

SUPPRESSING A MUTINY

By C. B. Lewis

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The brig Mary Ann Jones had been sailing between Providence and the West Indies for a good many years when Captain Jones died. His wife, after whom the brig was named, had always sailed with him, and she could take a trick at the wheel, work out an observation or take charge of the craft as well as a first mate. Jed Parsons had been Captain Jones' first mate for five years, and when death overtook the shipmaster Jed naturally expected that the widow would settle down ashore and ask him to go as captain. In this he was sadly disappointed.

"I don't care to stop ashore," explained the widow, "and there's no reason why I shouldn't go as captain of the Mary Ann."

"Nobody ever heard of a woman being captain of a ship," replied Jed. "It appears again nater. It's like a man tryin' to sew carpet rags and make pumpkin pies."

"Don't you worry about that, Jed Parsons. You are a purty smart feller, as I'll admit, but there's folks jest as smart, and I'm one of 'em."

Jed didn't refuse to go along as first mate, but he carried a solemn face while the brig was loading and was free with his predictions that the Mary Ann Jones would never enter a home port again. When she was ready to sail, he went around and ostentatiously



"I WANT TO MARRY YOU AND BECOME CAPTAIN OF THE MARY ANN."

bade everybody and everything a last farewell, and he called at the postoffice to say:

"Uncle Ben, if any letters come for me you can make pipe lights of 'em, for I shall never see old Providence ag'in."

"Goin' to be drowned this voyage?" asked the old postmaster.

"I'm sure to be, with all the rest. Can't no widder woman on the face of this earth sail a ship over six minutes without sendin' her to the bottom of the sea?"

"Pears that way to me," mused Uncle Ben. "but I dunno. Cap'n Jones' widder is a purty smart woman—a purty smart woman. She may be able to dodge through by the skin of her teeth. However, I'll bid you good-by and hope to meet you in heaven."

The widow Jones was not yet forty years old and in the best of health. When the voyage began she stood watch and watch with the mate, and when the brig reached a port in the West Indies Jed Parsons had to admit that her seamanship had been as good as his own. While Jed admitted this much to himself, he carried the idea to others that nothing but an overruling providence had kept the Mary Ann afloat on the voyage out, and that she must certainly go to the bottom on the run home. Much to his surprise, the brig reached her home port without the slightest mishap.

"So you got back alive arter all?" queried Uncle Ben as Jed entered the postoffice looking rather shamefaced.

"Yes, Uncle Ben, I have," replied the mate. "I've heard about the Lord sparlin' certain people to do certain work on earth, and I guess that's my case."

"Shoo! Shoo!" continued Uncle Ben. "The widder Jones knows how to sail that brig as well as her husband did. Your nose is out of 'int because you didn't get to be captain. However, if you can't be captain one way why don't you try 'tother?"

"How d'you mean?"

"If you marry the widder, you'll marry the brig at the same time, won't you? Some folks can't see through a hole in a grindstone."

That evening Jed Parsons put on his Sunday vest and made a call at the widow's house.

"Goin' to turn preacher, Jed?" she asked as she looked him over.

"No, ma'am, I ain't," he replied. "I'm lookin' for a wife."

"Well, I hain't got no girls hidden away here."

"I didn't s'pose you had. I've come to ask you."

"If you've come to ask me, I shall say 'No.' What do I want to marry you or any other man for?"

"To get a husband," soberly replied Jed.

"Don't you worry yourself. I hain't avertin' for a husband."

"But I'm goin' to be captain of the Mary Ann, and you can bank on that."

"Not while I live, Jed Parsons. I'm purty busy this evenin', and you'd better take yourself off."

So Jed took himself off, and in due time the brig finished loading for Honduras and put to sea. Luck attended her again—that is, Jed called it seamanship during his watches and luck during the widow's, and he'd have given a month's wages had the craft lost one of her masts while he was asleep in his watch below. Nothing happened, however, and she reached port and began the discharge of her cargo. When she was ready to begin taking on, the widow came out of the cabin one morning to find the mate lounging on the quarter deck and the crew loading about forward.

"Jed, what's the meaning of this?" she demanded as she looked around.

"Mutiny, ma'am," he briefly replied.

"Mutiny about what?"

"Lots of things. As there hain't a sailor to be hired ashore for love or money I don't see how we are to get out of here for a month of Sundays."

"What's this I hear about mutiny?" asked the widow as she went forward among the sailors. "Will Perkins, you've been sailing on the Mary Ann for five years. Speak up and tell me what's the trouble."

"It's this way, ma'am," replied Perkins—"we stands by the mate."

"You stand by him in what?"

"Dunno, but we stands by him. Better ask him, ma'am."

"Jed Parsons, will you explain?" asked Mrs. Captain Jones as she went back to him.

"I will, ma'am. I want to marry you and become captain of the Mary Ann."

"But I refused you only two or three weeks ago."

"You did, ma'am, but I didn't have any mutiny to back me up then. Looks as if you'd have to go ashore and let the consul marry us if this brig is ever to sail into Providence harbor ag'in."

"I'm a good mind to—to stand out and let the old brig sink at her anchors."

"Mutiny is 's terrible thing—a terrible thing," replied Jed as he looked as solemn as possible.

"Y-e-s, I know, but I'm not afraid. If it wasn't that I wanted to get loaded as soon as possible and get back to market with the logwood, I'd keep right on sayin' 'no.'"

"But as it is, ma'am?"

"As it is, we'll go ashore in the yawl and see the consul, and if he thinks this mutiny can't be suppressed in any other way—"

"The consul thought it couldn't, and the Mary Ann had a new captain on the homeward run."

Freaks of Figures.

Some person of a mathematical turn of mind has discovered that the multiplication of 987654321 (which, you will observe, are simply the figures 1 to 9, inclusive, reversed) by 45 gives 44,444,445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123456789 by 45 we get a result equally curious—viz, 5,555,555,505. If we take 123456789 as the multiplicand and, interchanging the figures in 45 so as to make them read 54, use the last number as a multiplier, the result will be 6,996,996,906. Returning to the multiplicand 987654321 and taking 54 as the multiplier again, the result will be 53,333,333,334. All 3's except the first and last figures, which together read 54—the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, the product is 26,996,996,907, all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27—the multiplier. Now interchanging the order of the figures 27 and using 72 instead as a multiplier and 987654321 as the multiplicand we get as a product 71,111,111,112, all 1's except the first and last figures, which together read 72—the multiplier.

The Sun's Distance.

In order to calculate the linear velocity of the earth in its orbit we must first know its distance from the sun. If we can measure the earth's velocity, the sun's distance can be computed. If the velocity can be determined with great accuracy, the resulting value of the sun's distance is proportionately precise. The methods of spectroscopy have been so far improved that we are within measurable distance of determining the solar parallax by spectroscopic observations. If any star near the zodiac be observed with the spectroscope at the two seasons when its longitude differs from that of the sun by 90 degrees, we can deduce not only the velocity of the star, but also the mean velocity of the earth in its orbit. Spectroscopic observations of solar velocity in the line of sight now show so good that the value of the solar distance which may be had on the principle described is at least of the same order of accuracy as values derived from older methods.—Evangelist.

Visiting the Invalid.

In chronic invalidism the patient feels that to come in contact with lives unbounded by four walls, with people living normally, with interests of others instead of his own petty round, is an emancipation.

Ordinarily the chitchat of trifling events is what brightens the invalid, but a careful guard should be kept not to overtax, either by length of stay or by effort to keep up the conversation.

In the slow, tedious months or years of hopeless illness some effort should be made to bring in people. Human nature needs its kind, and seclusion forces the mind to brooding. This is often forgotten by those who surround a patient sufferer with every physical comfort and care, but who do not realize what a breath from the outside world would do for the mind which has grown so weary of the daily routine.

SPELL TERRAPIN.

There Are Five Ways, So You Will Hardly Get It Wrong.

"The terrapin enjoys one distinction that is rather unique," said a man who keeps his eye skinned for curious things, "and it is found precisely in the fact that there are more ways to spell the name of this creature of the water than any other I have any knowledge of. It is almost impossible to spell it incorrectly, and this is something you can say about very few words in the English language. By consulting the dictionary we will find that there are five ways of spelling the word, and they are these: Terrapin, terrapin, terrapen, terrapene, turapen. The preference is given to the first way of spelling the word—that is, terrapin—but if a man should happen to write it in some other way he would not be entirely wrong. There is not much excuse for spelling this word incorrectly. Why, a fellow can shut his eyes and hit the mark almost every time. He can write it in the dark. The harder stunt would be to write it incorrectly. And yet it happens now and then that men hit upon the wrong way of spelling this very same word. I have known men to spell it tarrypin, but not in print. But the point I had in mind was the curious fact that there are so many correct ways of spelling the word, and at this time I cannot recall the name of a single other creature similarly circumstanced so far as the dictionary is concerned."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Spanish Dances.

Spanish dances have a certain resemblance to the dances of the east. In our country one's idea of a dance is something in which the movement is due to the legs. In Japan and in Egypt the legs have very little to do with the dance. The exquisite rhythms of Japanese dances are produced by the subtle gesture of hands, the manipulation of scarfs, the delicate undulations of the body. In Arab dances and in the danse du ventre the legs are more nearly motionless. The legs are only used to assist in producing the extraordinary movements of the stomach and the hips in which so much of the dance consists.

It is a dance in which the body sets itself to its own rhythm. Spanish dancing, which no doubt derives its eastern color from the Moors, is almost equally a dance of the whole body, and its particular characteristic—the action of the hips—is due to a physical peculiarity of the Spaniards, whose spines have a special and unique curve of their own.

Her Father's Strength.

Recently in a Sunday school the teacher was telling her class of small pupils the interesting story of Samson, of whom she spoke as being the strongest man that ever lived.

Little Ethel, a golden haired new recruit, listened to the story with great interest. After the teacher had finished, Ethel held up her chubby hand.

"Well, Ethel," asked the teacher, "what is it?"

"Samson wasn't as strong as my papa is."

"Is your father so strong?" queried the teacher, smiling.

"Oh, my papa's off'n strong," replied Ethel with emphasis. "Why, I heard mamma say that he had a jollyfant on his hands."—Columbus Journal.

Barometers and Dust.

When the barometer falls, the air around expands into a larger volume and the air inside the cupboard also expands and forces itself out at every minute crevice. When the barometer rises again, the air inside the cupboard, as well as outside, condenses and shrinks and the air is forced back into the cupboard to equalize the pressure, and along with the air goes the dust. The smaller the crevice, the stronger the jet of air, the farther goes the dirt. Witness the dirt tracks so often seen in imperfectly framed engravings or photographs. Remember, whenever you see the barometer rising, that an additional charge of dust is entering your cupboard and drawers.

Prophetic Dreams.

The belief in prophetic dreams is not entirely a superstition, according to the results obtained by two members of the French Institute. They point out that at night when the senses are at rest the brain is affected particularly by organic feelings in various parts of the body and that early symptoms of advancing diseases give a particular direction to the dreams. A familiar instance is nightmare, which indicates a dyspeptic condition. Immoderate drinkers see rats, snakes and insects in their dreams before the actual outbreak of delirium tremens, and so on.

In Her Debt.

As a pleasant faced woman passed the corner Jones touched his hat to her and remarked feelingly to his companion:

"Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman."

"Your mother?" was the query.

"No, my landlady."

Not Dangerous.

Biggs—Windig is a nice fellow, but he is given to exaggerating.

Diggs—Yes, but that fault is counterbalanced by one thing?

Biggs—What is that?

Diggs—The general indisposition of people to believe him.—Chicago News.

Won in a Walk.

"Say, how did you get off in the glee club try-out?"

"Made first bass on four bawls."—Chappelle.

His Conviction.

There are two sides to a jail, and it's easier to get inside the outside than it is to get outside the inside.—Baltimore News.

Whales in the Thames.

In former times the appearance of a whale in the river Thames was considered ominous. One was caught off Greenwich three months prior to the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the common opinion was expressed by Heath in his "Flagellum." "It pleased God," he remarks, "to usher in his end with a great whale three months before, June 2, that came up as far as Greenwich and there was killed." Evelyn, in his "Diary," under the date of June 3, 1658, mentions that a whale was killed off Greenwich and that it drew an "infinite concourse to see it by water, horse, coach and on foot from London and all parts." According to Robert Hubert, in his "Catalogue of Natural Rarities," the tongue of this whale was exhibited daily for some time at the "Miter, near the west end of St. Paul's church."

In February, 1857, another whale was caught in the Thames, and in the "Times" of that month appeared an advertisement for a piece of ground, some 40 feet by 60 feet, "on which to exhibit a whale." The piece of ground advertised for was found in the Mile End road, and the whale was exhibited until March 14. In the same month—namely, on March 21—expired the house of commons, which had been elected in 1852.

Having Fun With a Tragedian.

On one of the times when Barry Sullivan, the great Irish tragedian, was playing Hamlet a certain clever low comedian named Hoskins was the gravedigger. After answering Sullivan's question, "How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?" Hoskins proceeded with the business of illustrating his reply.

"Taking up Yorick's skull he spoke the words of the text: 'Now, here's a skull that hath lain in the earth three and twenty years. Whose do you think it was?'"

"Nay, I know not," replied Sullivan as Hamlet.

"This skull, sir," said Hoskins, "was Diavolo Antonio's, whom Booth fought in this city!"

The house roared with laughter, while Sullivan stamped and fumed, exclaiming: "Yorick's, sir! Yorick's!"

"No," said Hoskins coolly, when the tumult had subsided, and taking up another skull. "This is Yorick's skull, the king's jester; but 'tother's Antonio's, just as I told you."—Kansas City Independent.

Honey.

According to a writer in Health, honey is a valuable medicine and has many uses. It is excellent in most lung and throat affections and is often used with great benefit in place of cod liver oil. Occasionally there is a person with whom it does not agree, but most people can learn to use it with beneficial results. Children who have natural appetites generally prefer it to butter. Honey is a laxative and sedative, and in diseases of the bladder and kidneys it is an excellent remedy.

It has much the same effect as wine or stimulants, without their injurious effects, and is unequalled in mead and harvest drinks. As an external application it is irritating when clear, but soothing when diluted. In many places it is much appreciated as a remedy for croup and colds. In preserving fruit the formic acid it contains makes a better preservative than sugar syrup, and it is also used in cooking and confections. Honey does not injure the teeth as candies do.

Bottom of a Sea Falling Out.

Scientists tell us that, counting from the sea level, the lowest body of water on the globe is the Caspian sea. For centuries its surface has been gradually settling down until now it is eighty-five feet lower than that of its near neighbor, the Black sea, which also lies far below the level of the oceans. The common conclusion all along has been that the Caspian was simply losing its waters by evaporation, but recent investigation shows that this is not the case. Soundings made and compared with records of soundings made over 100 years ago reveal the astounding fact that there is even a greater depth of water now than then. This leaves but one hypothesis that would seem at all tenable—that the bottom of the sea is actually sinking. There is much speculation in scientific circles as to what will be the final outcome.

What You Do Know and Don't Know.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

A Japanese Hygienic Bath.

In hygienic matters the Japanese have everywhere a habit which may have a lesson for us. In their nightly bath and morning wash the water is never cold, never warm, but always as hot as it can be borne. To foreigners this habit seems very surprising, but the most inveterate Englishman, if he stays in the country long enough, abandons his cold tub in its favor.

The cold taking which, it is suspected, must follow it is not found to occur if the water has been hot enough. This heat is maintained by a little furnace beneath the bath. In the bath the bather or bathers take a prolonged soaking, the washing proper being done on the bathroom floor; then follow a second and final soaking, drying with towel and a lounge in bathing wrapper.

This habit seems to promote softness and suppleness of the skin and by persons inclined to rheumatism is soon found to be altogether preferable to the cold bath in every particular. The poorest of the Japanese hear of a cold bath with amazement and would be sure the man who used it must be a barbarian.

In Luck's Way.

Custom house men have sometimes made other captures besides those of contraband goods. A man who had effected a heavy jewelry robbery in a seaport town was retreating with his plunder, and, having deposited it in a boat, he rowed himself across the harbor to a timber wharf, landed and, putting the sack across his shoulders, was making off, when a revenue officer, who had been dozing among the timber, roused by the noise, came out and stopped him and asked what he had got in the sack. He quickly replied: "You are welcome to look. I'll go on board and fetch the other." And off he went, and, as may be imagined, he did not turn up again, as no other sack existed. The officer on opening the bag was rather astonished to find it full of watches and spoons instead of a few hundred cigars, such as sailors sometimes try to land.

One of Mrs. Grant's Bright Sayings.

When Mrs. Julia Dent Grant was living in Philadelphia in the house at 2009 Chestnut street that her husband surrendered to his creditors at the time of the Grant & Ward failure, it is recorded of her that she was visited one afternoon by a rich but parsimonious old woman.

The old woman narrated to Mrs. Grant the misfortunes that had lately attended a ward of hers, a young woman who had married a drunkard and who had just been deserted, though she was penniless and had two little children.

"I couldn't help but feel for her this morning when she told me about her trouble," said the old woman.

"It was well that you felt for her," said Mrs. Grant. "But did you feel in the right place? Did you feel in your pocket?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Witty Advice.

A witty Dublin barrister was consulted by a physician as to calling out a man who had insulted him. "Take my advice," said the lawyer, "and instead of calling him out get him to call you in, and get your revenge that way. It will be more secure and certain."

No Cause For Alarm.

Insurance Agent—Now that you have a wife, don't you think you ought to take out a life policy?

Newed—Oh, I guess not. I don't think she is going to prove dangerous.—Chicago News.

Doesn't Want It Back.

She—The programme says it is taken from the German.

He—Humph! I should think they were glad enough to get rid of it.

An Irish Verdict.

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury when giving in his verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

He Got It.

Caller—Is the editor in?

Office Boy—No; he's ill.

Caller—I wonder if—er, he got the poem I sent him?

Office Boy—I told yer he was ill, didn't I?

Rice Paper Not Made From Rice.

Rice paper is not made from rice nor from rice stalks, nor has it any connection whatever with rice. It is of Chinese manufacture and is made from the pith of a certain tree resembling the elder. The pith is extracted from the tree in large cylindrical masses, and with sharp knives the Chinese pare off the cylinder till instead of a cylindrical form they have a large flat sheet. This is pressed and other sheets added until the required thickness is secured. The paper is then rudely sized and is ready to use. It was called rice paper under the supposition that when it was first introduced into Europe it was made from rice stalks, and the name has never been changed.

Cheese.

Cheeses come under three general heads, whole milk, skim or sour milk and whole milk and cream. The ripening of cheese, upon which depends its flavor, is due to the action of bacteria, which are ever present in milk; also in the rennet which is used in the manufacture. Cheese which has been improperly handled is apt to accumulate deleterious bacteria. Cheese has great nutritive value. It yields nearly three times the amount of caloric yielded by moderately lean beef.

Indignant.

Clara—Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Spaeschotte's? Miss Maydeval (angrily)—Yes, and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence.

"Gracious! What was it?"

"Why, on the back of every picture were these words, 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"

Where Cobras Are Held to Be Sacred.

The Hindus on account of their superstition are very loath to destroy a cobra. It appears prominently in their mythology, and it is venerated both as a symbol of a malicious and destructive power and also a beneficent one. According to Mr. A. K. Forbes, cobras are looked upon as guardian angels, and there is a Bengalese tradition that a male infant auspiciously shaded by a cobra will come to the throne.

Reputations which have been forced into an unnatural bloom fade almost as soon as they have expanded.—Macaulay.

Ideas generate ideas, like a potato, which cut in pieces reproduces itself in a multiplied form.



WHEN BABY IS COMING USE Mother's Friend

Woman's greatest dream of beauty and glory is when nature has chosen her to become a mother. Every faculty is keenly alert as she foresees the joy, ambition, success and the life-long satisfaction coming nearer, day by day, in the dear and innocent being so soon to see light, and the uncertainty whether she shall see the sweet girl or a brave boy face beside her on the pillow adds zest to her expectancy.

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