



Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

# As Told by an Old Salt

By Mrs. Schuyler-Crowninshield

How a United States Captain Tried to Steal a Confederate General—An Interesting Event of 1864 When Lieut. Cushing was Commanding the Monticello, a Plucky Little Craft with a Plucky Young Captain—The Wife of a Rear Admiral Tells the Story.

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(Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, wife of Rear Admiral Crowninshield, by reason of her talents, is quite as well known to the public as is the distinguished naval officer whose name she bears. Following the success of her earlier books Mrs. Crowninshield has won still wider recognition in the literary field by her "The Archbishop and the Lady," and its attractive sequel, "Valencia's Garden.")

"When you said, 'Sir, you'd like to have me spin ye a yarn,' I really couldn't believe my ears. That any one should want to hear the man-nerings of an old salt like me would never have entered into my calculations.

"You asked me what heroic deeds I'd done, and if I couldn't tell you some of 'em, an' I've been layin' awake nights since that and ponderin' and ruminatin' in the daytime as I smoked my pipe, and wonderin' what I could tell you, but Lord bless your soul! I never did a heroic deed in my whole life! As I was tryin' to think up somethin', just to show you that I would like to please you, it suddenly came to my mind that I could tell you of a heroic deed of somebody else's, and that would be much better worth hearin' about than anythin' I ever done. And if you'll listen, sir, I guess when I get through you'll say that nothin' that I could tell would prove more for man's dash, courage or love of adventure.

"The man I speak of was Lieut. William Cushing. God forgive me for calling him just a man. A gentleman, every inch of him! An officer, fresh, blood, mind, heart and soul! Now, I happened to be shipmates with Lieut. Cushing when he commanded the Monticello in 1864. Shipmates? You think he wouldn't like me saying so? Bless your soul! An officer and a gentleman's never too high and mighty to speak to an old sailor who's weathered danger with him, nor to call him 'old shipmate' when he meets him ashore after a cruise is up.

"At sea it's a different matter; discipline must be maintained, and I'd know better than even to hint that an officer should treat me familiarly, while we were actin' in our relative positions of officer and man. Why, I met the lieutenant after the last fight we was in together and he patted me on the back as friendly as you please, and he handed me the loan asked of him, just as if he owed it to me, though, God forgive me, the debt was on the other side of the pair of us.

"Well, sir, to get down to my story, Lieut. Cushing was commanding the Monticello in February, '64, and, of course, he was her cap'n. I won't go into the hackneyed talk of 'how we all loved him.' Do you know how old he was? Just 24, as I'm a livin' sinner. For some time we hadn't found anything to do, and the days had hung rather heavy on our hands. We was always lookin' out for somethin' to turn up, but though we were under way and at anchor, going in close and drawing off again, dodging around Frying Pan Shoals and steaming up and down off Fort Fisher and New Inlet, those wretched blockade runners would douce the gilm and slip by us in the night, over and over. The Monticello was not a very big boat, but she was plucky, and her commander was a match for her. One day I noticed there seemed to be something going on. Preparations seemed to be making for a landing party.

First we saw the old man get in the gig and pull over to the flagship, askin' permission, maybe, and then, along about night, I saw that there seemed to be some sort of consultation and talk among the officers. I asked the signal quartermaster what was up, and he answered me politely that I could go and ask the cap'n. Then I asked the orderly who was round the cabin door to run errands and messages. He told me to go right in the cabin and ask the cap'n, and probably he'd tell me all about it. Then I asked an afterguard-sweeper what all the rumpus was, and he said he was darned if he knew, but he thought they was gettin' ready to go a-fishin'. Well, I felt pretty well snubbed, and by an afterguard-sweeper, too!

"So I watched and waited and pretended I had work to do around the cabin. I went aft and hung around the port. I heard Cap'n Cushing talking with some of his officers, and I found that they were goin' somewhere, but from their talk I judged that if they were goin' a-fishin' it must be for something as big as a whale or a sea serpent. One of the officers said:

"Cap'n, I wish you'd let me take charge of the expedition."

"Who would look out for the ship?" asked the old man.

"Why, pardon me, cap'n, I could go in your place."

"Then I heard Cap'n Cushing laugh—the sort of laugh that says: 'I guess you don't know me.'"

"No, no," said the cap'n. "You have your work to do here. It's a great deal harder to stay behind, and that's why I choose you to do it. I know I'm selfish, but I always was in a case like this, and you'll just have to put up with it. Orderly!"

"I heard the orderly come running aft."

"Tell Acting Ensign Jones that I wish to speak with him, and ask Acting Master's Mate Howorth to come into the cabin."

"Then I knew that he was in for something desperate, for those were two as plucky officers as we had on board the old Monticello. I couldn't really say with justice that they were the most plucky, for there wasn't a pin's point, it seemed to me, to choose between any of 'em."

I shall have to select some. The trouble is that those on board will feel it a personal matter if they are left behind."

"I nearly put my head into the port and shouted: 'Take me!' but I knew that such a breach of discipline would land me in the brig, with no going ashore for a week, perhaps, so I crept back to the fo'c'sle and waited."

"By and by I saw the bos'n's mate come aft and call a man from below. Then he called another and another. But I didn't hear my name. As each man's name was spoken the rest looked down-hearted enough, but kept their eyes fixed on the bos'n's mate, hoping theirs would be the next name. At last all were called. Then the bos'n's mate began to walk away, the men following him."

"Oh! I said, 'is that all?'"

"That's all, my lad," said the master-at-arms."

"I tailed on to the line and walked up with the others. That's where I considered myself just a leetle smarter than the rest of 'em. The men were marched up to the mast, where the cap'n and the first lieutenant stood."

"My men," said the cap'n, "I'm going ashore on a rather dangerous expedition to-night. Do you want to go?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said every man, and I among them."

"Who told you to come, youngster?" said the bos'n's mate to me."

"Don't send me back," said I. "If you won't, I'll give you all my tobacco for months to come."

"I am the chief of the engineer forces here."

"Where is Gen. Herbert?"

"He has gone to Wilmington," said the engineer."

"Gone to Wilmington!" echoed Cap'n Cushing. "Well, if we can't find the principal we will have to take one of his accessories. What is your name, sir?"

"Capt. Reilly, at your service."

"Very well, captain. Get up, if you please, and dress, for you must go with us."

"Just here there was a rush of some one down the stairs outside the door. There was a dash at the window and a quiet scuffle began and a general set-to, and then I saw some one jump off the end of the veranda and run out into the garden. I thought it might be the general, and I sprang out after the fleeing figure, but I looked in vain. I could see no one, the night was so dark. I heard only a rustling among the trees and shrubs and then the person dashed away into the woods near the house."

"I thought of pursuing him, but I now heard the rest of my party passing through the garden and out of the gate, and, thinking that anything else that I could do would only annoy and delay 'em, and that the person who had dashed out of the window had gone to give the alarm and turn out the whole thousand soldiers upon us, I decided to follow the old man and the officers."

"I found out afterward that the person who had run away was the adjutant general, and he was so flabbergasted at being waked up with the noise that he really took to the woods and forgot to give the alarm."

"But, now, just think of a youngster like Cap'n Cushing starting on an expedition with only two boats and 20 men, rowing in past the forts, landing, capturing prisoners and going into the stronghold of the enemy with the purpose of capturing the general commanding. I thought of it as I walked down to the boats and I could hardly believe that had been the cause of our expedition. We went back to the boats and got silently in. The prisoner was, you may be sure, well guarded, with a pistol at his head. Had he cried out it might have been bad for us, but worse for him, for he would have dropped dead in his tracks before we took to our boats."

"When it comes to deliberately sacrificing your life for your country where nothing much is to be gained, a man hesitates. The prisoner hesitated and was saved. The sentry on the wharf was not 50 yards away from us, and we were about 50 yards from the Smithville fort. They were brave men, of course. No one ever belittled our enemy of the confederate army, and it was only that it never occurred to them what daring and dash Cushing possessed that the place was not better guarded. We got silently into our boats and floated down the river."

The men all pulled quietly and steadily. Not a word was spoken, but suddenly a light flashed out from Fort Caswell. A signal light! Ah, they had discovered that strange boats were in the harbor, and their shots rang out, but wide of the mark. We heard 'em splashing in the distance, but not one came near us. I heard the cap'n say that the papers he captured were not important, but he had the engineer officer in safe keeping enough, and he sent him on the first opportunity to Acting Rear Admiral Lee, at Hampton Roads, Virginia."

"Now, it happened that a short time after this some prisoners were to be exchanged. I was on deck, snoopin' round as usual, as the boat pushed off. I didn't ask to go in that boat. Exchangin' prisoners was dull work, for you are protected by a flag of truce all the way to the shore and all the way back again. I noticed few volunteers there were, and just those men were sent whom the first lieutenant picked out and ordered to go. As one of the officers was going over the side with the last instructions Cap'n Cushing called out:

"Oh, by the way, will you be kind enough to hand Gen. Herbert my card? The officer seemed surprised, but of course he turned round, saluted, and said: 'Yes, sir,' waiting while the old man fumbled in his pocket for a card. At last he found it. Then he felt for a pencil, and I had the bad manners to cast my eye over his shoulder as he wrote. The card looked like this:

LIUT. W. B. CUSHING,  
United States Navy,  
Commanding U. S. S. Monticello.

"Then I saw him scribble over the top of his name 'Compliments of,' and underneath the words 'U. S. Navy' I saw that he wrote the words: 'Very sorry you were not at home when I called. Hope for better luck next time.'"

"Now think of that from a lad of 24 to a general commanding a garrison!"

"You see, sir, I told you the truth. I had no heroic deeds to relate of myself, for I only looked on and followed where a youngster led the way."

The Victoria Cross. The British Victoria Cross carries a pension of about \$50 a year for privates and noncommissioned officers. The cross is worn on the left breast, suspended by a red ribbon for the army, a blue for the navy."

To Forget. To forget is the great secret of strong and creative natures—to forget after the manner of Nature herself, who knows no past, who begins afresh at every hour the mysteries of her unwarrented travail.—Balsac. Very Likely. Answer to a correspondent—A croquette, we believe, is a female croquet player.—London Punch.

# What It Costs to Dress Stylishly

A woman who wishes the name of being well dressed, as fashion knows the term, must have at least five or six imported costumes; also an equal number of domestic afternoon and evening dresses and of tailor-made gowns. There must be an appropriate hat for every out-of-door gown; and these cost anywhere from \$50 to \$100 or \$200 apiece. In summer a fashionable woman must have 40 or 50 lingerie gowns, ranging from the cobweb of lace to the simple muslin, costing not more than \$150. She must have morning gowns—she will pay \$25 for a simple muslin with perhaps two yards of inexpensive lace on it. Half a dozen evening coats for winter, and an equal number of lace or silk for summer, are a matter of course. When the Irish lace crochet coats first became popular, one New York shop sold 45 in a month, no one of them priced less than \$200. And the accessories, are in proportionate extravagance; for lingerie, handkerchiefs, scarfs and fans \$5,000 or \$6,000 a year is a conservative estimate.

A pair of gloves is worn but once; and delicate shoes, made of imported leather to match the tint of a fabric, suffer a similar eclipse after a debut in a ballroom. For many women pride themselves on never wearing a cleaned garment. After a couple of wearings they will send an imported gown to a second-hand dealer, receiving a \$100 bill for the creation that may have cost \$800. The dealer sells it to an actress starting on her tour, to the society leader of a small town, or to a member of the demi-monde.

On the other hand, the woman who patronizes the cleaning establishments spends there from \$1,500 to \$1,800 a year. For when one pays \$20 to have a lace gown cleaned after a single wearing; when gloves by the hundred and blouses 50 at a time are sent to reach a sum that parallels the salary on which many a man supports a family.—Gertrude Lynch in Every-body's.

## FOR THE AFTERNOON.



Tan Crepe de Chine With Japanese Embroidery.

The matter of millinery the small hat or toque, simple in its outlines and decoration, will be the proper thing for the severely tailored costumes, but even with these costumes hats of medium size, compared with some of the huge plateaus offered, will be worn if simply trimmed. The very large hat, however, will have its inning.

Hold Waist in Place. Sew on the wrong side of waist, at the waist line, a double strip of the same material four inches long and two inches wide, stitching on upper side only. Before putting on your skirt pin this flap securely with safety pins to corset and your waist never will wrinkle in the back.

# To Make for Baby



The illustrations show two new and pretty things for the baby. The little cap is hand embroidered and made in a new style. The bib is of muslin with a pattern of hand embroidery, finished with lace frills. The baby carriage cover of pique, embroidered and scalloped in wash cotton.

Ribbons for Hats and Jackets. Speaking of the trimming of the new hat, which is paramount to any consideration for the benefit of one's neighbors and is growing so huge in size that there is no getting round it, ribbon will be used extensively this fall. Ribbons have fallen a little into neglect the last few years, but this season many of the most fashionable hats are decorated with large bows as well as with imitation flowers and plumes fashioned from ribbon blouses, tea jackets, tea gowns and evening wraps will be made of ribbon joined together in various ways, either by lace insertions and narrow embroideries, or where striped or figured ribbon is used, by braids of silk to match the leading color. This is also used in the lining. Long scarfs for evening wear will also be made of ribbons, these being invariably linked together by lace and many being finished at the ends by a lace frill.

Evening Hoods. Young girls have taken up the matter of evening hoods with enthusiasm, and the best shops are showing a bewildering variety of those effective little possessions in countless materials and designs.

World's Cable Lines. About 250,000 miles of cable repose at the bottom of the sea, representing \$250,000,000. This works out at about \$1,000 a mile to make and lay.

# How to Provide Fun for Guests

Shakespeare Whist Party. The invitations were the most unusual thing about this party. They were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. John Smith send greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Todd, November Twenty-ninth, Eight O'clock. "Lend thy serene hearing to what I shall unfold."—(Hamlet). "Sir (and lady), you are very welcome to our house. It must appear in other ways than words. Therefore, I scant this breathless courtesy."—(Merchant of Venice). "Say, what abridgement Have you for this evening?"—(Midsummer Night's Dream). "What will be the pastime—proving excellent."—(Taming of the Shrew). "If your love do not persuade you to come."—(Merchant of Venice). The prizes—all savored of the great bard—his photograph ramed, a stein picturing Falstaff with a cup of sack, etchings of Romeo and Juliet and a book of Shakespeare's quotations.

A Musical Entertainment. To each guest the hostess handed a card which was cut out in the shape of a man's head. It was immediately recognized as "Mozart."

At the top of each card was the words "Who-What," followed by figures with spaces for answers. The piano was concealed by a screen so that the performer and the music were both hidden from view. The hostess explained that there would be several bars of music played and when the melody was recognized it was to be written down, with the composer's name, if possible.

The first tune was "Yankee Doodle," then Schubert's "Serenade," the "Doxology," Chopin's "Funeral March," the "Shepherd Boy," "Maiden's Prayer," "Last Rose of Summer," Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," "Ben Boli," etc. In all there were 35 pieces. Suitable prizes were awarded for having the most selections correct and to the person who had the most composers.

Ice cream was served in shape of musical instruments and the quotations were on musical subjects. They were written in fancy letters on mandarin-shaped cards. Every one pronounced the affair a decided success. A hostess may use her own preference in selecting the music to be rendered and may combine both instrumental and vocal with good results.

Giving a Tennis Party.

A coterie of eight who have played tennis all summer wound up the season with this pretty party. The invitations were written on cards decorated with water-color raquets and nets. The rooms were made attractive with nets on the wall and a net stretched across the room. In this were pastebored raquets, each attached to several yards of ribbon of many colors. The contest was to wind up this ribbon on the raquets and see who could get the most.

(I think I saw miniature raquets at the favor counter that would have been better, even than the ones of pastebored.)

Raquets were crossed and hung between doors, also from the overhead lights. Partners were found by matching raquets that had been cut in half and on which quotations had been written. The four men acted as waiters, serving the refreshments on tennis raquets in lieu of trays. Summer costumes were worn and the affair was delightfully informal.

MADAME MERRIL.

Device in Knitting.

In knitting it will be found much easier when casting on stitches if using very large needles, to introduce an ordinary steel needle in place of the large one held in the right hand. Use the steel needle for knitting the stitch and pass it over the large needle. This is to be done only when casting on stitches.

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