THE MATE OF THE HINDU

By Captain RALPH DAVIS.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

It was broad daylight before we heard from the mutineers. Then the whole crowd of them swarmed out of the forest and down on the beach, and in their madness and desperation they were no longer men. Their cursing was something awful to hear, and but for the six or eight great sharks cruising around in the bay they would certainly have tried to board the bark in the face of our firearms. They showered us with pebbles, and some of them even picked up handfuls of sand and flung them in our direction. It was a long quarter of an hour before they cooled down, and then Ben Johnson stepped to the front and said:

"Aye, Captain Clark, you gave us the slip last night, but we count ourselves no worse off. Within a week we'll have the Hindu and the life of every man, woman and child aboard!"

Having exhausted their rage, they retired to the shelter of the forest and their camp. It was raining that morning, and I cannot tell you how thankful I was. Those men had been worked up to that pitch that they would have fired the bushes without an hour's delay in hopes to encompass the death of all aboard the bark. They would ten times rather have destroyed her than to see us sail away. The last threat of Johnson's could not make us any more vigilant, for there was never a minute we were off our guard. Even the children were put on watch during the day.

So far as I could observe from aloft, the mutineers stuck pretty closely to their camp, while the quarrels among them were frequent and violent. In one of the altercations one of the sailors was killed, and through the glass I could plainly see them dig a shallow grave and roll him into it as if his body had been the carcass of a dog.

On the morning of the twenty-second day of our anchorage in the bay the sun came up in a cloudless sky. The bad weather was not yet over, but this was a lull or break in it. I came on duty at 7 o'clock that morning, and as soon as reaching my accustomed perch aloft I made out a brig, with her sails aback and only about a mile away to the west. The signal flag which the mutineers had kept flying had evidently attracted attention. From the number of boats on the davits I believed the brig to be a whaler; but, if so, she must have blown inshore or had some business I could not well reason out. She showed no colors, but I took her to be a German or Dane.

I turned my glass on the camp of the mutineers and saw them all running down to the west shore in great haste. I hailed the deck and told Captain Clark what was going on, and he at once came up to me, bringing the British ensign and a rifle. Just as he got up a small boat with four men in her pulled away from the brig toward the shore. At the same moment we saw such of the mutineers as wore the uniforms of convicts secrete themselves in the thicket, while the sailors were pushed to the front.

"Ralph, we must block that game," said the captain after a look through the glass. "If they take off those men, the brig will be seized, her crew murdered, and the mutineers will make off. I'll set the ensign flying, and do you load and fire the rifle as fast as you can."

The boat's crew had got within half a cable's length of the beach before our signals were seen and heard. They could see our flag over the tree tops, and the reports of the rifle must have been very distinct. The boat was held steady for three or four minutes, and then the brig signaled for her return. I saw a man going aloft with a glass and was satisfied that he could see me and would make such a report as would stop the boat. She pulled back to the brig, and then came pulling along the west shore until she opened the bay and got sight of us. We signaled for them to come in, but they were evidently afraid of a trap, and when we lowered a boat to pull out to them they at once took to their oars and rowed for the brig. We hoped her captain might investigate, but he evidently became alarmed at their report and swung his yards and made sail. Had he come in to us, he might have lent us a few men to navigate the Hindu down the coast, but in driving him off we had at least balked the plans of the mutineers.

From the lookout aloft I saw them return to their camp. They were wrangling and quarreling, and many of them stopped to shake their fists in the direction of the bark. We expected another visit from them en masse, but they did not appear. About midafternoon the weather shut down again, accompanied by rain, and aboard ship we settled down into the old routine. We were daily looking for the appearance of a man-of-war, and I think every man of us felt more hopeless and discouraged that night than at any time since we had been embayed. You can therefore imagine our joyful surprise when, an hour after midnight, we heard the boom of guns on the open ocean to the south. That signified that the long expected relief ship had arrived. Before morning we got the report of her first gun up to daylight we were up and down and on the watch. We could make out her lights and knew that the ship was lying to for the day to break.

It seemed to us as if daylight would never come, but when it finally did it was a glad sight which met our eyes. There was the old Endeavor lying out there, carrying forty odd guns and a crew of over 200 men, and we had only made her out when a boat left her side and came pulling into the bay. Captain Clark was taken off in her to make a report of our case, and soon after his arrival on board the Hindu her captain sent us off four sailors and six marines. The latter were to relieve us of our guard duty and the former to help us to get things shipshape preparatory to running out of the bay. Just before noon Captain Clark returned in company with the first lieutenant of the man-of-war, whose name was Robson. He had heard the particulars of our story, and after introducing himself he rubbed his hands in anticipation and said:

"But it's all right now. Of course you'll get help to take the bark to her port of destination, and of course we'll soon be after these fellows who have caused all this trouble. They must know of our arrival, and I'm looking for them to come down and offer to surrender and take their punishment."

At that very moment, though we did not suspect it, the entire gang of mutineers was concealed in the bushes near by. They no longer hoped to capture the Hindu, but Ben Johnson had worked them up to such a pitch of desperation that they were burning for revenge and had armed themselves with large pebbles from the western shore. As soon as we had the marines aboard we carried our private firearms to the cabin, and Lieutenant Robson and others of us were strolling about the decks, when the mutineers suddenly sprang out and began to bombard us with stones. Some of the marines were below, and those on deck had to wait to load their muskets, and for a couple of minutes our assailants had it all their own way. As we were driven to shelter the lieutenant was struck on the head and rendered senseless, while none of the others of us escaped injury. As soon as the marines opened fire the mutineers retreated, but even with muskets leveled at his breast Ben Johnson stood up and defiantly said:

I saw them all running down to the west shore.

"You may land your whole crew, but you cannot take us alive! We'll die fighting before you shall ever lay hands on one of us!"

When the officer recovered, he was for going on a man hunt at once, but as he went off to the Endeavor to make his report the rain began to pour down again, and nothing could be done. The wind was fair for getting the Hindu out of the bay, however, and after dinner four more sailors were sent us, and we lifted her anchor and sailed out and around to a good anchorage on the east side. Then Captain McComber of the man-of-war came aboard in person. He had met the merchant vessel at sea, and he was on his way to Adelaide, but had been obliged to make that port, and had also been delayed by heavy weather. A full and circumstantial account of the mutiny had to be written out and attested by every passenger, a survey held to ascertain damages to ship and cargo, and the legal proceedings were not finished for four and twenty hours.

Everything depended on Captain McComber's report to the government authorities, and you can well believe that at least Captain Clark and I were on the ragged edge until he had finished his business and was pleased to say that we had done all that could be expected under the circumstances. Had the ship's doctor been living, he would certainly have been held legally answerable for the outbreak, but he was gone, and the best thing to do was to recapture such prisoners as were alive and make our way into port. Before making a move against the mutineers we fixed up wooden cages or partitions to hold the convicts, and it was proposed to give us plenty of marines to guard them on our passage down the coast. Two men were detailed from the Endeavor to act as cooks on board the Hindu, and after we had got washed and scrubbed and had a few regular meals it seemed like living again. Captain McComber was a dilatory about moving against the mutineers that I spoke of it to Captain Clark, who turned on me with a wink and replied:

"Never you mind, Ralph. If it be so that they build a raft and all go off together and get drowned, we shan't have no more bother with them, and it will be a good riddance to bad rubbish."

I went aloft with the glass for the first time in three days to take a look at them, but they were not raft building. There was plenty of timber on the island, and the sailors among them could have made a stout raft without trouble, but to put to sea in such weather on anything they could construct meant disaster before they were clear of the land. I saw a few of them lounging about the tents as cool and unconcerned as if their necks were not encircled with halters, and I greatly wondered what would be the outcome of the affair.

You would have thought that among so many men at least one of them would have played the sneak on his companions and come down to the shore and made terms for himself by furnishing all the information he could. Not one of them appeared, however. If any one was so minded, he was doubtless deterred by the threats of the others. They were watching one another, and had any one attempted to slip away he would have fared badly.

I think Captain McComber had an idea that the men would revolt against Johnson and bring him to us tied hand and foot, thus throwing themselves on the mercy of the court which would try them when we reached port, but nothing of the sort came to pass. They were sullen and defiant, and it really seemed as if they might have some plan in view by which they hoped to escape the hunt which they could reason out would be surely made for them.

I told you in one of the opening chapters that Mr. Williams, Mary's father, was an old man. He was over 60, and, though hale and hearty at the beginning of the voyage, and even up to the date of our first trouble, the mental and physical strain pulled him down very fast. He held himself almost by will power until the arrival of the man-of-war, and then there was a collapse. On the second day we had the surgeon of the Endeavor aboard, but he had little encouragement to offer. Just at night on the fourth day, without even his wife or daughter realizing how near his end he was, he died in his bed, passing away so quietly that they still thought he slept.

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"NIGGER DOGS."

How They Were Trained Before the War.

Before the war, when I was a small boy, in the country in which I was raised, in east Texas, the county that had more slaves than any other county in the state, there were two or three packs of what in those days were called "nigger dogs," says the Galveston News. They were the same breed of hounds used by deer hunters. One notable pack belonged to John Devereaux, who was overseer on a plantation a few miles from the county site of the county. John Devereaux never failed to catch the negro he went after if he got to the quarters the negro had left in twenty-four to thirty hours afterward, and so it was with all the "nigger dogs" of those days. The question is, why were the packs of those days so much better than the packs owned by sheriffs now? The only answer is that it was in the training.

In those days if a man wanted a pack of "nigger dogs" he got him five or six puppies of good blood and before they were weaned he would begin their training. The first lessons were to make a little negro run and set the puppies after him around the yard. They would run after him by sight and if he dodged out of the way they immediately, little sucklings as they were, hunted for his track. This was kept up every day and several times a day until they got old enough to follow a trail pretty well, and then the little negro would be given a good start of them and they were put on his track for a mile or two's run, increasing the distance gradually as they developed until they were grown, by which time they were well trained to follow a human track. The training did not stop then, but every day they were still exercised.

They were always kept up close, so that when they were taken out for a run they would be eager and fresh for the (to them) sport. After they were put into the service for which they had been trained and had been on a few hunts for their human prey of one, two, or three days, as some of the old chases lasted that long, they were not so assiduously trained. But even then they were given two or three runs of five to ten miles a week. This is an absolute essential, lest they become worthless.

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The Surprised Avowal.

When one word is spoken,
When one look you see,
When you take the token,
How'er so slight it be,
The cage's bolt is broken,
The happy bird is free.

There is no unsaying
That love-startled word;
It were idle praying
It no more to be heard;
Yet, its law obeying,
Who shall blame the bird?

What avails the mending
Where the cage was weak?
What avails the sending
Far, the bird to seek,
When every cloud is landing
Wings toward yonder peak?

Thrush, they could recapture
You to newer wrong,
How could you adapt your
Strain to suit the throng?
Gone would be the rapture
Of unimprisoned song.

—Robert Underwood Johnson, in Century.

Preserving Palms.

One of the greatest palm fanciers in London is said to have discovered that the leaves should be washed, not with pure water, but milk and water, which has a wonderful effect of preserving them and preventing the appearance of the brown spots which are so disfiguring.

The Glass Eye.

"I suppose," said the man in the yellow ulster, "it doesn't hurt your glass eye when you get anything in it?"

"Does it look as if it would ever be likely to have a pane in it?" responded the other, frigidly. And he gave him the glassy stare.—Indianapolis Journal.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever habitual constipation and billousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today—10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

ENGLAND'S SEAL.

It Is Great in Size as Well as in Name.

Many people doubtless know that upon the accession of a new monarch to the throne of England a new seal is struck, and the old one is cut into four pieces and deposited in the tower of London. In former times the fragments of these great seals were distributed among certain poor people of religious houses. When her majesty Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England, the late Benjamin Wyon, R. A., the chief engraver of her majesty's mint, designed the beautiful work of the present great seal of England.

The details of the design are: Obverse, an equestrian figure of the queen, attended by a page, her majesty wearing over a habit a flowing and sumptuous robe, and a collar of the Order of the Garter. In her right hand she bears the scepter, and on her head is placed a regal tiara. The attendant page, with his bonnet in his hand, looks up to the queen, who is gracefully restraining the impatient charger, which is richly decorated with plumes and trappings. The legend, "Victoria dei Gratia Britainiarum Regina, Fidei Defensor," is engraved in Gothic letters, the spaces between the words being filled with heraldic roses. The reverse side of the seal shows the queen, royally robed and crowned, holding in her right hand the scepter, and in her left the orb, seated upon a throne beneath a niched Gothic canopy; on each side is a figure of Justice and Religion; and in the exergue the royal arms and crown, and the whole encircled by a wreath or border of oak and roses.

The seat itself is a silver mold in two parts, technically called a pair of dies. When an impression is to be taken or cast the parts are closed to receive the melted wax, which is poured in, so that when the hard impression is taken from the dies the ribbon or parchment is neatly affixed to it. The impression of the seal is six inches in diameter and three-fourths of an inch in thickness.—Harper's Round Table.

Your Eyes.

Oh, praise me not with your lips, Dear One
Though your tender words I prize;
But dearer by far is the soulful gaze
Of your eyes, your beautiful eyes,
Your tender, loving eyes.

Oh, chide me not with your lips, Dear One
Though I cause your bosom sighs;
You can make repentance deeper far
By your sad, reproving eyes,
Your sorrowful, troubled eyes.

Words, at the best, are but hollow sounds;
Above in the beaming skies,
The constant stars say never a word,
But only smile with their eyes—
Smile on with their lustrous eyes.

Then breathe no vow with your lips, Dear One
On the winged wind speech flies.
But I read the truth of your noble heart
In your soul ul speaking eyes—
In your deep and beautiful eyes.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

No fits after first day's use of Dr Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise sent by Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa. tf

The Largest Boiler Plate.

The largest steam boiler plate in the world was recently turned out at the Krupp works, in Essen, Germany. Its dimensions are as follows: Length, 39 feet; width, 11 feet; thickness, 1¼ inches; surface, 429 square feet, and weight, 37,600 pounds. Compared with this gigantic steel plate the one recently rolled by the Stockton Malleable Iron Company of England sinks into insignificance. This plate, which was announced by the makers as the largest ever turned out in England, measures: Length, 74 feet; width, 5 feet, thickness, three-quarters of an inch. The surface measures nearly 370 square feet and it weighs 12,300 pounds.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

A CURE FOR IT.

Not a Patent Cure-all, Nor a Modern Miracle, but Simply a Rational Cure for Dyspepsia.

In these days of humbuggery and deception, the manufacturers of patent medicines, as a rule, seem to think their medicines will not sell unless they claim that it will cure every disease under the sun. And they never think of leaving out dyspepsia and stomach troubles. They make but one claim for it, and that is that it is a cure for dyspepsia. The nostrum is absolutely certain to cure every dyspeptic and he need look no further.

In the face of these absurd claims it is refreshing to note that the proprietors of Stuart's dyspepsia Tablets have carefully refrained from making any undue claims or false representations regarding the merits of this most excellent remedy for dyspepsia and stomach troubles. They make but one claim for it, and that is, that for indigestion and various stomach troubles Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a radical cure. They go no farther than this and any man or woman suffering from indigestion, chronic or nervous dyspepsia, who will give the remedy a trial will find that all that is claimed for it, that the facts will not fully sustain.

It is a modern discovery, composed of harmless vegetable ingredients acceptable to the weakness of the most delicate stomach. Its great success in curing stomach troubles is due to the fact that the medical properties are such that it will digest whatever wholesome food is taken into the stomach, no matter whether the stomach is in good working order or not. It rests the overworked organ and replenishes the body, the blood, the nerves, creating a healthy appetite, gives refreshing sleep and the blessings which always accompany a good digestion and proper assimilation of food.

In using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets no dieting is required. Simply eat plenty of wholesome food and take these Tablets at each meal, thus assisting and resting the stomach which rapidly gains its proper digestive power, when the Tablets will be no longer required.

Nervous Dyspepsia is simply a condition which some portion or portions of the nervous system are not properly nourished. Good digestion invigorates the nervous system and every organ in the body.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists at 50 cents per package.

They are manufactured by the Stuart Chemical Co., Marshall, Mich.

Any druggist will tell you it gives universal satisfaction.

MONUMENT TO WHITTIER.

A Figure to Inspire the Sculptor—Agitator and Poet.

It may not be out of place to suggest that if there is any American poet who deserved the statue of a man of action—not the seated or half-recumbent effigy of the thinker or philosopher, but the figure in bronze standing in the attitude of intellectual combat with the world—that poet is Whittier, says the Atlantic. No figure, it would seem, could more readily inspire the sculptor, especially if the man be taken in the prime of his life. Every one who has described him at that epoch has left an account of most impressive personality. Col. T. W. Higginson saw him, at 35, "a man of striking personal appearance; tall, slender, with olive complexion, black hair, straight black eyebrows, brilliant eyes, and an oriental, semitic cast of countenance." Not an ill moment for the sculptor's consideration would be that of Whittier's appearance at the anti-slavery convention at Philadelphia, in 1833, when, according to Mr. J. Miller McKim, who was with him, his figure, "with his dark frock-coat, with standing collar, black flashing eyes and black beard," was noticeable; and if it be objected that it should be the poet, and not the agitator, who should be thus represented, the answer may surely be made that the ethical basis was never lacking in Whittier's verse, and that it is as the poet moving his fellow countrymen by his appeals to humaner feelings that this poet at least should be depicted.

Handy.

Miss Citybred—Where is the milkmaid?

Farmer Waterbury—Well, I don't mind tellin' ye; a good bit of it is made right here, Miss Citybred.

Strangers Now.

Daisy Bell—What a remarkable collection of curiosities your husband has. Was he in the business when he married you?

Mrs. Sourwein—Oh, yes.

Daisy Bell—That's what I thought.

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