to Which Guns for the Army Are Subjected. loston Transcript.]

One little known process to which small arms manufactured for the United States are subjected is the dust test, intended to subject the piece to the same dusting it march across the alkali deserts of Arizona or Utah or the sagebrush prairies of Montana or Wyoming. Troops are frequently compelled to tramp for hours through such clouds of dust that the heads of the leaders of a six-mule team can be but vaguely seen from the wagons and the dust so fine and cenetrating that the soldiers' guns and even garments soon become coated with it. The rtificial production of a similar experience for an arm that might be adopted for military service is manifestly a very perti-

nent trial. This is accomplished by placing the rifle on a shelf within a closed box, so that the breach mechanism, which is closed, shall be opposite the mouth of the bellows; fine and is then permitted to fall slowly across the blast of air, which thereby in two minutes, the time of the test, drives the sand into any open joints or into the depth of the mechanism if it is much exposed. The gun is then removed and wiped carefully with the bars hand, also blown into and cleaned, just as a soldier who suddenly goes into action would do with a gun he has carried on a dusty march. The piece is then fired 20 shots. This test is then repeated, the magazine being charged before exposing the gun to the dust; the cartridge and the gun are then wiped as before and the gun

again fired 20 rounds. Woman as a Dinner Taster.

able Talk. ] Paris provides a new employment for wonan in the capacity of "diner taster." She goes each day a regular round, visiting the houses where she is employed, tasting and suggesting improvements in the dishes prered for dinner. If requested she teaches the cook ways preparing new dishes. As she already rides in her carriage the busi-

ness must be a profitable one. Philadelphia Public Ledger. ] Welcome! Welcome! bonny May!
Regal goddess of the spring!
Bloom and joy around you fing—
Month of flowers and new-mown hay!
Month when birds delight to sing
Old-new song at break of day;
Mouth when butterfly and bee
Love to gather sweets of thee. Love to gather sweets of thee. Thus to mortal just as sweet.

Youth and maiden (It is meet)

was ever tears and wiles

Thee to April much prefer-

REPORTING A

London Newspapers Got News of the Oxford-Cambridge Contest

THROUGH A TEMPORARY CABLE. It Was Paid Out From the Pursuing Press

Boat and Kept Alive. ELECTRICITY FOR DOMESTIC USE

The boat race between the representative crews of Oxford and Cambridge is rowed annually on the river Thames. This year's race was noteworthy not only on account of the breaking of the record in point of speed of the contestants, but as enabling the London press to carry out successfully a remarkable piece of enterprise. The London papers, containing the result and full details of the race, were on sale within four minutes after the Oxford crew had passed the winning post. The press boat, as it steamed up the Thames, paid out a cable consisting of a seven-strand conductor, insulated with vulcanized rubber with warps and braids of flax, which had been specially manufactured for the purpose. Over this cable the progress of the boats at intervals of a few minutes along the cutire course was transmitted to the papers and pub-lished all over London almost as the crews

were passing the points indicated.

Immediately following the result there was dispatched a complete description of the race from start to finish, which was in the hands of the newspapers and others provided with the instruments of the Exchange Telegraph Company long before a single pressman was able to land his "copy" from the press boat at Mortlake, and also long before the pigeons dispatched from the scene were able to settle down in a home. ward direction. The instruments used were Morse sounders. The short description of he race which was finally sent contained over 150 words. Another conspicuous fea-ture of the contest was the fleet of electric launches, which was the largest ever seen on the Thames.

Cost of Electricity for Domestic Use.

In a recent lecture in London, in which the practicability of electric ventilation, electric knife cleaning, electric hat and linen ironing and electric cooking were fully demonstrated, the question of cost of current was also discussed. The result of the discussion went to show that the use of lectricity for these purposes has not yet been brought down to the economical pasis that will permit the enjoyment of the laxury by persons of limited incomes. It was found that it cost about 4 cents an hour to maintain an ordinary flatiron at the proper temperature by means of a zigzag of insulated wire embedded in its face. There was, however, the set-off of the rapidity and ease with which it could be hearted at short vertice the which it could be heated at short notice, the constancy of temperature attained, and the absence of waste of time in taking it to and from the fire. A frying pan constructed on the same principle was raised to the re-quired heating point at a cost of two-fifths I a cent, and an omelette was cooked in it n about a minute and a half. Setting aside the question of expense, the great advant-age of the electrically generated heat was that it could be applied where it was wanted with a minimum of waste, and a joint could be roasted without nearly roasting the cook as well, which is decidedly wasteful.

Candle Power in Electric Lamps. A public "1,200 candle power" lamp that gives an effective power of 1,200 candles is about as rare as reputed pints which will hold 20 fluid ounces, and the public are be-coming quite alive to the desirability of getting all the light theve pay for. It is now found that a good deal of the blame for

insufficient lighting power rests more on the kind of globe used than on the lamp itself. A ground glass globe, when clean, absorbs 42 to 46 per cent of the light, and wisely decided that an attack on the Arabs opal globes 54 to 70 per cent, and, of course, ercentage absorbed when the glass i not properly cleaned is proportionally greater. One of the best forms of a shade is a frosted bulb, which reduces the light in a exhedition; and the 15 men who returned to the coast with him are the sorry remnant of tion of light there is is due to the dirt which the frosting collects. One of the most agree Vengeance has already overtaken some of able kinds of globe has a thin layer of opal the murderers. As soon as possible after the rumors of the disaster reached the coast Dybowski was dispatched with a strong force to follow in Comments of the dispatched with a strong the following Comments of the control of the co if globes that will make this limit of absorption absolute are used, the chances are that little dissatisfaction will arise on the part of the consumer, as a difference of 15 volts in the current supplied to an 85-volt lamp would make so little difference in the per-

ceptible light that hardly anyone but elec tricians would notice it. An Astronomical Quandary. It is seldom that the charge of impeding scientific progress can be laid at the door of electricity, but it now appears that the accuracy of astronomical observations is being seriously impaired by the glare from electric street lights. Prof. Swift states that since electric lights have been brought into general use in the cities the difficulty of discovering new nebulæ or faint comets has materially increased, and that the sky illumination fogs the plates and photo-graphic work. He suggests that inventors have now an opportunity of earning the eternal gratitude of astronomers and photographers of celestial scenery by devising ome means of overcoming this difficulty. His own idea of a remedy is a means of would receive if carried by the soldier in a | maintaining the light at one level, and that near the bottom of the globe, during the upper half of the globe of the lamp were painted white, Prof. Swift contends that not only would the illumination of the

> ing skyward. Electricity in Mining.

street be improved, but that nine-tenths of

the light would be prevented from ascend-

Few industries have profited more by the introduction of electrical applications than mining. When the owners of mineral properry began to see that by the use of the elec-tric current not only could a radical economy be effected in the operation of existing mines, but that workings long thrown up could be again operated at a profit, they soon set about the adoption of new methods. The development of the new applications has been so great that in many mines electricity is now practically the only power in use, and the drilling, ventilating, pumping, hauling and winding, signaling, explosivefiring and lighting are all done by means of the electric current. Great improvements are being made in drills, and several elec-tric rotary drills have been used with suc-

The Telephone as an Obstructionist,

Traveling salesmen do not look upon the telephone with a kindly eye. Many firms have reduced their staff of drummers, owing to the fact that their customers have fallen naturally into the way of transmitting their orders direct to the house over the telephone instead of waiting, as formerly, for the periodical visit of the salesman. Auother bitter drop has been poured into the cup of the commercial traveler, who finds that after quoting prices or selling goods to one concern his quotations are passed on over the telephone to other concerns, and thus the difficulty of making subsequent

sales at elastic prices is increased. A New System of Electric Traction.

A Baltimore inventor claims to have perfeeted a remarkable electric railway system. In this system neither overhead wires, storage batteries, surface conduits nor un-derground conduits are employed, the motive current being conveyed to the car by induction from buried conductors extending along the line of travel. The details of the invention are not yet given out, but if the claims made can be substantiated a most important advance in the art of electric