

TAMING A SHREW

It Was Tried at Sea and Was Not Successful

By EVAN D. BALDWIN

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

How Jack Stoughton came to fall in love with Emily Gunter no one could ever find out. Jack was a fine, manly young sailor, and whenever he came home from a voyage all the girls paid a dead set for him. Emily was the only girl in the village who paid no attention to him. Perhaps he was plucked on that account. Emily was fairly good looking, though she had a square jaw and the corners of her lips were drawn down, denoting a strong will.

On one of his homecomings Jack sailed up to Emily either from pluck or curiosity or a little of both, and they were seen walking together on the beach or sitting on the dunes. Their friends observed that Emily usually had a scowl on her face and Jack seemed to be trying to get her into a good humor.

"What do you want with that girl, Jack?" one of his messmates who was ashore with him said to him one day. "She seems to be continually quarreling with you. You're the best natural man in our ship, so I know it's no fault of yours. If you marry her you'll get a wasp, take my word for that."

"I know you're right, Billy, but somehow there's a fascination in being treated as if she didn't care a rap for me and being hammered by her. The nearest I ever came before to an infatuation was by a little Mexican girl at Vera Cruz who tried to stab me. Singular, isn't it, how we men find a zest in that kind of women?"

"I can understand that so long as you're not married to one of 'em. But you just put your neck in a halter and give Emily Gunter the loose end and she'll make it hot for you all your married life."

"There was Petruchio, who tamed a shrew!"

"Petruchio be hanged! All imaginary! No man ever tamed a shrew. You can tame that kind of man, but not that kind of woman."

But Jack Stoughton was too intent upon tampering with gunpowder to heed his friend's advice. Shortly before they sailed he told Billy he had married Emily, that she seemed very amiable and that she was so averse to parting with him that she was bent on taking the voyage with him.

The Albatross, in which they were to go to Japan and return, was commanded by Captain Larkins. Billy Anderson was first mate, and Jack was second mate. Emily went to Captain Larkins and induced him to let her go on the voyage with them. He had never seen her before and thought a woman on board would have a refining influence on the crew. He had given his consent before Anderson told him what kind of woman Mrs. Stoughton was; but, having given it, he would not withdraw it.

The lady was very pleasant till the ship was well on her way—indeed, too far out to warrant a return—then she began to belabor her husband in no uncertain tones. What the trouble was no one knew, but Mrs. Stoughton's voice could be heard in her stateroom even in stormy weather above the whistling of the wind in the rigging.

It was not long before poor Jack was an object of pity on the part of the crew, and not a man but condemned his wife. The captain finally went to Mrs. Stoughton and besought her to let up on Jack, but got such a berating himself that he was glad to beat a retreat.

It is surprising that Captain Larkins, who had some twenty men under him, not one of whom dared to give him the least back talk, should have been driven from the after cabin and up on to the poop deck by a woman. The day this occurred and it had been discovered that Mrs. Stoughton was virtually in command of the ship each one of the crew went about his duties as if something momentous had happened. They had most of them been at sea for years, they had encountered hurricanes, some had lived for days on a raft without food or water, some had been cast upon desert lands, but none of them had ever passed through an experience like this. Their captain, whom they respected and feared, had been downed. They were as much taken aback as if their rudder had been put out of commission.

The captain had become a different man. He walked the deck with a hangdog look. He gave his orders in a humble tone, as if he would be much obliged if the men should obey them and the men themselves did their duties languidly, as if some misfortune hung over the ship. Only one man, Jack Stoughton, seemed to have been improved by the incident. Before it occurred he had the demeanor of a whipped cur; now he went about as if he felt himself as good a man as any aboard.

The crew, sympathizing with their captain and one another in the presence of a strange misfortune, between watches consulted as to means of relief.

"What's the matter with ye, ye lubbers?" said Tom Billings, a married man. "There's 'usbands as lives their whole lives with squalls 'angin' over 'em all the time, and yet you duffers

is knocked out by one 'ooman to a hull ship. Stoughton 'asn't got used to it yet, but he will. I got used to it long ago. My old 'ooman's a corker. When she's mad ye'd think the thunder was a-rollin'. When I see one o' them storms a-comin' I've learned to take in all sail, batton down the 'atches and let the storm blow itself out. Then there's a dead calm for a spell, and a fair breeze follows."

Billings, an experienced man, talked to those without any experience whatever. To be out on a trackless ocean dismasted was one thing—there was still discipline—but to be there with the captain and all hands subdued by one who had never studied navigation and couldn't make an observation was another. The first would be in the line of a sailor's life; the second there was no precedent for. Something must be done. One proposition after another was made, discussed and discarded. Finally Dick Smalls, one of the younger members of the crew, spoke up:

"It's plain that Mrs. Stoughton has mutinied and took the ship. I don't see that there is anything for us to do but mutiny agin the new master and take the ship ourselves."

"That's all werry well, mates," put in Tom Billings, "perwidin' you can get rid of the 'ooman. But after ye got the ship what ye goin' to do with her? Hain't she still in command? That's my experience."

This was a poser, especially as the crew, nearly all of whom were single men, had great respect for Tom Billings' opinion on anything concerning the opposite sex.

"It seems to me, mates," continued Billings, "that ye're up agin a want of knowledge o' m'avigatin' the female craft. All ye got to do is to put 'em afore the wind and let 'em send. Ye can't steer 'em, and if ye try ye'll sure come to grief. But I knows there ain't no use o' talkin' to you. You're bound to run this here business yer own way, so ye can count me out."

With that he went on deck.

The next day the mutiny plan was carried out. The men, except Stoughton, who was not consulted, marched aft in a body and demanded the person of the "ooman as has took this ship." The captain made a pretense of resistance, confining himself to words instead of acts, then told them that, being powerless in face of a united crew, they could do what they liked with the woman.

A round robin of four men was appointed to take Mrs. Stoughton down into the hold and turn her adrift, where she would have plenty of room to walk back and forth like a caged hen. They put bedding down with her, and it was understood that her meals should be let down to her regularly.

"Did ye observe the look on her face mates?" remarked Billings after the woman had been safely put away. "When they looks that way it means the weather glass is a-goin' down like lead."

Three days passed without any trouble so far as the prisoner was concerned. From the moment she was put below the accustomed cheerfulness came back to the crew, enhanced by contrast with their late condition. But on the fourth day when the captain was standing on the poop deck and a large sea rolled under the vessel he noticed that she didn't rise with her accustomed buoyancy. Billings was standing by at the time.

"What's the matter with her?" growled the captain to himself.

"It's my opinion, sir," said Billings, putting his knuckles to his cap, "that there's sompin' in the cargo as don't belong there."

"What do you mean?" asked the captain anxiously.

"The 'ooman."

"Well?"

"When she was put in the hold I was wonderin' what she'd do, so I've kept my blinkers open. The ship's drawin' more water, sir, than she did three days ago."

"You mean—"

"She scuttled."

The captain made a dive for the companionway, calling on Billings to follow. Entering the hold, they found four feet of water. The point of leakage was covered so that they could not see it, but they found some of the carpenter's tools of which Mrs. Stoughton had possessed herself. All hands were called to man the pumps, and when the water had been removed a large auger hole was discovered a few feet above the keel.

The hole having been plugged, the captain ordered Mrs. Stoughton locked in her own cabin, then called the crew aft and asked for suggestions as to what to do with her. Every man Jack of them looked at Billings, so the captain asked for his advice.

"There's just two ways o' managin' 'ooman, sir," said the old salt. "The first is to git away from 'em, the second to let 'em have their own way. I can only judge by my own experience. After I was married I observed that to keep the family peace I'd got to kneel under. There is 'usbands as is 'ead o' the 'ouse, but this is where the 'ooman 'asn't the usual female grit. Them as lets their wives command the family ship gits on just as well as any o' em. Some un's got to be boss, and if the 'ooman has the dominatin' faculty in her why not?"

The captain decided that Mrs. Stoughton should have the free run of the ship for that voyage, after which no woman was to be permitted aboard. So he issued orders to that effect, and Mrs. Stoughton was not again interfered with from that moment until the vessel reached port.

Strange to say, having conquered, the lady made herself quite agreeable, and when she left the ship half the crew felt a heartsickness they had never felt before.

A WILY OLD BIRD.
Fooled a Hunter Several Years and Went Scot Free.

"For three successive seasons," says a writer in *Recreation*, "a friend of mine started an old cock grouse on a small hillside covered with sapling pines. Invariably the bird ran ahead of the dog, rose out of 'sunsh' on the further side and vanished over the hilltop.

"Beyond the hill were only two or three bits of cover where he could hide, and these my friend most expertly threshed out. It was as if the bird had vanished into the upper air.

"One day late in the season, after a repetition of this disheartening experience, my friend returned to the hilltop and took sober counsel with himself. The bird was somewhere, probably not far away.

"If not in the covers, where? Three

spruce pines, half dead and bare of foliage at wide intervals, dotted the slope before him. Wildly improbable as it seemed he became convinced that the bird had taken refuge in one of them.

"Down the slope he went again and after a patient search detected the wily old bird calmly seated on the wreck of a crow's nest at the top of one of the trees in apparent enjoyment of a trick well played. Needless to say my friend, in wondering admiration of the bird's sagacity, left him to his well earned liberty."

Large Families in Ireland.

To have a large family in Ireland is always looked upon as a special mark of the Divine blessing, and in connection therewith Mr. Robinson tells a good story. He was dining once at a house in Tipperary when a card was brought in by the butler and sent round the table.

"We've had a good many smart men and women in and around our city," said the visitor, "and there are a number of them left. We've got scientific men and writers and artists and musicians and—"

Mr. Pratt's dry voice broke in on the list. "If ye call those folks smart," he said, "ye want to go down near the water to an address I'll give ye and see the way my boys, Ed and Sam, can open oysters! I guess that'll give ye something to go by when ye're talking of smartness."—Exchange.

Willing to Be Honest.

PHIL MAY, the great English artist, earned his first fame in Australia. One day a broken down minister applied to him for charity, and May engaged him as a model. As a joke he also demanded that his eighty-year-old pensioner agree to leave him his skeleton when he died. When May left Australia he called his model in. "You're playin' me a dirty trick," said May, "by swindlin' me out of that skeleton. I could have bought one in sound order and condition for half the money you've cost me." The old fellow, conscious of his base ingratitude to his best and most patient friend, answered: "Don't be angry with me, Mr. May. It's not my fault. I meant to keep my word. Stay in Sydney a few months longer and give me another chance to show you that I am a man of honor."

PATRICK KEENAN.

This ingenious man always got help.—Westminster Gazette.

Municipal Golf Links.

A number of cities in Great Britain have provided or taken over golf links for public use, among these being Brighton and Nottingham, one course each; London, Troon and Bournemouth, two each; Glasgow, Hull and Edinburgh, ten. Bradford is considering taking over a course now privately owned, and Liverpool and Manchester are said to be arranging for municipal links. Each of the cities mentioned receives from the links an income slightly more than the expenditure. The cost of laying out was: Bournemouth, \$22,000; Brighton, \$5,000; Glasgow, \$366; Troon, \$10,500. Certain of the incomes and expenditures were as follows: Bournemouth, \$15,412. \$14,429; Glasgow, \$5,548. \$4,825; Troon, \$1,594. \$4,477.—Municipal Journal.

A Flying Frog.

In Java and some other places is a remarkable flying tree frog, with a green back, a white belly and a bright orange colored membrane between its toes, which are tipped by circular discs.

Like the chameleon, it can change its color to suit its surroundings.

It feeds at night on insects, and when disturbed leaps out of the tree and sails away to safety. Some observers call it a frog, while others say it is a tree toad.

The membrane between the toes probably acts as a parachute, and not as a flying apparatus. The toe discs, like similar enlargements on our common tree toad, must act like suckers to hold the animal firmly in place against the trunk or the limb.—St. Nicholas.

National Library Connection.

To-day the collection in the National library, in Washington City, comprises nearly 2,500,000 items—1,500,000 printed books and pamphlets and nearly one million other articles (manuscripts, maps, prints and music)

—by all means the largest collection of the western hemisphere, and perhaps the third largest in the world.

They are increasing at the rate of about seventy thousand books and pamphlets and fifty thousand other articles yearly.

The Golden Age.

What Rousseau, under the name of the state of nature, and the old poets by the title of the golden age, place behind us, lies actually before us. It is a phenomenon of frequent occurrence, particularly in past ages, that what we shall become is pictured by something which we already have been; and that we have to obtain is represented as something which we have formerly lost.—Fichte.

Money for Science.

According to Science, the Berlin Academy of Sciences has received a legacy of 30,000,000 marks (about \$7,500,000), being the entire fortune of a millionaire named Samson, a Berlin banker, who recently died childless at Brussels.

British Land Surface.

Supposing the whole population of Great Britain stood at equal distance from one another all over the land surface of Great Britain, each would be 85 yards from his next neighbor.

Quessed His Grandfather.

Peter Augustus had a rough, fond old grandfather. The grandfather was boasting to a visitor one day, as grandfathers will, about the family he had raised.

"My daughter Martha is a fine young woman," he said, "and her little boy, Peter Augustus, is a fine lad. But the finest thing about that pair is the affection that exists between them. They never exchange a cross word. They're more like two young loves than mother and son. It's beautiful to see them together. Hold on a minute, and I'll call Peter Augustus in. Then his mother will come down, and you can see their relations for yourself."

The old man rose and ambled heavily to the door. There was a beaming smile on his old face. Little Peter Augustus was playing with the cat in the garden.

"Your mother wants you, Peter Augustus."

"Does she want to warm me?" Peter Augustus cautiously demanded.

Really Worth While.

Eben Pratt of Marshby had sent two sons to Boston and knew he had reason to be proud of them. One day a summer visitor lingering in Mr. Pratt's grocery, provision and dry goods establishment mentioned some of the shining lights who had made themselves remembered in and near Boston and others still to be found there.

"We've had a good many smart men and women in and around our city," said the visitor, "and there are a number of them left. We've got scientific men and writers and artists and musicians and—"

Mr. Pratt's dry voice broke in on the list. "If ye call those folks smart," he said, "ye want to go down near the water to an address I'll give ye and see the way my boys, Ed and Sam, can open oysters! I guess that'll give ye something to go by when ye're talking of smartness."—Exchange.

Will you remember?

Those summer days will soon have come once more.

And you'll forget how bitterly you swore.

At all the winter weather gone before.

Will you remember?

When you are sweltering in mid-July,

The flakes, frost-feathered, that were wont to fly

From out the windy reaches of the sky.

This past December?

Meantime, if you should die and you should get

Your just desserts, with O! what vain regret,

These winter days (because they're cold and wet)

You will remember!

He—To-morrow, darling, is our wedding day.

She—Yes, and it's bargain day at Silkman's, too. Isn't it just too aggravating?—Boston Transcript.

We wish to secure a good correspondent in every town in Wayne county. Don't be afraid to write this office for paper and stamped envelopes.

ERIE TRAINS.

Trains leave Union depot at 8:25 a.m. and 2:48 p.m., week days.

Trains arrive Union depot at 1:10 and 8:05 p.m., week days.

Saturday only, Erie and Wyoming arrives at 3:45 p.m. and leaves at 5:50 p.m.

Sunday trains leave