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## OTHER THINGS EQUALLY LOW.

It's no wonder we're busy as bees all day—every day—passing out those \$12 suits, when you know the secret. It's giving you the most for your money that we or anybody else ever gave. Think of \$20, \$18, \$15 suits that are positively the handsomest and best fitting in this city to-day, and all we're asking is \$12 for them. Buy at once or regret it.

Light Summer Vests at small prices—they're cheap comfort. Boys' Short Pant Suits and Kilt Suits at actually half price; seasonable goods, too. 75¢ \$1, \$1.15 is little money for such underwear as we're handling—Balbriggan and Listie. French Flannel Shirts, fancy stripes—you must have them for the hot weather—are one third lower; \$1.75 and \$2 for what were \$2.50 and \$3.

Men's Straw Hats, 50¢ or up to \$2.50; Boys' Straw Hats, 25¢ to \$1.

Best and Cheapest lot of Men's and Boys' Shoes we know of—Kangaroo low cut, \$4 and \$4.50. Patent and Russet Leather Oxfords, \$2 to \$3.50. Boys' Superior Calf, high lace, \$2.75. Tennis, Bicycle and Baseball shoes, \$1 and upwards.

## CON CUNNINGHAM

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

## HER ANSWER.

"Dear Nell, 'tis good-by, your train's nearly due, And here are your tickets, your wraps and the keys, With your check, and these roses—I gathered a few For your belt, little queen—and I hope they will please.

"Ah! there is the whistle, dear! Send to me, please.

"To answer I pleaded so hard for last night, Say, Nell, for an answer send back one of these: For yes, a red rose; for refusal, the white."

A deep, heavy rumbling, a whist's wild shriek, A clashing and clangling, a red, glaring light. Blue eyes flash an answer that lips will not speak; A sweet summer dream has its ending to-night.

"I love her," he murmured, as standing alone He peered thro' the darkness that snatched me from light.

"I love him, of course." Her roguish eyes shone. "I'll dip it in crimson and send him the white."

A watchman awoke, a switch that was turned, A hundred poor souls to eternity swept!

Across magic wires the fatal news burned.

The heart of a village in agony wept.

A hundred brave hearts by sympathy sped,

Passed in night's silence through valley and glen.

And fought in the smoke of the wreck for the dead.

With the fierceness of demons, the pity of men.

Another, a woman: "My God! this is Nell!"

A white blossom crushed on the breast torn and bruised,

The white rose—his answer—on which the blood fell.

And painted the message her lips had refused.

—Drake's Magazine

## THE STOWAWAY.

Reading in the papers the other day of the arrest of the mate of the Rio steamer Flanore for cruelty to three or four stowaways who made their appearance after the vessel was well on her voyage, has recalled vividly an adventure I had when a boy of 14, and though I was a very humble individual myself, the particulars of that adventure stirred the people of a great kingdom.

I know the sailor from topmast head to keelson, I have sailed in all sorts of crafts, with all sorts of crews, and have served many captains. I know that sailors are rough and uncouth, and that there is always a disposition to find fault and to magnify evils. Jack would have his growl, no matter how well fed or how well used. On land there is a certain antagonism between employer and employee. On ship board this is intensified, but that is because the employer has so much more power over the employee. I frankly admit that I have never met half a dozen sailors, no matter what sort of captain they were serving under, who were without complaints, but it does not follow that all the others complained without reason. The ship may be comfortable and full handed, the fare all right and the captain a good man, but the mates can still make the craft mighty uncomfortable for the men. I venture to assert that there are not half a dozen long voyage sailing crafts leaving our shores in which abuses calling for loud growling do not exist, and that is true of America is true of all other countries. The Dutch, Swedes, Russians and Lascars will stand over work, poor grub and the abuse of officers, and as much for this reason as any other the Yankee sail or has been driven from the sea and his place filled by these substitutes.

When I was 11 years old my mother died, and my father decided to go to Australia. I was his only child, and he was by no means burdened with money. He was a master plumber, and he set out for Sydney under contract. Three months after our arrival he married, and it was not six weeks before my stepmother pushed me into the street. I was under-sized and sickly, but I never gave her the slightest cause for even a harsh word. She simply took an aversion to me, and somehow her hatred came to be reflected in my father. He saw me thrown out on the world with hardly a protest, and two days later when he met me in the street he gave me about eight shillings in money and advised me to set up as a bootblack and newsboy. I should probably have followed his suggestions had I not on that same day chanced to fall in with two or three lads who were planning to stow themselves away aboard of an English brig called the Charles H. Churchill. They were boys who had run away from home or been thrown over like myself, and the idea was that they could do better in England. I was invited to join, and when our plans had been laid there were four of us of about the same age. We looked the brig over, found that we could get aboard, and made our arrangements.

One night, when the brig was nearly ready for sea, I stowed aboard, carrying with me about two quarts of water and four pounds of bread and meat. This was the share I was to furnish. I was to be first aboard, slip down the midship hatch, and the others were to follow at brief intervals. A fire on board a ship a few hundred feet away collected the crew of the brig aft, and I got aboard without risk. The hold was nearly full of bags, barrels and boxes, and after waiting a few minutes I made my way over these toward the bow, and found a very comfortable place on a lot of dry hides. I remained awake and alert for two hours, and then fell asleep without realizing that I was a bit sleepy. It was morning when I awoke, and as the sailors were at work below I dared not move or call out. I figured that my companions were in hiding around me, and so rested easy

through the day, sleeping most of the time. At about sundown I felt the ship under motion, and an hour later the hatches were closed and I was in midnight darkness. I had matches and a stub of candle, and, after striking a light, I moved around and whistled and called to my companions. I could make my way over the freight pretty easily in any direction, and I would not give up that I was alone until I had searched for a full hour. Then I was positive that I was alone; the others had either backed out or had been baffled in their attempt to get aboard. I was much upset at the discovery, and crawled back to my bed and cried myself to sleep.

It had been agreed among us boys that we should keep secret three days after sailing. None of us anticipated any trouble when we should make our presence known. I had no way of computing time, as it was night all the time in the hold, but after my bread and water had been used up and I was hungry and thirsty, I decided that the three days were up. Crawling to the cover of the hatch I knocked on it and shouted, and after a little it was opened and I was helped out. It was 9 o'clock on the morning of the fourth day. The first word from the captain was a curse, and his first act was to swing me about the deck by the hair. Then he called for a rope and beat me until I fainted away, and while lying unconscious he and the first mate kicked me several times. When I came to I was ordered forward among the men. They gave me kind words, satisfied my hunger and thirst and hoped that the worst was over. It was not, however. At about noon I was called aft, and after the captain had interrogated me as to my identity and why I had selected his vessel, he gave me another beating and turned me over to the mate with the words:

"You can have him now, and I hope you'll kill him before the week is out."

"Aye, sir, leave that to me," was the reply, "I'll find a dozen ways to make him wish he'd never been born."

I had committed an offense, but nothing deserving such punishment as I received for the next three days. I was dogged, kicked, cuffed and maltreated in every way captain and mate could think of, and was more than once rendered insensible by their cruelty. I heard the men cursing the officers; for their conduct, and encouraging each other to interfere, but I was passive. Indeed, after a beating or two, I was so harried that I could scarcely remember my own name. On the afternoon of the fourth day, soon after dinner, while I was forward with the watch and assisting the sail maker to repair a sail, the first mate called me aft. The wind was light, and the sea smooth, and a few fathoms astern of the brig was an enormous shark. It had occurred to the two brutes to have some fun with me. The mate noosed a rope and passed it around my waist, and then, while I struggled and shrieked and begged for mercy, he carried me to the port quarter and dropped me overboard for shark bait. The shark made a rush for me, but I was hauled up just in advance of his jaws. The captain and mate laughed uproariously, and the latter had picked me up to drop me from the other quarter when the entire crew came running aft. I saw that much and then fainted away, and what took place while I was unconscious was never clearly related to me.

The crew had determined to interfere, and their action excited the captain and mate to a terrible degree. The former had a revolver in his pocket, and when the crew refused to go forward he fired at and wounded one of them. This brought on a fight, in which both officers and one of the sailors were killed. It was rebellion—not mutiny. The sole idea of the crew was to protect me from further cruelty. In carrying this out murder was done and all were liable to the gallows. The dead bodies were lying on deck when I recovered consciousness, while the men had congregated in the waist of the brig for consultation. The second mate, whose name was Chapman, had sympathized with the crew, although he had no hand in the fight. He was now asked to take command of the brig until it could be determined what should be done, and he did so. The three dead men were prepared for burial in the usual way, and launched over the side without service, and an hour after the fight not a trace of it was left.

When the question of what should be done came up for discussion most of the men were appalled at the seriousness of the case. It was the first duty of the mate to set a signal of distress, but, of course, nothing of the sort was done. Under the law he should head for the nearest port and there surrender brig and crew, but, of course, he had no thought of this. While he had not invited the crew to resistance, he had not come to the aid of the officers. It would have been easy to prove his sympathy for me, and that would have made him the accessory of the crew. It was realized that all had outlawed themselves, and the question was, where to go, and what to do with the brig. It was finally decided to haul up for the Solomon Islands. The brig was bound home through Torres strait, as she had two ports of call before reaching the Cape of Good Hope, and we were not more than 450 miles out of Sydney when the murders occurred. We therefore had a voyage of 1,500 miles before us.

For the first week men could not have behaved more sensibly. The discipline was good, and all were under proper restraint. We were sighting vessels daily, and on several occasions we were passed so closely that we had to signal our number and report all well. On the third day a man-of-war exchanged

signals with us, and through some bungling on our part his suspicions seemed to have been aroused, and he would have perhaps boarded us had not a change in the weather occurred. After about a week, however, the men began to get independent and to bring forward new plans, and there was no longer any harmony among the crew. While Chapman was the only one who could navigate a ship, and while he had been put in charge of the brig, the men finally refused to do any work beyond that of sailing the craft. Some openly advocated that we turn pirate, and others wanted to run into some port and sell brig and cargo and divide the money. This was foisted at by the more intelligent, and gave rise to further ill feeling.

The brig had light or contrary winds and made slow progress, and at the end of two weeks the situation on board could not have been much worse. There were nine of us, including the cook, a black man, and each of them had been selected to do as he pleased. All mess in the cabin, and all had access to the liquor, and as a consequence fights frequently occurred, and there were times when the brig had close shaves from being made a wreck. On one occasion the men charged the mate with playing them false, and with planning to deliver them up to justice, but he somehow satisfied them that he was holding to the course originally agreed upon, and he was honest in what he said. After a run of some twenty-five days he announced that we were approaching the Solomon Islands, and the men at once made ready to carry out their further plans.

One hundred miles southwest of San Cristoval, which is the easternmost island in the group, is a smaller group called the Little Solomons. It was this group we were approaching, and at that date no white man had set foot upon them. They were inhabited by fierce and bloodthirsty natives, who combined piracy, wrecking and fishing, and the mate was for making for the other group. He was overruled in this, and when the brig had hauled in until the land could be seen from the deck the long boat was got over and loaded. The men intended to play the part of castaways, and had a story all fixed up. They erased the name of the boat, and took nothing aboard which would betray the identity of the brig, which they meant to scuttle. At noon, after working all the morning, they had loaded the boat with whatever suited them, divided up the sum of \$1,250 found on board, and were ready to bore holes in the brig's bottom.

For two days I had been ill of fever and confined to my bunk. I knew from the conversation around me what was going on, and at noon, when one of the men brought me a cup of gruel, he said we should soon be off. Half an hour later the brig became quite quiet that I grew afraid, and with great effort crawled on deck. The long boat was a mile away, with every man in it. About four miles to the west, coming up under a light breeze, was a British man-of-war. All sail had been taken off the brig, so that she was simply drifting. It was the sight of the man-of-war which had hurried our crew off so suddenly. In about an hour she came up, and, after a crew had been put aboard both vessels, stood in and came to anchor in a bay, and then boats were sent out for the mutineers. Not even a sight of them was ever obtained. Ten years later it was known that they made a landing on one of the small islands, were secreted by the natives until the ship came, and every one of them was then knocked off the brig, so that she was simply drifting. It was the sight of the man-of-war which had hurried our crew off so suddenly. In about an hour she came up, and, after a crew had been put aboard both vessels, stood in and came to anchor in a bay, and then boats were sent out for the mutineers. Not even a sight of them was ever obtained. Ten years later it was known that they made a landing on one of the small islands, were secreted by the natives until the ship came, and every one of them was then knocked off the brig, so that she was simply drifting. It was the sight of the man-of-war which had hurried our crew off so suddenly. In about an hour she came up, and, after a crew had been put aboard both vessels, stood in and came to anchor in a bay, and then boats were sent out for the mutineers. 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