

Brandon's Daughter

NO, I'VE NEVER been shipwrecked, nor been in collision all the time I've been to sea—a matter now of over forty years. But I've carried some queer passengers in my time. I'll tell you about two who exercised a powerful influence over me; but whether for good or evil you shall hear presently.

It was in the fall of '72, just when on the eve of sailing, that an old gentleman stepped on board, and hurriedly approached me. He was a tall, spare man, with iron gray hair, and had a slight stoop at the shoulders.

"Good day, captain," said he, "I only heard this morning that you were sailing for England, and hastened to see you. As it happens you are not, but you could and accommodate for myself and daughter at so short notice.

"Certainly," I replied, in my hearty way; "I shall only be too pleased to take you. As it happens, only two other passengers booked this trip, and they are second class, so you can have the saloon pretty much to yourselves."

He thanked me effusively, and disappeared into the saloon. I waited until his presence had faded from my mind, and then the daughter was to come from, for she was not visible anywhere.

I gave instructions to the apprentices to have their luggage conveyed on board, and myself supervised the stowing of their trunks in the two best appointed cabins of the ship. While so engaged, I heard a light footfall behind me, and, turning around, I beheld the fairest vision of loveliness that ever brightened my saloon.

"My daughter—Captain Brant," said Mr. Brandon, introducing us.

I was so taken aback by her exceeding beauty that I awkwardly touched my cap, and, with the wind clean out of my sails, stammered:

"God to see you, miss."

She placed her left little white hand into my big, sun-browned paw, and, looking me squarely in the face out of her laughing blue eyes, said:

"I'm sure we shall be good friends, captain, during the voyage. My father, in his charming colonial accent, and from that moment I was her most devoted, humble servant, slave, anything you like. I went head over ears in love with her at sight. You may smile, but recollect I was a comparatively young man then.

"Leaving them to arrange their cabins to their own satisfaction, I ascended the companion steps and went on deck. It certainly occupied them a considerable time, for neither father nor daughter seemed to get on board the ship was well outside the 'Heads' and the tug had returned to port.

"That voyage I look back upon as the happiest and saddest I ever made. Miss Brandon was a splendid sailor. In fair weather or foul she'd be on deck, delighting me with the admiration she expressed for my handsome three-masted clipper, and the childlike naïveté of her questions. I used to pace the quarter-deck in the morning, impatient for her first appearance. On the dull or wettest day it was like a ray of sunshine suddenly bursting forth from a lowering sky, to see her emerge from the companion hatch, looking as fresh as a daisy and a thousand times more lovely.

"Of course it was only natural that my mate should fall in love with her also, but she treated them with marked indifference, if not absolute coldness. Her smiles were all reserved for me, and she lavished them upon me in no miserly manner.

"There was a piano in the saloon, and often in the long evenings she would sing and play for my sole delectation, while I would sit on the settee alongside and gaze rapturously into her pretty face. The song I liked best was 'Tom Bowling,' and she infused such an amount of pathos into her expression that the tears would sometimes trickle down my weather-beaten cheeks as she sang. Ah! those were happy days; it was heaven while it lasted.

"I have scarcely mentioned her father yet. The fact is, I was so engrossed with his beautiful daughter that I didn't pay so much attention to him as perhaps I ought. At the best he was a staid, unexciting, unassuming person, who seemed to prefer his own company to other people's. When not in his own cabin, where he spent most of his time, he was walking with his hands clasped behind him, apparently in deep thought, in the waist of the

knife ripped open the stitches. My hand shook painfully. What if he were really dead?

I confess to experiencing a singular feeling of relief when the king opened his eyes, and the resuscitated Brandon sat up. I administered some brandy, which helped to revive him. He quickly and noiselessly dressed himself. Then he produced from an American trunk a dummy figure which he had previously procured and weighted, and inclosed it in the shroud. This he sewed up with his own hands. Not a word was spoken by either of us. When all was completed I stepped out to reconnoiter. Seeing the coast clear, I signalled him, and he crept swiftly across the passage into his daughter's cabin, where he concealed himself.

In the first dog watch of the same afternoon, the bell commenced to toll its solemn knell for the funeral of Anthony Brandon. Officers, mates and passengers stood round me with heads uncovered as I read from the Book of Common Prayer the beautiful and impressive burial service. God forgive me, it was an awful mockery. I don't know how I got through with it. Afterward I heard it commented that I was much affected during the service. Heaven knows I was, but 'twas with guilt and fear.

After the funeral Brandon returned to his own cabin, which was kept constantly locked, and the key of which I retained in my possession. With my connivance Alice smuggled food to him from day to day.

About two weeks afterward, while proceeding up the channel under all sail, we were hailed by a tug. Anticipating danger, I slipped down the companionway, and conveyed Brandon to my own cabin for concealment. When I got on deck again, I was just in time to see a stout, well-groomed party clambering over the vessel's side. Without any preliminaries he brusquely demanded:

"Got a passenger by the name of Brandon on board?"

"I had, stranger, I had," I replied.

He gazed at me intently.

"Come below, sir," I said.

As we descended, he explained that he was a detective in pursuit of Brandon, who had absconded from Australia a considerable sum of money and valuable negotiable securities. When he had produced his warrant, I ordered the mate to fetch the baggage. Under date the 15th of January, he read this entry:

"Buried at sea in lat. 35 degrees 49 minutes S., longitude 163 degrees 16 minutes W. Authorities: W. E. B. Spencer, passenger. Cause of death unknown."

He muttered something under his breath which was quite unintelligible to me. Then he demanded to see Brandon's effects. I led the way into his cabin. He searched every trunk and portmanteau, but not a vestige of paper or anything of value did he discover. The expression on his face when he left the ship some hours later was not particularly pleasant.

When we arrived in the dock at London I smuggled Mr. Brandon ashore in one of his daughter's trunks after they had been searched by the customs officer. No one in the ship ever suspected the truth. Their secret remained alone with me.

It was arranged that Alice and I should be married quietly before setting out on my next voyage, and our honeymoon was to be spent on the bosom of the deep. When we parted that night she promised to communicate some news when her father had cured some of his rheumatism.

She kept her promise. Here is the letter. I have preserved it all these years. It has neither superscription nor signature:

Dear Old Captain—Many thanks for all your kindnesses. My husband and I—Mr. Brandon is my husband, though it was not known in Australia—will never forget them. Pray forgive the deceit we found it expedient to practise on you in order to carry out our plan. We are in fairly affluent circumstances, and my husband did not lose the money. On the contrary, as I thought it necessary to tell you, dear Captain, I know I can rely upon you for your own sake, not to inform the authorities of my husband's whereabouts, as he is well, and as far as I am concerned, untroubled by the bank officials or the police. Good-bye for ever.

And that was the end of my romance. No, I never heard anything more about them. Whether they lived to enjoy their ill-gotten gains, or whether they didn't, cannot tell. But this I do know, she was the first woman that ever fooled me, and, by heaven, she was the last. I never gave another the chance.—TIT-BITS.

to leave London and live in extreme poverty. A rankin, unwitting of the injury it had brought his friend, asserted that the king's action was "a matter of great importance to the nation." "If I had a wish about it, it would be that he had rejected them altogether as ineffectual. For it is only since he thought himself and family safe from the thunder of heaven that he dared to use his art of thunder in destroying his innocent subjects." However, the court might side with the king, the wits did otherwise, and one of them produced an epigram well worth quotation:

While you, great George, for safety hunt,
And sharp conductors change for blunt,
The nation's out of joint.
Franklin a wiser course pursues,
And all your thunder fumes views,
By keeping to the point.

DUTCH WORDS COMMON.

Sense and Sound of Some Terms Frequently Seen in Dispatches.

Matters in South Africa are fast approaching a point where the average newspaper reader will need a little more than the average knowledge of Dutch words to understand what is going on, and of Dutch pronunciations to talk about it without confusion and mutual misunderstanding. It might seem strange to Paul Kruger that the citizens of this originally Dutch settlement should be in any doubt as to the pronunciation of Dutch words; but then if you come to that, the very blue descendants of the New York Dutch do not always know how to pronounce the names they have inherited, in which strange ignorance they are distanced by the Irish-Americans, who often turn O'Meara into O'Meeler and Mahoney into Ma-ho-ney in two generations.

What misleads the English-speaking New Yorker in the language of the Boers is its similarity in spelling to German. The confusion is increased by an occasional oversight of the London transmitters of Transvaal news, substituting, e. g., the German "stein" for "steen," the Dutch for "steun."

It looks as if the Dutch were biologically akin to German more than to English. Dutch and Flemish belong in one group of the Teutonic languages (Low Dutch); German is the only surviving written language of another group (High Dutch). This once understood, it is not very difficult, especially if one has read a little Chaucer, or even Spenser, to guess correctly the meanings of the Transvaal names which will soon fill the European dispatches. "Bloomfontein," for instance, pronounced "Bloom-fone-tine"—is Bloom Spring, or Flower Spring. Laing's Nek needs no explanation. Majuba—pronounced, of course, Ma-yoo-ba—is not a Dutch word, except by right of adoption and conquest, but Kaffir. A Boer general is called a "veldcorps" or "veld lord." "The veld" is simply "the field"—the open country, as when it is said that an army "takes the field." The rural guard or military police of the Transvaal are the "veldwachters" or field watchers. The veld in many parts of the Transvaal is rich in iron by cliffs or ravines, which the newspaper correspondents are sure to call by the Cape name of "kloofs"—pronounced "kloofs," as, by the way, President Kruger's pet name should be pronounced "come Powell." You must take care, if you wish to do any promising, to speak of Oom Paul's general, not as if Joubert was a French name, but with the pronunciation Yowbert. The members of the first and second "rands," or orders, of the legislature are called "jonkheren"—pronounced "yon-khure-ten," which means lords, and they assemble in the "rand huis," pronounced "rand hooys." The much bandied name of the individuals who are excluded from voting, spelled "Til-lander," is pronounced "Oy-lan-der."

That part of the Transvaal territory which was once part of the Kingdom of Ophir and of the empire of the "rand" (the word means "division" or "border line")—the line that runs or serves one state from another—"Til-twee-stad" means "edge of the white country." Many of the Boer names of places are "dorp," which is neither more nor less than "thorp," the Yorkshire name for a hamlet; German "dorf." "Stad" is like the German "stadt," "acity." "Stroom," sometimes printed "strom," is "stream." "Little head" is also used for smaller embayments.

One feature of the South African open country of which much is likely to be heard is the "measle field." The English speaking colonists often pronounce these two words as it would be in English; the Dutch pronunciation is more like "medly." It means just what it looks—a field where you get the vegetable material for a meal, which material, in those parts, is chiefly what Americans call corn and Englishmen maize. The unfortunate young Prince Imperial was killed by a measle field in the Zulul war. He had gone on reconnaissance several miles away from his "lager"—pronounced something like lah-ber—which means a camp, or, as it would be called if the hosts were a host of wild beasts, his "lager," in modern spelling "lager." When hunters or soldiers in the veld are not in "lager," they are on the "trek" or "making tracks," as the forty-niners were in the habit of saying. And the Dutch settlers who made their trek across the Vaal river sixty-five years ago, because the British authorities suppressed their "peculiar institution" of slavery, and who have been blocking up the "trek" of advancing civilization ever since, pronounced their distinctive name "boers," which, like the German "bauer," and the identical English word, means "rustics." It seems a little paradoxical to read of "the Boer burghers," because a "burgher" (bourgeois, or man

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FRANKLIN AND GEORGE III.

The British King's Attempt to Change the Laws of Nature.

"Franklin as a Scientist" is the September chapter of the Parisian Ford's Century studies of "The Many Sides of Franklin." It contains this anecdote: A powder magazine in Europe having been exploded by lightning, the British board of ordinance requested the Royal Society to recommend the best method for removing the remains of a Purfleet from such a danger. The society appointed a committee of five, of which Franklin was one, to prepare a report, and they recommended Franklin's system. But from this one member, Benjamin Wilson, dissented so far as to advocate the use of blunt, and not pointed, ends to the rods. The latter were adopted, and Wilson "arrogant," published two pamphlets, so Franklin states, "reflecting on the Royal society, the committee and myself, and some asperity." To this Franklin made no reply. "So this Franklin made no reply," he explained, "I have never entered into any controversy in defense of my philosophical opinions; I leave them to take their chance in the world. If they are right, truth and experience will support them; if wrong, they ought to be refuted and rejected. Disputes are apt to sour one's temper and disturb one's quiet. I have no private interest in the reception of my inventions by the world, having never made nor proposed to make the least profit by any of them."

His friend Ingenhousz, however, took up the controversy, and was, so Franklin laughingly noted, "as much heated" about this one point as the Jansenists and Molinists were about the five. There the matter would, no doubt, have ended had not a new antagonist entered the field. George III., having good cause to dislike Franklin's political opinions, sought to discredit his scientific ones by ordering the substitution of blunt for pointed ends on his new proposal to advance the same. Kew castle. Such was his desire to prove Franklin in error that he asked Sir John Pringle to give an opinion in favor of the change, only to receive the reply that "the laws of nature were not changeable a royal pleasure." It was then recommended to him by the king's authority that a president of the Royal society entertaining such an opinion ought to resign, and he resigned accordingly. At the same time being deprived of his position as a physician to the king, with all favor in court circles, so that he was forced

TONS OF GOLD COIN.

Work Done at the United States Mint in San Francisco.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Ordinarily people speak of gold bullion when quantities are mentioned as so many ounces, except in San Francisco, where the receipts of gold bullion at the United States branch mint are referred to as so many tons for certain days. It sounds like an enormous boast, bordering on the fabulous, yet it is true. The receipts of gold in the bullion was received, coined and turned over to its owners. On day in August last four tons of the precious metal were received at the mint for coinage, while in October, 1897, the receipts for one day were six tons. That exceeds the receipts of any other mint as far as known, and does the total coinage of the San Francisco branch mint exceed that of any other of recent years, and is still on the increase.

The coinage of the last fiscal year, ended June 30, 1899, according to the report just completed, was the largest in the history of the mint. It consisted of \$2,874,373 pieces, valued at \$63,862,275. That coinage has been exceeded only in amount in the coinage history of the government on two occasions. At the mint in Philadelphia in the year 1851 some \$50,000,000 was coined, and again in the same place in 1851 something over \$56,000,000 was coined. Since then California has pushed forward and now holds the front rank for amounts.

The largest amount heretofore coined in the San Francisco mint during any calendar year was in 1898, which year the coinage is expected to be at least approximate that of 1898. Prior to 1887, and for the fifteen years preceding, the coinage of the San Francisco mint averaged about \$25,000,000 a year. In that year the amount took a sudden leap and went up to \$60,084,289.

The largest number of deposits for one month in the history of the mint was in August, 1899. They reached 1,323, aggregating nearly 700,000 ounces, value about \$12,500,000. For the three years prior to that time deposits averaged from \$90 to \$100 a month, which was considered very good business. The heaviest deposits for one day in that month aggregated four tons of gold. A large consignment of English sovereigns arrived that day from Australia, and were sent to the mint to be received, a large lot of the finest and purest were landed from the Klondike, while some gold came from Pacific coast mines and Mexico.

This was only exceeded once, as far as the records show, and that was one day in October, 1897. The deposits for the month were \$65, and the coinage \$60,000,000. But six tons of gold came in one day, valued at about \$2,000,000, rating a ton at \$500,000, which is the accepted valuation. This deposit consisted largely of British sovereigns from Australia, though there was considerable Klondike gold received that day.

For the first two months of the current year the coinage was \$10,272,836, as against the corresponding two months of the last fiscal year, \$10,697,334. Nearly all the gold from the Klondike and Cape Nome has found its way to the San Francisco mint. Last year the gold was sent from Seattle to Philadelphia for coinage.

Now that the bulk of the gold product of the north comes to San Francisco the best record of the output is obtainable here. On Sept. 1 of this year \$3,421,493 was deposited from that source. Since that date about \$1,500,000 more has been received at the San Francisco mint, making practically \$11,000,000 for the Klondike this season thus far. Judging from the receipts of last year, it is safe to estimate the total output for the year at \$14,000,000. If this be realized it will exceed the output of last year by \$3,000,000.

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