

THE FAMILY SECUR



THE STOWAWAY

BRING him up," said the skipper tersely. They dragged him up the companion ladder accordingly—a shrunken, ragged lad, his pale face pinched with days of hunger, his sunken eyes scanning those around him as do the eyes of captive animals.

"H'm!" remarked the skipper. "So you're the stowaway! Nice looking young gentleman, too. Never did a stroke of work in your life, I'll be bound. Never mind. We'll see if we can't make you. Eh, Mr. Billings?"

The first mate grinned. His grin was an eloquent one, and the boy shuddered as he saw it.

"How did you find him, Mr. Billings?" continued the skipper.

"Behind one of the cotton bales, sir," the mate replied. "He had an old mutton bone, with the meat all gnawed off. Provisions, I suppose, for the voyage."

"Provisions, eh? Well, it's precious few provisions he'll get aboard this ship unless he works for them. Pity we're out so far, or we might put him ashore."

For the first time the stowaway spoke.

"Please, don't put me ashore," he cried. "Anything but that. I must go to Cape Town, and I'm more than willing to work my way."

"Shut up!" snarled the mate, emphasizing his remark by a tug at the stowaway's ear. "Who gave you leave to talk, I'd like to know? Shut up, and hark to what the captain says."

"What's your name, and where'd you come from?" demanded the captain, notebook in hand.

Tremblingly the boy replied that he was Dick Harley, late of the Tenderden grammar school; that his father, a widower, had left him behind in England, while he went to South Africa as assistant surveyor on the new Matabeland Railway line; that nothing had been heard from that kindly father for a year or more, and lastly, that, compelled to leave school on account of unpaid bills, he had resolved to go to South Africa and find his missing parent.

"And so you thought to steal a passage on the Only Son of Portsmouth?" said the skipper.

"I was refused a berth by every other ship," pleaded the boy. "They said I looked too weak to work."

"Weak or not, you've got to work aboard the Only Son," said the first mate; "hasn't he, sir?"

The skipper nodded.

"That's correct, Mr. Billings," he answered. "If he doesn't want to pay for his passage, try him with the rope's end."

"Aye, aye, sir."

And again Billings grinned eloquently as he led the boy forward.

A quiet, elderly gentleman who had been watching these proceedings now stepped forward.

"Don't hurt him, Mr. Billings," he said. "He's only a child, you know."

"Captain's orders, sir," answered the mate, giving Dick Harley's ear an extra tweak.

The skipper laughed.

"Don't you want any sympathy on that youngster," he exclaimed. "We can't afford to have any useless, white-handed stowaways aboard a vessel that carries £250,000 to the Chartered Com-

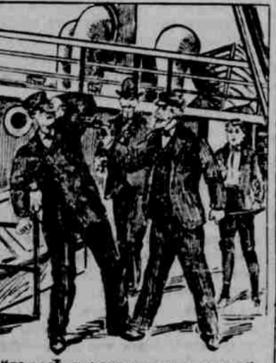
"What's that?" cried Mr. Lancelot. The captain of the Only Son of Portsmouth put his notebook, containing Dick Harley's name and circumstances, carefully into his pocket.

"That, my dear sir," he answered, smilingly, "is the stowaway getting his first lesson in seamanship from Mr. Billings."

Mr. Lancelot shrugged his shoulders. After all, he had been sent out in charge of £250,000 in gold, which was consigned by the Bank of England to Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company of South Africa. His duty lay in the after cabin, where the treasure was stored, and not in preventing venturesome little stowaways from being rope's-ended.

II.

Bruised and stiff, Dick Harley lay curled up between a seaman's chest and the fore-castle bulkhead. One of the deck hands had taken pity on him and thrown a piece of tarpaulin over his shoulders.



"PLEASE THROW UP YOUR HANDS."

his aching shoulders. Thus he lay completely hidden so that the men on the larboard watch, who had just turned in after four hours' wrestling with wind and water, knew nothing of his presence.

"What became of the stowaway," asked one of these worthies.

"Jumped overboard, I expect," answered another. "Billings gave him 'whatfor,' I can tell you. I must say I don't understand why he wanted to wallop the poor little wretch."

A chuckle ran around the fore-castle.

"Why, you donkey," cried the man who had first spoken, "Billings just wanted to show how zealous he is in the company's service. The captain thinks there's nobody like Billings."

Just then the mate appeared, and, remarking that the captain was quite right, proceeded to give his orders for a scheme which made the stowaway under his canvas prick up his ear—one of them was still very painful from the mate's cruelty—and listen intently, for the scheme, in which all of that watch were accomplices, having shipped with that express design, was nothing less than the capture of the £250,000 and the sending adrift of the captain and Mr. Lancelot, if it was not necessary to murder them to secure the treasure.

To stir from his hiding place at this moment would mean death at the hands of those desperate men. And as yet none of them showed any intention of obeying Billings' advice and "turning in."

They examined their revolvers—for every one of them seemed to be armed—and talked over the coming attack upon the Chartered Company's treasure. Dick had almost made up his mind to risk a crawl along the door toward the companion ladder, and a rush thence upon deck when one of the desperados yawned. A yawn is more contagious than yellow fever. Within five minutes every man in the fore-castle was showing evidences of weariness. First one and then another crawled to their bunks, and were presently heard to snore heavily. The example spread until the last of the band knocked the ashes out of his pipe and retired to rest. Soon all of them were in the land of Nod.

Cautiously Dick Harley peeped out from under his tarpaulin. Then he ventured forth and set one foot on the companion ladder.

"Who's there?" growled a sailor growlingly.

Dick's answer was to slip as quickly and as noiselessly as his business would allow up the ladder. At the head he listened intently.

"Who was it, Bill?" asked a second voice.

"It was that blasted one, I'm thinking," replied the first speaker, and to Dick's relief there was no pursuit. Quietly he ran along the deck and



"WELL, BUT THE FATTEST MAN WON'T GO!"

gamy. How do you know, my dear Mr. Lancelot, that tender boy is not the spy of some high-class robbers, put on board to find out about the money?"

The man addressed as Lancelot looked grave.

"True," he said, "they did think in London that an attempt might be made to rob the ship. . . . But still, this man is . . ."

"I've seen these boys' eyes now, Mr. Lancelot, and were old men in chains. They wouldn't have left the crew if they were not . . ."

"I've seen a small boy of eight, with a white face and a pair of black eyes, and a pair of black eyes . . ."

per stood.

That night as the first mate of the Only Son came up from his cabin with a revolver in his hip pocket and a grin on his face, he was met at the head of the stairs by the captain and Mr. Lancelot. To his surprise both of these gentlemen were armed, while behind them he observed the dejected stowaway, Dick Harley, with a naked cut-throat in his hand.

"Mr. Billings," said the captain, "you will please throw up your hands. Your little plot has been discovered. At least, you—(as he drew the pistol out of Billings' pocket), you may return now to your cabin and consider yourself a prisoner."

"Wh—what is the meaning of this, sir?" sputtered the mate.

"The meaning, Mr. Billings," put in Lancelot, "is that this boy here bears your whole delightful scheme to rob the Chartered Company of £250,000. He very promptly informed the captain. Your accomplices in the fore-castle were captured in their bunks, and most of them have confessed everything."

Billings looked at the speaker, then at Dick Harley.

"The stowaway!" he cried. "The miserable little rat of a stowaway!"

"Yes, Mr. Billings—the stowaway has saved the Chartered Company of South Africa £250,000 and a staunch, sea-worthy ship. You will find that the company knows how to be grateful."

And grateful, indeed, the company proved itself to be. A month later (while Billings and his gang were awaiting trial for attempted piracy in the Cape Town jail) Dick Harley was shaking his father's wasted hand in the new hospital at Salisbury. The surgeon's recovery from a lingering fever was greatly accelerated, you may be sure, by the news that the Chartered Company had rewarded by a position of trust and honor the timely action of the quondam stowaway on the Only Son.—*Utica Globe.*

SPANISH BARBARISM

For hundreds of years she has been a blot on the face of the earth.

The treatment which Spain has accorded her colonies has always been brutal. Spanish hearts and Spanish methods changed but little from Cortez to Weyler, the only difference, instead of increase and success as at the beginning, failure and decrease of empire is at the end.

Spain has always felt her inferiority in this respect to other nations, and in order to apparently maintain her position she has had recourse to every other nation on the face of the earth.

Spain has for a hundred years repeatedly thrown down the gauntlet of defiance at our feet.

She has disregarded all treaty obligations. Who can recall the massacre of the crew of the *Virginia* without a thrill of horror passing through his frame? The Spanish depredations on our commerce up to 1814 were so extensive that she was obliged to cede Florida to the United States on their agreeing to settle with our citizens, accepting Florida in payment of the lump sum.

The United States has not alone suffered from Spain's depredations. As long ago as 1730 the episode which is known as the war of Jenkins' ear arose from the barbarous treatment of Capt. Jenkins, an English officer, and the crew of the English ship *Rebecca*, which was captured by a Spanish cruiser and searched. The Spaniards, after hanging Captain Jenkins at the yard-arm, with a cabin boy tied to his feet, unstrung him just in time to prevent death, and cutting off his ear presented it to him and bade him take it to his king. Captain Jenkins did as he was bid. The wave of indignation raised by this act of cruelty caused Horace Walpole, who was prime minister, to declare war against Spain. Spain bitterly regretted the act of her naval commander.

In 1762 Spain, by her repeated oppressions, forced England to again declare war against her. Lord Albemarle, with a fleet of 200 vessels and about 15,000 men, appeared before Havana, and although defended by almost twice that number of Spaniards fell in less than two months time, and with it Cuba into English hands. It remained there until by the treaty of Paris, in 1763, it was restored in exchange for possessions which England at that time considered more valuable.

Spain was the last of the great powers to recognize the sovereignty of the United States.

At the end of the nineteenth century nothing remains of her vast possessions but the Philippine Islands in the Pacific Ocean and Cuba and Porto Rico in the Western seas. Mexico threw off the yoke in 1811. Then Central and South America in 1816, and the Argentine Republic was formed from the province of La Plata; then Chili, Peru, the United States of Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela broke the chains of monarchy. San Domingo and Hayti followed.

Profitable Sheep.

The distinctively local breed of sheep on the Cheviot hills, lying along the border of England and Scotland, is the Cheviot, typical specimens of which are graphically depicted in the accompanying illustration from *Farm and Garden*.

The old Cheviot sheep was a leggy, thin-wooled animal, though very hardy and vigorous, enduring the vicissitudes of storms and colds nearly as well as black-faced sheep. The modern Cheviot is a compact, well-formed sheep, well filled out in the quarters, with no undue amount of daylight between the ribs.



CHEVIOT SHEEP.

Land Plaster on Potatoes.

Although land plaster does not produce so great an effect on potatoes as it does on the clover crop, yet it will always pay to apply some during the growing season. When the potato beetles first came, those who mixed paris green with plaster for the destruction of the pests said that the effect of the plaster in keeping the vines green longer or more than offset the cost of the poison. Gypsum on the leaves, by drawing and holding moisture, made the potato beetles less likely to lay their eggs on the hills thus treated.

Keep the Pigs Growing.

It is not generally known that a small amount of grain fed to pigs during the summer, when they are in a run in pasture or orchard, brings a larger return than if fed at any other time of year. Most of the corn crop is fed out to the hogs late in fall, when they get so much that their stomachs are unable to digest it, and the grain does little good. But unless milk can be fed with corn, some other grain or wheat middlings should be added to make the proper ration.

Movable Pigeons.

The *Farm Journal* says that pigeons grow best if kept out of doors on the grass during the summer. They will get much of their living from the grass also. Therefore this excellent agricultural paper recommends making a movable pen like that shown in the cut, and the pigs can then be moved daily to new ground. A cloth shelter will give a shady place in the heat of the day and protection also from sudden showers.

The Happiest Farmer in America.

A little farm well tilled,
A little barn well filled,
A little wife, a boy, a girl,
The happiest trio in the world,
We've plenty to eat and plenty to wear,
And a little money to go to the fair;
We have no mortgage, we have no debt
Over which to wriggle, foam and sweat,
We have a plenty and some to spare,
We give to the needy whoever they are,
I am contented, I'm nobody's slave,
For more than this I do not crave;
I am contented—a boon to have,
I've all there is—this side the grave.
—C. J. Elen.

Filling Sacks Easily.

The accompanying illustration shows a convenient device for filling grain sacks. Strong iron hooks fasten the

Palmerizing the Soil.

The mechanical condition of the soil has much to do with the acquiring of plant food by crops. The roots may have difficulty in deriving nutriment from a clod, but if the clod is powdered the roots can at once utilize all the substances contained therein. It also requires more moisture to dissolve clods than can be spared, especially in summer. By working the soil fine not only is the ground more capable of holding moisture, but the feeding capacity of the roots is greatly increased.

Profit in Small Fruits.

Small fruits can be produced with but little labor every year after the vines are well established. Raspberry and blackberry canes will require the most work in late fall and in cutting out old wood in winter, and will bear crops for years. A strawberry bed, with care, should give crops for at least three years. Half an acre of land in small fruits should supply an average family.

Farm Notes.

Peach pits for planting should not be taken from the grafted trees.

A good garden helps the wife to get a satisfactory meal for tired men.

Perhaps the contrary animal thinks you are an unreasonable creature.

It is said that the Georgia fruit crop this year will be worth \$2,000,000.

Stiff clay soil is not good for horticulture. Soil should be light and friable.

Fix up the fences before the stock is turned on pasture. One weak place may prove expensive.

Some of the experiment stations say that there are worse enemies to fruit than the San Jose scale.

Dairy Hints.

The slightest degree of filth in a milk can will injure the milk, and it is possible to have portions of the former milk contained in the can to be left over, despite the greatest care. First wash the cans in tepid water to which a little powdered borax has been added, and then scald them with boiling water, adding borax again. Rinse with clean cold water and place them where dust cannot reach them. Borax may be used freely in all water used for milk cans with advantage.

Give the Calf the First Milk.

Because it is easier to milk while the cow's bag is full and a full stream will flow, and also because the saliva in the calf's mouth, full of saliva and milk makes milking unpleasant for the milker, it is the habit of many farmers to milk what they want for the house and let the calf take what is left. It is very generous to the calf for such farmers to do this. But we can tell them it is a mistake generally, for the first milk, having much less fat than subsequent, is better either to make the calf grow

What Did He Mean?

An amusing anecdote at the expense of an excellent and necessary profession comes from Temple Bar.

A young doctor, a novice in his profession, who was also somewhat of a novice with the gun, was out after hare, and after he had missed several shots the old keeper said:

"Let me have a try. I'll doctor 'em."

We never have a very good opinion of a man to whom making an apology comes as easily as crying comes to a woman.

People are so prone to think evil that no one ever thinks that the letter *d*, followed by a dash, might stand for darling.

About 20,000 families make their living in Paris in connection with the cab industry and taking care of human

Most farmers think that milk cows, too rich for a fattening calf. But the ruins the cow, as by the time the calf gets to the stippings it is tired of suckling, and will never drain out the drop, as the good milkers always do—American Cultivator.

Potash for Bearing Trees.

Either wood ashes or some other form of available potash should be applied without delay to all trees that show a full bloom. Spread it freely all over the surface in a well-filled orchard, or to the distance of twenty feet all around each single tree. Trees that stand singly spread their roots farther than trees in orchards, where they stand in blocks, and their roots therefore after they have made a few years' growth. There is no harm in using an excess of potash. What is not wanted this year is put in bank in the soil, which, after all, is about as profitable a bank as the farmer can put money into.

Destroying Live-forever.

This is not a really dangerous weed on rich land, for though it spreads by its roots, and these are apparently indestructible when dug up and exposed to the air, the weed is not nearly so hard to kill as its discouraging name implies. On poor soil it is rather hard to kill, and thus it probably gets its name. If the land be not rich, its leaves and stalks will be less succulent, and it is by rotting these down in connection with the root that the plant is to be rotted down and thus killed. Exposure to air and sun merely dries up the roots, and when a wet time comes they revive and grow again.

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THE FAMOUS PEACOCK THRONE.

The famous Persian "peacock throne" is entirely of silver, a great camp bed structure, but modeled in lovely designs. It is encrusted from end to end and from top to bottom with diamonds. At the back is a star of brilliant that make you blink. The rug on which the Shah sits is edged with precious stones, and the pillow on which he reclines is covered with pearls. Some persons have valued it at \$25,000,000. Its real value is between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000.

What It Is.

"Pa, what is meant by personal magnetism?"

"It is the power one man exercises over another in drawing on him for a favor when he knows he'll never get it back."

Not a Successful Plan.

"They say war is needed to thin out our population."

"Well, but the fattest man won't go!"

A FLOU NOVEL.

Is Offered ready Made for the Domestic Literature.

A novelist in Boston—do not laugh, there are novelists in Boston, yes, and actually living there—said to us the other day, "If only I could find a plot." Here is a plot for him free of charge, and the story is a true one, says the *Boston Journal*:

In 1739 a lady—a real lady—came into Birmingham, England, with a handsome equipage, and desired the landlord of the inn to get her a husband, being determined to marry somebody or other before she left the town. The man bowed, and supposed her ladyship to be in a facetious humor, but being made sensible how much she was in earnest, he went out in search of a man that would marry a fine lady without asking questions. After many inquiries from poor fellows who were not desperate enough for such a venture, he met with an excise man, who said he "could not be in a worse condition than he was" and accordingly went with the Innkeeper and made a tender of himself, which was all he had to bestow on the lady, who immediately went with him to one who gave them a license and made them man and wife, on which the bride gave her spouse £200, and without more delay left the town and the bedchamber to find out who she was or unriddle this strange adventure. Soon after she was gone two gentlemen came into the town in full pursuit of her; they had traced her so far upon the road, and, finding the inn where she had put up, they examined into all the particulars of her conduct, and on hearing she was married gave up their pursuit and turned back.

Truly a noble dame, one worthy of a full-length portrait in the gallery constructed by Thomas Hardy.

Why did this noble dame offer herself to the first comer? And why were the respectable males of the town so backward? There was no hint of scandal. Who were the pursuers? Did she wish by a sudden marriage to escape one deliberately contrived and repugnant? Was the excise man a pretty fellow in spite of his objectionable condition? Did she ever see him again? Did she ever regret that she had not braved the world and lived with him? Perhaps the memory of her apparition haunted him; perhaps it roused him to doughty deeds. It's a pity that Mr. Hardy has not accounted for her action and her fate with his grim irony.

STATUE WITH A WARDROBE.

Figure of a Nude Boy in Brussels Has Nine Different Suits.

One of the most curious things in Brussels, a thing that must be characteristic to some extent of the temper of the people, is the little mannikin statue and fountain. It is a statue of a naked boy, said to have been erected by a nobleman whose lost son was found on this spot. But there is not the least excuse for the boy's nakedness, for he is well supplied with clothing of many sorts, and is rich enough to buy more suits occasionally. Louis XV, decorated the statue with the Order of the Holy Ghost, possibly at a moment when another sort of spirit had possession of him, and it is the owner of nine handsome costumes belonging to different periods. On festive days the boy is gorgeously clad; sometimes in old French costumes, sometimes in the uniform of the Guard Civique. All this is funny enough, but not as curious as the rest. It is the fashion for wealthy maiden ladies of Brussels to fall in love with the statue, and remember it handsomely in their wills. Through one such bequest this petted boy is provided with a valet at a salary of \$40, and a short time ago another unwedded admirer left \$200 for the completion and maintenance of his wardrobe.—*Kansas City Journal.*

Story the Cub Reporter Didn't Get.

One day a cub reporter was sent to cover a meeting of an East Side literary club, which was to debate about arbitration and its effect upon international peace, but he came back to the office within an hour looking disappointed.

"Where's your story?" asked the city editor.

"There wasn't any story to write," replied the new reporter, picking up a newspaper; "they couldn't agree upon the wording of the subject, and they got to arguing and calling names, and finally the meeting broke up in a free fight; so I came back, sir."

The city editor came down from his desk and gazed pitifully upon the cub. "They were to have debated on peace," he said, sorrowfully, "and the meeting broke up in a fight. And there was nothing to write! You may go." That is a story they tell along the Bow, and it is an old one.—From "The New Reporter," in Scribner's.

Persian Peacock Throne.

The famous Persian "peacock throne" is entirely of silver, a great camp bed structure, but modeled in lovely designs. It is encrusted from end to end and from top to bottom with diamonds. At the back is a star of brilliant that make you blink. The rug on which the Shah sits is edged with precious stones, and the pillow on which he reclines is covered with pearls. Some persons have valued it at \$25,000,000. Its real value is between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000.

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