THE PEERLESS'S BIG DOG.

And and Owning the Ship for a While.

We were homeward bound aboard one of the smartest chippers—that—ever turned an evanescent furrow on the sapphire farm of Neptuse—She was called the Peerless then, and she was nobly christened, for she could show her coppered heels to any craft of her inches in the India trade. She is still allow under—a less poetic German name, and plies sluggishly between—foreign ports, robbed of the glory of sky and studding sails that helped to drive her through the placid southern ocean on the most memorable day in the log of our voyage. We were homeward bound aboard one of

woyage.
We were bounding along before a ten-knot We were bounding along before a ten-knot breeze, with every attich of canvas on. It was a hot summer day in the year 1861. The upper spars vibrated like the strings of a giant harp under the steady pressure of the bulging sails. Twin waves curled into foamy being under our resistless prow, and rushed with caressing turbulence along our counter. There was little to do aloft for the causes but there was bustle below, for a following the property of a counter. There was little to do aloft for the sailors, but there was hustle below, for a following breeze makes lots of work—not of a kind that Jack usually appreciates. A little trimming and bracing here and there kept the ship in fine shape for her work. Four or tive men were busy on the deck, trying to make them more immaculate—a pretty hard job on the peerless—with holystone. Others were tarring the rigging, polishing the brass work, and brauding rope yarn. Capt. Homans himself was at the wheel, and familiar as he was with familiar as he was with

THE VISION OF HIS SHIP

with all her fairweather duds on, he could not help casting an admiring eye aloft now and then. About ten feet from the skipper, crouching on the deck, was his big Newfoundland dog, Boatswain, the pet of the ship's crew and the idol of her commander. Boatswain was a soft-cyed, intelligent creature, pure blooded and superbly formed. He had made half a dozen voyages in the Peerless, and could pull on a halyard and help to tend sheet like a sailormain. He was more like a shipmate than a dog te us. He had distinguished himself while in port and got his name in the newspapers, by rescuing with all her fairweather duds on, he could got his name in the newspapers, by rescuing two drunken men who had tumbled over-board. This was the limit of his achieve-

ments as a hero.

While the skipper was looking up at the trembling sun-kissed towers of duck a change came over Boatswam's face. His head was pillowed between his extended foreignwa and he was panting, and had been panting for an hour or so, from the excessive heat. His eyes, usually gentle, became unpaturally brig'it, and he sprang to his feet and ran unsteadily forward. The Captain, who had noted the dog's changed aspect, called the mate on the wheel and went after his shaggy protege.

protege.
"Boats'n' Boats'n' called the skipper,
caxingly. "Come here, good fellow—
come here!" But Boatswain ignored his come here!" But Boatswain ignored his master's invitation, and charged a sailor who was holystoning forward. There must have been something particularly fericions in the Newfoundland's appearance to cause the sailor's face to blauch and drive him on a report to the forest game. The skinner got the sailor's face to blanch and drive him on a run into the forengging. The skipper got a front view of Boatswain a moment later. The animal was frothing at the month. He rushed with a low growl at his master, who turned and made for the port rail, along which he ran to the main rigging, climbing into it just as the dog's teeth met, with the clack of castanets, in the air not two inches from the battom of his trousers. By this time every man time every man

HAD ARANDONED WORK

mi ellow of the examples the Captain. The samples the examples the Captain. The samples were sach of the mad brute.

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the thousand

into the galley, slamming the door just in time to shut out the dog, whose bodystruck the lower panel with a thud that made the cook shiver some more for his salvation.

Two sailors made a dash for the cabin to get the shotgan when Boatswain went for the cook; but the cunning Newfoundland intercepted them and drove them back in the rigging. The mate made himself as small as possible behind the wheel, but the mad as possible behind the wheel, but the mad brute spied him and made a plunge at him. The mate knew that if he descreed the wheel the ship probably would broach to immediately, and may be becomen partial wreek; he also knew that if Boatawain bit him ne would be a descreed may be didn't take

challey, and may be becomed partial witers, he also knew that if Boatswain bit him ne would be a doomed man. It didn't take him long to make up his mind what to do. He sprang to the rail and jumped into the mizzen rigging, and Boatswain geals and Boatswain health and the mizzen rigging. The gun of a privateer which we were not altogether sure of avoiding could not have created such a panic aboard our ship. The dog rushed from rail to sail, aft, and made wild leaps up to ward the rigging in vain attempts to get at the frightend men. How long the dear old ship was without a helmsman the Cap'ain and the supercargo were never able to tell. It may supercargo were never able to tell. It may have been three minutes, and it may have been ten; but Capt. Holmes said he believed it was about half an hour. Not once during this critical time did she threaten to broach to. She held her course noble as if guidal this critical time did she threaten to broach to. She held her course nobly, as if guided by a phantom steersman. The dog seemed to weary of his efforts to reach human flesh, and hegan running to and fro before the cabin. The skipper suggested to one of the sailors, who had ventured down on deck forward, to brain Boatswain with a capstan par. The sailor did not accept the suggestion with enthusiassn. The captain looked fearfully sloft, expecting momentarily to see the ship's thusiasin. The exptain looked tearfully slott, expecting momentarily to see the ship's sails set aback and hear a crashing of spars.

"For God's sake' Henderson," lie shouted to a man forward, "make a diversion there

and get that deg away from the cabin.

The sailor mounted the topgallant fore castle and began laying about him with a rope and yelling. The dog pricked up its cars, located the hubbub, and bounded forward. Henderson clambered out on the ward. Henderson clambered ont on the howsprit, and Capt. Homans and Mr. Smith, the supercargo, leaped to the deek and dashed down into the cabin. The dog seemed to realize that he had been tricked when he got well formed and and account to realize that he had been tricked when he got well formed and account to be a seemed and account to the seemed account to the seemed and account to the seemed and account to the seemed a ize that he had been tricked when he got well forward and saw nobody to bite. He wheeled around and ran aft just as Capt. Homans emerged from the cabin with a double-barrelled shotgun, followed by young Mr. Smith with a revolver. They were less than five feet from the cabin door when Boatswain confronted them. He sprang on his hind legs to but the larrels of the threatening gun. Three reports, almost simultaneous, rang out, and Boatswain fell on the deck with his breast torn away. A gentle fluttering of canvas in-

wain fell on the deck with his breast torn away. A gentle fintering of canvas increased the Capiain's pallor. He dropped his gun and turned toward the wheel. The mate was there, and he had, by less than half a turn, stilled the tremor of the sails and set the Peerless on her proper conract As we dropped the carcass of Boatswain overboard every manfelt as if he were burying a shipmate. Our skipper was not himself until weeks afterward. He was very fond of dogs, but he nev r hadanother on the Peerless. "A dog and a woman," he was wont to say, "have no business alsoard ship." Lient. Smith endorses this sentiment.

A Brave Woman.

It would be hard to cite a nobler story than that of the career of Marie Therese, the French Sister of Mercy who has received the Cross of the Legion of Honor at the hands of the Governor of Tonquin. This devoted woman was only 20 years of age when she received her first wound in the trenches of Italaclava. She was wounded again at the egally-hattle of Magenta. Later, with undaunted energy and courage, she pursued her chosen mission under her country's flag in Syria. The Worth she was carried away suffering from the country and the was carried away suffering from the country and the was carried away suffering from the country and the was carried away suffering from the country and the was carried away suffering from the country and the was again performing her duties. I have seed she was again performing her duties, and the patients' lives were say with the seized and ran with it for a hundred who we turn go the missile. The French unusual scene of the oscilled out to witness the point of the arregnon fore the bestowal of this honor the of the arregnon fore, we ented arms to the hard. us of the ecchool tortheneured sims to the paid-12

STORIES ABOUT THIEVES.

Three Instances of Combined Ingentity and Coolness.

It has not been many years since a well-known jurist chanced to ask a friend the time of day as he entered the temple of justice, remarking at the same time that he had forgotten his watch at home. At the conclusion of his day's duties he returned phome, and when he asked his wife for his throughout the hear that she had given it to a young man who had come for it, representing that the jurist had sent him. The young man was a thief. He had heard the Judge remark that he had forgotten his watch. Without a moment's delay the cunning rogue ran to the Judge's home and told the good lady of the house that her husband had sent him for the watch. It was aclever story, plausibly told, and it won the watch.

The proprietor of a large jewelry house in Cincinnati can scarcely have forgotten his experience with an expert knave. It was along toward noon one very hot day in the summer of 1875 when a ministerial appearing tered the store. He leisurely walked to the showcase and asked to see some diamond studs. After some hesitations.

tered the store. He leisurely walked to the showcase and asked to see some diamond studs. After some hesitation he bought a small stone, for which paid \$35. He then wished to look at some rings—thought of making his wife a present. As he followed the clerk to the showcase containing the diamond rings he began to cat an apple. Several valuable genis were looked at with disatisfaction. One valued at \$500 pleased him, but was not just what he wanted. At length he saw one he thought was just the thing. As the clerk reached to get it the parson-like customer pressed the \$500 ring deep into the apple he was eating and cleverly

TOSSED IT OUT OF THE DOOR

The clerk didn't notice the move, but a fellow who was standing on the outside did, and hastily picked up the apple and departed. The diamond purchaser decided not to get his wife a present till another day. He was on the roint of leaving when the clerk min

his wife a present till another day. He was on the point of leaving, when the clerk missed the ring.

"Wait a minute, please," called the clerk, who was nervously looking over the tray.

"I cannot find that large diamond ring you were looking at."

were looking at."
The sanctimonious gentleman in black at The sanctimonious gentleman in black at once returned and remarked that the clerk must be mistaken. The search continued, but it was fruitless. The proprietor was called, and in a very austere and blunt way insinuated that it might be found in the folds of the ring-buyer's carments.

insinuated that it might to found in the folds of the ring-buyer's garments.
"I am the Rev. Dr. G.—n." said the customer, in tones of excited wrath, naming a dergyman who lived in a village about thirty miles distant, "and I'll give you to understand that I did not come here to be inspected."

Well, the proprietor became angry Well, the proprietor taxaming the alleged clergy-called a policeman, and the alleged clergy-man was removed to a lack room, protest-man was removed to a lack room. A short called a policeman, and the alleged clergy-man was removed to a lack room, protesting indignantly at the treatment. A short consultation was held, and a telegram was sent to the address given by the prisoner, making inquiry as to his character and wherealouts. The reply was slow in coming, and it was decided to search the prisoner. He was forced to strip, and every fold and crease inhis clothes was searched. It is needless to say the ring was not found. The telegram to the village, thirty miles away, came, saying that the Rev. Dr. G—n was one of the most reliable men in the town, and that he ing that the Nev. Dr. 6—n was one of the most reliable men in the town, and that he was visiting friends in Cincinnati. Up to this time the proprietor had been of the opinion that the customer was

A PIOUS PP UP.

but the telegram changed his He wanted to make amends right away. The parson talked heavy damages and law, but was at length southed to silence by four crisp each built. was at length soothed to shence by four crisp \$100 bills. In some way the story of the minister's insult leaked out. His friends heard it and asked him about it. In the end he called at the jewelery store to see about it, and the proprietor was not a little amazed to find he had been duped. Detectives ed to and ne had been supposed. Presents were at once put on the case, and in a few days arrested the logus elergyman and, his confederate trying to pawn the ring. They were the notorious "Frenchy" La Mountain

A night watchman who was employed to this comic aketch of yours.

A night watchman who was employed to this comic aketch of yours.

Artist—Action I Why, great Scott I it has proceed a jewelry store in Denver against the more deround to like or len papers already I more deround to like or len papers already I

the notorious Billy Forrester some years before his death. The firm carried an immense stock of gems, and kept them in a large old-fashioned safe. Forrester had, by long years experience, become so familiar with saics of that pattern that he could tell when to reverse and when to turn the knob forward, by placing his car close to the deer above the combination, and in this way could open the safe in a short time. By taking a wax impression of the keyhole he made a key for the front door. Having previously located the safe in the store, he was now ready to begin. It was a the notorious Billy Forrester some years by begin. It was a

begin. It was a cold, snowy, stonmy mour, about 10 o'clock and Forcester walked up to the store with an air of ownership and unlocked the door. He carried a small sample case in his hand. Going in, he turned up the gas in the rear of the store and then shook down the stove. He leisurely worked the echbination to the safe, and in less than half an hour he had before him thousands or dollars worth of costly jewels and watches. dollars worth of costly jowels and watches At this very interesting point the night

watchman came in.
"Good evening." said the cordial burglar,
as he continued to remove valuables from the

safe to his sample case.
"Come back to the fire and warm your-

"Come back to the fire and warm yourself; it is very cold out to-night."

The patroln allowed that it was, and
sauntered back to the stove.

"I'm packing up my samples," went on
the thief, suavely. "Going out on the road
in the morning, and thought I would get
ready to-night. There! isn't that a beauty!"
he asked, holding out an elegant Jurgensen
for the watchman to examine.

In this way Forrester packed over \$9,000

for the watchman to examine.

In this way Forrester packed over \$9,000 worth of gems and watches into his sample case, chatting cheerfully with the night watchman all the while.

As he was about to close his sample case he stopped suddenly as if at such with a harm

As he was about to close his sample case he stopped suddenly as if struck with a happy thought, and then picked up a very pretty ring. Turning to the watchman he asked him if he had a wite. The watchman had, and with a carcless laugh Forrester tossed him the ring, saying: "Give her that, and him the ring, saying:

and with a carcless laugh Forester toscular him the ring, saying: "Give her that, and tell her it is a mark of appreciation for the faithful services rendered by her husband."

The brilliant guardian of other people's property was delighted, and was unusually wide awake all the rest of the night. It was not until the next morning that he became aware of the hoax that had been practised upon him. Forester by that time was well out of the way, and his connection with the robbery was not discovered till a few well out of the way, and his connection with the robbery was not discovered till a few days before his death, when he confessed it.

It Was Fixed for John.

It Was Fixed for John.

"My husband doesn't chew any more tobacco," said a newly married woman to a party of friends, "or at least he doesn't where I can see him."

"How did you stop him?" they all asked.

"The morning after we were married," began the lady, "and he and I were sitting on the front parch, I noticed he was ill at case, and finally I saked him what was the matter with him."

"My darling," he said, taking my hands, "there is something I should have told you before we were married."

"What is it?" I gasped, as the vision of another woman swept over me.

another woman swept over me.
"Love," he answered, "Lam an inveterate tobacco-chewer. Can you, will

veterate tobacco-chewer. Can you, will you, forgive me?"

"As he finished, I slipped my hands from his and, drawing out a box of snuff and a brush, I said:

"Oh, John, I am so glad you spoke of it, for I'm nearly craxy for a dip."

"His face was a picture, I can tell you, and in less than three minutes we had entered into a solemn compact to forever abstain from the weed."

"And did you really use snuff before

"And did you really use snuff before you were married?" asked one of the ladies "No," answered the wife, "but I was fixed for John.

Almost a Hint.

He—Give me a kiss?
She—You should be ashamed of yourself Ashamed of what? Of asking for a kiss when you have such a ance to take one.

It Went Further.

Editor-There un't sufficient action to