

MUTINY ON A GOLD SHIP.

It was our last Friday night at Castle Bluff boarding school. Most of the girls were gone, and the few who lived in or around New York, and were obliged to remain until Saturday morning, were counting the hours of captivity.

It was a dismal night. The rain beat a ceaseless tattoo upon the piazza roof, while the honeysuckle scraped an accompaniment upon the panes; the wind piped shrilly, and every now and then, as it shifted, we could hear the roar of the breakers at Fortora Hope. We were huddled together, seven girls, in the study parlor, grumbling because the evening train for New York was an express, and so did not stop at Castle Bluff.

"I would have cut the closing exercises and taken the two o'clock train if the 'General' would have let me," said Sarah Priest, frowning.

"The General" was our name for our principal, Mrs M., whose imposing carriage suggested the title which Dickens bestowed on one of his characters.

"Our sacerdotal friend seems pensive tonight," I remarked, mischievously. "What entertainment would your Reverence be pleased to countenance?" I added, turning to Sarah. The poor girl had to answer to a great many punning variations of her name. Indeed, we all bore school names. Mine was "Gaul," given me by the class in "Caesar's Commentaries," as an improvement on "France," otherwise Frances. Minnie Walsh, the most diminutive girl in school, was "Cardiff Giant," abbreviated to "Cardie." Jennie Shepherd was known as "Shepherdess," or "Bopeep."

Bertha Hein, who was always "willin'," was "Barkis;" "Lib" Chamberlain, a high-spirited, independent girl, was called "Liberty."

I had been reading aloud from "Our Mutual Friend," but finding my audience too restless to listen, I closed the book and walked to the window.

"No use to look for the steamer tonight, girls," I said; "you couldn't sight the Great Eastern a boat's length away."

I remember that we were just five months and three days from Phillip's dock, Liverpool.

"Our freight was gold dust for the return trip, and the worst of it was that we could get a crew only of convicts. Our own sailors caught the gold fever, which was running very high then, and while the ship was lying at Melbourne ran away to the gold fields to prospect for themselves. These convicts were old sailors who had been transported for crimes, but who had served out their terms and wished to return to England by working their passage. David—that was my husband's name—said we could do no better than to take them, and he hadn't the slightest fear that they would make any trouble; they were too anxious to get back to England.

"All seemed to go well for a time, but after we had been out at sea for some time, it seemed to my husband that the Bonanza was a little off her bearings; so the first bright day he took an observation. He was shut up for about an hour making the calculations. When he came out I saw by his face that something was wrong. He went aft and spent some time with the helmsman. He had found that the Bonanza was off her bearings, sure enough. The man at the helm told him that she was not at all, as true to the helm—that she was water-logged. This got about among the passengers and they began to be nervous; so my husband announced that he would make an examination, and invited two of the passengers to accompany him into the hold, where the ballast is stowed, and found the ship was all right. The captain sent the boatwain aloft to give out through the trumpet that the report was false.

"After this I could see that David was uneasy, although I did not then understand why.

"I awoke one night just before seven bells struck. When I heard the bells, I knew that it was only half-past three, and was trying to get asleep, when my ears, which are exceptionally quick, caught a peculiar scraping sound under the berth. There would not seem to be anything alarming about this, for most ships have rats, but the fact was that the gold tank was built into the ship just under the captain's berth, the only entrance being by a trap door. If this scraping came from the tank it could not be rats, for no rat who had any respect for his teeth would be likely to experiment on the zinc lining. A few nights afterward I heard the noise again, and felt sure that it was some sharp instrument working on a metallic surface. I awakened David, but he could not hear anything, and said that it must be my imagination.

"Soon after this, I noticed that a curious change had come over Arnie, our cabin boy. His whole name was Arnold McIntyre. He was very young for the place, but I had been pleased with his appearance and indeed my husband took him. This was the boy's first trip. His father had been a prosperous squatter in Australia, a Scotchman by birth, and a fine man.

"One night the father was awakened by the barking of the dogs, and on going to the door found a gang of bush rangers surrounding the house. They evidently knew that he had been selling cattle that day and had brought home a large sum of money. It is not likely that he intended to harm him, for it was only the money that they were after, but he showed fight and knocked two of them down.

"Well, the end of it was that the poor Scotchman got a bullet through the head, and the bush rangers rode away with everything valuable. Mrs McIntyre was never the same again. She lost her wits, let the baby fall on its head (in consequence of which it died not long afterward), and took no notice of Arnie after that. He was a bright, clever lad, and it seemed a pity that he should go to destruction, so I took care of him. He was very fond of us, and I took great pleasure in teaching him, for he was very grateful and a quick scholar.

"All at once, as I said, a great change seemed to have come over him. He came into the cabin one morning as white as a piece of canvas, and I noticed that his hand shook so that he had to carry the captain's coffee with both hands. He declared he was well, and seemed to be startled when we spoke suddenly to him; but during breakfast I often noticed that he was gazing at us with an indescribable expression. I have seen something like it in the face of a dumb animal when it is trying in vain to make itself understood by a human being.

"I was sitting on deck with my work, one pleasant morn'g soon after, when, happening to need a book which was below, I sent Arnie down to get it. When he handed it to me there was a folded slip of paper between the leaves; a single word was scrawled upon it—the word 'Mutiny.'

"That day, when we had finished our dinner, the captain rose in his place and made a short speech. He said something like this:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to have a few earnest words with you. I do not wish to cause alarm, and hope there is no occasion for any, but I think it best that there should be a fair understanding between us, as to how matters stand. I have reason to believe that all is not right on board—that there is mischief brewing among the crew. If I can have the support of the passengers I feel sure that I can manage the men. There must be no panic among you. It is absolutely necessary that all be calm, watchful and self-controlled. I believe that you will be. I think I can trust you and shall expect you to stand in line with me in any emergency. We will look this danger in the face, and we shall see whether a dozen true Englishmen can be cowed down by a gang of convicts!

"The speech had the effect my husband desired. The passengers felt that he trusted to their honor and courage, and the gentlemen all promised to be ready to stand by him in any emergency. The captain had all hands piped on deck, and we followed. The crew were a hard looking set of fellows, most of them, with rough, unshaven, scarred faces, which glowered at the captain from under their eyebrows like wild beasts.

"My husband was not much of an orator, but when a man's blood is up he can talk, if he ever can; and I assure

you he laid down the law to those men in words they could understand.

"There is not a man of you," he said, "who dares look me in the eye and say that he has received anything but fair play from me, or the subordinate officers, since he shipped on the Bonanza. Your past lives have not been such as would lead a man to put confidence in you. The world has not been the better for your living in it, but I have treated you as British sailors, and for that I am proud to say you have had a chance to show that there was something of true manhood left in you, yet. Now, how have you returned this? I will tell you! You mean mischief! I understand this as well as you do. Your plot is known to me and the time has come for you to give an account of it. You will find that I am not a man to be trifled with. I am master of this ship, and I intend to remain so. The Bonanza is freighted with gold dust, and I shall defend her with my life! I command you all, as true British sailors, to bring forward your arms and lay them on the captain's table."

"You may not know that it is against the shipping articles for sailors to carry arms; one of the first questions asked when a man ships before the mast is, 'Have you any weapons?' There was silence among the men when the captain ceased. We could hear the soft flapping of the sails overhead, and the occasional scraping of a heel, as some one eased his muscles by shifting his weight from one foot to the other. I was standing by the main shrouds, looking overboard, counting the rattles over and over, to help keep my self control. It seemed a brief lifetime to me, but I suppose it was hardly thirty seconds before four men came forward and laid down four pistols. Not another man stirred. I saw my husband's face redder and his eyes dash angrily.

"Is no one else true?" he shouted.

"I began to tremble lest he should lose his self control.

"He called for some chalk. Chalk is always kept on board for whitening spots when a ship comes into port. He stooped down and began to draw two lines across the deck in front of him. Suddenly there was a sharp click. My husband had drawn a pistol and cocked it! An instant after he rose to his feet and cried in a voice like thunder: 'You may as well use that first line and lay down your arms, but if any man crosses the second line I'll shoot him dead!'

"I closed my eyes, but when I looked again I could hardly see the top of the captain for the bowie knives and pistols that covered it!

"The captain called the sailmaker and whispered a word in his ear. He went below and came up with the irons. The passengers lent a hand, and in a few minutes we had the ringleaders provided for.

"Then the captain thought of Arnie. He said, 'I understand you have got Arnie in tow. Bring him up.' He was brought up, pale as death.

"Now, says the captain, 'you've got to tell all you know about this business. The child's lips quivered. 'If I do they will kill me,' he said.

"The world judges us by the company we keep; judges all by the worst of the company. 'Nor is this far from wrong. There is more probability of our becoming bad than of the worst becoming good. A man owned a swarming parrot, and to reform him kept him in the company of another bird that never used bad language. It was not long before both parrots became profane. Vice works more quickly than virtue, and sticks more closely.

"The world not only judges us by the company we keep, but is ready to treat us as the worst of our companions deserve. Success or failure in life depends very much on the company one keeps. Where, then, must be done to have good company?

"Choose your companions. Do not take whoever may choose you, but choose for yourself your own company.

"Choose those who you know. You would hardly trust strangers with property; will you trust them with that which is more precious than property, your reputation, your life, your soul?

"Choose such as you can trust. He who deceives or flatters others may flatter and deceive you. If he be unfaithful to another, what assurance can you have of his faithfulness to you?

"Choose those who are kind, yet frankly your faults. Only true friends will do that. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.'

"Choose those who respect their parents and are loved at home. Nowhere is there such an opportunity given to study one's character so closely as at home. Those who respect their parents will respect what is worthy and good in you, and those whom the little ones of home love and trust you may regard as worthy your confidence. Respect for parents and love and care for little ones are rarely found in hearts that are very bad.

"Choose true Christians. They live from principle, and believe that God's eye is upon them. Being friends of God, they will bring you into the best company; and they will be likely in their prayers to keep you before the mind of the Almighty, so that you may share in their own blessings. Their friendship will last. They are over-estimating friends, for heaven—the place you hope for—is their home. You never need say a last 'Good-bye' to such friends.

"It goes right to the spot," said an old gentleman, who found great benefit in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He was right. Derangements of the stomach, liver, and kidneys are more speedily remedied by this medicine than by any other. It reaches the trouble directly.

A few days ago a fine cow owned by Mr Thomas Jenkins, of the Huron road, Goderich township, gave signs of illness, and as it seemed impossible to relieve it, she gradually failed and it appeared as if she would soon die. Mr Jenkins offered her as a free gift to Mr James Cottle, telling him to keep her if she lived, and bury her as soon as she died. After Jimmie got the cow he concluded to investigate, and find out her ailment, if possible. Putting his arm as far as his shoulder down her throat, he found that a bone had lodged in the windpipe in such a way as to allow her to breathe but prevent swallowing. The bone was removed, and now she is thriving as well as any cow.

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That Terrible Paresis. Are the Canadian People Becoming a Nation of Lunatics?—The frightful increase of this most peculiar insanity and how it is cured.

THE BRAIN (from a photograph). It Healthy Condition. With Paresis Lesions. There are many well known men confined in our Asylums who but a short time ago were prominent among our business and social circles. Why are they there? Paresis! Did it come on at once? Not at all. It was a gradual but positive growth. They overtaxed their powers, their brain tissue, was too great, and they gradually but surely sank under it. The things they did to bring this sad end about are precisely the same things that are being done by thousands of men and women to-day. It is not necessary to name them. They all end disastrously unless checked or regulated.

Prof. Phelps, of Dartmouth College, knew this fully when he began his experiments, which resulted in the discovery of the wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. He realized that paresis (consumption of the brain) was our great National weakness. He knew that the brain and nervous system must be fortified to meet the great strains which modern life bring upon it. He saw that men were becoming debilitated and women weakened by the pressure and demands of life, and he sought and discovered the remedy Paine's Celery Compound. If rightly taken, it will renew the brain and build up nerve tissues as fast as they are exhausted. It is not a narcotic. It contains no drugs, no opium, and it is perfectly pure. It is absolutely harmless. The high character of its discoverer guarantees this, and the endorsement of the medical and chemical professions prove it.

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HOUSEHOLD Always sift your flour warming it a little after the cold. Sifting after than once, as you between the particles. Spirits of ammonia clean hair-brushes a teaspoonful of ammonia a quart of water, then be dipped in the solution and all grease is removed should then be rinsed in well, and dried in the sun.

The ordinary meat burning off old paint stains enough for general purposes. Soda far more thorough. Of each is thus made in water, and then apply with a brush to it can thus be removed. Charcoal is a great breath, and besides it and whitens the teeth, and prevents toothache and lips an attraction as can be placed on the face with rub interstices of the teeth to be rinsed through. The objection to charcoal and it must be reduced to an impalpable fine quality are in said if taken inwardly.

Fainting proceeds from the commonest in the circulation of blood. For an ordina should lay the patient has often resulted from ignorant people in patient sit up, or pro with pillows. You blood back from the and so the flat posture cessary. Let the feet are higher than the chest sponge the face with give them some cold water.

Biting the lips free sore, and for hard, it glycerine, lightly rub often beneficial. A h for the same purpose ter of an ounce of w teaspoonful each of g ton and the wax, t separately, and then well mixed and pour cool.

However old, your case may be Bur has cured so many cases that it is well known. Cases of d liver complaint, and years' standing hav B. B. B.

It can do no harm. Warm Powders if you favorish or fretful.

A solution of chloride of iron in the hair of dan if falling out from the claimed that partial be did by this means.

How a Dude C. A slim young man fashion was violently car, when a companion Chawles, dear boy, he dreadful old. "A my case in the lower and in sucking the forehead cold, it chil death." If Charles l trouble him very muc Wilson's prescription.

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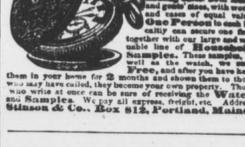
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