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W. C. MILNER, Proprietor.

#### LITERATURE

##### THE CAPTAIN'S TALE.

"One day in March, 1869, while we were layin' in port off Banbury, in Western Australia, I was ashore, and I saw a nice looking fellow eyein' me pretty sharp. He was at work on a diggin'." "What was he diggin' for?" "Are you the mate of that whaler?"

"Yes," says I.  
"Then says he: 'Has the priest said anything to you about me?'"  
"No," says I.  
"Well, he's going to," says he, and he passed on quick.

"The priest followed right along, and asked me if I'd ever seen that young man before."

"Never to my knowledge," says I.  
"Then he told me he was— a Persian prisoner; that he had been confined in the 'Mormon' prison, in England, for seven months, and then sent to Australia for life; that he'd been there for 'seven months,' and wanted to get off. And the upshot of it was that the priest offered me five hundred dollars to get him off."

"I best all have everybody on board took to that fellow—he was so pleasant, and such a handsome young chap."

"Well, come August, and we had to put into Rodrigues for water. It was that or die of thirst. That's not far from Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean."

"By this time news of — a escape had got ahead of us, and was known all over. It was just before sunset when a boat from shore came alongside, and her officer boarded us."

"— was standing just as near to me as I could go, when the officer up and says to me: 'Have you got a man aboard by the name of —?'"

"I kind of thought a minute—it seemed if 'was about an hour—and then I said: 'No, says I, very quiet; we did have a fellow aboard by the name of —, but he died two months ago at —."

"He looked at me a minute; then says he: 'Well, you've got some ticket-of-leave men aboard, haven't you?'"

"I was mighty glad he asked me, that, for I thought it would take up his attention and give me a little time to think."

"I can't say to that," says I.  
"Well," says he, "call your men up forward and we'll soon find out."

"No," says I, "I don't want 'em to do with that kind of business. You can look yourselves if you like."

"So he and his gang forward and hauled out the stowaways, and put them aboard their boat and pulled ashore appearin' to be satisfied."

"As soon as they were gone, half crazy, says to me: 'My God, it's all up with me! What can I do? They'll come back for me, but I'll never be taken alive!'"

"I knew he meant what he said, for the priest had told me he'd try to commit suicide, and if he couldn't escape, had determined to kill himself. I calmed him down; told him to go below and keep out of sight, and I'd try to think up something; but, says I, 'You shan't be taken as long as I can stand by you.'"

"I knew very well that as soon as they got ashore those ticket-of-leave men would blow on him, and I really did not know what to do. Things looked black."

"By this time it got to be dark, and sat down by myself to think. Then I remembered a kind of locker under the stairs, where the steward kept the dishes he wasn't usin'. It was shut by pushing a bar into the lock over it. Then I went to — and told him to go and find a little griddle there was on the ship, while I kept the mer busy forward. When I come back I'd stop a spell and talk with the steward; when he heard me talkin' he must have seen the griddle and his hat overboard, gave a shriek, and then run and stow himself in the locker."

"When I came along back I stopped and says to the steward: 'I don't know what will happen when those fellows come aboard to-morrow morning. They will never be taken alive. He'll kill me or he'll kill himself; he threatened to do it in Australia.'"

"Just then we heard a great splash and a scream. 'What's that?' says I.  
"It's —," says the steward, "he's thrown himself overboard."

"Everybody heard it. The capt. was off that day. I rushed aft, told the other officers and ordered out the boats. The men felt terribly. Every one of 'em was fond of him. We got our four boats and swept that harbor for hours. I was the last boat in. When I got aboard I found the second mate leavin' over the ship's side, crying bitterly."

"—, gone, poor fellow! There's his hat," says he; "the men have just picked it up. We never shall see him. There wasn't a wink of sleep on board that night. The next morning I put the flag at half mast. Everybody was solemn as death. — a wet hat lay on the hatch. They all thought he was dead."

"The captain came off to see what was the matter. I told him the story—how we heard the splash, got out the boats and picked up —'s hat. Right in the midst of it the officers from Rodrigues came aboard to claim their man. We told 'em the story and showed 'em the wet hat. They never offered to search the vessel. They seen how had the men felt; and they believed it all and pulled off."

"Late that afternoon we got our water all aboard and bore away to sea. I waited till we were almost out of sight of land; then I says to the captain: 'I guess I'll go below and get a cigar. I want, and haul the step away; and there was — all in a heap. I can see that fellow's face right before me now, white as chalk, eyes as black as night. He looked like a wild man.'"

"What now?" says he, "trembling all over."

"Come out of that," says I.  
"What do you mean?" says he.  
"Don't stop to ask questions, man," says I. "Get out of that and come up; you're safe for this time. Land is almost out of sight."

"He crawled out, and we went on deck together. 'Now,' says I, 'go shake hands with the captain.'"

"I went to the side of the ship and stood there smokin', and pretending, to be scanin' the horizon. I see the captain give one look at —; a kind of scared look. He thought it was his ghost. Then he wrung —'s hand and burst out cryin' just like a baby. Present soon he looked at me. I never said a word. 'Did that fellow have anything to do with it?' says he."

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WHOLE NO. 635.

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mile. The working cost of building the canal was about \$48,500,000. The rest was devoted to paying out special expenses in connection with pushing the project through.

ASSAILABLE POINTS.

The points of danger on the canal are those where the banks are high—that is, at El Guise, Serapeum, and Chabour. Attack by water is simply out of the question, as the Egyptians of course could do nothing on the Mediterranean side, where the fleets of Europe are assembled in force, and in all probability nothing on the Red Sea side, where, if the Egyptians should be able to produce anything that looked like a ship to make an attack, the canal company could make a very good defense. The only manner in which the canal could be attacked would be by a land force, and even a land force would find it a very difficult matter to approach it if properly defended.

Assuming that it was successfully attacked and fell into the hands of the Egyptians, the damage that could be done to it would, of course, be considerable but not irreparable. The banks of the canal, except at a few points, are not stoned. It consists merely of a channel dug through the sand and kept clear by dredging, when required, though no great amount of this work is necessary as the canal shifts and fills in less than might be expected. The mounds most naturally adapted to do the work of the canal would be to approach it if properly defended.

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necessary to defend the canal could be transported by ship, but otherwise, in the event of the canal from Zagazig being cut, it would be necessary to abandon the canal to the mercy of Arabi and his army. Therefore the whole situation appears to be the town of Zagazig and the country between it and Ismailia, and in order to successfully protect and operate the Suez Canal it is necessary to occupy Zagazig with a force capable of defending that point from the surrounding country from attack. Therefore the Suez Canal cannot be successfully defended by gunboats. It will be necessary to land a sufficient force to penetrate into the country as far as Zagazig and holding Arabi and his army at bay, and no snake to him before he can reach that point.

A Botherome Bon-Constructor.

"Did you ever carry any really dangerous animal on board your ship?" "Well," said he, "once, when I was in Para, I bought a snake, a boa-constrictor, seventeen feet long. I got him of four Indians, who caught him some twenty-five or thirty miles up the river. They brought him into town in a strong covered crate, or basket, which they carried on two poles. When I brought him I had him carried into my old consigne's yard, and I got a stout packing box, and had it all double nailed, and holes bored in it to give him air. Then the Indians put the snake in the box, and we nailed him up tight, leaving him in a snug corner for the night."

"The next morning, I went around early to the market to buy something for my snake to eat. I got a couple of little animals, some birds and other things, and I put them around to my consigne's house. I found that the old gentleman hadn't turned out of his hammock yet; but he soon got up, and went with me into the yard. When we got there, we saw the packing box all barred open, the boards lying around loose, and no snake to be seen. We looked about, but could see nothing of him. I was amazed enough, to be sure, and the old gentleman felt quite uneasy at the thought of such a creature wandering about his place."

"Those Indians," he said, "look for him; he said, 'We Indians can look for him, and we will find him.'"

"The Indians came and they soon found him. You can't imagine where he had hidden himself. There was a pile of earthen drain pipes in a corner of the yard, behind some bushes, and he had crawled out of these short pipes, and then turned and crawled into the one next to it, and then into the next one, and so on, in and out, until he had put himself into five or six of the pipes. He had probably seen through the holes in his box, and one of my old consigne's chickens, and, being made perfectly ravenous by the sight, had broken out. Then, having made a meal on one or two of them, he had crawled into the pipes."

"The Indians were not long in capturing him. Fortunately, his head was out of one of the pipes, and one of the Indians, taking a long pole with a fork at the end, elbowed on a high fence near by, and soon pinned Mr. Snake's head to the ground, leaning on the pole with all his weight. Then the other Indians straightened out the drain-pipes in which he was, and began to draw them off him, pulling them down towards his tail, and first exposing the portion of his body nearest his head. Then they bound him again, about eighteen inches further down. Slowly drawing down the pipes, they tied him again to the pole, about eighteen inches below, and so on, until he was fastened firmly to the pole. Thus he was held secure until the box was nailed up again, and I had sent for a blacksmith to put iron bands around it, so that it should be strong enough to hold any snake. Then the creature was taken to his quarters, and put in a hole in the top of the Captain's house. Then another band was put, and the snake pushed farther in. Then, one after another, every fastening was cut, and the snake pushed gradually into the box, until, his head being loosened and clapped in a board, he was fastened over the hole, and he was snug and tight and ready for his voyage."

"Did you have any trouble with him when you were taking him to the North?" I asked.

"But just then the super-bell rang, and the Captain arose to his feet. It was of no use to expect Captain John to go on with a story when supper was ready.—From 'The Mysterious Barrel,' by Paul Fort, in St. Nicholas for August.

A Card.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America, and is sold by the Rev. J. W. T. Linn, Station D, New York City.

"What's in a Name?"

W. T. Baird's Care-A-Liniment, a powerful and penetrating, superior to any other liniment or pain killer, at Meats, Knapp Bros., and Jas. R. Ayer's.

A Doctor's fees—Can you call them ill-gotten gains?

Garibaldi's Courtship.

"The Personal History of Garibaldi," told in an interesting way by Mrs. Bianchi, is a timely feature of the Midsummer Holiday number of The Century, and is accompanied by a striking portrait of the Italian patriot. His romantic courtship is described as follows:

Disappointed in his hopes of accomplishing great things for liberty in South America, saddened by the death and imprisonment of his companions, and weary with his personal sufferings, Garibaldi was standing one day on the deck of his ship, when among the women who came to the shore for water, one suddenly attracted his notice. "I gave orders," says he, "to be put on shore, and I approached the house pointed out to me as her dwelling, with a beating heart, with that determined will which never fails to command success. A man" (he husband) "invited me to enter. I should have done so without his invitation. I had seen him previously. 'Thou must be mine by a bond which only death can dissolve.' I had found that forbidden, indeed, but of what value? If there was blame it was wholly mine. And blame there was! Two souls were indissolubly bound together and the heart of an innocent man was broken! But she is dead. He is avenged—avenged indeed! And I acknowledged my sin on that day when, striving to detain her with me, I felt her feeble pulse, and sought to catch her feeble breathing; but I pressed the hand and kissed the lips of the dead, and wept the tears of despair."

From this peculiar description of his courtship, it is not difficult to see that the man who was called upon to proceed in such summary fashion, it may be inferred that Garibaldi's way of love was very similar to his way of warfare.

"He took Anita Rivas," says Ricciardi, "in pretty much the same manner that he did Palermo, and he took her in the same way. He was expected from such a commencement, to the end of poor Anita's life she was faithful to her hero. She bore him three children: Menotti, born in 1840; Teresita, in 1845; and Ricciotti, in 1847."

Iowa for Prohibition.

(New York Tribune.)

The friends of Temperance have won a signal victory in Iowa. That State has committed itself by a