

THE PENNY WHISTLE WRECK

A Vividly Described by Midshipman Averill

Too Much for Sailor Ben Who Had Never "Earned T.L." of Such Doings in All His Life.

Several days after Sailor Ben had told the small boy in the sailor suit about his remarkably escape from the penny-whistle wreck, he saw his young friend coming along the board walk from the hotel, and evidently making for the Life Saving Station.

"There he comes again," remarked the old man to himself as he knotted a new knot into the scene he was mending. "Who is the city chap along with him?"

The old man's question was soon answered, for the boy brought the young man directly up to Ben and introduced him.

"Sailor Ben," he said, "this is my friend, Mr. Oscar Averill, who is going to marry my sister."

Sailor Ben and Mr. Averill bowed to each other. "Most happy to meet you, sir," said the sailor, "and I wish you the best of luck."

"Thank you," said Mr. Averill, "that is very kind of you. I have heard some stories of your adventures."

Sailor Ben looked up with an odd expression. "Yes, sir," he answered, "but I don't want to hear any more of those stories, you know. He don't ask me any more."

"Oh, I understand," said Mr. Averill. "All Sailor Ben needs," said the old man, "is something to start him. If he tells a story first he will afterwards, I'm sure."

"Sure," said Sailor Ben, grinning. "I can tell you a story that will make you all puff and blow."

"All right," said Mr. Averill, "if you can tell me a story that will make me all puff and blow, I'll be glad to hear it."

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the captain's bar, I'm afraid we shall have a typhoon."

"Typhoon?" asked the small boy.

"Certainly," said Mr. Averill, "he meant typhoon, of course."

"I never," said Ben, "I never heard of such a state of things aboard any of the craft what I've sailed in. I hardly know just what to expect after such signs as you've told about."

"Well, it was a queer state of things, no doubt," Mr. Averill agreed. "I'm afraid," the captain was saying, "that we shall have a typhoon."

As I have told you, I was young then, and I thought I might help the captain a little.

"If you please, sir," I said, "shall I help?"

"Yes," said the captain, "you'd better go below, and belay the dishes off the cabin-table or they'll be all smashed to smithereens."

So I went below, and helped the steward to clear the table. We had just put the finger-bowls into the storm-racks when the wind began to get up. At first it whistled softly like a scared boy at night. Then it came stronger, like a peanut-roaster on a street corner; and, before long, it rose to a locomotive whistle, and growing louder and louder, it roared at last just as the steamboat whistles do on the last day of the old year.

I was too scared to stay below longer, and I crawled up the companion, putting on my thickest bean-jacket as I went. As soon as I got on deck I saw that the crew were all as scared as I was. The two Malays were crouched in the lee of the cockpit, holding paper-umbrellas over their heads; the colored cook had filled his pockets with canned food and was putting on his life-preserver; and the Manx men had lashed themselves to the dead-eyes. I couldn't see the coolies at all.

And still the awful wind blew on. Greener and greener grew the growling sky, while not a drop of rain fell. Captain Fitzstephen was as brave as an ostrich, and his mate assisted him skillfully. Both stood together a little abaft the binnacle, binding together flotsam and jetsam with lashings of sennit.

But the wind was so severe that even this was of no avail.

Just at nine bells the mizzen jib-boom split into ribbons and fell over the topgallant gunwale into the sea, still dragging the wire rigging.

"All hands to the flies," yelled the mate, and we slowly filed every bit of the wreckage free—perilous bit of work, as the thunder and lightning was now frequent and the St. Elmo's fire played like sixty on every stay and sheet.

At this moment the two coolies' heads appeared above the main hatch and they began to whisper in a singsong way. "We no like yis! Two muchee bang pigeon! Too muchee all puff-puff and damp!"

"Avast, there—ye lubbers!" sung out the mate, "don't you see that the captain has already all the anxiety and responsibility he can bear? Don't be selfish! Belay, there—belay!"

Their heads disappeared.

We were no scudding southward under a single double-reefed sky-sail on the foremast, and a jury-mast rigged up for a rudder, and even the captain didn't know what would happen next.

At once there came a sudden crash that couldn't be heard because of the shrieking of the typhoon, and we saw that the foremast was split from bow to stern.

"Lay aloft, there, Midshipman Averill," shouted the captain through the speaking trumpet, which he had put over my ear, "and bring down the sky-sail!"

I shinned up the mast and attempted to furl the sail. But I might as well have tried to take in the side of a barn, for the wind blew me flat against the canvas till I looked like a spread eagle on a coat of arms. It was too late, anyhow, for the next moment the mast split in two, the lower part went overboard and the sail itself was blown straight up into the sky, carrying me with it.

Luckily, the wire ropes held, and the sail floated above the dismantled bulk of the Penny-Whistle like a gigantic kite. The likeness to a kite was completed by the upper end of mast, which hung down by a bit of the rigging and formed an excellent tail.

I could see that the captain was taken by surprise, for he sent one of the Manx men down after his spy-glass, and gazed at me for some time. Now and then he consulted with the mate, but they came to no conclusion about what to do.

Matters remained thus for an hour or two, and I was not uncomfortable so long as the wind held. But I did not like to think what would happen when the storm should blow itself out. Meanwhile I slid down to the lower edge of the sail, and sat there on the yard, for the sail was now upside down with the loose edge in the air.

I heard the bells rung for supper, and, being hungry, I set my wits to work to see whether I couldn't get some. Searching my pockets I found a ball of cord, my clasp-knife and a few other knick-knacks, such as a pocket-watch, a burning-glass, a sinker and a gimlet.

Fasting the ginker to the cord, I made a loop around the wire rope that held me to the ship, and lowered the loop down to the deck. To the loop I had tied a fly-leaf from the atlas, and had written on it, "Send me up some supper."

When it reached the deck I saw the captain read it, and then make signs to me to hold on a while. Then he

sent one of the Malays down below, and the other to the cook's galley. They came back soon, and the captain tied some things to the cord and waved to me to haul away.

I drew up the cord and, at the end of it I found a telephone attached to a bit of wire and a note from the captain. It read:

"Remain aloft till further orders. I send you some supper and a telephone. Eat the supper and attach the telephone to the other end of the wire. The thermometer is still falling, and there is no danger that the breeze will fall. If it blows harder you might as well be up there as anywhere else. Yours respectfully, 'ADOLPHUS FITZSTEPHEN, 'Captain, Penny-Whistle.'"

I followed directions. Opening the can of food with my clasp-knife I found it contained excellent mock-turtle soup, and I made a good supper upon it. Then I fastened the telephone to the side of the sail and called down:

"Hello, captain!"

"Hello," the captain answered. "Do you get me all right?"

"All right," said the captain. "Take a look-around and let us know what's in sight."

I looked around. Opening the can of food with my clasp-knife I found it contained excellent mock-turtle soup, and I made a good supper upon it. Then I fastened the telephone to the side of the sail and called down:

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began to think we should not clear the tops of the mountains.

"We've got to lighten ship somehow," says the captain. "Let me see what your atlas says about Formosa."

He studied the book a while, and they said: "It's a barbarous sort of a place on the east side. But I shall have to drop some of the crew there. The cook's complexion will protect him, and the Malays are only half-civilized, anyway. I think I'll have to let them go."

Taking the telephone he called out: "Hello! Lieutenant Van Spitzbergen!"

"Hello," came back.

"Take a file and sever the rope just below the two coolies. I'm going to drop the cook and the Malays to lighten the ship."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the lieutenant, and while the cook and the Malays were busy over the canned goods the lieutenant cut them loose.

The anchor had dropped at the edge of the island, and only the weight of the crew now balanced the sail.

Just as we descended toward a soft and comfortable-looking swamp, the lieutenant, or mate, severed the last wire strand, and the cook and Malays went below. They made a landing,

her cargo, which, indeed, was more valuable than we had lost when the Penny-Whistle struck the whale.

"And," said Mr. Averill, "I have always thought that Captain Fitzstephen was one of the most accomplished navigators I have ever met. But as I see your sister and your mother have returned from their drive I'm going to ask you to excuse me. I shall come back again for your yarn, Sallot Ben."

"There," said the small boy, "don't you think Mr. Averill has had a lot of exciting adventures?"

"Well, I wouldn't put it exactly so," said Ben, "but it's exactly so. I wouldn't put it exactly so."

"Yes, he's all right," said the small boy, laughing.

"Is he a lawyer?" asked Sailor Ben, eyeing the departing figure uneasily.

"No, he writes for the newspapers," said the small boy proudly.

"Ah-h," said Sailor Ben, with a

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Mr. Redmond said that his mission was to show England that she would have to count hereafter upon a United Irish race, backed by the public opinion and the support of 70,000,000 people of the American republic. To-day public opinion in every civilized nation was against England, and one of his objects in going to America was to prove to the English statesmen that the public opinion of the world was upon the side of Ireland, and that the whole public opinion of the American statesmen, and of all

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