

THE MATE OF THE HINDU

By Captain RALPH DAVIS.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE INCIDENTS OF AN AFTERNOON. At high noon some sort of a decision seemed to have been reached, as York came aft with a flag of truce and asked to speak to the captain. When told to go ahead, he said:

"Captain, we have given you plenty of time to consider our offer, and I have come for your answer. You can have the boats all fitted out, and the doctor and Roberts shall go with you. We are bound to have this ship and carry her where we will, and if you refuse our offer the results be upon your own head."

"Harkee, you bloody traitor and villain!" shouted the captain in reply, "We not only refuse your offer, but are ready for what may come!"

"Then you won't go?"

"Not a step. Begin the attack as soon as you please."

I stood behind the captain while he spoke. As he finished, I felt a soft hand on my arm, and I turned to find Mary Williams at my side. She was very pale, as was the case with all the other women and perhaps some of the men, but I could not fail to notice that she was also calm and collected.

"Mr. Tompkins," she said, pulling me a step or two aside, "there are but few of us and many of them. Will you show me how to load one of these weapons, that I may be of some assistance when the attack comes?"

"Lor bless you for your brave heart!" says I in reply. "But maybe it will be better if you look after the women and children a bit. I see you are the only woman who a spark of courage left, though this is only the beginning of it."

"And what do you think of the situation?"

"It's a bad one, Miss Williams, as I'm in honor bound to say, but we are not at such a disadvantage as you may suppose. Those fellows know nothing of these iron shotters or of the number of guns at hand."

"You—you heard Ben Johnson say that you and I were not to go in the boats with the others?" she queried, with a break or two in her voice.

"Aye, that I did, but there will be no taking to the boats by any of us. The man means murder for both of us, but we won't let that bother us yet awhile."

"I want you to promise me something," she persisted, drawing me still farther from the porthole. "If you are still alive when they break into the cabin, I want you to shoot me."

"Lor save you, miss!" I whispered, taken all aback by her look of appeal and strange words. "It will surely never come to that."

"But if it does."

"Mary," says I, never knowing that I had spoken her given name and never knowing till long afterward that I took both her hands in mine, "if I had a dozen lives, I'd give them all to save yours, and so I don't like to think of taking the only life dear to me in all this world. I'd rather see you lying dead, however, than in the power of that villain, and if worst comes to worst, I may give you my last bullet."

"Remember, Ralph. I shall depend upon it."

I had called her Mary, and she had called me Ralph. It was a declaration of love, made under such circumstances as were never known before. You smile at me, but as I told you in the beginning, I was but a plain sailor man and hardly knew the meaning of the word "romance." We were standing in the face of death, as it were, and yet I could have lifted up my voice and shouted for joy.

The numbers of the mutineers gave them confidence. They perhaps argued that a rush aft of all hands would carry our position, with little or no damage to their side. They gathered up whatever could be made to answer for weapons, and the cool and lawless way in which they made ready for the attack made us wild with anger and impatience. We could have poured a volley into them at any moment during the forenoon, but Captain Clark did not wish to be the first to shed blood, though he would have been fully justified in sweeping the decks. I believe he hoped, as I did, that something might occur to stop the trouble before any one was laid low. When it became evident that they meant to rush, he turned to us and said:

"I want every one of you to shoot to kill. Do not be satisfied with killing one man, but kill two or three, if you can. If we give them a good dose at the start, it will take the fight out of them. Every one to his post."

Thirty seconds later the main gang of villains, York and Johnson leading, came rushing at us, and the yells they uttered would have done credit to a war party of savages. Eight of them carried a spare yard to be used as a battering ram, while the others had axes, capstan bars, iron belaying pins and what not. A few had muskets, but no spare ammunition. As the first of the mob passed the mainmast, we opened on it and quickly exchanged our guns to fire again. I believe that some of our bullets hit two men, which was not at all unlikely in such a crowd. Some of them reached the cabin, and one burly, big ruffian lived long enough to strike one blow with his ax, but the rapid fire so astonished them and the slaughter among them was so appalling that they broke back like a flock of frightened sheep. We kept peppering them until the last living man had disappeared beneath the mainmast.



She was back in a minute with guns and axes.

low decks, and had we rushed out then we could have pulled the hatches on and made them prisoners. I was for doing so, but Captain Clark, who had perhaps considered the possibility before we fired a shot, pushed me back and said:

"Don't lose your senses, Ralph. If we had them all prisoners, we are not strong handed enough to sail the bark."

Of that gang of men 13 lay dead on the decks, and in addition there were three wounded men whom we let drag themselves away. Two of the dead had axes, and two more had carried muskets. We wanted to get these, and so we removed the barricade from the door, and I was about to slip out, when Mary Williams dodged past me and was back in a minute with guns and axes. She would have returned for some of the wicked looking knives which had dropped from the hands of the sailors as they fell, but I seized her arm and pulled her into the cabin. It was high time, too, for a convict armed with a musket had hoisted himself out of the forehatch and fired at her, and the ball struck the casing of the door beside her head.

The position now was a curious one. We held the cabin and by means of the portholes could sweep the decks clean to the eyes of the ship, and yet we were prisoners. If we had been a few men stronger, we could have overcome them; while they were still in their panic, but even that was not to be our lot, for that gang of villains running loose between decks would have demanded the services of a dozen men. It was no doubt the wiser policy to be content with our advantage, though no man could predict how the affair would terminate. For an hour everything was quiet and not a mutineer showed his head. Then a white flag was hoisted above the forehatch, and York hesitatingly came aft to deliver a message. We had hoped that some of our bullets had found him or Johnson or both, but it seemed that they were untouched. It was noticeable that York had lost his jaunty air and looked very much worried as he approached us, and his voice had lost all its impudence as he said:

"Captain Clark, I am sent to ask for a truce of half an hour, that we may clear the decks of the dead. At the end of that time we shall have something further to say to you."

As we wanted the bodies disposed of as badly as they did, no hesitation was made in agreeing to a truce. Three sailors and seven convicts came up, and with many a foul word and bitter curse they proceeded with their work. Perhaps it would have been expecting too much to suppose they would give the bodies burial in the regular way, but we were terribly shocked to behold them lift up corpse after corpse and heave them over the rail until the last was gone. When this work was completed, one of them went aloft to search the sea for sight of sail, while the remainder, with the exception of York, dived below. When the man came down and reported and disappeared, York came aft to say:

"Captain Clark, the blood of every man killed here today is on your head. If you figure that one defeat will turn us from our plans, you are mistaken. We will have full possession of this craft if we have to fight you for a month, and sooner than be defeated in our object we will set her on fire and all perish together. I now renew you the offer to let you go off in the boats. It is the last time. It is for you to say whether you will save your people or let them stay to be killed. I will return in 15 minutes for your answer."

He had scarcely turned his back when Smith, his wife, the two single women and Mary's mother all cried out in chorus that we should accept the offer. I must admit that on the face it looked reasonable enough, and at first thought it appeared to be the easiest way to escape our peril. But those who had cried out had given no thought as to what might happen. After a bit the captain spoke to us. In the first place, he declared, the mutineers were not sincere.

A Thirteen-Year-Old Child Paralyzed.

It Was Caused by a Nervous Affection and Rend red One Arm Lifeless.

From the Times, Paola, Kansas. A happy family is that of Mr. James McKinney, of Hillsdale, Kansas, on whom a Times reporter recently called. His business with these people was to learn the facts for his paper of the cure of their 13-year-old daughter from a case of nervous prostration, and the facts were learned from Mrs. McKinney herself, who quickly told the following story:

"The first perceptible result of her extreme nervousness, was apparent in a halting step of the child in her right limb," said the mother, "and a physician was called in to attend her. No apparent change coming, another doctor was called to attend her. She continued to grow worse, although we thought the doctors helped her, until she lost entirely the use of her right arm, which hung listless, and apparently lifeless by her side."

"The physicians finally told us," continued Mrs. McKinney, "that Mary would outgrow it in time, but by accident my husband picked up a circular in his shop, which so highly recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that we concluded to try them. Mr. McKinney procured a box at Grimes' drug store in Paola, and we began by giving Mary a half pill at a time and gradually increasing to one pill at a time, and before we had used one box we could see that they were doing her good. She had been suffering at that time for four years under the doctors, and we were so encouraged over the good effects of the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that we continued to use them, and the child started to school again and has been able to attend school ever since, gradually getting stronger and in better health all the time as you now see her, and we don't notice the old trouble any more."

"Yes, we are always ready and willing to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and do so all the time to our friends," replied Mrs. McKinney to our question, and continuing she said: "We do not know what the doctor's called Mary's affliction, but we took it to be something like paralysis or St. Vitus' dance, and we became very much alarmed about her."

"Our local physician," she says, now tells us that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are as good a thing as we could use; and while Mary is apparently well, she has occasional attacks of nervous headache, and then she says, 'Mamma, I must take another Pink Pill, so you see she has great faith in them, but does not like to have us talk about her late affliction.'"

Mr. McKinney is as much or more enthusiastic over the great benefit done his daughter through the use of these pills. He said: "Nothing too good can be said by me of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—they are a great medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A LINGUISTIC TRAINING.

Why Practice in Language is of the Highest Value.

One of the most valuable kinds of training which the college can give is the linguistic, says the Forum. If to think is important, linguistic training is important. For we think in words. Therefore thinking becomes clear, orderly, profound, as language is adequate. Language represents those methods and results of thought without which thought itself is feeble and inefficient. Therefore, training in language is of the highest value. To be able to think in, or adequately use, the English or any other language, one should know the language. He can only know this language as he knows those languages which have made the richest contributions to its structure. Every new science and every new application of any old science goes to the Greek for its very name. Hence, a training in Latin and Greek is of the greatest worth. The college is not filling the mind with useless knowledge in requiring students to learn these not dead, but living languages. Second, the scientific school is a professional school. Its graduate goes from its commencement, as goes the graduate of the school of law, theology or medicine, directly to his life's work. It is not a school of liberal culture or of general training. It is to be said, and said with the utmost clearness, that the governors of our best technical and scientific schools are beginning to recognize the advantages which the man desiring to enter these schools possesses if he has previously received a general training through the college.

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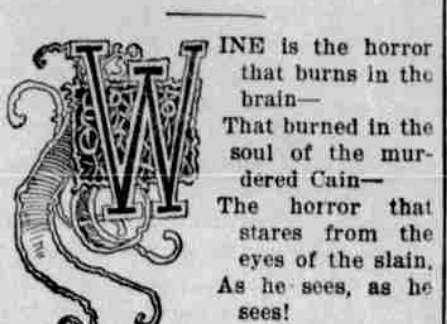
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IN THE ODD CORNER.

SOME QUEER AND CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

A Bridge Built by an Unknown Engineer—Horse Aspires to Better Things—Moritz Frontz is Awake—Small Cause for War.



INE is the horror that burns in the brain— That burned in the soul of the murdered Cain— The horror that stares from the eyes of the slain, As he sees, as he sees!

And I sleep, but my consciousness never is stilled, For I dream, and 'tis ever of him that I killed— Of the man that I murdered and soul that I spilled Into space, into space.

For his features forever before me will float, And he comes in the darkness to mock me and gloat, With the fear in his eyes and the gash in his throat— In his throat, in his throat!

Will I rave in my dreaming and tell of the fear, Of the gash and the horrible menacing sneer That lies on his lips as he cometh near In the night, in the night?

It is over and ended, 'tis finished and done, And well was the web of the man-spider spun But who was the winner and what has he won— Who has won? Who has won? —Clack Book.

Built by an Unknown Engineer.

One of the most remarkable wooden bridges ever built in California, if not in the United States, is still standing in a fair state of preservation, says the San Francisco Call. It crosses Carritos creek on the stage road between San Mateo and Pescadero, a few miles north of San Gregorio. The most striking thing about the appearance of this bridge is its enormous height. The center span crosses the creek ninety feet above the water. It is not known who the engineers were that built the bridge, nor just what facilities they had for doing the work. The structure was put up about 1858, and has remained in constant use ever since. It is true the stages do not cross it now, but foot passengers and smaller vehicles use it regularly. The only effect of its long years of service is a slight sag at the northern end. The bridge is really built of the trunks of redwood trees that were hauled from the forest about fifteen miles away. How they were placed in position is something past finding out, as there is nobody living in the locality that remembers when the bridge was put up. And indeed, it looks as if the job would puzzle an engineer of to-day, even though he were given the use of all modern appliances, which the others did not have.

In all there are seventy upright supports in the bridge, and they must have been stood on end entirely by the use of ropes, pulleys and muscle. Those in the center of the bridge are the highest and the others get shorter and shorter as they climb the bank on either side. Very few braces are used, so that the bridge presents the appearance of a series of straight poles reaching across the ravine. The country in this vicinity is picturesque and wild and the bridge does not look the least bit out of place. In fact, it rather blends into the landscape. It does not present a very beautiful appearance, nor does it look grotesque.

Horse Aspires to Higher Things.

Ex-Alderman Peter R. Hopper of Paterson, N. J., is the owner of a big bay horse that occupies a room on the first floor of a building in St. Louis, formerly a dwelling. The second floor is used as a carpenter shop. When Mr. Hopper went to hitch the animal up one morning recently it was found missing. He found the wagon and harness in their usual place. There was no trace of the thieves, relates the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

While Mr. Hopper was wondering what to do, a neighbor solved the mystery. Down the street he saw a horse leisurely looking around from a second story window and apparently enjoying the novelty. Stairs four feet wide connect the stable and the shop. Mr. Hopper went up them two at a time and found his horse, which had reached the second story in the same way as his master. The horse refused, however, to return that way. A cleated incline was laid over the stairs, but still it refused to budge. A strong runway forty feet long was then constructed from the second story direct to the street, and the animal was led down. The descent was witnessed by a large crowd.

Tombs of the Apostles.

All that now remains of the apostles of Christ is in the following places: Seven are sleeping the sleep of the just in Rome, namely, St. Peter, St. Phillip, St. James the Lesser, St. Jude, St. Bartholomew, St. Matthias and St. Simon. The remains of three lie in the kingdom of Naples—St. Matthew at Salerno, St. Andrew at Amalfi and St. Thomas at Ortona. One, St. James the Greater, was buried in Spain, at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the exact whereabouts of the remains of St. John the Evangelist there is much dispute, says the Hartford Times.

St. Mark and St. Luke are buried in

Italy, the former at Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. St. Peter is buried in Rome in the church which bears his name; so, too, are St. Simon and St. Jude. St. James the Lesser is buried in the Church of the Holy Apostles, St. Bartholomew in the church on that island in the Tiber which bears his name. The "Legends of the Apostles" places the remains of St. Matthias under the altar of the renowned Basilica.

Moritz Frontz is Awake.

Moritz Frontz, the young man who slept for six weeks in Beth Israel hospital, is now at the home of Mrs. Kroom, a magnetic healer. He is awake and is slowly regaining his strength. His appetite is normal, but he is too weak to talk or do more than move from his bed to a chair. He has no recollection of the time he spent at the hospital, and can tell nothing of his sensations during that period. Perhaps when he gets better he will be able to tell what he thought as the physician applied the electric battery to him and stuck pins into his flesh in a vain endeavor to end his nap, but so far his nurse has been unable to get any such information from him. His pulse is very weak, at times being hardly perceptible. He is little more than skin and bone, and his arms are pitifully small and lean. At present his body is covered with a scaly eruption, which Mrs. Kroom says is due to the disease being forced out of his blood. She claims to have effected the change in his condition by personal magnetism, and has used no drugs or medicines.—New York World.

The Secret of Being at Ease.

The secret of being at ease wherever you are is a very simple one. It is only this—do not think about yourself. Bashfulness, awkwardness and clumsiness are caused by what we call self-consciousness, and as soon as we entirely forget ourselves these pass away. A girl who writes to me complains that she is so tall for her age that she cannot help being awkward. "The moment I enter a room," she says, "I look about to see if any other girl is as tall as I am, and I am always the tallest—a perfect beanpole. Then I fancy that everybody is sorry for me, and I cannot fix my attention on anything that is going on. It makes me quite wretched. What shall I do?" In the first place, my dear, your height, if you carry yourself well and hold your head up, is a great advantage. Far from being a thing to regret, it is something to be glad of. Tall, or short, fat and dumpy, or thin and pale, let the young girl never think of this when she meets her friends. Instead, let her try her very best to make the rest happy. If there is a girl in the room who is a stranger, or who seems not to be having a pleasant time, single her out and entertain her. Your hostess will be pleased with this sort of unobtrusive help, if it is kindly given.

A War About an Etcetera.

In 1654 a Polish nobleman became obnoxious to the laws of his country by reason of a crime. He fled to Sweden, whereupon John Cassimir, king of Poland, wrote to Charles Gustavus, king of Sweden, demanding the extradition of the criminal. The king of Sweden, on reading the dispatch, noticed that his own name and titles were followed by only two etceteras, while the name of the king of Poland was followed by three. The missing etceteras so enraged the king of Sweden that he at once declared war against Poland. This war was carried on with great bitterness until 1660, when a peace was signed at Oliva, near Dantzic.

Resuscitation from Electric Shock.

Frank E. Grover, foreman of a Rochester electric company, a few days ago received a shock of nearly 3,000 volts of electricity, and was resuscitated in about seventy-five minutes. The remedy employed in reviving Grover was discovered by Dr. d'Arsonval, a French scientist, in 1887. It consists in restoring artificial respiration by rhythmic movements of the arms and pressure of the chest. Dr. d'Arsonval's system was also successfully applied in restoring to life James E. Cutler, who was struck apparently dead by an electric shock of 4,600 volts in Pittsfield, Mass., on November 21 last.

Sweet Revenge.

A man with a painful expression his face sat on a large box. "Are you ill?" some one asked. "No," replied the man. "Have you lost anything?" "Never had anything to lose." "What's the matter, then?" "I'm sitting on a wasp." "Why don't you get up?" "Well, that wuz my first impulse, but I got to thinkin' that I was hurtin' the wasp as badly as he was hurtin' me, so I concluded to sit here a while."

Remembered.

Stokely—I met Gibson in Chicago. He spoke of you. Brokely—Indeed! He remembered you then? "Oh, yes; said he never would forget me." "Then you owe him money, too?"—Yonkers Statesman.

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I gave him powerful nerve tonics and blood remedies, but to no purpose. As an experiment I finally bought a 50 cent package of Dr. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at a drug store and gave them to him. Almost immediate relief was given, and after he had used four boxes he was to all appearances fully cured.

There was no more acidity or sour, watery risings, no bloating after meals, the appetite was vigorous, and he has gained between ten and twelve pounds of solid, healthy flesh.

Although Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are advertised and sold in drug stores, yet I consider them a most valuable addition to any physician's line of remedies, as they are perfectly harmless and can be given to children or invalids or in any condition of the stomach with perfect safety, being harmless and containing nothing but vegetable and fruit essences, pure pepsin and Golden Seal.

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