

MRS. JONES' BOARDERS.

By M. A. MAITLAND.



It is just fourteen years this month since my poor, dear Anthony died, and left me, as the poet says, "to climb life's rugged steep alone."

By Anthony I mean Mr. Jones, of course; and if your name, good reader, happens to be Jones, let me say he was no relation of yours; nor yet of the Jones round the corner; nor of the Jones at the foot of the hill, whose wife has just had twins for the third time, and all living; but another Jones altogether.

Now, I just mention this by the way, and not with any intention of giving an account of my dead husband's antecedents; for, if there is one thing I dislike above another, it is tracing back one's pedigree.

Not but what I think Mr. Jones might have had an alderman, or even a judge, among his great uncles or great-great-grandfathers; but I married him for what he was, and not for what any of his relations were. And I hope that none of my friends who are "living on the reputation of their deceased relatives" will think that I am hinting at them; for I am not.

As I said before, it is just fourteen years since I was left a widow with one child, a girl of eight. We had laid three beneath the willows, over the hill; so you may be sure I clung to this one with fourfold affection.

When the funeral was over (it was quite a respectable funeral; there were twenty-nine carriages, besides two men on horseback), Deacon Wilson was called in to look over my husband's papers. Mr. Jones had asked him to do this before he died, and as I knew the deacon to be an honest and trustworthy man, I was sure they would be safe in his hands, and that he would do the right thing by me and my fatherless child.

After all debts were paid, there remained just \$400. Of course, the house and lot were my own; I had the deed, and saw it registered myself; but \$400 was a very small sum, and my heart sank when the deacon handed it to me with the remark:

"I've done the best I could, Mrs. Jones, but I'm afraid it won't go far. My wife and I were talking of you last night, and we thought it would not be a bad plan for you to start a small grocery. The village is growing, and this new factory will bring a good deal of trade here. Then there are my own hands at the mill; I think I could send a little your way through them. If this partition were taken down, you would have plenty of room for the shop, with your kitchen back of it, which would be real handy." I thanked him for his advice and promised to think it over.

The partition pulled down? Well, well, and my beautiful little parlor turned into a filthy grocery! The pretty green carpet and the nice cane-seated chairs, that did not look a bit the worse for ten years' wear, put up, perhaps, under the auctioneer's hammer! No, no, no, this; anything but this; at least, not yet! What would poor, dear Anthony have thought of pulling the house to pieces; the house that he had taken such a pride in, too? I looked over at his big arm-chair, almost expecting to see him frown indignantly at the very thought of such a thing; but there it stood in its old place, and it was empty.

Then I thought of Hetty's rosy cheeks, and of the money in my hand. How long would it last? Even with the strictest economy, one year would make a big hole in it. These things passed rapidly through my mind, and it became evident that something would have to be done, and that very soon. The deacon's proposition came up again, and I thought of Tomkins little grocery with its atmosphere of smoke and its carpet of tobacco juice; with its daily loafers and its evening loungers; with its unceasing clatter of cowhide, and its great guffaws.

"No, no!" I said aloud; "it can never be!" For, to use the words of Charles Lamb, "the more I thought of it, the less I thought of it."

Weeks passed by and I had come to no decision about my plans for the future, when one day Mrs. Porter, a neighbor, who had proven "a friend, indeed" many a time, suggested that it would be a good thing for me to take in a few boarders; I would not feel so lonesome like, she said—with a delicacy that I could not but admire.

Now, strange to say, I had not thought of this before, and the idea rather pleased me, as I prided myself on my housekeeping, and had plenty of room to accommodate three or four persons—the house being a two-story frame; so I set about furnishing the two up-stairs rooms, which had never been used, and at the end of three months after my dear Anthony's death, I was ready for my first boarder.

I had said nothing to Deacon Wilson of my intentions, but somehow his folks got wind of it, and he called one day to testify his approval of the step which I was about to take, and kindly offered me his two apprentices to start with.

"Jane and Liza were going back to school for a spell," he said, "and Mrs. Wilson had too much to see after alone."

They were not exactly the kind of boarders I would have chosen—great rough-hewn lads, with battered hats and greasy jackets—but then the pocket-book in the middle bureau drawer was growing thinner and lighter every day; and Hetty, precious Hetty! For myself, I could have borne and suffered a great deal, but pride and prejudice gave way before a mother's love.

Mrs. Wilson came over herself with the boys, "just to see them home," she

said, but in reality to bargain about the price of their board. She was a hard-faced woman, whose keen, gray eyes seemed to look into your very soul. That kind of woman who frequents cheap sales and auction marts, ever ready to buy up odds and ends so long as they can be had cheap.

"Three dollars a week is far too much for boys—they are but boys," she said. "Why, you can get board at the hotels in the city for that, with waiters and bell-boys thrown in;" and she looked around, disparagingly, I thought, at my little dining room with its rag carpet and plain furniture. The tears started in my eyes at her words, or rather at her looks—for I always was a fool that way; but she didn't see them, I took care of that, for the pie in the oven was just done, and I excused myself a moment to attend to it.

"Well, let it be two dollars and a half a week, as you say, for a month at least, until I see how we get on," I said; so it was settled at that, and the up-stairs back room was soon occupied with my first boarders. They were good lads enough, that is to say, they had no bad habits beyond eating with their knives and going to sleep occasionally without undressing, and I think I could have broken them of these faults in time; but bless you, I couldn't feed them and save myself! It may be I began wrong with them, that my table was "too well appointed," as Mrs. Wilson said, when I gave up my charge at the month's end; but that there was something wrong somewhere, I was ready to admit.

For three weeks a framed placard, bearing the ominous word, "Boarding," hung forth in my front parlor window without attracting any notice, and I began to fear that it would have to be the grocery, after all, when, strange enough, I had three applicants in one day.

The first was Becky Raymond, a teacher in the village school, whose father had died the week before, and whose mother was giving up house-keeping and going to live with her married daughter in Chicago. Becky was to have the back room to herself and pay \$4 a week. This arrangement was agreeable to both of us, for we had been long acquainted, and I was glad to have such an excellent person in the house with me.

The next was a strange lady from some place I had never heard of before—a book agent she called herself—but I didn't like her looks a bit. However, I couldn't afford to be particular, as she offered to pay her board two weeks in advance if I could let her have a room to herself. So my two up-stairs rooms were taken at last.

Late at night a gentleman called, who had been recommended to me by a ———, naming a prominent resident. He expected to be in the neighborhood for some time, buying up horses for the army, and would like a room to himself, if possible.

"It never rains but it pours," I said to Becky, when I went to consult her about the rooms. Neither of the newcomers would be likely to stay with me long, so she was quite willing to share my room for the present, and gave up the one she was promised to the strange gentleman.

The two strangers seemed to get acquainted remarkably soon. Indeed, one would have thought they had known each other all their lives, and in less than a week they drove out together and took long walks in the evening. I did not like their goings on at all, for they were not like young folks that one would make some allowance for. He was between forty and fifty, and she, well, she was the kind whose age one can never tell, but no chicken, judging from her ways. I began to think there was something wrong between them, and would have given anything to get rid of them after the first week. I never knew what they really did, as they came and went at all hours, and sometimes together; but they paid their bill, and I could make no charge against them for anything, except their mysterious connections.

One night, after they had been six weeks with me, I was awakened by a strange noise, as of something bumping and scraping against the outside of the house; and as I listened with beating heart Becky gasped my arm and said:

"What's that?" in a frightened voice. At the same time Hetty sat up in her crib and began to whimper.

"Hush!" I said, rather sharply, for I wanted to listen that I might find out where the noise really came from, but she wouldn't hush until I took her in beside me, and then all was quiet again; but there was no more sleep for any of us that night.

In the morning the up-stairs boarders came down to breakfast as usual; she with her hair frizzled and her face powdered, and he drawing his goatee out to the nicest possible taper between his long, lean fingers.

We agreed that nothing should be said about the strange noise until we had examined the premises; but, on examination, no clue could be found, everything was in its usual place, and no sign of burglars anywhere.

The next night we went to bed early, as our long waking made us drowsy. Neither of us spoke about what was uppermost in our minds, as we were undressing, for fear of frightening Hetty, for she was very nervous, and fearful of ghosts, so we were all soon asleep.

Both Becky and I awoke about the same time, with a strange feeling of suffocation. Day was just breaking, and Becky rose and staggered to the

window, which she succeeded in opening after a great effort. The fresh air seemed to revive her, and she came to me, staring with her big eyes and said:

"What is it, and what is this?" as she drew a handkerchief from under my chin.

"I tell you we've been chloroformed! There are murderers in the house, and I'm off for the police!"

I jumped out of bed and ran to the crib, but the child was sleeping soundly, and breathing regularly.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Becky was dressed and away for help, and I locked my door until I heard her return with some one, who proved to be the police, sure enough.

There was no doubt chloroform had been administered to both of us, for we were not then free from its effects. I had not noticed before that my bureau drawers had been opened and ransacked, and, oh! terrible to find that my precious all was gone! Two hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-five cents,—every cent I had in the world, besides my dear Anthony's watch, and some valuable jewels of Becky's. It was too, too bad, and we followed the officer of the law up-stairs to rouse our boarders, and tell them of our loss. Imagine our surprise, if you can, when we found that the birds had flown. The beds had never been slept in, but there were the trunks in their usual places, and they were not empty, as we were assured by their weight. These will be something to fall back upon to cover my loss, I thought, as well as to help pay for their last two weeks' board, for we all believed they had committed the robbery, and I knew their clothing was worth something.

When I had legal permission to open the trunks they were found to be filled with blocks stolen from the sawmill close by, and this accounted for the bumping sound we heard the night before the thieves left. They had procured a box and one filled it from below, while the other drew it up and in at the window; while their clothing was, no doubt, removed in the same mysterious way, and secreted somewhere until an opportunity offered for procuring the means of escape. It turned out shortly after that they had passed a number of bogus bills in the neighborhood, and that they were connected with a gang of counterfeiters.

I was very chary about taking in strangers after this sad experience, and I may say that I have been very fortunate, on the whole, since then, with just one exception.

A few years ago, a gentleman who had been living in the South, brought his wife here by the doctor's advice. She had been raised not far from this, and it was thought her native air would be of some benefit; but the poor thing seemed dying from some unknown cause, and pined away day by day. I tended her as if she had been my own sister, and she died in my arms at last. Poor, poor thing! They said her disease was not consumption, but when she was laid out, her arms were no thicker than a three months' old baby's. Her husband took her death real hard; and he was such a nice man, such a feeling man, and so thoughtful; he reminded me of Anthony so much.

He stayed on after his wife died, as if he hated to go away without her. He was so kind to Hetty, too; everything that would save her trouble he was ready to do. And for me, well, I hate to think of it now, but it did seem as if Anthony had come back again, and the old feeling of having some one to depend on grew on me unawares. I daresay it was foolish of me to think he had taken a fancy to me, as I had to him. I see it all, now that my eyes are fairly open; but dear, dear, it was hard to bring myself to believe the truth.

There was to be a grand concert, a Saengerfest, they called it, in the city, about twenty miles away, and Mr. Hubert (he was a German by birth) would have Hetty go with him and hear the fine music. I did not like to refuse him anything, but was a little disappointed that he did not ask me, seeing I was so fond of music. I never had a thought of mistrusting him with the child (for she seemed but a child to me, though nearly twenty-two) any more than if he had been her own father. You may judge, then, of my astonishment when next day's mail brought me a note from him, stating that they were married.

Married! My Hetty and Silas Hubert! I couldn't believe it; it seemed impossible just then; but, as I thought over it for days and days, I wondered how it was so blind as not to see that it was her all the time, and not me. Foolish woman that I was—in love at forty-three! Yes, I must confess it; but I pray you, don't think hard of me, for it was all because he was so like Anthony.

Silas Hubert took my daughter to his Southern home, and I have just had a letter from them, advising me to give up housekeeping and make my home with them in the land of the magnolias. But, nay, they shall never know what I have told you; for I could keep my secret nowhere so well as here, looking out at the white stone over the hill, beneath which lies all that is mortal of my poor, dear Anthony.—Waverley Magazine.

A Boon to Housewives.
A broomless housewife has become a possibility. A Yankee has invented a machine which sweeps and dusts a room by suction from an air pump in the basement. All that is necessary is to pass a hose nozzle over the carpets and furniture. The suction through it carries the dust particles to the cellar, none of them being thrown into the air of the apartment.

The Law.
Possession is nine parts of the law; dispossession is ten points.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



COMPOSITE OF PEACHES.

Toast as many pieces of bread as there are persons to serve; cut into rounds with a biscuit cutter; put peaches over the fire after peeling and cutting in halves, until smoking hot; butter the bread and quickly put a half peach on each piece; rub one tablespoon of cornstarch in a little cold water; add it to the boiling syrup with one-third cup of sugar, two tablespoons of lemon juice; pour this over a beaten egg; add one teaspoon of butter and pour this carefully over the composite.

PICKLED PEARS.

Pare the fruit, leaving the stems, but cutting out the blossom end. Boil a few at a time in vinegar and water until tender, but not quite done. Remove to a plate and let cool. Make a syrup as for any sweet pickle, using cinnamon for only spice. Take two cups of vinegar to four cups of sugar for a good proportion for the syrup. Put the pears in this syrup and boil gently for two or three hours. They should be very tender, clear and retain their shape. Seal in jars same as canned fruit. These will keep for years.

CHERRY WATER ICE.

Weigh the fruit and sugar; allow a pound and a half of loaf sugar to each pound of fruit, half a pint of water and the white of one egg. Stone the cherries before weighing; place them in a preserving kettle on the back of the range, letting them stand until the juice starts freely, but do not boil. When ready turn into a jelly bag and press thoroughly. Combine the sugar, water and whites of eggs, let these boil, skimming occasionally until rich and transparent. Remove from the fire, add the juice, pack in a freezer and treat the same as ice cream.

MUTTON CUTLETS.

Put an ounce of clarified beef dripping into a stewpan, and cover the bottom of the pan with a layer of sliced onion, carrot and celery. Remove the fat from six or eight neck-mutton cutlets, but do not trim them, and place them on the vegetables; cover them with a piece of buttered paper before putting on the lid of the pan, and let them cook very slowly for an hour, taking care that they do not become at all brown. On taking the cutlets from the pan place them on a flat dish and let them get cold, then trim them very neatly and scrape the bones. Cover the cutlets evenly with some potted ham, then four them and dip them into beaten egg and cover them with fine white breadcrumbs. When the crumbs have hardened fry the cutlets in plenty of boiling fat until they are a pale golden brown; dry them in an oven on soft paper, and dish them up on a support of mashed potato arranged down the middle of a hot dish and surround them with some thick tomato sauce.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Brass finger bowls are much liked and give a bright appearance to the table.

Always break or twist (never cut) the green top off a pineapple which is not for immediate use, as it absorbs the juice and flavor of a ripe fruit.

Never wash a knife with which a raw onion has been cut in warm or hot water, as the heat sets the flavor of the onion; always wash well in cold water.

The brass woodbox when no longer needed in its intended capacity, is frequently dedicated to the service of magazines and papers, making a most convenient receptacle.

To clean a decanter fill half full of hot water and add a couple of spoonsful of rice; let stand for a while, then shake vigorously; a little ammonia in the water is also a great help.

To the chafing dish outfit has been added an egg poacher and skimmer. These are nickel plated with long ebony handles and have fancy perforations. They are very effective and fill a long-felt want.

The red-board far is the newest plant or flower holder. It is of heavy glazed pottery, showing a rich green background relieved by blue and white, or pink and white floral designs. Over this is a coarse lattice of brown rods.

Among the novelties seen in the shops are some very dainty little salt spoons of crystal, and when one remembers how quickly the salt discolors those of silver and gold, one sees the advantage of these glass trifles.

Kitchen utensils which have become burned and blackened may be easily cleaned by putting in the clothes boiler and boiling with potash and a bit of some washing powder. When they have boiled for a little while (fifteen or twenty minutes) they can be taken out and washed in clear water, when they will be found to be bright and fresh.

Once every week the ice box should be thoroughly washed with hot suds, in which a little ammonia has been thrown, and the slats dried in the open sunshine; the door should be left open till the entire interior is perfectly dry, then a small plate, with a little potash, should be kept in the ice box till the next cleaning, when it should be thrown out and some fresh put in its place.

TRUE TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

SAVED BY AN ALBATROSS.

"MY brother and I have both fallen into the sea while painting figure-heads," said albatross man John Smith, of the British ship Melbourne.

"My brother Henry was saved by an albatross, while I, who am not a good swimmer, was saved by the main brace.

"Off the rocks at the pitch of the Horn, aboard the German ship Pampa, bound from Hamburg for Iquique and Valparaiso, my brother sat on a foot rope painting the figurehead. There was a staging out for pots and brushes on the weather side.

"The ship was making about two knots when the foot rope broke and Henry found himself being shoved aside by the ship. He was a good swimmer, and held himself steady in the water, singing out, as the ship passed him, 'Man overboard!'

"As the ship dropped him astern a large albatross made a swoop and a swipe at him. Henry ducked his head and caught the legs of the bird with both hands.

"Once he had got the albatross right, she could not hit him with either beak or legs.

"A strange thing happened then. As the bird, which had a spread of about sixteen feet, held him up and struggled, the companions of the albatross swooped down and pecked at her, stupidly taking their mate for their game.

"Captain Pratzmann and the mate of the Pampa soon had a boat over and rescued my brother, who would not let go of the albatross.

"The bird was taken aboard, and my mother, at 28 Holstein strasse, Stettin, now has the head mounted.

"As for my own experience, I was boss-up of the British bark Edith Mary homeward bound from Coatzacoalcas for Queenstown for orders. Off Cape Florida, in the 8 to 12 watch, while the rest of the watch were chipping rust, I was told to paint the figure-head.

"I fastened pot and brushes to the guys of the jibboom in order to make myself comfortable, at the same time steadying the pot on the bobstay. The ship was making five knots.

"The foot rope carried away and I found myself in the water to my eyes. I saw the ship coming over me and shoved my foot against the forefoot, shouting 'Man overboard!'

"The mate happened to be painting screens on the starboard side of the topgallant fo'c'sle. He shouted to put the helm down. The main braces had been taken in at eight bells, but the mate ran aft and threw overboard the slack of the main brace.

"By the rush of the ship and the eddies I was whirled around in the water like a propeller. As I was turning round I caught hold of the main brace, but I was too weak to climb aboard. My shipmates hauled me in."—New York World.

HEROES OF THE ENGINE-ROOM.

Nobody who has not been to sea can imagine all the things that can happen to a ship's machinery nor properly estimate the cleverness and ingenuity used up in repairs. The youth who leaves his shop full of wonderful and costly machines has another complete education waiting for him at sea in the wonderful things that can be accomplished in time with a plain, ordinary hammer and chisel, a rather worn-out file, and a great deal of ingenuity. I should like to have been aboard that steamer disabled in the Red Sea, where they took a boat davit, straightened it out in a rivet forger, made a new boiler feed-pump piston-rod out of it, and went on again—better still, on the ship that lost a propeller and the end of her tail-shaft off the west coast of Africa—to replace which they were obliged to move her cargo, pump her forward compartments full to sink her bow and raise her stern out of the water, drag the broken shaft, several tons in weight, out through the long alley (too long and cramped to stand up in), plug up the hole behind it, drag in the spare shaft and couple it up and lower the new propeller down over the stern—

all while she kicked and wallowed in a heavy sea—and finally had to lower the chief engineer over after the propeller, where he sat tied to a flimsy staging making all fast and secure while the vessel jounced him up and down in the sea till he bled at the nose and ears, and the crew kept the sharks at bay with pistols and boat-hooks to prevent them from eating him up before he finished the job. That was a seventy-two hours in which the young and aspiring engineer might learn a host of valuable and interesting things.—From "Below the Water-Line," by Benjamin Brooks, in Scribner's Magazine.

A MAN-EATING STALLION.

A fearful beast is a bad horse. One really has more chance against a tiger, Geronimo stood seventeen hands high, and weighed over sixteen hundred pounds. When he reared on his hind legs and came for you screaming, his teeth snapping like bear traps, his black mane flying, a man seemed a puny antagonist indeed. One blow from those front hoofs and your troubles were over. Once down, he'd trample, bite and kick you until your own mother would hesitate to claim the pile of rags and jelly he left. He had served two men so already; nothing but his matchless beauty saved his life.

Nowhere could one find a better example of diabolical beauty than when he tore around his corral in a tantrum, as little and graceful as a black panther. His mane stood on end; his eyes and

nostrils looked to be bursting through the silken gloom of his coat. His swiftness was something incredible. He caught and horribly killed Jim Baxter's hound before it could get out of the corral—and a bear hound is a pretty agile animal.

We fed and watered Geronimo with a pitchfork, and in terror then, with his slyness and cunning were on a par with his other devilish peculiarities. One of the poor devils he killed entered the stable all unsuspecting. Geronimo had broken his chains, and stood close against the wall of his stall in the darkness, waiting. The man came within reach. Suddenly a black mass of flesh flashed in the air above him, coming down with all four hoofs and—and that's enough of that story.—McClure's.

A STONE WALL OF BAMBOO.

Surroundings have much to do with the display of intrepidity. Men do things in company that they would not do alone. No requirement of active military service demands such faithful and courageous performance of full duty as guard and outpost work in the field. It is not play to stand night watch in a typhoon, as many of our men in the Philippines have had to do. There is plenty of time to think at such work. The quality of mind which plays such an important part in courage has full scope. Men who could meet every test in daylight and dry weather are liable to be overstrained under such circumstances.

Fancied security will sometimes serve as well as though it were real. There was a little expedition from San Fernando, north of Manila, against the town of Porac which the Filipinos were holding. Two correspondents accompanied it. Both represented Chicago papers, and both had been under fire all that they thought was necessary to establish their status as war correspondents. There had been three of them, but Tom stayed in town and let Dick and Harry go to the front. It happened that the fight did not begin where it had been expected, and the two newspaper men found themselves in a very awkward position. Bullets were singing around in what they were sure was very close proximity to their heads. While they were looking for a good safe place they ran across what looked like a stone wall, and promptly got down behind it. When they had recovered their breath, Harry said to Dick:

"A stone wall is a great thing in a strange land, Dick."

Dick responded with what was intended to be an eloquent apostrophe to the wall. "O glorious stone wall!" he began. "Preserver of life!" he continued, waving his hand toward the wall. "Protector of the —" his hand touched the wall, and he leaped up as if he had been shot. "Upon my soul, Harry," he shouted, "it's bamboo!"

That night they called at headquarters in town and learned how the fight came out.—Everybody's Magazine.

A BRAVE MAN.

Charles Derdowski, an Illinois Central switchman, on Saturday turned a switch, signalled an engine to back down some heavily loaded cars towards others, and ran ahead of them to make the coupling.

As he ran he caught his foot in a frog, while the cars slowly approached. He knelt down to unfasten his shoe, and the cars drew nearer. Those on the engine, it seems, could not see or hear him, but some instinct told the engineer that something was wrong, for he put on the brakes. But it was too late.

As the cars came down upon him, Derdowski rose and faced his death. He gave no cry and made no struggle, for he saw it was useless. He stood there, his foot fast in the frog, and the wheels went over him.

The whole tragedy was over in less time than it takes to tell it. But it gave to those who saw it, as it gives to those who read it understandingly, a memorable example of how a brave dies.

He made no useless outcry or struggle. He stood upright and looked his fate in the face and went down before it where it found him.

Charles Derdowski was a brave man. He died as became the quality of his manhood, on his feet, face to foe, silently.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

DARING JUMPS OF A DRAGOON.

At Tattersall's, in Paris, in a competition of riding horses before a jury composed of members of the equestrian society L'Etrier, Lieutenant Valdec, of the Twenty-second Dragoons, performed a record feat.

This officer, who weighs 106 kilograms (233 pounds) jumped his horse Harpiste over a bar 1 metre and 96 centimetres (6 feet 5.16 inches) high. He then placed Elsie, a mare, measuring 1 metre and 60 centimetres (5 feet and 2.9 inches) high, in front of a hedge and cleared both in a single jump on Harpiste.

His greatest tour de force was, however, when he appeared in the arena with his horse Navire and without any bridle made the animal go through all the phases of the "haute école."

IMPRISONED BY SINGLE JAS JET.
William Rozle crawled into a saw-mill boiler, at Roulette, Pa., to make repairs. He was alone in the mill. A natural gas jet at the head of the boiler was accidentally turned on full head, and the flame cut off Rozle's only escape, while the heat from the tiny flame flowed into the boiler and was rapidly suffocating the imprisoned man. Rozle's yells and pounding were heard by his son, who rescued him, barely conscious.

An island on the Russian coast at Cape Ruzskij Saworot recently left its moorings and drifted northward. The Government had to send a steamer to rescue the inhabitants.