

DANA'S OLD SHIPMATE.

Survivor of "Two Years Before the Mast"

Still Alive in California.

At Santa Barbara, San Pedro, San Juan, Capistrano and San Diego one is sure to have "Two Years Before the Mast" and its author brought to one's attention, not only from the pleasure derived in noting how the remarkably accurate and comprehensive descriptions of the features of those places, though written in 1835, are just as correct in 1890, but this American classic is constantly brought to the front by residents of the places named, who take a local pride in the renown achieved by the book, and so indirectly by the place of their habitation. This local self-sufficiency and jealousy of other points has become a characteristic feature of Southern California. Possibly prompted by this desire for a little bit of local notoriety, writes a correspondent of the New York Tribune from Los Angeles, a friend who resides at San Diego writes me that he has discovered a human relic in the grizzled, gnarled, salted person of one "Jack" Stewart, who claims to have been a shipmate of Dana's on the voyage of the Alert from the coast to Boston, and whose story is fully substantiated. When Jack sprang ashore with Dana at Boston he was a little, active, able seaman; to-day he is, my correspondent writes, "a decrepit, palsied old man of eighty odd years. He sailed out of Boston harbor on the Alert on her next trip to the West Coast, and he sailed out of his Saxon energy into the Latinized languor of Spanish-American existence at old San Diego. I saw Jack recently. He lives in an old adobe in the shadow of the ruins of the old Mission Church; the house has no windows, no conveniences; the floor wore out possibly half a century ago, but no one had any time in which to repair it. It was probably dilapidated years ago when Jack, just in the first stages of being Mexicanized, took to his ease his dark-skinned half Indian and half Spanish bride, perhaps pretty then, but now a wrinkled black old woman. Jack has a daughter, a good-looking young woman, who had enough ambition to get a public school education, but to her, no more than to her father, are repaired floors, windows, or anything else that requires much time to secure, necessities.

"Jack, after a brief stay in Boston, had sailed back to California on the Alert as her second mate. She came into San Diego Bay to load with hides again, and here Jack had some hot words with his captain, and by some means getting his liberty came ashore and stayed. I asked him if he had ever read Mr. Dana's book. Yes, he had heard Dana had written a book about his seafaring life, and he had bought a copy of it and he had read it. He came to a part which told how in a nasty blow there was reefing which Dana did because the rest hung back and so did, and he did not care to read any more. In fact, the old sea-dog broadly intimated that Dana had painted himself in very glowing colors. He did not seem to think much of Dana as a sailor nor as a chronicler. I asked the brown-eyed, black-haired daughter if she had read the book. No, she had not read it. She had not much time in which to read.

"Jack, I found, cared little or nothing for anything in the outside world. He had rarely been away from Old Town since 1849 when he had strolled away life in his adobe casa with his semi-raced, semi-tropic helpmate. He cared nothing for the reflected greatness I tried to throw upon him, so I came away leaving the two relics of the past of California, Jack Stewart and Old Town, both of which Mr. Dana would recognize at a glance to-day, though both have been rudely handled by time."

I hope my friend is not deceived. There is a poetic fitness in the idea of old San Diego and this shipmate of Dana's going through all these years of decay together.

Noble Unselfishness.

On the 27th of December, 1885, one of the American line of steamers—the Lord Gough—while on its way from Liverpool to Philadelphia, sighted a Gloucester fishing schooner in distress. The wind was blowing a gale, and the schooner, almost disabled, and with three or four of her crew already washed into the ocean, was flying the signal for help.

Captain Huges of the steamship saw the fearful peril which a rescuing party must encounter, but his call for volunteers was promptly answered by the mate and a crew of brave men, and preparations were made for the desperate trip. To the astonishment of all, while the boat was being lowered, the flag of distress on the schooner's mast was hauled down. Perplexed at this movement, the hardy rescuers hesitated, but it was finally decided that the boat should go.

With great difficulty the schooner was reached, and upon her deck were found twelve men utterly without hope except from outside aid. It was necessary to make two trips, and the bold sailors of the Lord Gough took half the suffering men and toiled through the wild waters to their own ship, returning as soon as possible for the others.

When all were safe on board the steamer, Captain Huges asked the schooner's master, Captain George W. Pendleton, why he had lowered the distress flag. The reply was:

"We saw that you were preparing to make an effort to save us, but we saw, also, that it was sea in which it was very doubtful whether a boat would live. I said, then, to my men, 'Shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?' and they answered, 'No!' Then I hauled down the flag."

The story is a noble one on both sides. The men on the schooner were worth saving, at all hazards, and the men on the steamer were worthy to save them.

The Good Old Days of Dueling.

The study of dueling in France is very curious. Henry IV. encouraged dueling, much as Louis XIV. tried to discourage it. During Henry's reign more than 4,000 gentlemen fell in duels, for in those days seconds were apt to fight at the same time as the principals. Then the duel continued until one adversary at least was dead, and the murderer always retained his place and prestige in the social world. Louis XIV. was in the habit of launching edicts against duelists, but his edicts never made the slightest impression. Le Grande Monarque was rather inconsistent, for, while issuing edicts, he wished it distinctly understood that all army officers must settle their quarrels

according to the rules of honor or lose their rank. Louis Philippe tried to enforce a law against dueling, and his law is the one supposed to be in use at the present day; for there is a theoretical law in France, a law that is seldom put in practice. A man kills his adversary in a duel, but is punished only if he has violated the recognized rules.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

A Clever Diamond Robbery.

The death of the famous thief, Walter Stewart, alias Sheridan, in a Montreal prison recalls a bold robbery committed in a diamond merchant's store by him and a pal, ten years ago, which for skill has never been equaled in Philadelphia. Then Sheridan was the most expert diamond thief in America, and decoy jewel box in the possession of Joseph K. Davidson is the only relic of the daring theft and the mute reminder of the skill of the master thief. Though the two thieves were arrested for the crime some time later not a shadow of the jewels was ever seen by the victim or the detectives.

The box is a tin one about eight inches long, four inches wide and one inch deep. It contains white and blue papers, usually inclosing loose stone, but sat is the substance in them.

Toward the end of March, 1880, Sheridan, in company with Dave Cummings, another noted crook, visited Davidson's place and purchased for \$80 a diamond ring. They carefully noted the exact shape, size and appearance of the diamond box while selecting the stone from the collection. Two days later they came back, looked at the box again and departed without purchasing. When Davidson examined his trusty box he found it place filled with the salt paper. While the salesmen was busy they substituted the false box, and were perfectly successful in playing their trick.

A Lively Horse.

Arthur Simmons has a Texas pony on his farm at Chokee whose ability as a jumper cannot be surpassed. He is a diminutive specimen of that breed of horseflesh, and a day or two ago was put into a big box or crate for shipment to America, there being no stock car convenient at the time. The pony and box were placed upon a box car and the train pulled out. The little sample of Texas cyclone soon got tired of his close quarters, and while the train was running at a speed of thirty miles an hour, kicked the box into a cocked hat, and made a leap for liberty. He struck terra firma right side up with ease, and when the train men came back to view his bold remains the aid remains were quietly nibbling at a keg of iron spikes on the side of the road, and it took four men and a boy an hour to run down and capture him. At least, that is what the conductor said.—*Americus (Ga.) Times*.

The Horse Blew First.

There is a time for everything, and the secret of success in life lies in doing things at just the right minute. A veterinary surgeon had occasion to instruct a colored stableman how to administer medicine to an ailing horse. He was to get a common tin tube—a beam-blower—put a dose of medicine into it, insert one end of the tube into the horse's mouth, and blow vigorously into the other end, and so force the medicine down the horse's throat. Half an hour afterward the colored man appeared at the surgeon's office, looking very much out of sorts.

"What is the matter?" inquired the doctor, with some concern.

"Why, boss, dat hoss he—he blew fast!"

Discriminative Advertising.

Mrs. Highwind—Here, my dear, is an advertisement I have written, asking for summer board. Please leave it at the office of the *Daily Reliable*, on your way down town.

Mr. Highwind—My dear, the *Daily Sensation* has a much larger circulation.

Mrs. H.—Very likely; but people who take the *Daily Sensation* are not the sort of people I care to board with.—*New York Weekly*.

The Reason for It.

"After standing the opposition of parents and the machinations of wicked friends to part us, Mabel and I have quashed our own accord."

"Why, it was only yesterday I saw you going to church together."

"Yes, that's the trouble. You see, we both thoughtlessly joined in the same choir."

An old lady living at Lewisburg, Oregon, picked up an Indian arrowhead that is quite a relic. It is black flint interspersed with quartz, pearl and emerald, and under the microscope exhibits a roseate hue of exquisite beauty. The Molalla Indians forty years ago told the whites of a rock south of Mount Hood in the mountains that shone with such intense brightness as to excite superstition in the savage breast to such an extent that they feared to approach the sparkling luminary. There is not much credibility to be attached to Indian tradition, but if the stone from which this arrow was extracted could be located, gems of great value might be found.

A ROMANTIC young woman named Barbara who gets her mail at Oketo, Kan., wrote her address on an egg, and in the course of time a postal card arrived at the Oketo office from James Miller, of 521 Flushing Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., saying that it is a lot of eggs received at his store this one was found, and if the young lady was so inclined, he would be pleased to hear further from her; also that he was single and alone, but that it was by no means certain that he would always remain so. Further developments are awaited.

AN electric railway in Siam has been incorporated and will be built at once from Bangkok to Paknam, a distance of thirty miles. This road is to cost \$400,000, and Siamese capital will alone be used. An electric light company has also been organized and the plant ordered for Bangkok.

THE typewriter has invaded the British war office, and with such success that it is proposed to transfer some of the work at present done by clerks to women with their machines.

THE greatest deposit of manganese ever found in the United States has been opened up at Tredegar, Calhoun County, S. C.

It is reported from the ruby mines of Burmah that a ruby weighing 304 carats has been found.

Life on the Canal.

From the opening of summer until the end of autumn, five thousand families voyage on the New York canals, in the winter taking up a habitation in the harbor. Then the children go to the public schools, and the young people to dances; the lovers to courting and the old folks visit. Five blessed months are spent in enjoying life, and if the earnings from the seven busy months on the water do not permit of the snug little sum of five hundred dollars being laid aside for a rainy day, after the living and pleasures of the winter vacation have been paid for, the season is lamented as having been a very poor one. The canal boatmen know the world better than the world knows him. His daughters are in Vassar, his sons in Yale and Harvard and Princeton. He is perhaps a college graduate himself, and, indeed, many of the boatmen are. He has a comfortable fortune accumulated or a good foundation for it laid. He has spending money in no mean measure, and he is happy. When his sons and daughters have graduated they will come back to the canal for a summer vacation, but when the winter sets in future doctors, lawyers, ministers, missionaries—perhaps another President—will go out from the old canal-boat home and bid it a tearful farewell forever. Many of the children, though, are satisfied with the easy-go-lucky life, and grow up in the shoes of their fathers.

Deal Gently with the Stomach.

If it proves refractory, mild discipline is the thing to set it right. Not all the nauseous draughts and boluses ever invented can do half as much to remedy its disorders as a few wine-glasses—say three a day—of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will afford it speedy relief, and eventually banish every dyspeptic and bilious symptom. Sick headache, nervousness, sickness of the complexion, fur upon the tongue, vertigo, and those many indescribable and disagreeable sensations caused by indigestion, are too often perpetuated by injudicious dosing. An immediate abandonment of such random and ill-advised experiments should be the first step in the direction of a cure; the next step the use of this standard tonic alterative, which has received the highest medical sanction and won unprecedented popularity.

COCK-FIGHTING in this country never produced such a big affair as a recent international cock fight at Ronbale, Belgium, in the beginning of April. Thirty-eight Belgian and French sporting societies made entries. The bird of the Society La Pat'e Cassée, from Emileghem, Flanders, won the first prize of 1,000 francs. It was the seventh victory of his career. The bird of the Society Séambier, from Bellegem, won the second prize of 500 francs, and three other Belgian societies won 225 francs.

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A. M. PRIEST, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hail's Catarrh Cure give the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75¢.

A NEW Indian battlefield has just been discovered. It is the farm of A. J. Phillips, near Bridgeport, and many relics are being secured. A mammoth pipe, supposed to have been used by Capt. Burt, of Saginaw, after the last campaign, has just been dug up.

Six *None Free*, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

"HE is a man of moist habits," is the modest way of saying a man is a drunkard.

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"Yes, that's the trouble. You see, we both thoughtlessly joined in the same choir."

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Fold by all druggists. \$1. six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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