

The Promotion of the Admiral

(Morley Roberts, in The Strand.)

(Continued from last week.)
When the admiral woke, which he did after half an hour's shaking, administered in furs by three of the California's crew, who were anxious to know where he had stowed his bottle of rum, he was still confused by the "dope" given him ashore. And then he rose and rested on his elbow. "Where am I?"

"On board the California, to be sure."
"I'm dreaming," said the admiral, "that's what it is. To be sure, I'm dreaming."

The admiral sat up suddenly, and by so doing brought his head into violent contact with the deck above him. This woke him thoroughly just in time to receive Mr. Simpson, mate of the California, who came in like a cyclone to inquire after his health.

"Did you ship as a dead man?" asked Mr. Simpson, "for if you did I'll undeceive you."

And with that he yanked the admiral from his bunk and dragged him by the collar out upon the deck at a run. He rose at the end of his undignified progress and stared at the mate.

"Who—who are you?" he said.

Mr. Simpson gasped.
"Who am I—oh, who am I. Well, I'll oblige you by stating once for all that I'm mate of this ship, and you're my dog. Now, you lunatic, take this here ball of twine and go overhaul the gear on the main. And if you open your mouth to say another word I'll murder you."

And though he could not believe he was doing it, Sir Richard Dunn crawled aloft and did what he was told. He was stunned.

"I—I must be mad," thought the admiral.

"Now, then, look alive there, you dead crawling cat," said Mr. Simpson, "or I'll come up and boot you off the yard. Do you hear me?"
"Yes, sir," said the admiral, meekly, and he murmured, "I suppose I never was an admiral after all; I don't seem to know what I am."

And the hardest nut among the admirals of the active list wiped a tear with the sleeve of his coat and came down as he was bid.

When the crew were at breakfast next morning trouble began.
"Say, are you an admiral?" asked Knight, the biggest tough on board except Simpson and Wiggins.

"Mind your own business," he said.

And Knight hove a full pannikin of tea at him. This compliment was received very quietly, and the admiral rose and went on deck.

"Takes water at once," said Knight; "he ain't got the pluck of a mouse."

But the admiral went aft and interviewed Mr. Simpson.

"I wish to have your permission to knock the head off a man called Knight, for a d—d. He hove a pannikin of tea over me just now, and I think a thrashing would do him good and conduce to the peace and order of the fo's'le."

"Oh, you think so?" said Simpson. "Very well, you have my permission to introduce peace there."

"I thank you, sir," said the admiral. He touched his hat and went forward. He put his head inside the fo's'le and addressed Knight:

"Come outside, you bully, and let me knock your head off. Mr. Simpson has been kind enough to overlook the breach of discipline involved."

And Knight, nothing loth, came out on deck, while Simpson and Wiggins stood a little way off to enjoy the battle.

And in five minutes his mates carried Knight into the fo's'le.

"I don't know when I enjoyed myself more," said Simpson, with a sigh. After that the admiral had peace and learnt something every day, and not least from Knight, who proved by no means a bad sort of man when he had once met his match.

The admiral and Simpson never had a cross word till they were south of the Horn. Then by chance the mate and the captain had a few words which ended in Simpson getting much the worst of it. As luck would have it the admiral was the handiest to vent his spite on, and Simpson caught him a smack on the side of his head that made him see stars. And when the admiral picked himself off the deck Simpson made a rush for him. The admiral dodged him and shot up the poop-ladder. At any other time Blaker, the captain, would have gone for the seaman who dared to escape a thrashing for the moment by desecrating the poop, but now he was willing to annoy Simpson.

"Well, what do you want?" he roared.

"Well, sir, I wanted to know whether Western Ocean custom goes here. I've been told that if I thrash your mate I shall have his job. They say forward that that's your rule, and if so, sir, I should like your permission to send Mr. Simpson forward and take his place."

Capt. Blaker laughed. He went to the break of the poop and addressed the mate.

"Do you hear, Mr. Simpson?" he inquired, genially.

"Send him down, sir," said Simpson. "Are you sure you can pound him?" Simpson gritted his teeth and foamed at the mouth.

"Kick him off the poop, sir."

"Are you willing to stake everything on your fighting abilities, Mr. Simpson?"

And when Simpson said "Aye"

through his teeth, the admiral jumped down on the main deck.

Now, according to all precedents, the fight should have been long and arduous, with varying fortunes. But the admiral never regarded precedents, and inside of ten seconds Mr. Simpson was lying motionless under the spare topmast. To encounter the admiral's right fist was to escape death by a hair's breadth, and it took Charles Simpson, able seaman (vice Mr. Simpson, chief officer), two hours and a quarter to come to.

"And I thought he could fight," said the disgraced skipper; "come right up, Mr. What's-your-name, you're the man for me. There ain't no reason for you to trouble about my second mate, for Simpson could lay him out easy. All I ask of you is to work the whole crowd up good. And I don't care if you are an admiral, you are the right sort all the same. I guess that Simpson must have reckoned he struck a cyclone."

And Blaker rubbed his hands. Like Simpson at the fight between the admiral and Knight, he did not know when he had enjoyed himself more. He improved the occasion by going below and getting far too much to drink, as was his custom, and the promoted admiral took charge of the deck.

"Ability tells everywhere," said Sir Richard Dunn. "I didn't rise in the service for nothing. Ship me where you like, and I'll come to the top. If I didn't take this hooker into New York as captain and master I'll die in the attempt."

He had quite come to himself, and was beginning to enjoy himself. His natural and acquired authority blossomed wonderfully when he took on the new job, and, as Blaker never swore, the admiral's gift of language was a great vicarious satisfaction to him. Wiggins accepted the situation without a murmur. Even Simpson himself bore no malice when his supplanter not only showed none, but after knocking the bo'sun's head against a bollard gave his place to the former mate. Though he kept the men working, and got the last ounce out of them, none of them were down on him.

"I tell you he's an admiral, sure," they said.

"He's got all the ways of one, I own," said Bill, the old man-o-war's man. "I spoke to an admiral myself, once; or, rather, he spoke to me."

"What did he say?" asked the rest of his watch.

"He said," replied Bill, proudly, "he upped and said, 'You cross-eyed son of a dog, if you don't jump, I'll bash the ugly head of you!' And you bet I jumped. Oh, he's all the ways of some admirals, he has!"

"Well, admiral or none," said the rest of the crowd, "things goes on pleasanter than they done when you was mate, Simpson."

And Simpson grunted.

"And he gets more work out of us than you done, either, Simpson, for all yer hammerin' of us."

"I'll likely be hammerin' some of you again shortly," said Simpson. And as he was cock of the walk in the fo's'le, whatever he was in the ship, the others dried up.

Nothing of great interest happened till they were well east of the Horn and hauled up for the northward run. And then Blaker took to religion (or what he called religion) and rum in equally undiluted doses.

"I'm a miserable sinner, I am," he said to the admiral; "but, all the same, I'll do my duty to the crowd."

He called them aft and preached to them for two hours. And when one man yawned he laid him out with a well-directed belaying-pin. The next day, when it breezed up heavily and they were shortening sail, he called all hands down from aloft, on the ground that their souls were of more importance than the work in hand.

"Come down on deck, you miserable sinners," said Blaker, through a speaking-trumpet. His voice rose triumphantly above the roar of the gale. "Come down on deck and listen to me. For though I'm a miserable sinner, too, there's some hopes for me, and for you there's none unless you mend your ways in accordance with what I'm tellin' you."

Even with the speaking trumpet he could hardly make himself heard over the roar of the increasing gale and the thunderous slatting of the three top-sails in the spilling-lines.

"Don't you think, sir, that they'd better make the topsails fast before you speak to them?" said the admiral.

"No, I don't," replied Blaker. "Not much, I don't not by a jugful. For if one of 'em went overboard I'd be responsible before the Throne. And don't you forget it."

"He's mad," said Sir Richard, "mad as a March hare. She'll be shaking the sticks out of her soon."

He leant over the break of the poop and called up Wiggins.

"Mr. Wiggins, one word with you."

Wiggins came up, as Blaker roared his text through the trumpet.

"Will you stand by me, Mr. Wiggins, if I knock him down and take command?"

"I will, but mind his gun," said Wiggins. "When he's very bad he'll shoot."

It was not any fear of Blaker's six-shooter that made the admiral hesitate. To take the command even from a madman at sea is a ticklish task, and may land a man in gaol for all his being a Shanghaied admiral.

"I tell you, Mr. Wiggins, that Simp-

son is a good man. I'll bring him aft again."

And Wiggins made no objection when Simpson was called up by the admiral. "Mr. Simpson," said the mate, "this is getting past a joke. Have you any objection to taking on your old job if I secure this preaching madman and take command?"

Simpson was "full up" of the fo's'le, and as he had a very wholesome admiration for the admiral he was by no means loth to return to his old quarters.

"I'm with you, sir. In another quarter of an hour we shall have the sticks out of her."

And still Blaker bellowed Scripture down the wind. He was still bellowing, though what he believed was not Scripture, when Simpson and Wiggins took him down below after five minutes of a row, in which the deposed captain showed something of his ancient form as the terror of the Western Ocean. As they went the admiral, now promoted to being captain of a Capu Horner, picked up the battered speaking-trumpet and wiped some blood from his face which had been in collision.

"Up aloft with you, and make those topsails fast," he roared. "Look alive, men, look alive!"

And they did look alive. For "Dick-ey Dunn" never needed a speaking-trumpet in any wind that ever blew. When things were snugged down and the California was walking north at an easy but tremendous gait he felt like a man again. He turned to Simpson and Wiggins with a happy smile.

"Now we're comfortable, and things are as they should be, Mr. Simpson, let the men have a tot of grog. And how's Mr. Blaker?"

"Waal," said Simpson, cheerfully, "when we left him he wasn't exactly what you would call religious nor resigned."

But if Blaker was not happy the admiral was thoroughly delighted.

"Now you see what I said was true," he declared at dinner that night. "If I hadn't been an admiral and a man born to rise, how could I have been shipped on board this ship as a fore-mast hand and come to be captain in six weeks? I'll be bound you never heard of a similar case, Mr. Simpson."

And Simpson never had.

"Was it Shanghai Smith, do you think, as put you here?" he asked.

The admiral had never heard of Shanghai Smith.

"When I get back I'll find out," he said. "And if it was I'll not trouble the law, Mr. Simpson. I never allow any man to handle me without getting more than even."

"You don't," said Simpson. If his manner was dry it was sincere.

"But I don't bear malice afterwards. Your health, Mr. Simpson. This kind of trade breeds good seamen after all. But you are all a trifle rough."

Simpson explained that they had to be.

"When the owner's scheme is to have one man do three men's work, they have to get men who will make 'em do it. And when the owners get a bad name, and their ships a worse, then men like Shanghai Smith have to find us crews. If you could get back to San Francisco and hammer an owner some of us would be obliged to you, sir."

"Ah! when I get back," said the admiral. "This will be a remarkable yarn for me to tell, Mr. Simpson. I still feel in a kind of dream. Would you oblige me by going to Mr. Blaker and telling him that if he continues to hammer at that door I'll have the hose turned on him."

And when Simpson went to carry this message the admiral put his feet on the table and indulged in a reverie.

"I'll make a note about Shanghai Smith and settle with him in full. But I shall rise higher yet. I know it's in me, Steward!"

"Yes, sir," said the steward.

"I think I'll have some grog."

He drank to the future of Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, master of the California.

Ancient London Church.

With a history reaching back to the days of Alfred the Great, a special interest attaches to the Church of St. Thomas, quaintly situated in a back-water of Regent street, and which is now celebrating its bicentenary. A site granted by Alfred's niece to St. Peter's church, Ghent, was in the reign of Henry V., in accordance with an act for the suppression of alien priories, settled upon the Carthusian Priory at Shene. In 1530 Henry VIII. appropriated it to the Crown. The next stage was reached in 1867, when Thomas Tenison, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, secured the old property and built, first a wooden "oratory," and then in 1702, the present building. At length the Charity Commissioners thought fit to upset the original scheme and with the funds of the trust built the Tenison Schools in Leicester Square. Thanks to the present vicar, a freehold site has been purchased and parish buildings have been erected at a cost of about £8,000, where the parochial work involved in caring for the three thousand people of the parish—most of them poor—can be carried on. The vestry has an interesting collection of portraits and prints of the various interesting people connected with the church. Sir Isaac Newton, for instance, was a trustee. Here Canon Knox Little served his curacy.

The amount of money in circulation in the United States to-day is \$2,250,256,230, or thereabouts. Share and share alike, this is \$28.78 per capita. The problem with the enterprising man is to get as many per capita as he can.

NEW CARIBOU TYPE.

The American Museum of Natural History has just placed on exhibition the magnificent head and antlers of a new type of caribou, hitherto unknown to science.

The specimen obtained is considered an important contribution to our knowledge of the distribution of caribou in northern North America. It was found in the Kenai Peninsula, Alaska. The technical name of this new specimen is Rengifer Stonei. Unfortunately, the entire body of the caribou could not be preserved. The measurement of the animals in flesh were as follows: Full length, 7 feet 1 inch; height to withers, 4 feet 4. The



two distinctive features which mark this new member of the caribou group are its colorations and large and unusual form of antlers. The color description is as follows:

"Front of nose black to middle of nostrils, chin and edges of lower lip grayish or silvery white; top of nose, from the white muzzle back to a point opposite the eyes, black, passing into lark (blackish) brown posteriorly and on the sides of the head to below the eyes; cheeks and throat still lighter brown; a narrow space surrounding the eye and tear duct grayish; top and sides of neck dark grayish brown, becoming lighter and grayer at the base of the neck, and then abruptly darker in front of shoulders (skin of body not preserved); front of neck white, forming a longitudinal sharply defined band four to five inches wide, of greatly lengthened white hair, in strong contrast with the sides of the neck."

"This heavy fringe of white hair on the front of the neck, with its striking contrast in color with the adjoining portions of the neck, forms an easily distinguishing mark from all other existing types. The antlers are much heavier, with better developed species, while a special point of difference is found in the large size and peculiar form of the front branch of the antlers."

NOVEL BOAT DESIGNED

The queer looking craft illustrated below has been designed by James P. Pool of Brooklyn, N. Y., with the intention of improving the facilities for handling the sails and steering the boat. In spite of the single sail projecting from one side of the mast on a long boom, the inventor provides a pair of sails equally balanced on either side of the mast, and capable of adjustment in tacking or sailing with the wind to obtain the maximum speed with minimum strain on the mast. The sails are set in swinging



frames secured to horizontal booms on the mast, with the free edge of each sail turned toward the mast and under easy control of the boatman in the stern of the vessel. Instead of easing off or drawing in the long main boom of a single sail in tacking or changing the course, the sailor swings the shortest boom of the new craft around on the mast until they reach the same angle that the old sail would have occupied, when the sails are adjusted in parallel planes, and each receives an equal amount of wind, and consequently divides the strain and pulls evenly on the mast.

Lost the Lord's Nickel.

A little boy who goes to Sunday school every Sunday always receives a nickel from his father to place in the collection plate. Last Sunday his father gave him two nickels, saying: "One is for the Lord and the other is for yourself." As it was too early to start for Sunday school, the little boy sat on the porch steps in the warm sunshine playing with the two nickels. After a while he dropped one of them and it disappeared down a crack. Without a moment's hesitation and still clutching the remaining coin in his clenched fist, he looked up at his father, exclaiming: "Oh, pop! There goes the Lord's nickel!"

POLING FOR TROUT.

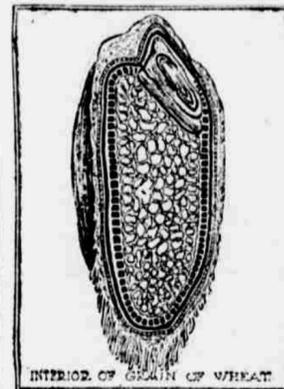
Poachers in the Adirondacks and other wild sections of New York are taking trout by means of a hook tied to the end of a stick. The poacher lies down upon a log or stump above some deep pool in a trout stream and brings the stick close alongside the fish, working it ever and ever so carefully lest the fish should be frightened away. When the pole is only a hair's breadth from the side of the trout the fisher gives a jerk, and nine times out of ten, hooks the fish. The method is specially destructive to good sport, for the reason that it enables the poacher to take the wary old trout that are shy of the hook.

Closely allied is the method of sturgeon catching which is practiced in the Detroit river and some of the streams running into Lake Superior, says the New York Times. The sturgeon has a way when it runs up a stream in spawning season of rubbing against every bit of wood that may be fixed in the water. The fisherman goes out in a boat or takes his place at a bridge with a pole, on the end of which are tied three hooks pointing in three different directions from a common center. This end of the pole he plants on the bottom of the stream, while the other he holds in his hand. When he feels the movement of the sturgeon he jerks. The sturgeon is hooked and a grand fight begins.

MINIATURE STORE-HOUSE.

Most people appreciate the value of wheat in the world's food supply, but how many ever examined closely to see what the interior of a grain looks like? If you were to cut a grain of wheat open, and place it under a powerful magnifying glass, you would see something like what is shown in the picture.

Here you would find a little store-house, in which nature has carefully laid away a quantity of nutriment. The grain of wheat has four distinct parts: an envelope or sheath, a digestive lay-



INTERIOR OF GRAIN OF WHEAT.

er, an embryo and the albumen. Each layer has a certain value, or lack of value, as food. Scientists now assert that the envelope is of no use as food. The digestive layer is composed of large, transparent cells containing a large quantity of fatty material, useful to a certain extent. It is the albumen, however, so scientists say, that is most nutritious. The embryo lacks substantial qualities.

A FAMOUS HUNTRESS.

Among the women who have become famous as travelers the Russian Princess Demidoff is conspicuous. Her husband was educated in England, and there acquired a taste for athletic sports and hunting and has shot "big game" in Europe and Asia. In his travels he has been accompanied by his wife, who has stalked the chamois in the Caucasus, caught 150 trout in a single day in the Big Laka, journeyed across Asia to Japan and thence to Kamchatka and shared in perilous adventures of every kind.

The princess is a daughter of Count Warnskoff Daschkoff, who once was at the head of the czar's household, and is said to be extremely pretty and charming.

QUEEN OLGA.

Queen Olga of Greece, who, it is said, will soon pay a visit to her imperial cousin, the czar, is one of the stately and most serene of the royal women of Europe. She is the eldest



daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, brother of the late Czar Alexander II., and was married to King George on Oct. 27, 1867, two years after his election to the throne of Greece. She is just 59 years old.

"MESSIAH" ORGAN.

Handel, the great composer, had several chamber organs, which it was his custom to make use when composing, and the whereabouts of most of these organs are known to the people. But it is forgotten by some of Handel's most ardent admirers, that the one which he had at Gopsall Hall, and which he used while composing the "Messiah," was taken to Ireland, where that work was first brought out. The Marquis of Ely, one of Handel's patrons, entertained the noted composer for some time near Dublin, and the latter presented his host with the organ when he left his hospitable roof.



At Lord Ely's death, the organ was bought by Francis Johnston, the celebrated architect. The organ is now in the possession of his nephew, Mr. Johnston of Kilmore House, County Armagh, who had a large room built especially for its reception. Many musical celebrities have gone there for the special honor of playing on Handel's own keyboard.—Young People's Weekly.

FLOWER CULTURE.

Many florists are becoming flower farmers for the purpose of raising large quantities for making perfumes. The Department of Agriculture calls attention to the fact that the southern states are found exceptionally favorable for the success of such an industry. California, too, it is thought, could produce the essential oil, or attar, of roses on an extensive scale to great advantage. According to official authority an acre of ground will produce 1,500 pounds of rose petals, from which five ounces of the attar may be distilled, and this quantity is worth of the market from \$45 to \$85. The rose water which remains amounts to 300 gallons to the acre, which is worth from 75 cents to \$1 a gallon. Lavender gives a net profit of \$100 to the acre. Pure lard, saturated with the scent of flowers—pomade—is worth \$6 to \$7.50 a pound. Cologne of the finest quality, obtained by soaking the pomade or saturated lard in alcohol, is worth all the way up to \$17 a pint. Other perfumes are equally profitable.

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

The Grand Duke Michael, upon whom Emperor William has just conferred the order of the Black Eagle, is the heir presumptive to the throne of Russia and brother of the czar. He is the third child of the late Czar Alexander, and was 23 years old Dec. 4 last. Michael is said to resemble his father in size, strength and dis-



position. He has been engaged, by report, to half a dozen princesses of Europe. At present the grand duke is hunting with the kaiser in the forests of Germany. It was the invitation of the German emperor to the young Russian prince to join him in the hunt that drew Michael to Germany. The young man is said to be consumed with patriotism and to meditate great reforms for the benefit of the people should he ever be called to the throne of the Russians. One bit of gossip about him is that he is in love with his cousin, Princess Helen, but that the czar will not consent to their marriage.

Telephones as Burglar Alarms.

The Electrical Review states that the Hon. E. F. Jones, formerly lieutenant-governor of New York state, has discovered that a telephone can be turned into a burglar alarm at small expense. He ties a string to his telephone receiver, which is down stairs in his house, and brings the end of it up to his bedroom in such a way that he can joggle the receiver at night should he be visited by burglars. The flashing of signal lights at the exchange switch-board at unseemly hours will be understood by the operator to indicate burglars, and prompt information is sent to the police. Mr. Jones claims that his invention works to his entire satisfaction.