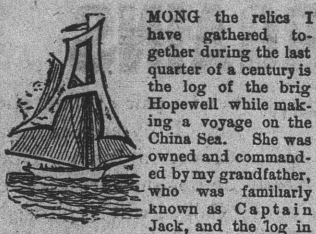


THE CHANGE.
 "Life was a strange wild thing,
 And the terrible shadows fled,
 A quest and a long desire,
 Till I met you;
 Life burned like a slow dull fire
 Amid shadows bewildering,
 Till I met you.
 But the white flame leaped to its height,
 And the terrible shadows fled,
 When I met you;
 So ended the strange wild dream;
 Life grows unto peace, in the light,
 Since I met you."
 —William F. McKenzie.

Captain Jack's Adventures.



AMONG the relics I have gathered together during the last quarter of a century is the log of the brig Hopewell while making a voyage on the China Sea. She was owned and commanded by my grandfather, who was familiarly known as Captain Jack, and the log in which the daily events of the voyage were written out in his cramped and old-fashioned chirography was left behind him as a heirloom. The two particular adventures I am now to give you are pretty fully recorded, but so far as I know have never been published. I shall take the liberty of changing the language here and there, for Captain Jack was no scholar, but shall stick to the facts as he wrote them down in ink which has scarcely yet begun to fade.

The Hopewell was an English brig, which had been chartered on this occasion for a voyage up the Gulf of Siam with two objects in view. One was to secure the cargo of a vessel partly destroyed by fire at Bangkok, at the head of the gulf, and the other was to try to learn the fate of the ship Viking, which belonged to a trading company at Singapore and had been mysteriously missing for many months. English men-of-war had cleaned out many piratical haunts along the Malay coast, and so many piratical crafts had been destroyed that merchant vessels no longer had any fear of being overhauled. The Hopewell carried a crew of ten men, all of whom were provided with small arms, but she had no cannon.

The log says that she had a fair run up the east coast for five days, though the winds were light, but on the sixth day, when she was six miles off the island of Alango, as it was then called on the charts, it fell a dead calm. This was early in the morning. Before noon there was cause for everybody aboard to feel alarmed. The atmosphere was close and stifling, the sky had a brassy look, and fish were continually leaping out of water around the brig as if terribly frightened. The water was full of bubbles and many degrees warmer than usual, and some of the men declared they could detect the odor of sulphur as they sniffed the air. Captain Jack was satisfied that the state of affairs would lead up to a calamity, but was perfectly helpless in the case. Some of the men were for taking the yawl and making for the island in sight, but this the Captain would not listen to, though he wished himself anywhere else than where he was.

At about 5 p. m., just after what looked like a cloud of dust had darkened the sky, a great sheet of flame suddenly leaped out of the sea two miles to the west of the island. The flame was followed by a report which was heard for forty miles around, and then came such a boiling and upheaving of the sea that the brig was tossed about like a chip, and was given up for lost. She continued to be "pitched and banged about in a terrible way for half an hour, and the sea did not grow quiet for more than two hours. All knew what had happened. A submarine earthquake had taken place, and a new island had been created. Four great waves followed each other down the gulf, clear to Singapore, while the Natuna Islands, off the west coast of Borneo, was almost swept clear of inhabitants. No breeze followed the earthquake, but the night continued calm, and the crew of the brig were almost choked with the fumes of sulphur.

When morning came Captain Jack looked for the island of Alango in vain. It had sunk out of sight with all its thousands of trees, and in place of it was a rocky reef or key, black and barren, about three miles long by a mile broad. At no point was it more than five feet above the surface of the sea. The island of Alango was seven miles long by four wide, and was supposed to have about 500 inhabitants. It had disappeared, and not even some of the forest trees were carried 300 miles down the gulf. But this was not the only strange sight which greeted the eyes of the crew when daylight came. On an even keel in the middle of the newly created reef was a ship with all her masts standing, and when the brig had been worked in on a light breeze and a boat lowered it was discovered that she was the missing Viking.

Captain Jack boarded her and brought off many things to exhibit as proof of his report. She had been captured in those waters, and by pirates from the island. They had taken out her cargo, stripped her of sails and running rigging, and then scuttled her. She had gone in water about half a mile deep, and her decks and sides and masts were encrusted with shells and fungus. She lay about half a mile from the water's edge, and of course there was no hope of floating her. Captain Jack left her resting in her rocky cradle, and during the next two years she was often sighted by European ships. For some reason she was set on fire, presumably by natives, and thus ended her strange career.

It was on this same voyage, and four days later, when the brig had worked up against head winds to the group of islands called the Sang-Wau group, that the second strange adventure occurred. One afternoon as the brig was steering to the

east of the islands, with the nearest one about three miles away, the wind fell and she was left rolling on a glassy sea. There was no fear of an earthquake on this occasion, but Captain Jack was worried about something else. These islands had been a piratical stronghold, and he did not feel sure that all the rascals had been driven out. He went aloft himself to inspect the island with his glass, and he presently discovered something to bring him down in a hurry. He reported that he could make out several huts on the shore, and that a native craft was evidently making ready to pull out and pay the brig a visit. He must have had a chicken-hearted crew with him, for the log reports that he had to threaten some of them with shooting to prevent them from taking the yawl and leaving the vessel to her fate. The arms were brought out and distributed, each man served with a dram to raise his spirits, and when the prahu was seen it was agreed to defend the brig to the last.

The sun was still two hours high when the native craft was within a quarter of a mile of the brig, which was being slowly set in shore by a current, but was in too deep water to anchor. Captain Jack had made good use of his time. There being only one prahu, and the brig being high out of water, the rascals would doubtless seek to board at the bows. All the grease and slush which could be found aboard was used there to make the boarding more difficult, while the cook got hot water ready and trains of powder were laid on deck. It was meant to fire these in case the pirates got a foothold and drove the crew aft.

Just out of musket shot the pirate craft rested on her oars, and Captain Jack counted thirty of the rascals, each one well armed and ready for desperate work. He hailed them and asked what was wanted; but no reply was made. He then warned them to keep off or take the consequences; but his loud talk did not bluff them. They were simply looking the brig over to note her strength and what preparations she had made for resistance. After a delay of ten minutes the oars of the prahu fell into the water, her entire crew uttered a cheer, and she had just got under way when a mysterious thing happened. No one aboard the brig had an eye on her just then, as they were making their final preparations, and so what actually occurred was never known. What Captain Jack saw as he looked up was the prahu sinking below the surface, which was very much agitated. She went down slowly, and seemed to fall apart as she went, for the surface was soon covered with wreckage. You will perhaps not agree with me when I say that Captain Jack now did a good thing for mankind. All the pirates were afloat, supporting themselves on the wreckage and they were making ready to swim for the brig and attack her, when the crew were ordered to open fire. If the Malay of to-day is an object of suspicion and detestation to every European sailor, the blood thirsty pirates of those days could expect no mercy. The log of the Hopewell says that the firing continued until the last pirate had been picked off, and that sharks gathered in such numbers as to fill everybody with astonishment. There was small speculation as to what caused the loss of the prahu. As the sea was clear of rocks and reefs, it was the opinion of Captain Jack that some great fish, perhaps a whale, struck the craft as it breached. Nothing else could have wrecked her so quickly or shattered her so completely.

The brig continued to drift in toward the island with the current, and at length the anchor was let go in five fathoms of water half a mile from the beach. With his glass the Captain could now make out five or six huts and a large storehouse on shore, and only a single native appeared in sight. He made signals with a flag, but as night was coming on further investigation was postponed till the morrow. Not knowing but that another force of pirates would come out under cover of darkness, Captain Jack kept the crew under arms all night and was prepared to give them a hot reception. The night passed quietly, however, and next morning the lone man renewed his signals so vigorously that a boat was sent out to investigate. She had no sooner come within hailing distance than the man cried out in good English that he was a captive and the only living man on the island. The boat then landed and he proved to be William Tripp, an English sailor, who had been captured three years before on a small trading schooner. While the rest of the crew had been murdered after capture, he had been spared for some reason unknown, and had been on the island ever since. He was treated like a slave, and on one occasion, when he had planned to escape, they had sliced off one of his ears as a caution not to attempt it again. Every man of the gang had embarked to attack the brig, and Tripp was overjoyed at their fate.

It would have been a feather in Captain Jack's cap had nothing further been accomplished, but the best of all was yet to come. That storehouse was full of plunder, and they worked the brig into a cove, where she was fairly safe, and set about discharging her ballast and loading her with a cargo. During Tripp's stay with the pirates they had captured two trading schooners and a German ship. Most of their cargoes were in the storehouse, with a miscellaneous assortment of stuff picked up at other times—flour, sugar, coffee, tea, clothing, hardware, dry goods, shoes, cutlery, wines, and almost everything else ever carried in a cargo. Some of the stuff was badly damaged by rot and mildew, but they had plenty to pick from, and in a couple of weeks had loaded the Hopewell with the richest cargo she ever carried. As they tore out one side of the storehouse the better to get at the goods, what was left after the brig could take no more was converted into a bonfire, and all traces of the pirates thus wiped out.

The brig then sailed for Singapore and reached that port in safety. A claim was there set up by the German Consul and others, but the courts decided against them. What the value of the Hopewell's cargo was the log does not state, but it

must have amounted to a large sum, for after receiving his share of the sale Captain Jack decided to give up the sea and its perils and become a ship chandler. When the particulars of his adventure with the pirates reached England some of the humane societies made a great ado over his heartlessness in picking off the Malays as they floated about, but every sailor would have voted him a gold tobacco box for doing that very thing as thoroughly as he did.—New York Sun.

To Wipe Out the Chinch Bug.
 Enthusiastic entomologists believe that the devastation of the farmers' crops by the chinch bug will be stopped forever. The bug is to be exterminated by the spreading among the species of a deadly infectious disease. Within four days of infection the bug ceases from its work of destruction, and at the end of eight days lies cold in death. Professor F. H. Snow, of Lawrence, Kan., who has long been experimenting with this mode of exterminating chinch bugs, will shortly write an exhaustive report on the subject. He says:

"As long ago as 1865 it was observed that chinch bugs occasionally disappeared from infected regions in a most mysterious manner. Careful search would reveal that on the ground myriads of bugs lay dead. Dr. Henry A. Shimer, an entomologist of excellent repute, called attention in 1865 to such a disappearance as I have described. He declared it as his opinion that this marvelous disappearance was due to the existence of an epidemic disease among the bugs, comparing this disease with the cholera among human beings. Professor S. A. Forbes, State Entomologist of Illinois, in 1882 began his observations upon the bodies of chinch bugs taken from the regions where one of these marked disappearances had occurred, and soon announced his discovery of a bacterial organism, undoubtedly the usual agency in the production of an epidemic among chinch bugs. The disease proved to be one of the fungus affections, the result of the growth within and on the bug of a parasitic microscopic plant, spidris. It was found that healthy, living bugs when placed in the jar with the bugs from Morris County were sickened and killed. It soon appeared to me that the disease could be successfully communicated from diseased to healthy bugs. Field experimenting in 1891 was conducted on a large scale. During the season infection was furnished to about two thousand farmers, chiefly in Kansas. I received in all 1400 reports from farmers stating the results of their experiments. Of these reports 1072 indicated successful results from the use of the infection, 181 unsuccessful, and 147 may be classed as doubtful. Thus of all experiments over 76 per cent. were successful."—Chicago Herald.

Heroes Yet Live.
 It is a great mistake to suppose, because it is many centuries since Leonidas fought with the Persians at Thermopylae and brave Horatius kept the bridge at Rome, that deeds equally heroic and equally worthy of celebration have ceased to be done. Though warfare is now less a matter of personal prowess than it was in ancient times, the campaigns of the present age have produced many instances of heroic sacrifice as remarkable as any of those of antiquity.

A recent occurrence of this sort, says an exchange, is well worth relating. The story of it is told very simply in an "order of the day," issued by General Reste, commanding the French forces in the Indies. A detachment of the Ninth Regiment of the Marine Corps had been sent to subdue and capture a band of Chinese pirates which had been operating on the coast of Tongking. The pirates took refuge in a battlemented pagoda. Here they were besieged by a party of the French, under command of Lieutenant de Vatharic. Attacking the pagoda with axes and other implements, the French succeeded in effecting a narrow breach in its walls; but this breach was sufficient to admit only one man at a time.

Within the pirates awaited the onset of their assailants. Whoever went in first was sure to meet death at their hands, but if the remainder of the French pressed in after him the pirates might be overcome. De Vatharic did not hesitate. Putting himself at the head of a line of his men he bade them follow him and forced his way into the breach in the pagoda, shouting, "Vive la France!"

He was shot down and died on the spot. But the attack succeeded, and the pirates were captured.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

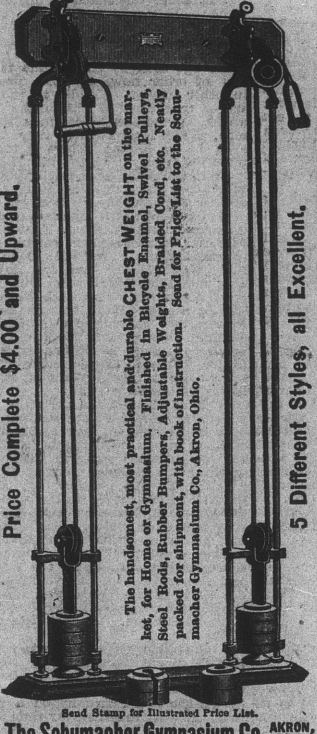
General Putnam's Plow.
 The most valuable and historical relic in Connecticut, perhaps, is General Israel Putnam's old plow, which a hardware dealer uses for a sign in front of his place of business in the village of Danielsonville, Windham County. It is the identical plow, so the merchant avers, that "Old Put" left in the furrow when the news reached him that the British had attacked the Americans at Lexington. Putnam unhitched his horses and drove them to his barn, unharnessed one, mounted its back, and rode away to Boston. He got there in time to lead the Continentals when the British stormed Bunker Hill. The plow is a clumsy old implement. Its frame and mold board are of wood, it is plated with scraps of iron, and it has a joint and cutter of forged iron.

Shade Around Houses.
 Neither fruit nor ornamental trees should be grown so that their shade falls at all times on the house, shutting out the sunlight. It does not matter so much while the trees are small, but as they grow large they render the living-rooms damp and unwholesome. The tendency of vines especially to bury houses near which they grow in their shade needs to be guarded against. If allowed to remain they should be thoroughly pruned each year.—Boston Cultivator.

Hard at the Bottom.
 Mrs. Power O'Donoghue, in her "Ladies on Horseback," quotes a letter which appeared in a certain journal, containing the following remark about her: "There are few men in Ireland—if one—worth being called such who would not willingly lay down their own lives rather than imperil the safety of one so universally beloved." Whatever the men would do, a boy in Ireland imperilled her safety with less hesitation. The hounds ran over a bog, and he called out to her to "go on" as it was "hard at the bottom." She had not gone far when her horse "got stuck." As her "struggling steed was momentarily sinking lower," she shouted to the boy in tones of bitter remonstrance: "You told me this was hard at the bottom." "So it is; but you're not half way to the bottom yet," replied the boy.

LYNCH law has been established in Tangiers, Algeria, the innovation having been introduced through the lack of judges and gendarmes. Eight Arabs have been lynched.

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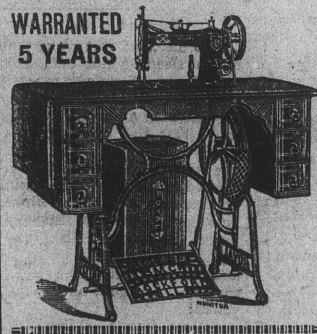
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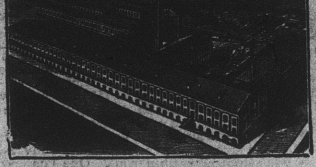
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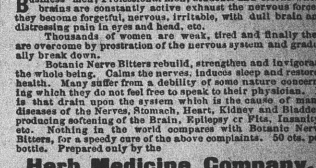


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