

THE MATE OF THE HINDU

By Captain RALPH DAVIS

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CHAPTER X.

WE SPEAK A WHALER—THE FUTURE SICK.

This, I said, as I returned to my cabin, was the end of it.

You ask why I didn't take the steps. First, because Captain Clark opposed them, and, secondly, because the point would have been an official investigation. Had we encountered an English man-of-war and been taken to a far different set of hands, but no more proofs. To have taken any of the sailors to explain into the whaler would have been an arbitrary act which would have cost us dear without we could prove justification. Again, Miss Williams and Haskell were the only two people left who had a suspicion of anything wrong, and all others, including the doctor, would have protested and could have been used as witnesses against us.

I was, however, on the point of making the American to keep us in sight for a couple of days, on pretense that we were making some alterations in the quarters of the convicts, when he started that he should run to the east for a new cruising ground. It turned out even better than that. At noon, when I was about three miles in our wake, the wind fell and a dead calm came on which lasted that afternoon and night all the next day and up to midnight of the second night. During this calm, with the whaler in plain view, I noticed that almost every man of our crew carried an anxious, excited look, but they were unusually humble in their demeanor.

York was asleep when the whaler's captain visited us, but I took care to drop Holt's name so that it would be carried forward to him. He also doubtless identified the whaler as soon as he set eyes on her, and it was plain enough that he was greatly disturbed. After a bit he made opportunity to speak with me, and when I did not tell him that his name had been mentioned he was evidently much relieved.

On the second day of the calm I had another talk with Mary Williams. She had been closely watching the two young women, but they evidently suspected the espionage and had been on their guard. She had caught on to but one suspicious circumstance. That very morning, while my mate had the deck, she had seen Miss Foster pass something to York in a sly manner as she promenade the deck. As the young woman had just come out of the dispensary it was natural to believe that the object was something carried from that room. The idea of poison flashed through my mind, but was discarded when I remembered hearing the doctor say he had nothing of the sort among his stores. Whatever it was, York had had ample time to secrete it, and it was useless for me to indulge my brains.

At about midnight of the second night the calm was broken, though the breeze was very light. When morning came, we saw that the whaler had altered her plans and was bearing up for

was confirmation of my darkest suspicions, and it will be a life-long regret that I did not take advantage of the opening presented. Captain Holt could have been lured to take York away by force, and with him out of the ship the convicts would have probably given up their plan. I think it would have been an easy matter to exchange six or eight men with him for a cash consideration, and that I would have removed all anxiety and assured a safe voyage.

was in his mind when he came aboard at the Cape. His talk of the islands and the goldfields had excited and occupied the crew and probably the guards. The convicts were to be released, the ship seized, and those in possession were to then go their own way. York would be the nominal captain, but I could not doubt that Ben Johnson would be the actual ruler and leader. I did not intend the crew as a whole would go into such a thing if they believed that murder was to be done. They would stipulate that officers and passengers were to be marooned on some island and given a chance for life. They had been well used, well fed and had no grudges to satisfy. They had been led from the path of duty by the smooth talk of the villain York, but they could not wish us harm.

I could not be sure that all the crew had entered into the plot. There were at least three middle aged, steady going men who had probably not been approached, but this would not help us out much. When the moment of revolt came, they would be looked out for, and when they found the bark in possession of the mutineers they would be compelled to strike hands with them. With the convicts numbering more than three to one, and with at least a score of sailors among them, and perhaps at least one navigator, it was easy enough to arrive at the result. They might not baron the crew or send them adrift, but the chances were even up that they would, retaining only the services of York.

I fully realize the state of affairs you must understand a sailor's nature. I do not if abuse or starvation could have driven our crew to mutiny. The average sailor has a lively imagination. He is a good listener. A smooth tongued liar can convince him against his will. He is always sighing for a lazy life, and though he is wasteful of his money the idea of having plenty of it will lead him into almost anything. The pictures York had drawn of the goldfields and the green islands of the Indian ocean had corrupted them and blinded them to consequences.

You will ask why I did not at once let them know I was in possession of their secret, and take prompt measures to check the contemplated revolt. I answer that because such a step on my part would have brought things to a head at once and insured our destruction. And, I was not sure they were fully committed to the plot, and should we change to fall in with another man-of-war or overhaul a merchantman and keep his company it would alter their plans materially. I went to Captain Clark with my information, of course. He was just able to move about and in a nervous state, and I dared not tell him as much as I have told you. He reflected for awhile after hearing my story, and then said:

"Well, Ralph, I do not see that we can do more than keep doing. If the crew is with the convicts, they can take the bark at any hour it pleases them, and our only hope is that they may delay until we sight a man-of-war. In that case we could straighten out affairs very quickly. As we have been far off our course, and as York has had no means of ascertaining our position for many days past, there will be no move for a day or two yet. He won't want to take charge of a ship without knowing what course to sail her."

This was good philosophy, and I took care to give no one the latitude and longitude as worked out from the noon observations on the next two days. York, as I learned from Haskell, made repeated efforts to secure the result of my calculations and was seemingly much put out over his failures. I changed the course of the ship twice in the two days in order to further mystify him.

In the morning watch of the third day after my conversation with Hawley in the lazarette we sighted a ship bearing up to us from the south, and presently made out that she was an American whaler. As she drew near she flew a signal that she wished to speak us, and an hour later her captain was pulled to the Hindu's side in his own boat. I met him at the rail and conducted him to the cabin for an interview with Captain Clark. He introduced himself as Captain Lewis Holt of the New Bedford whaler Good Luck, which had been cruising for a year and a half. His errand aboard of us was to replenish his medicine chest, and as this was his first visit to a convict ship he was naturally curious. He witnessed the operations of a gang taking their morning wash up, and almost by accident heard some one speak the name of York. He instantly turned to me and asked:

"Have you got a mate aboard by that name?"

"No, I picked up a man by that name at Cape Town, who claimed to have been third mate of a whaler, but he is acting as a guard over the convicts."

"Light hair, blue eyes, large nose, two front teeth gone, great talker."

"That fits him."

"It's the same damned skunk I left there six weeks ago."

the north, and it was with a heavy heart I bid her goodby. Things ran smoothly up to noon, and then it was Haskell who came aft and reported to the doctor that at least three different men in Ben Johnson's cage had developed cases of the smallpox. Dr. Haxton at once went down to investigate, and a quarter of an hour later he reported that the pestilence was present in a virulent form.

In such an emergency as this it would have been everything to us to feel that we had a competent physician aboard. It might be smallpox or might be measles or the men might be shamming. The three men had eaten heartily at breakfast, proving they had no fever or premonitory symptoms, and the idea of smallpox was absurd. Dr. Haxton not only insisted, but with more fervor than I had ever known him to use before. The passengers were terribly alarmed, as you may imagine, but I took notice that not a single man among the guards and only two among the crew appeared to be at all anxious. This fact alone would have satisfied me that it was an understood thing. I said all the passengers were alarmed. I should have made an exception as far as the two young women were concerned. Their pretense of alarm was so transparent that I was not the only one to see through it.

We had provided no hospital aboard the bark because the government did not contract for anything of the sort. Epidemics were not counted on or provided against. If one broke out, then let the doctor do the best he could. If the convicts died, well and good. If they got well, they must be turned over to the officials at Botany Bay. Odds was the difference to the government.

The question with us was, "Is it really smallpox?" We were not willing to run to his little game. A guard, is well, he isn't any better than those who follow after, and it's my opinion you had better believe him too closely."

was up on a chair, and announced that he had something to communicate. Convicts, guards and sailors knew that he was lured to the ship and were on their guard that he should neither see nor hear anything. He had made some few discoveries, however, and was satisfied in his opinion that a trick was being played on the doctor, and that the two young women were cognizant of it. In going his turn below he had got a strong idea of what he thought was crooked, and he suggested that the doctor be questioned about it.

Dr. Haxton was immediately sent for and asked if any of the ill men were included in his medical outfit. He answered promptly in the affirmative and went away to fetch the bottles. It was raining. If croton oil be rubbed upon the face, it will produce a blotch similar to that which appears in the first stages of smallpox. He was sure that he had an eight ounce bottle of the stuff, and just as sure that other hands than his had removed it from the dispensary. That settled it with the rest of us, but not with the doctor. He became indignant that we should question the correctness of his diagnosis, and added that if the patients were not isolated he should not hold himself responsible for results.

I have said very little concerning our passengers, male or female, because they were passengers only and had no part or portion in our discussions and worries. Up to the hour they got word of the sickness below they were totally unsuspecting that danger menaced. When the doctor announced smallpox, something had to be done to allay the panic. The passengers were assembled in the great cabin, and Captain Clark plainly told them in the presence of the doctor that he was not satisfied that a pestilence had appeared. When sure of it, he would take every precaution to prevent its spread, and he advised them to resume the even tenor of their ways until the question was settled. He called their attention particularly to the fact that we had a clean bill of health at the Cape, and that no disease of the sort existed there. As every convict had been vaccinated before leaving England, it was simply impossible for a virulent outbreak to occur.

Dr. Haxton construed the captain's language as an insult and hotly reiterated his professional opinion, and there we were, worse off perhaps than as if a pirate ship with the black flag flying and her cutthroat crew at quarters was bearing down on us with the intention to rob, ravish and scuttle.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Thirty-three denominations are reported in Illinois 2,824 Christian Endeavor societies.

Christian Endeavors generally have been aroused over the subject of a special week of prayer for Armenia, and the second week of November will be widely observed.

Christian Endeavors in many places are campaigning for the Sunday closing of local postoffices. One of the latest cities to take up this work was Williamsport, Penn.

Nearly all the persons present at a meeting of a Richmond, Ind., Friends Christian Endeavor society promised to give systematically to missions, and twenty-two persons became titheers.

An annual subscription to the denominational paper has been given to every member in the congregation of a Bangor, Penn., church by the Christian Endeavor societies of the church.

A unique but melancholy service was done by some Christian Endeavor young men of Yarker, Ont., in digging the grave for the burial of a young man whose parents could not afford the expense.

Australia's delegate to the San Francisco Christian Endeavor Convention has already been appointed. He is Rev. Silas Mead, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor of Australia.

Twelve girls comprise a Junior Christian Endeavor society in an industrial school for girls in Toronto. Last year these children gave thirty dollars for missions, all raised by their own efforts.

The Christian Endeavor society in Aroostook County, Me., that reports the greatest amount given for missions will be allowed to name the delegate to the San Francisco convention that the union will send.

Eight prisoners in the Louisville, Ky., jail were baptized on a recent Sunday. The men, one of them a murderer, had been led to Christ through the services held by a Christian Endeavor society of the city.

On the night of election day the Christian Endeavorers of Janesville, Wis., had a celebration to hear the election returns. The purpose of the meeting was to keep men and boys from visiting doubtful places for this same purpose.

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QUEER HOSPITAL.

It is Located in New York and is for Animals.

The animals' hospital is in charge of the New York College of Veterinary Surgeons, and that, if you please, is part of the University of New York; so that if you wanted to send your dicky-bird there for the pip, he would be in a manner under the sheltering wing of all the D.D.s and LL. D.s that shine as regents of that noble institution. A great deal of the hospital's most interesting practice is among the animals kept in zoological gardens or in traveling shows. An old circus lion was brought here not long ago to have his ulcerated tooth pulled. Now if the toothache makes you feel "cross as a bear," how cross does the toothache make a live lion feel?

To tell the truth, no one at the hospital wanted to know how cross that lion did feel—they thought it was a case in which it would be folly to be wise. The first thing to be done was to drop nooses of rope on the floor of his cage, and then draw them up when he put his foot in one—he knew he had "put his foot in it" when he found himself snared—and so, step by step, get him bound and helpless. If you will think how particularly hard it is to tie up a cat, you may guess that it is no joke to make a lion fast; he is just like a stupendous cat in his agility and slipperiness. The only way to render him helpless is to get his hind quarter tied up outside his cage, and his head bound fast within it; the next thing, for dental work, is to put a gag in his mouth; that is the easier because there is no trouble at all about getting him to open his mouth—he does it every-time any one goes near him. When medicine cannot be given disguised in drink or food, it is usually squeezed down the patient's throat with a syringe. The horses are very good about that operation, but the dogs are often troublesome at first; but both dogs and horses soon learn that they are with friends, and then they are wonderfully good and grateful even when the doctors have to hurt them.—Harper's Round Table.

An Innocent Culprit. Cape Town, South Africa, claims the honor of possessing the smallest creature ever known to have been a gunner in the Royal Artillery, or any other artillery. The Brockton Times tells the story of its exploit. At the Castle, Cape Town, it appears there is a magnificent gun worked by electricity, used for giving the midday and evening time. One day the military and civilians of Cape Town were surprised to hear the gun go off at half past ten in the morning. The general commanding the station sent to inquire what such irregularity meant; the brigade major did the same. The commanding officers of each regiment and battery stationed in Cape Town sent messengers, but no one could be found upon whom to lay the blame. The officials could give no explanation; they were as much surprised as anybody.

The general in command of the station became furious at such an unheard-of infringement of discipline. He was sure there was mismanagement somewhere, or the act could not have been possible. Strict search was ordered to be made, but although the order was carried out to the letter, the culprit remained undiscovered. Then, when the search had been practically abandoned, the little gunner was accidentally discovered and arrested. There he lay inside the instrument that transmits the electric current from the royal observatory of Cape Town to the great gun. This instrument is called a relay, and is in the central telegraph office of the station. The action of the current going through the instrument's main moves a sort of light tongue which is so finely set that the slightest touch will affect it. The tongue forces the current into what are termed the time fuses, which fire the gun at the castle.

Right inside the relay was found the little gunner. He was discovered by an official who was examining the instrument, and who was surprised to see inside—a big brown spider. In its explorations within the instrument the spider must have touched the tongue sufficiently to move it, and thus fired off the gun.

The general sent the spider to the Cape Town Museum, where it is now to be seen with a card underneath entitling it, "The Little Gunner," and giving a full account of its exploit with the Cape Town midday gun.

Artistic Glassware.

An art critic in England speaks most enthusiastically of the glassware that is now being sent to that country by the American manufacturers. Candelsticks are made in exact imitation of tulips, lilies and any flower which has a deep cup in which to hold the candle. Exquisite vases and jardinières of glass are the recent product of one American factory. The rich and artistic effect of the ware is described as unique. One slender flower holder has the tinting and shape and pose of a calla lily, and another reproduces the bloom of the rose and has a stem of the pretty red-brown shade characteristic of the flower.

Chrysanthemums.

Chrysanthemums originally came from Japan, Corea, China and Siam. Ancient and modern varieties, taken together, yield something like 2,000, each separately named, and all the result of cultivation. In China chrysanthemums must have been grown for ages, for they afford there a general type of architectural ornament. One of the national honors in that country is the "Order of the Chrysanthemum." It is also one of the emblems of the Japanese empire. "Kik" is what the people of Japan call the chrysanthemum.

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It is Nearing Completion After Seven Years' Work.

A hole in the ground a mile deep! This, the deepest at has ever been dug in the earth, is the shaft of the Red Jacket copperine, at Calumet, Mich., says the N York Journal. This hole, now near completion after seven years' work has great scientific interest, because it tells us some things subterranean which we didn't know. Observers sending to great heights in balloons secured data of importance regarding meteorological conditions and underground observations made at the depth of a mile are not less valuable. The Red Jacket shaft deserves to rank as one of the wonders of the moon world. It is a brilliant bit of engineering. The Eiffel tower created a sensation because of its prodigious height, yet this Calumet hole in the ground could hold five Eiffel towers drop in one after another. It had all ag been thought that such a depth at the bottom of the Red Jacket shaft would have had a temperature that would boil an egg. This has been found to be the case, however. Careful tests at the bottom have proved that thermal temperature at a mile below earth is only 87.6 degrees Fahrenheit, about a fair August average in New York. At a depth of 105 feet temperature was but 59 degrees. It believed that experiments now underway will prove to what depth the earth could be penetrated before the heat would be unbearable to a human being. Another remarkable fact is the water found at the bottom of the shaft is most corrosive to the human life. The workmen have been compelled to wear heavy rubber boots, rubber hats and masks to protect themselves.

We have on hand a large number of copies of S. S. King's book entitled "A Few Financial Facts." This book contains more facts about the financial question than any of sent out in the campaign. We recommend it to those who desire to further investigate these subjects. The regular price of the book is 25 cents. Our price, 15 cents. Two copies for 25 cents. Address NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT, Lincoln, Neb.

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