

YOU



thru I think he will be sure to pre- in the next."

ud: "Heard from Jack lately?" tie: "Oh, yes, often. He's an ex- t correspondent."

ud: "One r or two, dear?"

woman has no sense of humor," Mr. Hawhaw.

hat makes you think so?" hen she sees a man fall off a street he wonders if he's badly hurt in- of laughing at him.—Washington Star.

OF NO ACCOUNT. mum, kin I git off to-morry" necessary, Bridget?"

um, mum! but me an' Tirrence s to git married, that's all."

"Just the same, you never a mon using her religion as a and: "Of course not, my dear. a is too inexpensive."—Chicago

ly you're not jealous of your of the women."

I am. He simply can't keep eyes, he can. You should see times when he has a seat in ded street car."—Philadelphia

must have fifty dollars to-day, right," replied her husband, is."

ous, Henry!" she exclaimed, palling. "What's the matter? sick?"—Washington Star.

fisherman?" as good as automobiling!"

A PRIVATEER OF THE OLD DAYS

Clever Tactics of an English Captain Succeed in Fooling and Capturing a French Frigate.

Last week's issue of a Chicago paper, in its interesting notes on privateering, reminded me of a story told me nearly thirty years ago by an old British officer who was captured by a French privateer nearly forty years before I met him. His afterwards related this story to an English journalist, who put it in literary form, changing some of the names and publishing it in an English periodical. Here is the story as it was told, with the real names restored: "Gentlemen"—The little open cabin of the good-armed schooner Betsey, was darkened by the weather-beaten face—as brown as brown as paint—and the shock of fiery red hair—with whiskers to match—of our Capt. McLeod. He had been at sea in every part of craft and in every part of the world; and, as you may think, the old Nova Scotian was as stout and thoro as a sailor as ever faced wind and weather, and cannon and musket shot, too. "Well, gentlemen," says he, "there were three of us, Mr. Dargle, a great painter in Demerara and Berbice, who has 250 slaves, of whom he used to say that he had never flogged but three, and never sold but one—at his own desire. He was a mild, quiet man, and every house in the coast colonies was delighted when his Kettarin appeared, with his high stepping bay. The second mate of the party was Mr. Mosca, Mr. Dargle's agent, who, as his father was a Cuban Spaniard and his mother a French Quadroon, was rather of a peppy disposition, which required all the mild persuasiveness of Mr. Dargle to keep down. However, he was to my knowledge a most energetic and excellent agent, and as he and his employer were generally seen together, they usually went by the name of 'French and water.' As for myself, I was a poor saltwater in a West Indian regiment, going home invalided, after a tight brush with yellow Jack. "There was a dearth of vessels going to the old country at this time, owing to the dangers to be feared from French privateers, so that we had taken passage at Demerara on a little Nova Scotia vessel—the Betsey of Liverpool—and expected to be landed at her home port, whence we would make the 100-mile trip to Halifax, and there find passage to England. The Betsey had a fine crew of men—among them several who had seen service in the American war. These were Freeman, Doggett, Millard, Stewart and two others. "What are you drinking, boys?" asked the captain. "Madera Sangara, Capt. McLeod," said Mr. Dargle, at the same time knocking a white-worm with a black head out of a biscuit. "Well, I've just been taking a meridian—you needn't snigger, Mr. Mosca," and the skipper produced a huge old-fashioned quadrant. "I think that if the wind blows as steady as it's doing now, to-morrow night we'll be out of danger. "There was a simultaneous clattering of glasses on the table. "And without as much as seeing the shadow of one of them—privateers—say nothing of these"—expletive again—"French"—French. Curse them and their dandy hoist in the nape of their topsails. "Well then, captain, I suppose we are safe," says Mosca. "Why, don't you whoop till you're out of the wood," rejoined our skipper. "There's often a swarm of these craft, as quick as flying fish and as fierce as sharks lurking about here—the infernal villains—to pick up all they can get. However—Samba, a couple of bottles of that champagne I got from the governor." "Sail ho!" echoed thru our canvas, and the brown face disappeared as if by magic, and there was a moment's tramping of feet. All the watch-bells were tumbled up, as they call it; and, as you may think, we tumbled up, too. "Where away?" said the skipper, addressing a man of the top-gallant mast cross-trees. "Broad on the lee-beam," was the answer, "standing on the same way with us." "Glad she's to leeward, at all events," said the captain. "She's going thru the water very fast, sir," said the first mate, touching his straw hat. "What do you make her out, Mr. Freeman?" "Why, sir, she's a smallish vessel to carry three square-rigged masts." Capt. McLeod looked grave, and without a word took his old pet telescope from the brackets, and leisurely mounted the fore-rigging. It must have required long practice to use a glass from a yard which was continually on the swing, and that sometimes twelve or fifteen feet at a lurch. However, the captain took a long survey, and then descending, went below, and returned on deck with an old account book, with letters down the edges of the leaves which were closely scribbled over, and an immense lot of loose memorandums, written on all sort of scraps of paper, backs of letters and torn bits of lading, and turned up B. After a long scrutiny, during which we all stood anxiously around him, waiting for the old hard-a-weather's opinion—he brought his clenched fist down upon the old books and exclaimed: "By heavens, it's her and no other," and he read: "The Jean Bart of Dieppe, consort to the Belle Poule, was a barque—built sharp for slave trade—altered to frigate rig for privateering. Low in the water and very fast, particularly on a wind-foxy rig—high in the topsails—always strongly manned and heavily

armed—mizen mast rakes well aft." "She's rising up fast, sir," sung the lookout aloft. "Pack on—pack on every stitch she can carry. Look alive, Mr. Freeman! Be smart, Mr. Doggett! We've got an ugly customer hanging to us, and if we can we must show him a clean pair of heels! Get the fore-royal on the ship, set the main-topsail-stunsail, rig out the flying jibboom and set the sail, drop the fore-course and get up the broadest-headed gaff topsail; we'll drive the ship under rather than be taken." No sooner said than done, and the Betsey was under a press of canvas, her upper masts bending and the weather-stays like fiddle-strings, the lee scupper holes buzzing in the foaming water and the schooner making gallant way. For more than an hour there was silence in the ship. Capt. McLeod and Mr. Freeman stood on each side of the wheel, keeping the craft, which was really behaving very well, as near the wind as was consistent with the absence of the slightest shiver in windward track of the fore-topsail. During this pause we had time to consider our situation. Of all the privateers sent out by France, La Belle Poule, ultimately captured by the Black Joke, and the Jean Bart, were the most famed for their successes, and the most notorious for plundering to the skin their unfortunate prisoners. "However, there was one comfort—I had nothing to lose but a few dollars colonial currency, my uniform and some light West Indian clothing; and a thought struck me to put on the uniform, as I had heard that even French privateers respected the red coat of an English officer. Putting the idea into practice, to the great astonishment of all on board, I appeared on deck in the full uniform of a lieutenant of His Majesty's 2nd West India Regiment. Looking round I saw that the privateer was rapidly overhauling us, and that the captain was preparing for action. He had eight thumping carronades on board, and a long 18 on a swivel fixed into the heel of the bowsprit and which was the apple of the skipper's eye. The crew—thirty stout fellows—for the Betsey was double manned—striped to the waist and barefooted, were getting out the guns on the starboard side; the larboard carronades were obliged to be made fast to ring-bolts to prevent their diving overboard, while the starboard or windward carronades had their noses cocked up to the sky. Two men at every gun were equipped with big ship-pistols and cutlasses, while boarding tomahawks and pikes were placed handy. Long Tom had a special crew, and every gun was loaded with a double charge of grape. "Nor," said the skipper, "I stand no nonsense; the French like long shots, but I like muzzie to muzzie. That's my way." The privateer was now within about five miles to leeward. She was certainly a beautiful craft—long, low and sneaking, with the characteristic hoist in her topsails, and the masts—particularly the mizen—raking tremendously. She carried only topsail and topgallant sails, mizen sail and forestay sail, as if in scorn of our packed canvas, and rose and fell on the long sea with a grace which was all her own. Our poor Betsey—good ship in her way as she was—half buried herself every time she plunged at a curling swell. The Jean Bart also held a closer wind; and it was evident there was nothing for it but the old formula of command: "Now, men, you see the enemy; lay your guns and point them well. Fire fast and fire true, and hurrah for the old flag!" Meanwhile my fellow-passengers were in the cabin busily engaged in writing. Mr. Dargle's face was very pale. Mosca's black eyes glittered and he was so nervous that he could hardly hold his pen. He was armed to the teeth and evidently determined, as he had often said, not to be taken alive. I was beginning to contrast my position, with only a dribble of half-pay to depend upon, with Mr. Dargle's, the rich proprietor of a half a dozen plantations, the husband of a fond, beautiful wife and the father of a family of sprightly little Creoles. I was watching his face, as from time to time a spasmodic quiver went across it, and his hand stole to his eyes, when the faintly-heard boom of a heavy gun came up from the privateer; and at the same moment our mast-head lookout sang sharp and quick: "A sail to windward!" "What like?" shouted the skipper. "She looks like a big frigate," was the reply. "She's got stunsails on both sides, and she's coming down before the wind like a race-horse." Again the captain's telescope was in requisition, and every eye was directed to the windward ship, the topsails of which could be seen from the deck when she rose upon a sea. Presently the old skipper shouted: "She is a frigate; and if I know anything of a frigate, she's one of the right sort. I know it by her topsails—and in less than half an hour, my boys, you'll see St. George's ensign." And the old fellow rattled down the shrouds with singular velocity. "Have up the two bottles of champagne," he shouted, "and, stewards, serve all the crew round with a double stiff ration of grog." But the first mate did not seem so confident. He also had narrowly examined the coming ship so far as it could be seen, and was likewise an old and experienced seaman. He shook his head. "There's a lot of French frigates—woundy like English ones," he said, "and some of them as I heard tell have topsails cut English fashion, to cheat the merchant ships." "I don't know, captain, but I think

it would be most prudent not to take sail off the schooner." For Freeman had seen the skipper's fingers fidgeting with the maintop-gallant-sail halyards. "Well, Freeman," he said, "we'll compromise. We'll make short boards instead of long." "We'll lose ground by that, Captain McLeod." "Well, but so will the Johnny Crapaud. Every time we tack, he'll tack, and I don't want to get out of the way of my friend to windward." So presently up-went the head of the Betsey into the wind, and round she came on the other tack very cleverly. "Never missed stays when she had a mouthful of wind," said the captain, approvingly. But the "Moungers," as Mr. Freeman called them, were every bit as quick as we, and the lively little frigate swung round, as if she had been stuck on a pivot. "She made a deadly force ahead then," said the desponding mate; and the captain, as if influenced by his subordinate's evident opinions, went again into the rigging, and after a good long look at the fast approaching ship, the hull of which was now visible, he shouted: "Mr. Freeman, I'll put my head into a bucket of tar and eat it if that's not an English frigate; and before ten minutes you'll know it yourself, when you see the ensign at the peak and the Jack at the fore-top." As the captain seemed so perfectly confident, the champagne corks popped and the men had their rum and water, which they infinitely preferred to wine, or indeed to spirits of any description, but all kept their eyes alternately on the frigate, now fast nearing us and rolling majestically before the following sea. "Look at her teeth, look at her teeth!" shouted the captain in ecstasy, as the frigate gave a slight yaw on a cross sea; "a forty-four at the least. Thirty-twos and eighteens at the very least." Meantime the Frenchman showed no change of tactics, unless it was a tendency to come down to leeward, her movements betokening suspicion of the big fellow coming down before the wind, with a magnificent wreath of foam decking his ample bows. At length she was within a mile, when she made a sudden sweep, and then rushed round, with her broadside to us, backing her main-topsail—letting her fore-stunsails—firing a gun—and hoisting her colors—French! "Now, then, captain," said Freeman, "now then, what do you say now?" Before he could answer, the privateer also fired a gun and also hoisted the tricolor. The captain had a moment's time to take counsel with himself; and then he gave a most unexpected jump on to the back of her main-topsail—letting him blow into the sea, and exclaimed: "It's a dodge—a dodge—he wants to bring the privateer closer, so that he'll be surer of her." Freeman shook his head. At this moment the frigate fired another gun. "No ball," said Freeman, looking rather disappointed than otherwise. Then an officer appeared on the chains in French uniform. "Do you see that?" said Freeman, all but triumphantly. The officer hailed, and the words came down distinctly on our ears. They were English. "Do you hear that, Mr. Freeman?" retorted the captain. "Schooner, ahoy! Back your fore-top-sail and lay to under our lee." The operation was performed and the officer hailed again: "What schooner is that?" "The Betsey of Nova Scotia," thundered the captain, after waiting for the first call. The lieutenant bowed and rejoined: "His Britannic Majesty's Frigate Hero. The ship down there is the Jean Bart. She is too fast for us in a chase; but we are going to try to trick her to-day. Haul down your colors." It was done, and the ensign fluttered from the peak to the deck. At the same moment the two quarter and the stern-bow of the frigate dropped like feathers into the surging water, and their crews came shining, hand under hand, down the jacks, a cataract of blue-jackets. The frigate again hailed: "Our men will board you as if you were our prize, and Captain—" "McLeod!" roared the skipper. "I'll be good enough to send on board a portion of his crew;" and then, as if he anticipated an objection, raising his voice, he shouted: "There will be no pressing-work upon my honor. We only want to cheat our friend down yonder the better, by pretending to take on board our prisoners. Our men will stay aboard until your own come back. It's all right, Capt. McLeod, it is not!" "Aye, aye, sir!" responded the skipper, quite reassured; "which of my lads will volunteer?" "Me, and me, and me, and me!" burst from a score of voices. And the next moment the three cutters dashed their boat-hooks simultaneously upon our lee side, that next the Frenchman, while the lieutenant and the midshipman in each, followed by the crew, only leaving a boat-keeper, scrambled upon our decks. The second lieutenant bowed politely to the master and passenger and looked round at our warlike preparation. "You are going to fight our friend down the trouble; but meantime—Jameson, hiscoxswain, came up with a French ensign—"for once, captain, the Betsey must carry the tricolor." "No objection," stammered the skipper; "but he clearly didn't like it. Up, however, went the token of conquest, and our volunteers, carrying empty bags and hammockless hammock clothes, so as still further to deceive the little Frenchman, went over the side, the half of the boats' crew remaining on board with their third lieutenant and a couple of midshipmen.

Again the boats, with the apparent prisoners, pulled around the schooner's stern and stem, giving the privateer a full view of them. The trick took perfectly. The Jean Bart filled her main-topsail and came up, making small tacks until we could see the swarming crew on deck. The interest of the scene was now growing intense. We could see a stealthy movement in the frigate's sails, and as the privateer made the last tack which would have carried her clear of the schooner's bowsprit, the main-topsail of the frigate was suddenly filled, her top-gallant sails sheeted home and she started like a greyhound, gathering way astonishingly quick, while amid the banging of her chasers full at the Jean Bart, the French flag passed the English on the halyards, one descending and the other ascending; and, in a moment more, the frigate's bowsprit was entangled in the privateer's mizen rigging and the crash of the meeting ships was heard amid the rattle of the Hero's musketry. The breeze was fresh enough to blow away the smoke, and the instant the ships touched, with a cheer, which only excited Englishmen can give, with rattling pistols and flashing cutlasses, a swarm of boarders poured like a cataract over the frigate's bows, and down from her bowsprit right upon the Frenchmen's heads, the marines following as fast as they might and forming as they managed to scramble on the decks. But there was no need. Taken utterly by surprise, the men not at quarters, the guns untacked, the small arms below in the racks and attacked by a force at least double their number, the French did no discredit to their manhood, though they followed the sentiment of sauve qui peut, and disappeared "like rats," said Capt. McLeod, down into the interior of their vessel. A few alone kept their ground, headed by their officers, but a moment sufficed, as the ring of marines closed round them, to make them throw down the cutlasses which they had snatched up, and made a sulky surrender. And then the tricolor came down, and presently went up "at the stern," said Capt. McLeod, "the St. George and St. Andrew's ensign," the operation, however, reminding him of the tricolor at the truck of his own ship, he speedily had it down; and the national symbol, hoisted again, was received with a universal burst of acclamation. The remaining but little room for me to say, only that there was another exchange of prisoners made—a true one this time; and a more desperate lot of desperadoes, I give you my honor, I never saw. There seemed to be ruffians of all nations on board; but, of course, the French predominated. Well, we got our men on board, with the captain of the frigate's thanks and compliments, and three dozen of claret; and the frigate men, of course, returned to their own berth in their own boats. "Gentlemen and men," said Capt. McLeod, "we'll give the Hero and her prize a parting salute. We're clear of the ship, so the shot of the guns won't do any harm to anybody but the fishes!" And accordingly the light carronades were very cleverly fired; one alternately from each side, while Long Tom gave a finishing bang. "And now," said Capt. McLeod, "gentlemen, dinner!"

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administrative into something ominously like an anti-dynastic revolt. It will probably be repressed. With all that are absent in Eastern Asia, there are still enough troops left to the czar in Russia to crush this insurrection, unless the disaffection in the army is found to be extensive; the even then it will not take many regiments to deal with the unarmed and undisciplined mob of St. Petersburg. There will be Cossack regiments which will have no compunctions in shooting or sabring or riding down all who stand in their way. But such repression will not be complete suppression. The ominous fact is not only that there is a revolt, but also that there is, for the first time, an extensive and open popular movement for revolution. That means far more than a single demonstration of the mob. The government cannot, of course, afford to temporize with a law-defying mob. At the same time, it may well be questioned whether it can afford to maintain conditions which provoke the people to become such a mob. The government must assert itself and vindicate its authority. It should also assert its justice and vindicate its humanity before the world.

Dreadful as were the deeds of yesterday, they would still be a light price to pay if thus could be secured the redemption of the Russian people from the grievances which they suffer and from the degradation in which they live. On the other hand, dreadful as they were, they were light compared with the horrors of reaction and repression which this outbreak may provoke. We can imagine nothing worse for Russia than that the recent efforts for rational progress and reform should, because of this outbreak, be abandoned, and that the government, instead of planning ways and means for the amelioration of the people's lot, should give its attention to still further confirming the people in that lot. We know how insurrection has been dealt with in Poland. Here is an insurrection of much the same kind in St. Petersburg itself. It would be a dreadful thing to have that city and other great cities of Russia treated as another Poland. Yet the alternative seems to be either that or a prompt granting of the reforms which the people demand.

BATTLE BETWEEN PRIESTS.

Paris, Jan. 24.—According to a telegram from Jerusalem, a scandalous scene, resulting in a free fight between Greek and Roman Catholic priests, occurred on Saturday evening during the celebration of mid night mass in the church erected close to the Grotto at Bethlehem, in which, according to tradition, the birth of Christ took place. The Greeks were observing Christmas according to their calendar, and after mass proceeded thru the north door of the church to the Grotto. They found their way barred, however, by a score of Franciscan monks, who disputed their right to enter the sacred spot. The Greek priests endeavored to force a passage, whereupon a free fight ensued. One of the Greeks tore a rosary from the belt of a monk and used it as a weapon. The Franciscans retaliated by seizing the priest's long hair and tearing it out by the roots. In the general melee the priests' vestments were torn, and some blood was spilt, one of the Franciscan monks and the patriarch's janissary being injured. The Turkish guard came on the scene and separated the Christian combatants.

A Great Catch.

A man who advertises for a wife in the matrimonial column of The Cologne Gazette announces that he is "48, a millionaire, a clever man of business, steady, non-smoker and abstainer, well-known philanthropist, of the highest standing, with high titles and great dignities in prospect, and no relations."