

ROUGH BUT RIGHT.

BY EUGENE WOOD.

TO HIM.
You allus was a kind o' mean an' sneakin'.
Hev yuh gotta do yer courtin' on the sly?
I come along an' overheard yuh speakin'.
Fur half-a-cent I'd paste yuh in the eye!
I heard yuh try to tell her off an' leave me.
An' blanny round an' call her, "Little wife."
An' I heard her say: "Oh, Bill yuh won't de-
ceive me?"
Fur I love yuh more'n anything in life."

THINKS I: "Good Lord in Heaven! The on'y
rascal!
Uz this the kind o' devilment he's at?
An' looky how he fooled poor Annie Haskell;
Jis 's like as not he'd treat my Sis luek that."
Poor Annie tried to drown herself one mornin'.
Ben better for her, mebbe, if she had;
That little one o' hern, it died a bornin'.
I'd a killed yuh shore, if I'd a ben her dad.

AN' WHEN I HEARD HER SAY: "Oh, Bill, I love
yuh."
Loved yuh, yuh low-lived, good-fur-nothin'
houn!
I got a club—an' by the Lord above yuh
I'd a dashed yer worthless brains out on the
ground.
But, killin' yuh ud make her hate her father—
Her pore ole pap 'as loves her more an' you;
The trial ud a ben a heap o' bother,
So I drapped the club—thinks I: "It wouldn't
do."

I know yuh, Bill, an' how yuh air connected.
An' sealy meechin' folks yer people is.
Yer Uncle Jim died kind o' dark complected.
A rope got 'round his neck one night an' riz.
So yuh jis' put, an' don't be long about it.
Don't lea' me see yuh 'round hyur any more.
'F I ever ketch yuh sparkin' Sis, don't doubt it,
I'll larn yuh luek yuh orter ben before.

TO HER.
You don't know men luek I do, little dorter,
An' I don't know as yore so much to blame;
But I kin see clean through him, jes' luek
water—
His cunnin' ways ud lead yuh on to shame.
I'd druther break yore heart now—deed an'
double.
It nearly kills yore pap to see yuh cry—
To git yuh shut off all that awful trouble.
'At ud make yuh want to curse yore God an'
die.

CHASED BY MALAY PROAS.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Our ship was the Luzon, from New York for Canton, and we were now in the China Sea.

The voyage thus far had proved a singular one, and though the Luzon was a fast sailing ship, her passage had been long.

First, before striking the northeast trade wind in the Atlantic, we had encountered a succession of southerly gales, and at the end of these a tedious calm of twenty-two days.

Next, off the Cape de Verd Islands, we had lost our fore yard in a squall. The weather was threatening, and we were under double-reefed topsails and foresail, when this squall, a sort of whirlwind, caught us aback, snapping the yard short off in the slings.

Then off the Cape of Good Hope, nearly every man on deck was struck down by a bolt of lightning which enveloped the ship in a blinding glare, and was accompanied with a crash of thunder that no language can describe.

Luckily, however, the man at the wheel was less stunned than most of the others, or we would certainly have gone to destruction.

Finally, off the Isle of France, we had met with a hurricane which carried away our mizzenmast, fore and main topmasts, main yard and jibboom, besides making a clean sweep of our bulwarks, staving our two boats, and taking the galley overboard.

We had rigged a jury mizzenmast, got up a new main yard and a couple of spare topmasts, and so kept on our way.

The cook's stove had gone over with his galley, but among the hardware of our freight we had an invoice of a dozen stoves, and hence we were able to replace the lost one.

As to a galley, we improvised that the best way we could.

In the Strait of Sunda we fell in with the ship Cashmere, from Canton to New York, which reported having fallen in, off the Island of Borneo, with an American or European vessel that had just been captured by Malay pirates.

The Malays had set the ship on fire, and upon discovering the Cashmere they gave chase to her.

The weather, however, getting very rough, their proas could not carry sail, and hence she was able to escape.

"I thought so!" exclaimed Bill Dean, one of our fellows, as soon as the Cashmere had passed us; "we have had all other sorts of bad luck, and now we are to be cut into mince meat by a parcel of Malay pirates! This will be in keeping with our kind of good fortune, so I suppose it must be all right!"

Bill was never disposed to look upon the bright side of things. He believed in lucky and unlucky ships, days, and men.

He had already, as he supposed, had ample proof that the Luzon did not come under the lucky head, and, indeed, the facts in the case seemed to sustain him in his position.

These things had passed, bringing us to the one hundred and seventy-first day of our voyage; and now here we were, in a dead calm, in the China Sea—the Luzon lying

"As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean."

"We are in for it again!" said Bill Dean. "We shall be about two months making the next ten degrees of latitude!"

"That's encouraging!" said Dick Mayhew.

"I guess there must be a white stone among the ballast!" remarked Jack Lee.

"I don't know about that," replied Tom Welch, "but I know there are black beans in the soup!"

They spoke jestingly, for at this day even sailors have come to make light of some of the more absurd superstitions of former times, when a white stone in the ballast, or a black bean in the soup foretold some dreadful misfortune.

"Well, there's just this about it," said Jack Lee; "we shan't be troubled by pirates as long as this weather lasts."

"That's true enough," replied Dick Mayhew; "but who wants to be tied up here to broil to death in the sun, pirates or no pirates?"

"I don't know about it's being true enough, either," said Bill Dean. "What do they care for a breeze? They've more sweeps than a cockroach has legs. If they should get a sight of us, it would put us in a fine fix, heading all around the compass as we are!"

Meanwhile we were kept at work as usual, for sailors always have enough to do, and are just as busy in calm as storm, though not at the same kind of task.

Presently a man engaged in the main top reported a strange-looking object at a considerable distance off the ship's beam. He said it appeared like a wreck or a raft. It could not be a whale, he thought, as it seemed too long for one. "Sometimes it looks as if it had a mast," he said, "with some sort of a signal on it, and then it is all flat again and hardly shows out of water."

The Captain went into the top with his glass, but as he brought the telescope to bear upon the spot, the object disappeared. He caught a glimpse of it, however, sufficient to assure him that it was some living creature, and that it bore no resemblance to a whale.

There was much speculation among the crew as to what the animal could be.

The Captain said that it seemed to be as long as the ship, and that as it went down a portion of it appeared to rise above the water like a coil of an immense rope. His view, however, had been very hurried and imperfect.

We thought of the tales we had read concerning sea serpents, and the most of us believed in the existence of such creatures, though it was our opinion that the accounts given of them were exaggerations.

That night a sailor named Ben Thomas thought he saw something black on the water, as if a boat were approaching us. He called our attention to it, but the mate was the only one beside himself who got a sight of it, though the rest of us heard and saw a disturbance in the water at the place where the thing had shown itself. Ben said it looked like a very long boat, with a tall man standing up in it. But then in the darkness it had been barely perceptible even to him.

The China Sea abounds in snakes, and they were around us constantly, either making their way through the water or coiled up asleep on the surface. They were all colors, too, but their length was not more than five or six feet.

We had rigged a temporary jibboom to replace the one lost in the hurricane, and on the morning succeeding Ben's incident Bill Dean went out on the spar to secure a gasket, or small line, which was dangling loose.

Before this could be accomplished he suddenly changed his mind, and he came in over the ship's head like a cat. "Look here, mates!" he cried, "come quick! quick!"

We ran forward and looked over the head.

The slowly moving swell, hardly perceptible, was smooth as oil, and beneath it, more and more distinctly, as looked, we made out an object that gave us a thrill of terror. It was some monster of the deep, apparently a huge serpent, a few feet under water, bent in the form of a horseshoe, as if it had just come out from beneath the vessel on one side of the bow and had curved its immense body for a return on the other side.

We could at first see neither its head nor its tail, but only its middle, where it seemed to be at least three feet in diameter. In half a minute it was out of sight, its tail coming up and cutting the water as it vanished.

We felt horrified at the thought that such a monster might be directly under our keel, either swimming about there or lying at rest. The faces of the crew had a startled look, and more than one face grew decidedly pale.

We feared that the calm might confine us to our position for a number of days. When, therefore, an hour later there appeared indications of a coming breeze, the signs were most heartily welcomed.

Here and there could be seen "cat's-paws" upon the water, and the burning sky began to show a few light clouds.

Looking off toward the horizon, in the direction from which we had reason to expect the wind, we presently discovered what had the appearance of a fleet of small vessels.

Again the Captain mounted to the main top with his glass, and after a minute's survey, he reported the sails in sight to be four Malay proas, apparently heading for us with a good breeze.

Here were enemies more dangerous than serpents! The case was one of life and death, for those fellows were undoubtedly pirates, and no mercy was to be hoped from them should they get possession of the ship.

On they came very fast, while we were still becalmed; but well we knew that even should the light breeze reach us, it could do us no good, as nothing less than a strong gale can afford a heavy ship any chance of escape when chased by a Malay proa.

Each of the four large boats appeared to contain about fifty men, so that the aggregate was two hundred, while we mustered but twenty, all told. The breeze at length reached us, and we bore away, but they gained on us rapidly.

As they came within fair range we opened upon them with a dozen muskets which we had on board, and they returned the fire, also with muskets, neither they nor ourselves having any cannon.

They were soon close under our stern, and it was evidently their intention to board us on both sides at the

same time; for while two of the proas seemed to be heading for our lee quarter, the other two hauled very sharp on the wind in order to drop aboard of us on the side opposite.

The headmost proa was less than a hundred yards from us, and the firing on both sides had become very sharp, when suddenly there was a swashing sound in the water just astern of the ship, and a long, hideous head, supported by a frightful serpentine neck, shot up to a height of some twenty feet above the surface. It had eyes as large as saucers, and a mouth which would have put that of an alligator to shame. Behind the neck lay the scaly body, and scaly it was, indeed! Why, as I now recollect it, it seemed as if covered with plates of iron.

The shifting and glancing of that strange, unearthly head was a sight to chill one's blood. And when the huge tail, uplifted for a moment, came whipping down upon the water, the blow could have been heard for a mile. Perhaps it was the firing of the guns which had caused the creature to start to the surface in such an attitude.

It remained in this position but a few moments, when it commenced swimming rapidly to and fro close to the Malay boats, so that the commotion it made in the water sent waves like "steambot swells" against their bows.

The pirates were evidently horrified. Instantly they put about their vessels, and, in addition to their sails, used their long sweeps with a kind of desperation. Although well armed with muskets, they seemed afraid to use them against this gigantic foe.

But the curiosity of their weird visitant was excited, and he continued to follow them, making prodigiously rapid circles around their fleet of proas, and often lashing the water with his tail. How those villains worked at their sweeps! Nor could we wonder at them; for we, too, would have worked under like circumstances.

This state of things continued until they were five or six miles from us, when one of the proas seemed all at once to be crushed under a great weight, the mast and sail disappearing in an instant. Another close to her, in a minute or two, shared the same fate. The remaining two, however, being some little distance from the others, were not attacked. They kept on their course, and were finally lost to us below the horizon.

All the pirates who were in the two demolished proas must have perished. As long as we remained within sight of the wrecks the monster continued near them, as we could see with our glasses aloft. Sometimes he would plunge under water, but he would soon reappear, acting as if greatly excited.

It must have been by mere chance, of course, that he followed the pirates instead of ourselves; but his coming up at the moment he did was our salvation from certain death.

Several times during that year the same huge monster, or one like him, was seen in the China Sea by American or European sailors, but I have not been able to learn that he has ever been met with since that period.

Why such huge reptiles, or fish, or animals, as the reader may choose to call them, should sometimes appear at brief intervals to successive witnesses, and then utterly vanish for an entire generation, is a problem which natural history has not solved.

Nervous New Yorkers.

The Vanderbilt boys, with the exception of the poetic George, are early risers, rapid walkers, and nervous in their movements. Chauncey M. Depew rushes into his office like a hurricane early in the morning, and is constantly on the move until he goes home in the evening. Go into any of the resorts where prominent New Yorkers take their luncheons, and you will at once be impressed with the fact of their nervous temperament.

The brothers of Robert Bonner take their midday meal daily at the Astor House. The moment they drop into their seats a well-trained waiter rushes out to the carving-table and orders their luncheon, with the supplementary remark: "It is for the Messrs. Bonner; hurry up." Robert Bonner himself is a man of slow movement compared with other New York editors. Stick a pin in him and he would probably turn about with the calmness peculiar to the old school of New Yorkers and ask what you meant. Try the same experiment with James Gordon Bennett and he would wheel about and offer to give you battle on the spot. Resort to the same artifice with Joseph Pulitzer and he would probably spring up with rage, turn upon you, and probably knock you down in a jiffy. He is the most nervous of all New York journalists, and walks rapidly, with his broad shoulders thrown well back.

What Was the Sphinx?

The sphinx was a monster, having the head and breasts of a woman, wings like a bird, body of a dog, tail of a snake, paws of a lion, and a human voice. She infested the neighborhood of Thebes, proposing riddles and murdering all who could not guess them. At last she asked this riddle:

What goes on four feet, on two feet and three, But the more feet it goes on, the weaker it be?

Oedipus solved it and the sphinx put herself to death.

Effects of Hippodroming.

There is probably not to-day a "champion" of any sort in this country who could inspire enough confidence in any well-posted man to induce the latter to put up \$5 on a match or contest. The hippodrome business has made a few dollars for pugilists, swimmers, skaters and scullers, but it has also played them all out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Error for the Humorist.

There is a sort of humorist whose manuscript turns up in this office with the utmost regularity, and goes out of it with the utmost regularity.

This is the man with the joke about the young lover and the father with a large boot and a larger bull-dog.

This merry-maker is spending a large portion of his substance in postage-stamps, and common human ty demands some interference on our part. We cannot let him go down to the poor-house without some attempt to steer him toward the right course.

Bull-dogs? Boots? Gentle Idiot, there are no bull-dogs, there are no boots for the young man who comes a-courting now-a-days. He must be a worthless character, indeed, if he be not welcome in the house of many daughters.

Dear Idiot, the path of the marrying young man is strewn with roses. He is not a man to be snubbed and slighted; he is a man to be welcomed with great joy, and with timbrels, and with the sound of the sackbut. The mother bows down when she meets him, and the father goes unto the front gate to bid him enter. A feast is provided for him—a great entertainment—and free lunch is spread on both sides of the path that leads unto the house-door.

Know you not, Sweet Idiot, that it costs a dollar or two to keep a daughter in decorative idleness? If a horse may be said to eat his head off, what shall we say of a young woman whose heaviest burden is her winter bonnet?

Nay, Fair Idiot, there is no one in that young woman's family who has aught to say against the young man who deigns to visit her with matrimonial intent. Well does that young man know that his father-in-law-to-be will ever support him. The main question with him is slightly different. He has to make sure that he will not have to support his father-in-law.

For, be it known to you, O Idiot, it is the young men who are making money; it is the old men who are paying interest on mortgages. The time has gone by when a man had to marry at twenty for fear of being called an "old bach" at thirty. The man of forty is a charming young fellow, if he is unmarried. Everybody courts him. Everybody asks him to dinner. He has to learn to spar, so to speak, to keep off eligible daughters. Bull-dogs? Boots? Why, the man's ears are deaf with listening to the praises of Jane Matilda and Maud Louise.

If you must write of such matters, Wild Idiot, write of the shining truth. Write down the fact that Charles Augustus, be he ever so homely, ever so mean and small, ever so vicious and ill-bred, is made at home in the family circle, because it may come to pass that he will look with favorable eyes upon Charlotte Augusta, and wed her, in the end, if he is given sufficient encouragement.

Write of this, and your tales will be printed. Down oblivion, with the duldest and most sickening thud known to our nineteenth century civilization, have gone your merry jests about booted and bull-dogged parents, for the truth was not in them. Arouse yourself! Trumpet forth to the world the fact that a young man who can support a wife is at present selling at about two hundred per cent. premium—and strike a popular chord. Bull-dogs? Boots? Write of young men who would give good money if they could get out of a house full of daughters—or, even, full of one daughter—as easily as they could get in.—*Puck.*

The Pirate's Son.

The little story that we are going to tell is about a Pirate's son and how he turned out. It is very sad to have a boy turn out different from what his parents desire or expect—to take great pains with his education and then have him go square back on his bringing up. Once there was a Pirate who had an only son. He doted on the boy, and wanted him to grow up and become a credit to his parents, so he spared no expense on his education. He not only tutored the boy at home but sent him to one of the best piratical schools in the country six months in the year. He furnished him with the "Pirate's Own" library, and introduced him to the society of the most distinguished buccaniers in the neighborhood, whose conversation any boy might profit by, but all to no avail. The more that fond parent tried to fix him in the path that would lead to piratical success the more the boy would strive to thwart his wishes.

When he should be learning the quickest method of scuttling a ship or cutting a throat, that boy would be discovered in a corner immersed in a Sunday-school book, and he would steal away from the society of the most instructive corsairs to attend the meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is easy to guess the result of all this. The boy continued to disregard the teaching, the remonstrances and even the threats of his father, persisting in following what he weakly called a worthy career, until he finally broke that poor Pirate's heart, bringing his grey hairs down in sorrow to the grave.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Goober Crop.

The peanut crop is no "small item." Of the 3,500,000 bushels of peanuts raised in 1886, worth about \$3,000,000, Virginia raised in about half a dozen counties in the southeastern corner of the State 2,500,000 bushels, or five-sevenths. It is claimed by J. W. Johnson, of Richmond, Va., that for fodder the vines are nearly equal to clover hay. Hogs will fatten on the nuts left in the ground. Peanuts are raised on land which will not grow corn, tobacco, or wheat profitably. In many parts of North Carolina the main reliance is upon the peanut crop.

HUMOR.

A PARTY question: At what time will supper be ready?

"NEVER say dye," as the back hair said to the young lady.

WHY are lovers I ke turnips? Because they are often paired.

MANY a widow's weeds are wilted by the simple phrase, "Wilt thou?"—*Carl Pretzel.*

BRINGING a baby to church does the baby no good, and is a cause of immorality in others.—*Pu k.*

THE horse is a noble animal. All toothbrush handles are made from his thigh bone.—*Alta California.*

SPEAKING of the ballet girl: You'd scarce expect one of her age to dance in public on the stage.—*Puck.*

ANOTHER proof that Bacon wrote Hamlet is that Ham and Bacon are close relations.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW is it possible to proceed in two opposite directions at the same time? By walking from the forward to the aft of a vessel while sailing.

"I HEAR that your husband is very ill," said Mrs. Philpot. "Yes, poor fellow," replied Mrs. Spooner, "he leads such a sedentary life that his health is shattered."

A VAG passing by a house which had been almost consumed by fire, inquired whose it was. Being told that it was a hatter's, "Ah!" he said, "then the loss will be felt."

IT was somewhere in New Jersey that a man got somewhat mixed on Scripture, and said: "Brethren, when I consider the shortcomings of life, I feel as if I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night."

"PLAGUE take that old curmudgeon! One can never please him." "Who?" "Why, that old kicker, Billings." "What has he been kicking at?" "He's been kicking at my pants for the last five minutes, confound him!"—*Newman Independent.*

"MY dear," said her lover, "I am fired with an ambition to win your hand. May I consult your father?" "Yes," she softly murmured. An hour later he was again "fired," but it was not with an ambition to win her hand this time. There was more foot than hand about it.

OMAHA Man—"You gave a tramp something to eat yesterday, didn't you?" Young Wife—"Yes, poor fellow." "Gave him some of your sponge cake, didn't you?" "Why, yes, so I did. Why?" "Nothing. The paper says the body of a man who had evidently died in great agony was found in the willows this morning."

"WHAT can I do for you, sir?" said Col. Yerger to a suspicious-looking character, with a pencil and paper. "I want you to subscribe a trifle for the Society to Reform Newly Released Convicts." "Reform of released convicts! Why, I have been contributing to that object for the last twenty years. Haven't they begun to reform yet?"—*Texas Siftings.*

"MAMMA," said little Susie Thoughtful, "what is a cipher?" "Why, my dear," replied the astonished parent, "a cipher is—why, a cipher is naught—it's nothing; that is, it means nothing when it stands alone." "Well, ma, why I asked was, I saw pap standing beside the new cook, in the kitchen, this morning, and he put his arm around her neck, and said, 'Rosa, darling, I cipher a taste of your ruby lips.'" "Well, in such a case, my daughter, a cipher is a momentous factor in domestic economy, and when your pap comes home he will realize that it cuts a big figure in the sum total of marital concord and harmony."—*Carl Pretzel's National.*

The Dog's Sense of Smell.

Every one knows more or less of the marvels of a dog's sense of smell, but I witnessed an instance of it the other day which, in spite of all I knew about it, astonished me. A long line of carriages was standing in front of a store on Madison street, and as I was passing a small black-and-tan pet dog ran out of the store. He held up one foot and looked bewildered for a moment, and then ran to the carriage at one end of the procession, and smelled the hoof of the right fore foot of one of the horses. He then went to the second carriage and smelled the hoof of the right fore foot of one of its horses. Then he took the next carriage, and then the next, until he had taken the fifth carriage, when he nimbly jumped into it, curled himself up on the seat, and went to sleep. That was his way of finding out which was the carriage of his mistress, who soon afterward came out of the store and got into the same carriage. The fact that the horse's hoof was made of horn and that it had been plunged into all sorts of mire all over the streets was nothing to him; that particular hoof smelled differently to him from any other horse's hoof in the world, and no other smell could be applied to it which would efface this peculiar smell. This illustrates another fact that is not so often noticed, that a dog's perceptions through his eyes are very imperfect and often misleading. I have seen a dog that never relied on his eyes to identify his own master, but would always smell him first, and then showed in an instant that confidence was established. If dogs ever converse, their usual remark to each other at the close of the day is not "What have you seen?" but "Well, what have you smelled to-day?"—*Chicago Journal.*

AFTER a man has been indulging in an "elevator," he finds it hard to settle down to walking.—*Washington Critic.*