

Adventures of a Sailor Lad.

My father owned the brig Penshaw, which was a tidy craft of 200 tons burden, sailing out of Australian and New Zealand ports. During the year when I was fifteen years old the brig was voyaging between Sydney and Wellington, a stretch of water about 1,200 miles wide. One night, as we had entered the straits, beating our way slowly up against a head wind, we came in collision with a coasting schooner running out. She had no lights set, and, as was afterward shown, all her crew, Captain included, were half drunk, and did not see ours. I was on look out and saw the schooner first, but as we were close on the wind and she close at hand we could do nothing. She struck us on the starboard bow with a great crash. Our foremast went by the board, the schooner's bowsprit was twisted off, and the two craft bumped and crashed for three or four minutes and then separated.

In such emergencies men act on impulse and cannot always clearly remember what occurs. In this case I climbed aboard the schooner, thinking she was the least injured, and it appeared that every one of her crew tumbled on to the decks of the brig for the same reason. It was some minutes after the craft separated before I discovered that I was alone. The schooner was then in the trough of the sea and rolling about at a great rate. I first went forward and used an axe and my knife to

CUT AWAY THE JIBBOOM,

bowsprit, and foretopmast, which were floating alongside. The mainboom of the foresail had been broken, and I dropped this sail. The foresail was all right, but I dropped the peak. The staysail and two jibs were gone. I now got the schooner dead before the wind, and she ran off at a great pace.

I now began to wonder how badly she had been damaged. I had seen that her bulwarks for a distance of fifteen feet on the starboard bow had been stove in, but as to the hull itself I could not say. I should have laid her head to the sea and wind but for her damages. Young as I was, I was born at sea, and a pretty fair sailor, and I knew I could not set a storm sail in the foretipping nor hold her up without it. I could not leave the wheel without fear of her broaching to, and so, for the first hour, I stood there expecting she would fill and founder. As she continued buoyant, and I failed to hear the swash of water below decks, I finally came to the conclusion that she had received no great injury. Such proved to be the case. Her stem and some of the planks were broken above the water line, and the bulwarks had been torn away as the bowsprit was wrenched out, but her crew had no call to leave her.

The accident occurred about 10 o'clock. The wind was then blowing a lively rate, but by midnight there was half a gale and a heavy sea. There was foresail enough to lift and send her, and I don't remember that I was anything more than anxious over the outcome. I was being blown to the east, right out into the South Pacific, but at that season of the year the gales were likely to be of short continuance. This one reached its height at midnight, and

WHEN DAYMIGHT CAME

the sea had very much decreased, and the schooner could not have made over ten miles an hour running with all sail set. After I could see the length of her I brought her head on, and by lashing the foresail boom amidship and dropping the peak a little more I found she would hold there with the wheel lashed a-port. This done I went aloft for a look around, but could see nothing. Returning to the deck I got out the union jack and set it in the main rigging as a signal of distress, and then inspected damages. The little craft was as dry as a bone, though her bows above water were a complete wreck. There was little or nothing I could do to mend matters, and so I turned to and prepared breakfast. By the time that was eaten, the wind had dropped to a three-knot breeze, while the sky promised good weather for the next day or two.

When I came to inspect the cargo I found it to consist mostly of lumber. This was to have been taken up the coast to the site of a new town. There was also some hardware, provisions, machinery, and dry goods. The lumber in the vessel would float her no matter if the hold was full of water, and I need have no fears on the question of food and drink. When I came to look for a chart I could find nothing—not even a coast survey chart. The Captain had seemed to trust entirely to memory or luck in making his voyages up and down. I had looked over father's charts many a time, but in such a cursory way that I could not now remember what land lay to the east of me. I remem-

bered that the nearest coast was that of South America, but that was thousands of miles away, and I concluded that my chance lay in being picked up by some vessel. After dinner I lay down and slept for several hours, and on awakening went aloft for a look around. Nothing but sky and water were in sight. I had been driving to the west all day at the rate of about three knots an hour, and when I came to figure up the probable run of the night before I estimated that I was a hundred miles off the coast. The breeze still held from the same quarter, and freshened somewhat as night came on.

I REMAINED AWAKE

until about 10 o'clock, and then bunked down on deck, and was so little disturbed that I slept right through the night, and awoke at 6 o'clock next morning to be treated to a tremendous surprise. The schooner was high and dry on a sandy shore, and before me was a beautiful green forest. She had taken ground so softly that I had not been disturbed.

I was ashore on the Chatham Islands, a group of fourteen verdant islands to the east of New Zealand, and the only break in the wide waters stretching to the coast of Patagonia. I had struck one of the larger ones, called "Catharine," and I was no sooner on my feet than there was such a chattering of birds as almost deafened me. These islands were not then inhabited, and have such a sparse population now that the number is not recorded on the charts. Land being so plenty and cheap on the Island of New Zealand itself, and there being so many fertile islands along its coast, no set of people care to isolate themselves by taking up a residence on the Chathams. I got down over the bows and reached the beach dry-shod, and after three hours of walking about I found that I had come ashore on an island about three miles in length and breadth, it being nearly square. It was covered with the verdure of the tropics, and, while the trees seemed to be full of birds, I saw neither serpents nor wild animals.

The schooner lay exposed to the westerly gales and seas, and it would only be a question of a week or two when she would break up or be buried in the sands. It therefore stood me in hand to get all out of her that I could before this disaster took place. I began right after dinner, and it would surprise you to know how much I accomplished in the next four days. By use of the capstan, winch, and a block and pulley in the main rigging I got out twenty-one barrels of flour, eight of meal, and besides this I got ashore all the sails, cabin furniture, cooking utensils, &c. There were axes, shovels, picks, hose, rakes, garden seeds, carpenters' tools, and a host of other things, which could be handled, and I got out enough boards to make me a cabin and floor it. On the evening of the 5th day a strong wind came up from the west, accompanied by a very high tide, and instead of the schooner breaking up she floated and a current pulled her off, and she drifted down the coast about a mile. She then struck on a sunken ledge, turned over, and the seas broke her up.

There was no prominent point on the island where I could set a signal. I therefore contented myself with keeping a look-out to the west. Twice during the first two weeks I saw ships afar off by the aid of the glass. Then

SIX WEEKS PASSED

without my sighting anything. Meanwhile I had erected my house back about forty feet from the shore, got all the goods under cover, and was more satisfied with my lot than some men would have been. I had no way of knowing whether father's brig went down in the collision or not, but was satisfied that if he escaped with his life he would make search for me.

I had been on the island three months when I one day made a wonderful discovery. I was on the south shore, where the forest was more open and the soil composed of sand and shell, and I stopped for a moment under the shade of a tree. As I did so a small animal, only about half as large as a hare, ran past my feet and into its burrow, only a yard away. As I followed it with my eye I saw something glitter in the fresh dirt thrown out, and I picked it up to find that it was an English sovereign. Raking over the dirt with my fingers, I soon found four others, together with some small pieces or mouldy canvas. I at once jumped to the conclusion that there must be a store of treasure below, and I ran for a shovel. It was easy digging there, and I had not gone down over two feet before I was throwing out more money than dirt.

The treasure had been contained entirely in canvas bags. These had been stout enough at the outset, but the dampness of the earth had finally rotted them. I could not lift a single one of the bags out by itself

on this account, but brought down a piece of sail cloth and spread it on the ground and then piled the treasure on it as I freed it from the dirt. There had been twelve bags of money, every piece of gold I knew the value only of English currency. There were pieces I knew to have been coined in India, Spain, France, Holland, and the United States, and I gave a guess at the value by the weight alone. I found the treasure about 8 o'clock in the morning, and it was after noon before I had

ALL THE MONEY

on the sail-cloth. I was a stout, healthy boy, but I could not have lifted a tenth part of the total weight. I doubt if a stout man could have dragged it a foot.

The first thought was to get the money to my house—a mile away. I got a stout sack, and planned to carry the pile away in such loads as I could lift, but then I began to argue that as I was the only person on the island, the money was as safe where it was as it would be in my house. I therefore filled my pockets with the larger pieces as specimens, and contented myself with spreading a piece of canvas over the heap and throwing on some branches. I was not greatly rattled over the big find, although I knew there must be tens of thousands of dollars there. I was simply a little more anxious to sight a sail, and for the next week I did nothing but patrol up and down the shores and look seaward. I visited the money every morning and evening, and now and then pawed the heap over and carried away such coins as I desired to more closely inspect.

It was, I believe, on the morning of the thirteenth day after finding the money that I walked down to the water for my morning dip to see a whaling bark hove too about a mile away and one of her boats pulling in. It was the English whaling craft *Girampus*, and father had met her Captain in a New Zealand port and asked him to call at the islands as he bore away and.

LOOK FOR TRACES OF ME.

When it was found that I was alive and well the Captain came ashore. He would not promise to carry me to New Zealand under six months, as he was bound to the Banks of Brazil, but he listed all my property off at a fair value and put it to my credit. When everything had been taken aboard I showed him my pocket pieces and told him of my find. What I had brought up to the house counted up nearly £200 English money. I started with him for the spot where the treasure was lying accompanied by three of his men, and we reached it to find that everything had disappeared. There was the hole I had dug—here were the withered branches which had covered the heap—there the tracks of men leading down to the water's edge. I had been there at sundown the night before. During the night a party had landed and removed the last stiver of money. From whence they came, in what craft, how they knew the treasure was there, which way they sailed, all these were queries which all could put but no one answer. A day after leaving the island the bark encountered a British gunboat, and we told her Captain the story. He cruised in search of the mysterious craft for several days, but did not sight her, and all official inquiry made by the New Zealand Government failed to trace anything further.

Swallowed His Cigarette.

Dr. Lapeyre mentions in a Paris medical journal a remarkable case in which an elderly gentleman, in consequence of a sudden slap on the back, unconsciously drew the cigarette he was smoking into his right bronchus, where it remained without causing any symptoms or in any way revealing its presence for nearly two months, when it set up pneumonia in a circumscribed area and produced cardiac weakness. After this condition lasted without much change for about two months more the patient expelled, during a violent fit of coughing, the cigarette, enveloped in mucus and waxy looking matter, and then remembered that he had never found his cigarette after the slap on the back four months before. The pneumonia persisted for two or three months after the expulsion of the foreign body.

The worst of all knives are those who can mimic their former honesty. —[Lavater.]

During the month of December last the sun did not shine in London, one day. During the entire year 1890, out of a possible 4435 hours, when the sun should or might have been visible, it, as a fact, was visible only 1092 hours and these were mainly in the afternoon.

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Extracts from a few of the many satisfactory letters received from our patients.

MRS. A. ST. JOHN, of Sunderland, Ont., says: "I was spitting blood, had a bad cough with great expectation, could hardly walk about the house without fainting, shortness of breath, high fever, great loss of flesh, had been ill for some months, I applied to Drs. R. & J. Hunter and was cured."

MR. SAMUEL HIGGINS, of Oak Ridge, Ont., says: "I was a victim of Asthma for 13 years, and had tried in vain to find relief. Hearing of Dr. R. & J. Hunter's treatment by inhalation, I applied to them; their treatment worked wonders. I can now breathe with ease, sleep without cough or oppression, and am entirely cured."

MR. & MRS. W. R. BISHOP, of Sherwood, Ont., say: "Our daughter had Catarrh for 8 years. We took her to Colorado without benefit, her disease extended to the lungs. We finally consulted Drs. R. & J. Hunter; after using their treatment of inhalation for one month she began to improve. She is now cured. We heartily recommend this treatment to all those afflicted with this disease."

Please mention this paper.

Business Tact

Mrs. Slimpurse—"I've done my best to get along, but it seems to me the most boarders I have, the less money I make."

Mrs. Fatpurse—"No wonder. You've got y'r house filled up with old maids and old bachelors. I make lots of money keeping boarders, and so might you if you had any business in you."

"I don't see how you manage."

"Well, I don't do it by having old maids and old bachelors to eat me out of house and home. No indeed. I take only nice young men and pretty girls, and they all fall in love with each other, and don't eat more'n canary birds."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.