

VERY DEADLY CRESSIE

WHEN THE MALAY RAN AMUCK RESULTS WERE FATAL.

In Ten Minutes During the Performance Five Men Were Killed and two Very Badly Injured—The Encounter as Described by an Eyewitness.

'In four voyages to the East Indies, two of them to Malay ports, I have seen but one instance of that native performance called running amuck. Fortunately I saw it from a position of perfect safety, but the sight was enough to make me steer clear of all Malays afterward, and any vessel that has them on board,' said Erlix Deering, who as boy and man sailed many seas in deep-water ships. 'It was in 1865, when I was a boy, on my first voyage on the ship Harry Warren, which sailed from Boston to India with a cargo of ice. We were lying at anchor in the roads of Madras, unloading our middle-deck cargo into lighters, and a hundred vessels of all nations were anchored about us, discharging or taking on board their cargoes. The ship nearest us, about two cable lengths away, was the British ship Manratta, which had come from Singapore in ballast with a crew of Malay Lascars. It was one day at noon that, as our crew lay round under the awning in the forecastle waiting for the order to turn to, one of the sailors sitting on the capstan rung out:

'Hi, mates! Just look over to the line-juicer! They're having some kind of a rampus there! See 'em going? I believe it's one of those Malays running amuck!

'We all jumped to our feet and looked at the Manratta, and some of us ran up into the rigging to get a better view. From the topsail yard I could see all that was going on in the rigging of the British ship. Amidships a Lascar, naked to the waist, was slashing and stabbing at an European officer who had tried to grapple with him, while everybody else in sight on the ship was running fore or aft or taking to the rigging. On the quarterdeck the Captain was hurrying two ladies down the companionway into the cabin, supporting in his arms one of them who had fainted. As the officer fell lifeless to the deck, the Malay bounded past him following three sailors who had run aft, along the port gangway, upon the poop. As he ran he swung before him a long slender knife, its crooked blade curving in and out like the writhings of a snake. He overtook the rear-most man on the poop and cut and stabbed him, as he had done with the officer, until the man fell. Meantime the second man leaped overboard, preferring to take his chances with the sharks and water serpents to remaining on board, and the third man ran across the quarter deck and up into the mizzen rigging like a cat. The man in the water swam for our ship, and some natives in a lighter picked him up ahead of the sharks.

'The Malay left the man he had killed and looked around as if for fresh victims, but he himself was the only living person in view on the decks. He ran fore and aft, searching, but found no one, and he tried the cabin door, but it was closed fast. Then he went to the mizzen rigging and started up the ratlines after the man who had taken refuge there. When the Malay had got as far up as the mizzen top the man he was after took to the topgallant fore-and-aft stay and began to go down it, hand over hand, toward the mainmast. The Malay kept on up to the topgallant cross-trees, and began to follow the man down the stay.

'There was something frightful in the relentlessness of the pursuit. He had got about ten feet down the stay when the Captain appeared on the poop with a revolver and began firing at him. One, two, three shots he fired and the Malay kept on down the stay. He was two-thirds of the way to the foot when, at the fourth shot, the arm that held the cressie fell helpless by his side though his hand still clutched the weapon. He clung to the stay by one hand and his feet and kept on down it almost as fast as before. A fifth and sixth shot, and at the last the Malay stopped still, then fell like a lump of putty to the deck, full forty feet below. Whether he was dead when he struck the deck I do not know, but the mate who must have been watching from his room, ran out from the cabin, to where the Malay was with a handspike and made sure work of the fellow before he could rise. Then the Lascars came running from the forecastle and down the rigging, and with capstan bars, belying pins, and knives struck and thrust at the dead Malay until if he had had a dozen lives in him they would have hammered out of his body before the officers could restrain the excited sailors.

'Our captain got the full story of the affair from the captain of Manratta the next day. They Malay had been brooding and sullen for days before, though no one knew what his grievance was. On this day as the men were piped to dinner he had gone into the forecastle, got the cressie from some place where he had it concealed, and had furiously attacked his mates without a word. They raised the cry 'Amuck! Amuck!' and scattered, but not

until three of them had been killed or mortally wounded, and two more of them seriously cut by the cressie. Running forward he had encountered the second mate, and the rest of the affair I saw. Five men dead and two badly hurt by the Malay, and himself killed at the end, was the record of ten minutes' business in running amuck. Malays in mine after this? No, thank you.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Encounters a Victim of Insomnia Who Welcomes Him.

'I found the dining-room of a house that I was looking over one night,' said the retired burglar, 'filled with a glow of light from a bright hard-coal fire burning in a grate at one end of the room. There was just a little bit of gas burning from one burner, but it only made a little yellow tip in the redder glow from the fire. About half the table was covered with a folded white table cloth, clean and thick and with the cresses still in it. On this cloth there was a plate and a plate of bread and some butter and vinegar and catsup, and things like that; and on the other end of the table that wasn't covered, the end nearest the fire, there was an old-fashioned square tea tray with the spanning pretty much all worn off. Looking down by the fire, I saw on one side of the hearth a half-bushel basket pretty near full of big selected oysters, pretty uniform in size, and laid in carefully with the round shell down.

'It was a winter night, colder 'n Greenland outside, and this room was just as comfortable as it could be, and that layout did look inviting, and I couldn't even guess who it was for, because the house was shut up tighter 'n a drum—evidently nobody expected and nobody set 'n' up. But while I was standing there wondering over it I heard a door open—the one next to the one I'd come in at—and in comes a man that looks at me for a minute and says:

'This is an unexpected pleasure!'

'And I says it is to me, too, looking at him at the same time, and seemin' a man, may be a little bigger 'n myself, and perfectly resolute and capable and able to take care of himself.

'But sit down,' he says, 'and eat something with me. You'd find another oyster knife in the left-hand side of the right hand draw of that side-board right back of you.' And there it was, and when I turned around again the man was putting oysters on the fire in the grate. Five minutes later he was picking 'em up with a pair of tongs and layin' 'em carefully, round shell down, on the old tea tray. 'Now, will you you just help yourself?' he says.

'You do this very often?' I says.

'Well, no; I don't,' he says; 'and I shouldn't do it at all if I could help it; but I suffer from insomnia, and I find that when I can't sleep, a little snack of something to eat makes me sleep. I can tell, generally, before I go to bed, the nights when I ain't goin' to sleep, and such nights I have 'em fix up something for to eat in case I should need it; and then I come down and find it, like this. And eatin' something sort o' tranquillizes my mind, and I go back to bed and go to sleep all right.'

He pushed the top shell off an oyster in front of him over onto the tray and put a little bit of a scrap of butter on the oyster and looked at it dissolve a minute, and then he put on just one drop of pepper sauce, turned the oyster over in the deep shell so as to get the dry top side into the oyster juice and melted butter, and then he ate it. Then he dipped a little hunk of bread into the juice in the deep shell and ate that, and then he pushed the empty shell out of the way on the tray and took another oyster off the fire with the tongs and began on that.

'Darned if I could see how a man that enjoyed eatin' as much as he did could ever bother about anything, but he did, all the same, that was plain, or he wouldn't have been there.

'I don't suppose,' he says, 'that you ever suffer from insomnia, and if you did it wouldn't make any difference, because you want to be wide awake nights in your business, eh?' and he seemed to think this was a pretty slick little sort of a joke. Then I told him how I came to go into the business; that when I was a young man I had been a great sufferer from insomnia myself; that in those days there were not nearly so many night occupations to choose from 'n now, and that my choice was limited; that I had not followed burglary from inclination, but that I was compelled to do something for a living, and burglary was the only night work I could get at the time, and that's how I came to take it up as a business.

'You don't mean it!' he says. 'Put on the blower and start up the fire a little! If I'd ha' known you were coming I'd had another basket.'

'Well, we finished 'em up and I says to him: 'What do you think; think you can sleep now?' And he said he thought he could. And he let me out the front door and went to bed, I suppose. I know I went home myself feeling comfortable. I hadn't made a cent, but it's a good thing to take a rest now and then, and I always did like roast oysters.—N. Y. Sun.

WARRIERS OF WOODEN SHOES.

Not Contented to Forget them, but are Used as a Weapon.

A wagon load of wooden shoes, such as are worn by European peasants, lay in a heap on the floor of a wooden ware dealer's store down town in New York the other day.

'Who wears 'em?' inquired the writer, as he looked at the stock.

'More people than you would think,' was the answer of the dealer, 'and not only foreign-born, old-fashioned folks but quite a number of Americans. Their chief sale is in winter. In fact, there is little or no call for them [at any other season. Our customers are mostly dairymen, gardeners, farmers, brewers, dyers and men employed in slaughter houses. Chicken cleaners in the dressed poultry business who stand in feathers and steam wear them to save their shoe leather. Gardeners wives and daughters wear them about home, and sometimes in the severest weather in the market.'

'In cold weather car, truck and cab drivers in New York and other cities wear them for the reason that they are warmer than any other foot wear. Some drivers cover them with black cloth, or blacken them, and then tack old rubber or leather bootlegs to the top. Worn thus the thick soles are a great protection against frost and one's feet are always dry. They are also worn by street cleaners and men who work at paving roads, especially when hot asphalt is used, which is found to be very destructive to leather.'

Wooden shoes are now sold by the thousands in New York. Some of them are made in Maine, but most of them come from Holland. They are made of birch, ash and boxwood and sell retail at from 50 cents to \$1.25 a pair, according to finish and quality.

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The Return Of the Pendulum.

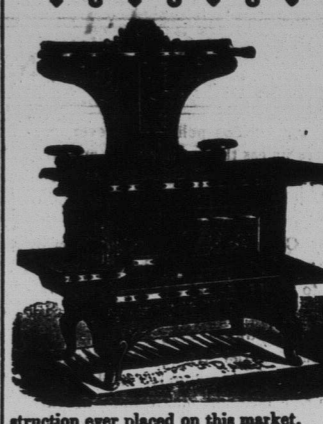
In 1892 the prosperity of the commercial schools was at its flood. . . . Desiring to find some expedient that would render them still more prosperous, the proprietors of many of these schools abandoned methods that had produced excellent results and adopted others which were wholly experimental. It may safely be said that in most cases the change was not made with the expectation that the schools would be strengthened educationally, but that the new ideas would have greater advertising value. But a reaction has set in. The conclusion has been forced upon thoughtful teachers that the school that educates its pupils best advertises itself best; that a device which may attract inexperienced boys and unthinking parents, may not commend itself to a class of people whose friendship and patronage must be secured and retained as a basis of permanent prosperity. Those schools which adhered to the tried and approved methods, which gave their pupils solid and symmetrical knowledge, which steadily refused to be carried off their feet by patented systems of education, are now reaping the benefit of their wise conservatism. Such schools have not the task before them now of repairing the damage done by experimenting with one or another of the new schemes, are realizing that their reputation for real efficiency has been injured, and are seeing their more conservative co-workers forging ahead. Only a small proportion of the larger schools are doing this, and some of them retreated as soon as the character of the road they were traveling was discovered. When pretence will pass for performance, and when clap-net will be accepted in lieu of genuine educational advantages, then, perhaps, the public will take kind to patented systems of education. Progress, Rochester, N. Y.

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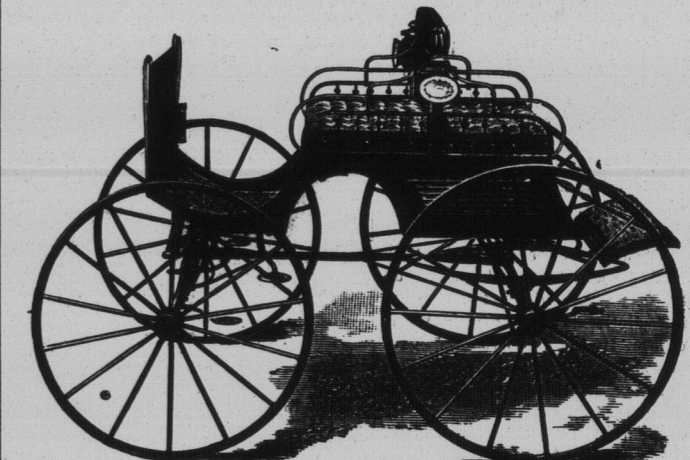
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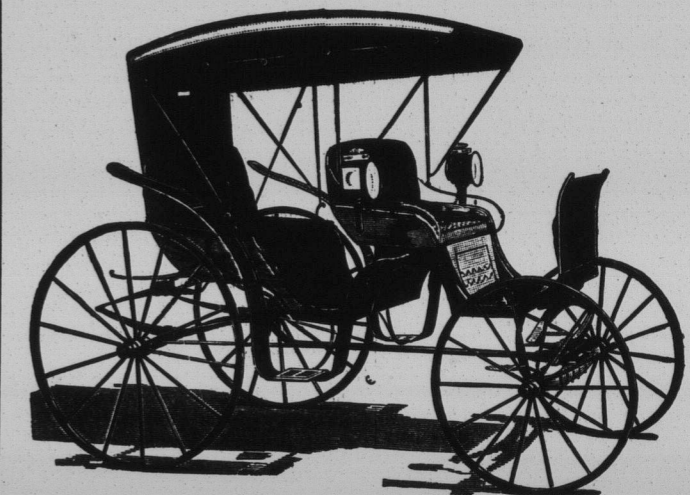
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