

# hat Befell the "Kathleen."

Told by Herbert R. Reynolds and Set Bown by Frederick A. Talbot. A thrilling tragedy of the sea, showing how an infuriated cachalot tried conclusions with the American whater "Kathloen." The story is told by the third mate of the ill-fated vessel, and forms a dramatic "—pter in the annals of the whaling industry.

mals that the monarch of the ocean the whaling-grounds, and the roll of school of cachalots. fatalities caused by the prosecution of this dangerous calling is appreciably lengthened. It is doubtful, however, if the whaling industry can furnish many such another thrilling adwhaler Kathleen during her last season in the tropical seas in quest of the cachalot or sperm-whale-which, by the way, is one of the "gamlest" members of the cetacean tribe.

The Kathleen was a respectable old barque, belonging to Messrs. J. and W. Wing, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. She had been in the business for many years and had brought home a large number of heavy and valuable cargoes from the whaling

We set out from New Bedford on the 22d of October, 1901. The crew and calms, with only a single in-were all experienced whaters, under significant catch to our credit. the command of Captain Thomas Jenkins, who is himself one of the most expert hunters in Massachusetts, and ared miles off. I myself was attached to the Kathleen as third mate. Of this trip the captain was accompanied by his pretty young wife, and the age, the pet of the captain's wife,

Our hunting-ground was the "12-40," about 1000 miles off the coast of Brazil, in which tropical waters the cachalot is found in abundance. We had not gone very far, however, before we experienced our first trou-We ran into a flerce southwest gale, and for days, so tempestions was the wind and so great the fury of the seas, we had to keep all the hatches battened down. The Kathleen, being quite empty and consequently riding very light, was tossed about like a straw, and we had a stiff which we passed.

Twenty days after leaving port we found ourselves in the Gulf of Mexico, and the vessel's nose was then pointed towards the Cape Verde Islands, where we increased the numboard a dozen Portuguese sailors. The captain then set his course for the Rio de la Plata, and ten days with some ninety barrels of oil. We sight of a whale, let alone captured

Bad luck, however, seemed to dog as throughout the voyage. We course and oruised about for several days, but our only haul was a tiny buried him at sea on the 2d of February. The captain, disgusted at the efforts, resolved to leave this huntingground and try a somewhat more northerly region. We started off in the most diabolical weather until we had crossed the Line. Worse still, we spotted no more whales, which greatly annoyed both the captain and ourselves, seeing that we had now been out nearly five months.

We were bearing up towards the Windward Isles one bright evening, and were anxiously scanning the seas for signs of a "spout" to cheer us up. when the captain came on deck and, sniffing the air, exclaimed:

"Smells like sperm-whale about here. Bet you a plug of baccy we raise whales to-morrow."

I was not disposed to accept the skipper's challenge, for we all knew that his faculty of smelling the mammals was so acute that I should insvitably lose. And, sure enough, the captain was right in his surmise.

It was the 17th of March, and we were in latitude thirteen degrees Bad luck was still behind us. we told one another, for we regarded that ominous "thirteen" somewhat significantly. We were lolling listlessly about in our bunks in anxious expectancy, when suddenly the lookout bawled:

"There goes white water!" He meant that a whale was churning and splashing the waves with his tail. "Where away?" roared the skip-

"Two p'ints on the weather bow!" raptain, excitedly. "Sperm-whale!

The various members of the crew sprang from their bunks and tumbled up the companion-way as fast as possible, falling over one another in their haste. The deck, which had a moment before been almost deserted. was now a scene of the most intense excitement and bustle. The Portuguese sailors were running to and fro. getting out the tackle and lowering the boats, and above the babel of ues the lookout's voice could be heard distinctly as he sang out, "There she blows!"

I rushed to the ship's side and saw

Whaling is at all times an exciting a whale blowing quite close to us. and exhilarating vocation, but it sel- Then up came another, followed by dom happens in the strenuous battle a third, fourth, and fifth, until presbetween the hunters and the mam- ently the sea all round us was a mass of fountains as the mammals rose to comes off best. Yet now and then the surface to spout. By a stroke of dramatic tragedies are reported from luck we had run into a veritable

The captain showed not the slightest sign of excitement, although he was inwardly boiling over with the good fortune that had come his way. He quietly climbed up aloft so as to venture as that which befell the obtain a good survey all round, and I soon followed him.

"Gee! We have run into about three hunared of 'em," he samarked, and I do not think he was exaggerating in the slightest, for on all sides as far as we could see were the black, folling bodies of the whales, blowing their spouts of water high into the nir. It was certainly the largest school of whales that any of the old, experienced hunters on the Kathleen had ever seen. Truly the Fates had been kind to us after five months idle cruising about, through storms significant catch to our credit.

The captain was determined profit as much as possible by this stroke of good luck. "Lower every can "smell a whale" a couple of hun- boat," he yelled, and in a few seconds, amid much groaning and squeaking, the four whaleboats which we carried were being swung from their davits into the water. As soon ship's company also included a grey as the hoats touched the water the African parrot, some eight years of craws, eager for the coming fray, tumbled into them and got the tackle aboard. Soon they were pulling

might and main away from the ship, Whaling tackle comprises a harcon attached to the end of a long length of Manila rope an inch and a half in thickness. The harpoon is fitted at the end with a hook having a single barb, which, however, is fixed on a pivot, so that it can swing round easily. The harpoon is at-tached to a heavy pole of strong, tough wood, specially selected so as to withstand the severe strains to which it is subjected. One edge of job to keep off the dangerous coasts the harpeon is ground fine unti. It has the keenness of a razor, while the other is quite blunt. The rope attached to the harpoon is carefully colled in tubs, so that when it is ra pidly paid out there is no possibility of it becoming entangled and thereby ber of the crew to forty by taking on pulling at the catch. The length of rope within the tub varies, some containing only six hundred feet, while others hold twelve hundred fest of afterwards we fell in with another line. The shaft of the harpeon is ap-Bedford whaler, which had had a proximately thirty inches in length, and haul, and was returning to port and is made of the best soft iron, so that the danger of its breaking under "gammed" this vessel (the colloquial the heavy and sudden strains imexpression for exchanging visits), and | posed is rendered a remote continthe good fortune of her crew some- gency. Three harpoons-or, to quote what put our captain on his mettle, the whaler's parlance, "irons"-are as so far we had not even caught generally carried in each boat, fitted one above the other in the starboard bow.

The harpoon is used solely for hooking the catch, and is absolutely reached the hunting-ground in due useless for killing it. For this purpose lances resembling long, thin spears are utilized. They are each sperm-whale scarcely worth the trou- about four feet in length and have ble of pursuing. To make matters broad points as sharp as razors. The worse we lost our second mate and wooden handles to which the points are attached are about four fee long with light lines fixed to them, so of spray and foam-in order to get Ill-fortune that was attending his that after a thrust has been made the lances can be withdrawn if necessary with little exertion. These lances are carried on the port bow, the southeast trades, and experienced and when thrown by a skilful whaler penetrate right into the vital parts of the catch, thereby quickly rendering him hors de combat. In battling with a big, powerful whale very often two or three thrusts will be required.

> In the space of a few minutes the whaleboats had left the Kathleen's to observe its tactics. side. The captain's decision to dispatch all the boats simultaneously practically denuded the whaler of its crew, the persons left on board comprising the captain, his wife, the cook, and a cabin-boy. This, of course, left the skipper plenty of work to do, since when the boats are out, owing to their being low down upon the water, their range of vision is limited, and they have to receive instructions from aboard the whaler. one of the crew being stationed in the crow's nest for this purpose. In this case this work had to be carried out by the captain.

I was in charge of the bow boat. "First blood" was drawn by the chief mate, De Viera, who got his harpoon well home in a big whale. As for myself, I could not get a glimpse of the school; but presently the captain's voice came bellowing over the water: "Keep going to leeward, Rey-

nolds, and you'll run right into 'em.' My men bent to their long onrs. and we bore down very rapidly. We kept going for an hour, and then I descried a big bull whale, and at the "All hands on deck!" shouted the first shot got a good hold of him with my harpoon. Now the fun began in real earnest. He was a big brute, capable of yielding, I should think, some forty barrels of oil, so I de termined to stick to him, come what might. Soon I was able to get a lance home, and the blood spurted out in a fountain from the puncture I made in his body. He lashed his tail about in impotent rage, and the water was quickly churned up into

pinky foam. Then the great brute "sounded" away. The rope attached to the haroon flew out like lightning, with a hies and a rear. Two or three times over under the impact. The whale, over \$60,000,000 a year.

I attempted to stop his mad career, but directly I checked the runningout of the line our boat careened right over on its beam ends, and for fear of being overturned I had to let him have more rope. Towed by this monster cetacean our little craft traveled through the water at breakneck speed, throwing the spray in all directions, and the men had difficulty in baling the water out quickly enough to prevent the boat from becoming waterlogged.

"I'll hold on to him if he takes us to Brazil!" I exclaimed to my men, who were in a fever of excitement at the sport offered by our catch. But presently, as I knew would be the case, the whale came to the surface again to spout; and then, getting close up to him, I jabbed my lances into him for all I was worth. Fortunately every throw told, and we promptly backed out of his way, as he was now in his death-struggles. He plunged his tall in all directions, and as I knew the cachalots are very pugnacious I kept a sharp eye upon him in case he decided to rush at the boat. At last, however, he expired, and we set out to tow him to the

ship. The first mate had also made a splendid haul-a big cow whale-and I saw him towing his quarry up to the ship, where he moored her on the port side, and the tackle was run out from the masthead of the whaler in order to raise the dead mammal into the right position to be stripped of its blubber and other products.

At this moment the skipper caught sight of an enormous bull whale on the starboard quarter, and, overcome by the excitement of the chase, he yelled, "Hi! there, mate! Get after that bull. We'll see to the cow.

Nothing loath, De Viera and his men bent to their oars again and made their way towards the bull. He was a wicked-looking brute as he lay upon the water, his large bullet head standing out like a rock. His back was studded with large lumps, which showed that he had been previously harpooned more than once. but had always succeeded in making his escape. Now, a bull whale who has got away from the harpoons a few times is the most dangerous and vicious brute to tackle. He always shows fight and does not take long to make up his mind to attack you; nor does he wait to be harpooned This fellow was about a hundred feet in length, and I should think weighed about the same number of tons. De Viera and his men pulled lustily towards the whale, but he did not wait for them; he turned his bullet head in their direction and came straight for them. It was an anxious and thrilling moment, but the danger did not daunt the mate. Standing in the prow, with his harpoon poised in the air, he caimly watched the approaching monster. At the psychological mement he plunged it with such terrific force into the cetacean's back that it disappeared from sight in the flesh. 'The whale "sounded" immediately, and rather unexpectedly, taking the line out with a buzz and whirr. In fact, it ran out so rapidly that the friction on the gunwale twice set it in flames, and the men in the boat were hard put to keep the heat down with buckets of water. As suddenly as he had dived, however, the brute stopped his mad career, and the slack was quickly hauled in. He then rose to the surface directly ahead of them, and spouted terrific columns of water into

the air in his race. The boat was cautiously approaching the mammal-whose ponderous another thrust home, when, without a moment's warning, the whale set off at full speed. The men could not pay out the rope quickly enough, and the boat was towed at express speed through the water, while in her gunwale, where the running rope chafed the wood, a big rent was charred by the friction. De Viera, however, stuck tenaciously to his quarry, and was too much preoccupied in his task

But from our position we took in the situation at a glance. The whale had directed its nose towards the Kathleen, and was now bearing down on her broadside at full tilt. He was traveling at over twenty miles an hour, spouting and thrashing the water furiously the whole time.

At this juncture I realized the cause of this unexpected development. The whale was bent on re-Evidently the cow whale venge. which De Viera had previously killed was the bull's spouse, and he could now see her dead body rolling listlessly on the water, which was dyed for yards around with her lifeblood. So great are the ties of affection between male and female whales that a bull will defend his mate through thick and thin, and at such times is a highly dangerous foe.

De Viera, who had up to this point held on tightly, saw that something unusual was going to happen, so with his hatchet he promptly severed the harpoon rope. That action saved his boat and companions. The whale, however, never swerved for an instant from his object. As he approached the Kathleen he slightly ducked his head, for all the world like a charging buffalo, and smashed clean into the barque right amidships, just under the waterline on the starboard side. The impact was the whale, filled with its several tons of spermaceti, crashed through the hisi of the barque as if it were cardboard, and we distinctly heard the croaning and splintering of the timbers. Hitting the side of the ship so squarely as this made the barque shiver from stem to stern, and, being empty and light, she almost rolled

as he pushed his head through the hull, lifted it slightly, and the barque listed away from him as though raised by a crane. Evidently pleased with the damage he had wrought, and considering himself avenged, the whale sank and we saw him no more. Not that the concussion had damaged his anatomy in the slightest, for a sperm-whale's head is like an india rubber ball.

The hole torn in the side of the Kathleen was of enormous dimensions, and we saw at once that the poor old ship was doomed. A spermwhale's head is the largest part of its body, and the rent practically gaped from the keel to the main deck. When the whale withdrew its head and sank the stricken barque rolled over, and the water rushed into the hole with the fury of a mountain torrent. Hurriedly we pulled up to the Kathleen's side in order to take off the skipper, his wife, the cook, and cabin-boy. There was just time for the captain to secure eighty pounds of biscuit and eighteen gallons of water; then he leapt down into the boat. Just as we were about to push off from the foundering vessel, the captain's wife cried, in great alarm: 'Polly! You've forgotten my bird!

We must fetch her." The crew cursed that bird vehemently, and could not understand a woman bothering about a parrot at such a moment. However, one of the men hastily scrambled up the Kathleen's side and rescued the bird. Afterwards we somewhat appreciated the lady's feelings for that parrot, since it afforded us considerable

antics when we were adrift upon the ocean, thirsty and hungry. As we pulled away the Kathleen gave a sudden lurch, and with a wierd, gurgling sound dived head foremost beneath the waves. By dint of hard rowing, however, we just managed to clear the whirlpool produced by the suction of the sink-

amusement by its idle chattering and

ing ship. Presently we met the fourth mate, Nichols, hanging on like grim death to a bull whale that he had harpooned. He and his crew had been so intent on their work that they had not seen the Kathleen rammed. As they approached us Captain Jenkins, jocular still in spite of the overwhelming misfortune that had just befallen him, sang out, "Got him fast, Nichols?"

"Aye, aye, captain," replied the mate, proudly.

"Then I think you had better cut him loose," continued the captain, dryly, "or else you'll be taken after the Kathleen." The mate was amazed. He did not

understand the skipper's cryptic remark.

deringly. "Aye! And lively, too!" retorted the captain. "The old Kathleen's

The men were utterly dumfounded, but they soon realized the truth of the statement when they looked round in vain for a sight of the familiar old barque. After we had briefly recounted the story of the disaster, the various boats fell into line, with the crew equally divided among them, and the scanty store of provisions and water doled out. stock gave twenty pounds of biscuit and four and a half gallons of water to each boat, each carrying ten souls, so that you may see that the prospect before us was not very comforting. We arranged to keep all together at night and to spread out during the day over a wide area on which might pick us up.

We were in an uncomfortable pre dicament, far off the trade route. The nearest land was Barbados, a thousand odd miles distant, and the captain decided that our best plan was to steer in that direction. Our rations worked out to two biscuits and half a gill of water per daynot a very substantial diet upon which to do hard rowing. Fortunately, however, on the third day the captain's boat fell in with the steamship Borderer, of Baltimore, bound for Chile. Captain Dalton, of the Borderer, hove to and cruised round in search of the other boats. I was picked up second, and later the third boat-load was rescued.

We searched for De Viera until nightfall, but without success, and then reluctantly gave him up. Borderer landed us at Pernambuco, in Brazil, where we caught the steamship Pydna, which brought us back to Philadelphia.

We subsequently learnt that De Viera's boat had not been picked up, and those on board had passed through a most trying experience. De Viera had made his way to Barbados, rowing a thousand miles with a starving crew, the mate maintaining his course by the aid of a pocket compass. When they reached land they were nearly dead-and no wonder! The water had been doled out with a little tin bottletop in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls per man per day, with half a ship's biscuit each. Providential showers from time to time enabled them to slightly replenish their water supply, while they also succeeded in catching a few flying fish, which they ate raw. At Barbados they fell in with the steamship Madiana, bound for New York. Six of the company took passage on her, and upon arrival at the Metropoterrific. The huge square head of his of the Western Continent wera taken in hand and well treated by the Seamen's Friendly Society, until they secured fresh berths. As for myself, upon reaching home I set off on another hunt in Hudson's Bay .-The Wide World Magazine.

Belfast's linen trade amounts to



ABOUT REPOTTING PLANTS.

Plants growing in pots in which the soil has not been changed for a year should be repotted as soon as they begin to show signs of growth. You cannot grow a good plant in wornout soil, even if you do give liberal supplies of liquid fertilizer. good seil is to plant what bread and butter is to man. But remember to let it become well established before giving it very rich food to digest.

#### CARE OF PLANTS.

To water house plants do not drip a little water on the plants daily. Take the plant to the sink, place it in a basin partly filled with water, then turn water about the roots of the plant until the pot is full. Do this two or three times so the earth is well soaked. Now take the plant from the basin, and set it in the sink to drain. Sprinkle or wash the foliage if dusty. Do not water again until the earth is dry.

### FOR THE GARDEN.

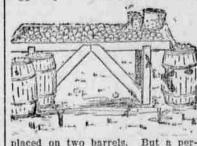
As a bed of solid color, Phlox drummondi is very effective. Cannas entails considerable labor in the planting in the spring and removal to the house for protection in the autumn, but the phlox, being perfectly hardy, makes a permanent bed. Gardeners are now substituting them for the tender plants.

After the tops are cut off in the fall a two or three inch coating of stable manure insures strong growth the following season.

If one happens to see a desirable shade, all that is necessary is to make cuttings three inches long, plant in the open ground in a moist situation, and in three or four weeks rooted plants will be procured.

#### SORTING TABLE.

Every orchard owner should have one of these for use during the shipping season. A makeshift may be rigged up from a large, shallow box



placed on two barrels. But a per manent sorting table, as in the illustration, is worth having, - Boston Cultivator.

# THE WINDOW GARDEN.

The plants in the window garden should be blooming well. Give weekly applications of fertilizer. them at least once a week, to prevent them from being drawn so much to the light that there is danger of their becoming permanently onesided. Shower them frequently. Once a day is not too often where the air is hot and dry. Keep all fading flowers cut off. Allow no dead or dying leaves to remain upon your plants. Burn them. Stir the soil in the pot frequently. This prevents weeds from growing. It also allows air to get at the roots of the plants and facilitates evaporation. Let in all the sunshine possible, and, along with it, plenty of fresh air.

# STORING FRUITS.

Amateurs frequently gather their apples and pears before they are thoroughly ripened. Under these conditions it is impossible to obtain the full flavor of the fruit. An even temperature in the fruit store is important, and adequate ventilation must be provided at all times. Many excellent varieties of apples have been pronounced of inferior quality owing to their being placed in ill ventilated storerooms. The use of straw or hay should be avoided. Fruit will taste of the flavor of these materials if used. The choicest dessert varieties should be placed on wadding or wood wool in single layers. Take great care in handling the fruit not to bruise or otherwise damage it in any way. - "Gardening for Beginners," in the Garden.

# RENEWING STRAWBERRIES.

If you have neglected to mulch your strawberries in the fall, it can be done at any time during the winter when the ground is not frozen. They must be covered in winter, not to keep them from freezing, but from heaving. The roots are very shallow and constant freezing and thawing greatly injures them. They should never be covered before the first of November as they will not be injured by cold only when the ground freezes. Wheat or out straw is the best mulch. Two inches deep is enough. Shake this straw up in the spring, putting the most between the rows. Let the patch alone until the berries are As soon as the last berry is ripe. picked mow the patch and when the leaves are dry rake them and the straw off. Take a breaking plow and run up one side and down the other of each row, letting it run about three inches deep and thus narrow down, leaving the row four to six Inches wide. The dirt thus thrown between the rows must be gradually worked up fine and worked back to the rows. Then keep the cultivator going the same as you did the year before and by October you will have as fine a patch as you had the year before. - Agricultural Epitomist.

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Four hundred tons of beet root will yield from 25 to 30 tons of sugar.

The St. Louis Republic contends that inventive activity in the field of aerial navigation implies that St. Louis was wiser than she schemed when the international balloon races were captured for this city. Almost daily haupenings in the new science indicate that it is advancing with strides little appreciated by the busy world on terra firma."