

THE MATE OF THE HINDU

By Captain RALPH DAVIS.

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAPE AND BEYOND.

Our run to the Cape was made in fairly good time, and when we came to anchor everybody aboard was in good health. By going before the proper authorities and making statements and affidavits and delaying our voyage for an investigation I doubt not that we could have had Dr. Haxton removed and secured a competent man in his place. The rub was, as I have heretofore explained, that such action would make trouble for the bark. The authorities had the power to cancel our charter and transfer the prisoners with the voyage half completed, and that meant heavy loss and certain disaster.

I may tell you that before reaching the Cape the captain had a very plain talk with the doctor. That the man had been trying to do his best so one could doubt, but there was no hope that he would prove himself the right man in the right place. With the officers of the ship backing him and assuming authority such as a competent official would not have permitted it was hoped we might get through. It was all settled before we sighted Table Mountain that no one ashore should get the slightest inkling that everything with us was not as we could wish for.

The man Thomas left us here, and we felt it necessary to get a man in his place. This duty was left to me, and I set about it with the resolve to make no mistake. There were 50 sailors in Cape Town anxious to ship, and after looking them all over I selected a man about 30 years old named Samuel York. He was an American and had been third mate of a whaling ship. Owing to a misunderstanding with his captain, which he explained to his own benefit, he had quit the ship when she put in at the Cape. I sized him up to be a high spirited but very decent fellow, and my judgment was afterward confirmed by Captain Clark.

York at first flatly and indignantly refused to take the place, as I rather expected he would, the pay being small and the occupation one which a true sailor or considered degrading, but after giving the subject a day's reflection he decided to accept. He put it on the ground that he stood a better chance of getting a ship at Sydney or Melbourne than at Cape Town. In taking that man aboard I was making a mistake which I should never cease to regret, but when one acts according to his best judgment one can expect no more. I may tell you here that York deliberately lied to me, knowing that the chances of exposure were very slim. He had been third mate of a whaler, but had been broken and set ashore for insubordination. Soon after landing he had engaged in a quarrel and had been out of jail only a day when I came across him. In accepting the position he had a plan in view.

Before leaving the Cape the iron cages were carefully inspected and thoroughly overhauled and a close search made of the prisoners. Each convict was interrogated and examined as to his state of health, and not one of them had a complaint to make. A first class Indian could not have shown a cleaner bill of health. No convict ship ever resumed her voyage under more favorable auspices, and for a week I was almost care free. During this time I had kept a pretty close watch on the new guard, York, as I was in duty bound to do, but I had seen nothing to find fault with. He was cheerful, obedient and apparently vigilant, and no more could be asked for. The first thing to excite my suspicion, or I may better say my curiosity, was in his asking Haskell for our latitude and longitude and afterward consulting a chart of the Indian ocean which he had brought aboard with his dunnage. After the noon observation had been worked out we made no secret of it among the passengers, several of whom had charts and were keeping the run of the ship. Had York asked me for the position and told me he was pricking off the run for his own satisfaction I should have thought nothing strange about it, for he was an intelligent man, and I had an idea that he understood navigation fairly well. His sailor instinct as well as a desire to post himself was excuse enough. He had asked Haskell in a confidential way

to give him the figures, and he had consulted his chart in a secret manner. "I don't like the man," continued Haskell after giving me the above information. "But why?" I queried.

"It's hard to say, but the feeling is here that he isn't dead right. He asks a great many questions, but never answers any. He's got a very sly way of pumping a man. He and I haven't taken to each other at all, but he has pumped the other guards and some of the sailors until he is posted on whatever has happened since we left the channel. He's done little else when off duty and not asleep but to ask questions."

"What particular thing does he seem most anxious to know about?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I think he's been quite concerned about the diamonds. Last night he was yarning to some of the sailors about the gold diggings and wondering why they didn't get sticks and make their fortunes. When they asked why he didn't sell his own pockets, he replied that he should leave for the mines as soon as the ship touched Sydney. I don't want to make any accusations, but it looks a bit queer all around. I'm never quite easy in my mind when it's his turn below."

Haskell had been made captain of the guard after the removal of Hooper, and his suspicious and suspicious were anti-

used to all consideration. It gave me a very unpleasant feeling to think I had been deceived in York, but I did not act on impulse. If he was all right, it would be a bad thing to jump on him and have to take it all back, and if he was engaged in a plot the correct thing to do was to lie low and hope to expose him. Thus it came about that while Dr. Haxton was congratulating himself on the smooth way in which things were going I had never been more anxious.

We had favorable winds and sailed off the knots for 30 days after leaving the Cape, and then we got a calm, followed by a gale from the south. On the very first day of this unfavorable weather Captain Clark was struck down by a block falling from aloft and so severely injured that he was good for a week below. This left the whole burden on my shoulders. I don't wish to put forward my importance, but I feel that I should relate things just as they happened.

The result of the southerly gale was that we were driven a long way to the northward of our course. When the gale finally broke and I got an observation and verified it by dead reckoning, I found that we were 380 miles off our true course. When this information was given to the captain, who was then only able to sit up for half an hour at a time, he replied:

"Well, Ralph, that is not much to complain of, as the bark came through all right. The wind has come right at last, and two or three days will put us back on the right track."

During the storm there was nothing to complain of in the conduct of sailors, guards or convicts. I was trusting Haskell to keep his eyes open and give me any news worth communicating, but he brought me none until the bark had been headed down to the southeast. Then he found opportunity at night to say to me:

"I can't make out that fellow York. I have watched him with increasing vigilance, but he failed to trip him up, though there are many things to arouse my suspicions. He has an influence with the crew little short of magnetic. Men who didn't like him at all are his best friends now. I am the only one of the guards he hasn't made friends with."

"Does he talk much?" I queried.

"Very little, as far as I have observed, and yet I believe he does a great deal of it. Some of the men are talking about the goldfields and others of life on an island, and I believe the fellow is working up to some climax. Did you know that he and Miss Foster have quite fallen in love with each other during the past week?"

"Is it possible?"

"And, queerly enough, Miss White told me to my face this morning that she didn't believe Ben Johnson guilty of the crime or deserving of the punishment. She seems to have a great admiration for him, even if it is not something stronger. I think we had best keep an eye on them as well as the people forward, Mr. Tompkins."

I thought so, too, and determined that Mary Williams should assist us. A few hours later, when I found opportunity to speak to her, I told her of Haskell's observations and suspicions, and she replied:

"I think it is at least very queer, Mr. Tompkins. Up to the hour we left the Cape both young women seemed to make every effort to win my friendship. Since then they have almost avoided me, and I have been troubled for fear I unwittingly gave offense. So far as I know and can judge both are intelligent, respectable girls, and why they should pursue this singular course is more than I can understand."

I further learned from her that Miss Foster had been quite "thick" with Dr. Haxton and spent more or less time in the dispensary, and though Mary had no opinion to offer it was plain to me that she was anxious and uneasy.

"Mr. Tompkins," she said as I was about to turn away, "every precaution has been taken against revolt, and the discipline so far as I can judge has been increased rather than abated, but of course it is possible that trouble may come. If the convicts were plotting revolt, how would they bring it about?"

"That is what worries me," I replied, "and why I sought your assistance. While everything seems to be going right there is no telling what influences are at work. If we had the right sort of a doctor aboard, and if I hadn't shipped that man York, I should feel a great deal easier about things. Should there be a revolt it is hard to say just how it will come. It may be at night, when most of us are asleep and totally unprepared, or it may come when one of the gangs is on deck for exercise or work."

"And suppose the convicts overpower guards and crew and get possession of the bark?"

"Then God help us. Ben Johnson as the leader, would have his say about things. The captain, Haskell, myself and others would not live an hour after he took command, and as for you and—"

He stopped me with a gesture and quietly said:

"I will assist you in any way I can. None of the other people seems to be worried, but for the last two days I have been almost convinced that there was something wrong. I will watch the two young women and the doctor and report to you."

If you are posted as to the sailing of a ship, you will understand that while I was acting as captain the second mate should have stood my watch. This I did not permit, but stood watch and watch with him. I had my interview with Mary between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening. At 8 I went below and turned in for four hours. When I came on deck at midnight, I took Haskell and the third mate and went below to examine the cages. This was the first midnight visit ever paid to the convicts and produced great surprise. I had led the way as quietly as possible, and though all the convicts appeared to be sound asleep when I looked into the cages the positions of some of them

were so unnatural that I suspected they had thrown themselves down only a moment before. The man York was the guard on duty between cages Nos. 1 and 3, and though he had a face of brass I did not fail to detect signs of perturbation. I found the cages all right, but was perfectly satisfied that a minute before my descent York had been holding conversation with some of the convicts. Had it been in his power to let them on deck I should not have found them snoring away and muttering in their dreams.

The midnight visit made no change in our affairs, but gave me a thought to be acted on next day. Among the crew was a man named Hawley. I had no fault to find with him as a sailor, but I had sized him up as the most simple minded man of the lot. If I could go at him right, I could learn from him the subject of talk in the fore-castle. Before noon next day, the man being in my watch and the off watch below, I got him aft under pretense of examining the cabin stores in the lazarette. I had placed a bottle of rum where he could not fail to find it, and I gave him time to sample the stuff before following him through the trapdoor. It pleased me to discover that he had taken a liberal drink, and when the stuff had been given time to loosen his tongue I carelessly inquired:

"That man York is considered a very smart man by all the crew, isn't he?"

"Nobody could be smarter, sir," he promptly replied. "If I had a tenth of his smartness, I wouldn't be where I am now, beggin your humble pardon, sir."

"He has been in the goldfields of Australia, I hear?"

"All over 'em, sir, and has got something like a ton of the bloom stuff hidden away in a hill. He dam'n bring it out for fear of robbers, but he can lead the lot of us straight to the spot and is willin to divide. Plenty more where that ton came from. All you've got to do is to scrape off the surface dirt, and there's the nuggets. Do you mind my axin you a question, Mr. Tompkins?"

"Go ahead."

"I am no schollar, as you know. If I had a lump of gold as heavy as a rich man?"

"Yes, a fairly rich man, and I wish you had such a lump."

"Thankee, sir; thankee very much, and I'm certain you to have it if York knows what he's talkin about, and we all think he do. Beggin your pardon, sir, but isn't there lots and lots of islands off the coast of Australia?"

"Yes, a great many islands."

"And not inhabited either?"

"No."

"And they are reg'lar paradises, with utthin for a sailor to do but eat and drink and smoke and make luv to the wimin. Three months of that and then

WHAT A CAKE WALK IS.

An Institution of Slavery That is Very Popular.

The cake walk is one of the institutions of slavery, which has survived the emancipation proclamation.

The evolution of the cake walk is an interesting study, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. It is closely allied to the coonfina, buzzard lope and Mobile book dances, which are in turn related to the South Sea island hula-hula dances, and more remotely, perhaps, to the South American coombamba. All these are exhibitions in movement and gesture of human emotion, and necessarily are rude and barbarous, but wonderfully fascinating.

The cake walk is the highest type of these forms of amusement. It is easy to see how the idea of walking for a cake impressed the imaginative brain of a colored person and caused it to become what it is to-day.

As nearly as can be learned—for cake walking has no literature—the custom originated in the lowly cabins of the colored people in anti-bellum days. It was customary for the slaves to dance a homely sort of square dance somewhat resembling a quadrille, but not so involved nor intricate. There was a time in this dance when every participant walked around in a circle. At first the men and women alone, but in time they began to walk in couples. The reward was a hockeak, baked in the hot coals of the hearth and wrapped in a cabbage leaf. This was given to the successful male, while the victorious female was presented with the first piece of molasses candy pulled from a batch made for that purpose.

Cake walking has been for upward of fifty years a popular amusement. When slavery was abolished it was carried into the northern states, more particularly to New York. The first cake walk that is known to have taken place north of Mason and Dixon's line occurred in Turner's hall, in Brooklyn, in 1866. It was conducted by a man named Dobbins, who still lives in Vanderbilt avenue and is 80 years old.

A cake walk was such a novelty at that time that spectators came from twenty miles around the country to see it, and there was such a crowd that half the people were turned away.

For many years the colored people had cake walks at long intervals, which were witnessed by very few white men. They usually took place, fifteen or twenty years ago, as an adjunct to a fair held in the aid of an African church.

The next step in the progress of cake walking evolution was its introduction at summer and seaside resorts by the colored waiters in the hotels. There are very few of the big summer hotels in the United States but have their annual cake walks at the close of the season.

A Court Held by Storks.

The owner of a house near Berlin found a single egg in the nest of a pair of storks built on the chimney, and substituted for it a goose's egg, which in due time was hatched, and produced a gosling instead of the expected storkling. The male bird was thrown into the greatest excitement by this event and finally flew away. The female, however, remained on the nest and continued to care for the changling as though it were her own offspring. On the morning of the fourth day the male reappeared accompanied by nearly 500 storks, which held a mass meeting in an adjacent field. The assembly, we are informed, was addressed by several speakers, each orator posting himself on the same spot before beginning his harangue. These deliberations and discussions occupied nearly the entire forenoon, when suddenly the meeting broke up and all the storks pounced upon the unfortunate female and her supposititious young one killed them both, and after destroying the polluted nest took wing and departed, and were never seen there again.

YOUNG MEN AT THE FRONT.

Few Veterans to Be Found Among European Sovereigns and Statesmen.

Lord Rosebery's succession to the premiership serves to call attention to the fact that whereas during the first decade after the Franco-German war, and throughout the major part of the second, the destinies of Europe were controlled by monarchs and statesmen of advanced age, their power is now vested in the hands of comparatively young men. This is, indeed, the epoch of youth. Lord Beaconsfield, Prince Gortchakoff, Prince Bismarck, M. Thiers, Depretis, Gladstone and the Danish statesman, Estrupp, have all either died or withdrawn into private life, and the same may be said of their masters. The German emperor, who is undoubtedly the man at the helm in the Teutonic empire, is only 33 years old; the prince of Bulgaria is 33, the emperor of Russia 49, while the king of Wurtemberg, the king of Portugal and the king of Greece are all young men. Still more youthful are the queen of Holland, the young king of Serbia and the little king of Spain. As regards statesmen, we find young men, such as Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith, occupying the principal offices of the British crown. The Austrian prime minister, Prince Wundischgratz, is under 30, and Cardinal Rampolla, the papal secretary of state, is barely one or two years over that age. M. Casimir-Perrier, the French prime minister, is about 48 years of age, while M. Dupuy, his predecessor, and now president of the chamber of deputies, is about three years younger. Many other names might be added to the list, but the above will suffice to show that we are living in the golden age of youth, and that while age and experience are at a discount youth and enthusiasm are above par.

A Hint to the Public.

Do you eat to live or live to eat. In either case you will find what you want at the Merchant's Dining Hall 11 & P street, Lincoln, Nebraska. It is so cheap you can't afford to go hungry. Try us once and you will always be our guest while in the city.

Meals at all hours from 10 cents up.

O. E. Houck, Prop.

ENGLISH UNDERNESSES.

Many of Them Paid a Miserly Pittance.

Sometimes Walter Besant gets indignant and he has a right to, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. When he speaks of the poor he knows whereof he speaks. It was through his great novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," that the People's Palace in London was built and he enjoys exposing the rogues among the begging letter-writers and "poor widows with imaginary children," as much as he likes to stir up the rich and careless.

He says and it throws some light on the wages of English women in comparison with American women in the same positions: "A letter comes to me from S—. The writer refers to the case of the governess on \$25 a year being sent away to keep herself for a two months' holiday." He proposes that action should be taken in the matter; he suggests that a committee should be formed to take up the case; that money should be asked for; that a holiday house should be built in some quiet and healthy place which should receive the ladies for little or nothing. He draws up a scheme complete. One would not willingly throw cold water on any scheme likely to benefit a class not only deserving but also helpless. At the same time I would suggest that a better plan would be to awaken attention to the subject and to make people understand the downright cruelty and wickedness of the thing. I do not believe that those who do it realize the meaning of it. The evil is done by want of thought in this as in so many instances. If it is done in full knowledge of what it means, then the perpetrator is one of the lowest and basest of her kind. To give a woman \$25 a year; to expect her to dress like a lady—always to wear decent gloves, for instance—and to turn her out to keep herself for eight weeks is nothing short of barbarity. Eight weeks at 25 shillings a week is \$10; there is left the sum of \$15 for dress and every other expense. And for the future no prospect at all. Poor governess! We must try when we get our national bureau if we cannot do something for her.

THE AWAKENING.

A sun-shaft flies from the Day's bent bow And stirs the notes in the morning air, It sets the heel of the Night aglow, And glides the gloom Of the locks that toss Over the pillow, white and fair.

A burst of day with a touch of night, For out of the blue of the counterpane, Her eyes, like morning stars, burn bright. A baby cry— A gentle sigh— The soul of my day is allve again.

—John Albert Macy.

Age 40 a widower, have but little property, good standing in church and society, temperate, good health.

W. W. WORKMAN, Grand Island, Neb.

W. L. STEPHENS, HARRY E. WILSON, President T. Secretary. W. C. STEPHENS, Treasurer.

Lincoln Business College, 11th and O Sts., Lincoln. Tel. 254.

In the District Court of Lancaster County Nebraska.

LEGAL NOTICE.

D. B. Welch, Plaintiff. Ward S. Mills and Sarah E. Mills, his wife, Defendants. Estate of James Thompson, deceased.

WOVEN WELLS.

Send 12 cents in stamps to J. B. Eastman, Gen'l Pass. Agent C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago, for the slickest playing cards you ever handled, and receipt of each remittance for more packs they will be sent you free.

Orders containing 60 cents in stamps or postal note for same amount will cure five packs by express, charges not paid.

Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat.

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Westward Through the Rockies.

The traveler, tourist or business man is wise when he selects the Big Game Western Railway "Great Salt Lake Route" for his route to the Pacific Coast.

Christmas and New Year's Holiday Rates.

The Burlington will on December 24 and 25, also on December 31 and January 1, 1897, sell round trip tickets to points within 200 miles at one fare and a third. Tickets good to return until January 4, 1897. Take advantage of this and visit your friends.

G. W. BOWNE, G. P. & T. A.

BANE & ALTSCHULER. In the District Court of Lancaster County Nebraska.

Notice of Petition For Letters.

In re Estate of Charles C. Morse, deceased, in the County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

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In re Estate of Charles C. Morse, deceased, in the County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

Caroline M. Stagg, Plaintiff. Kate Mitchell, Joseph Mitchell, her husband, George L. Woodard, Nancy E. Baring, Benjamin B. Woodard, Estelle M. Mills, her wife, Henry A. Gross, J. M. Hussey, Frank M. Pierce, Mrs. Frank M. Pierce, first name unknown, the State Bank of Bethany, Fred L. Sumpter, receiver of the State Bank of Bethany, C. M. Crawford, cashier of the Merchant's bank, the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn., Frank M. Cook, Josiah B. Foxworth, the Trust Co. of America, Emma H. Holmes, administrators of the American Exchange National Bank of Lincoln, and Mary W. Moss, Defendants.

The defendants, Kate Mitchell, Joseph Mitchell, her husband, Henry A. Gross, J. M. Hussey, Frank M. Pierce, Mrs. Frank M. Pierce, first name unknown, the State Bank of Bethany, Fred L. Sumpter, receiver of the State Bank of Bethany, C. M. Crawford, cashier of the Merchant's bank, the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn., Frank M. Cook, Josiah B. Foxworth, the Trust Co. of America, Emma H. Holmes, administrators of the American Exchange National Bank of Lincoln, and Mary W. Moss, Defendants.