

MEMORIES.

A little window, and a broad expanse
Of sky and sea,
A little window where the stars look in,
And waves beat ceaselessly;
Where, through the night, across the
silvery foam,
The moonlight falls like blessed thoughts
of home.

A little space within a crowded ship,
A restless heart,
A little time to pause awhile and think
O'er lives apart;
To pause and think, while others pray and
sleep;
A little while to bow the head and weep.

A little window, but a heaven of rest
Bent over all,
Where, through the silence of the star-lit
dusk,
The angels call;
Where the dead faces of the vanished
years
Look in and smile across a sea of tears.

A quiet room—a quiet heart of peace
With earth and sea;
A little corner—but a glimpse of heaven,
An angel's company;
O, steadfast soul, O, flower pure and
white,
Still on my lips I feel thy last "Good
night!"

—Chambers' Journal.

Captain Jacobus.

BY L. COPE COENFORD.

Although the time was long past mid-
night, lights were still gleaming from be-
hind the shutters of the little blind alle-
house hard by the Reading road, not far
from Winchester, and Captain Jacobus,
riding gently up, judged it prudent to en-
ter by the back door in consequence.
The inn was a house of call for the cap-
tain, and the landlord a creature of his
own, but at a time when detachments of
Cromwell's soldiers were rough riding the
country, it behooved a gentleman of the
road to use caution. Indeed, in the esti-
mation of Captain Jacobus, it was no in-
significant item in the long score held by
him against the Commonwealth that a
king's gentleman should sometimes be
compelled to sneak into his inn by a men-
ial entrance. After stabling his horse the
captain entered the kitchen, where the
landlord, a little, dark remnant of a man,
with a short pipe between his teeth, was
going to and fro, buying himself almost
a litter of empty bottles and greasy plates.
Stopping short in his employment, the
landlord nodded to his patron without a
word, at the same time jerking his thumb
over his shoulder towards the half-door,
above which a square of the paneled wall
of the inn parlor was visible. Captain
Jacobus, without further hesitation, walked
promptly into the parlor.

The long, low, red curtained room was
brilliantly lit with a wondrous profusion of
candles, a huge fire of wood, roared in the
fireplace, and, standing side by side, with
their backs to the blaze, were two very
tall, loosely hung men, dressed in the de-
cent black garb and falling white collar
affected by the Presbyterian ministers of
the day. Save that the elder man had
white hair and wore a beard, while the
younger was clean shaven and almost bald,
so that his great head glistened like a
moist egg in the firelight, the two resem-
bled each other in every particular.

Captain Jacobus took off his hat, with a
sweeping gesture, and began, with some
show of deliberation, to unbuckle and lay
upon the table his sword and pistols.

The two persons returned the salute with a
grave inclination, the younger bowing just
a fraction of time behind the elder, after a
momentary glance at him, as if (thought
the captain) the junior had so lately a habit
of subservience to the senior that he man-
ifested it unconsciously, even in the most
trivial actions. Captain Jacobus disposed
himself comfortably upon the settle
against the wall, and called for wine. Op-
posite to him, the travelers' saddles were
piled, together with their riding cloaks and
great slouched hats.

"You travel late for gentlemen of the
cassock," remarked the captain. "Have
you no fear of highwaymen?"

"We put our trust in the sword of the
Lord," replied the elder clergyman, piously.

"And of Gideon," echoed the younger,
in a thin, high voice, extremely out of
keeping with his build.

"Spoken very truly, and a mighty
pretty sentiment!" observed the captain,
rolling his liquor on his tongue. "And
yet it seems to me you run something of a
risk, notwithstanding."

"My son and I," returned the old man,
with much tranquillity, "shoulder to
shoulder, have bested the devil these many
years past."

"Yes, even when he travelth abroad in
the guise of a robber," the other chimed
in, cheerfully.

"Ah!" said the captain. "But perhaps
you never met Captain Jacobus, the caval-
ier, who rules this very road from Read-
ing to Winchester. They say he hath a
very deadly spite against Puritans. The
Parliament dispossessed him of all estate,
I've heard, and he vowed the pragmatical
rebels should pay for it among them."

Pausing to sip his wine, the speaker eyed
the two persons over the edge of his glass.

They returned his gaze in silence, with a
watchful attention. "He has a mighty
pleasant way with him, so I'm told, hath
Captain Jacobus," pursued the captain.

"None of your common, stand and deliver
methods for him, but all manner of pretty
tricks and strange devices. Why, now,
just to give you an example, supposing
we were sitting here I sit now," the speak-
er paused a moment, but the two big
clergy men did not move so much as an
eyelid—"it's likely he would propose a
game at the cards to you two gentlemen.
Down you would have to sit with him,
willy-nilly, you see, and inside of an hour
I'll wager he would have won the very
roots off your backs. All by pure skill,
you understand. No violence at all. And
talking of cards," said the captain, briskly,
with a sudden change of tone, "what do
you say to a turn? Come! Landlord, a
clean pack!"

The highwayman rose, moved an elbow
chair to the table, and, looking at the two
persons, with a very eloquent expression
of countenance, sat absently fingering his
pistols.

"I am exceedingly sorry, sir, it is im-
possible that I should pleasure you in so
carnal a diversion," said the old man,
mildly. "And, setting aside the claims
of my holy office, I know not one painted
toy from 'tother. I will ask you to par-
don me—we have ridden far to-day, and"

with a courteous gesture, he sat down
upon the settle in the chimney corner, and
leaning back upon the bundle of cloaks
and saddles, closed his eyes and folded his
hands.

"And you, sir? Come, doff the priest-
hood for an hour! Unchain the old Adam,
and give him a run! Trust me, you will
be a world the better for so self-denying an
exercise. What! 'tis not so long since you
were to college that your fingers have for-
got the feel of the cards, so glossy and
lickish, I'll warrant. Sit down, young

man, sit down, and cut for the deal, like a
saint of some sect."

The momentary silence that followed
was broken by a tiny click, as the captain
cocked a pistol.

The bald young man started slightly at
the sound, the recumbent figure on the
settle opened its eyes, and the two ex-
changed a glance, so rapid as to be scarcely
perceptible.

"Sir," answered the young man, carni-
valously, "you touch me nearer than you
know. I am naturally eager for carnal
divertissements; and I own it seems hard
that a single traveler like myself must sit
and twiddle his thumbs because his fellow
guests chance to be clergymen. Yet, see
how it is. Before I was a man grown, I
gave my word to my father never again to
touch the cards."

"Johnny," broke in the old gentleman,
"I give you back your word. Does your
conscience bids you. And call to remem-
berance the House of Rimmon, sonny."

"Nay," said the captain, pleasantly,
"say no more. I would not be an occa-
sion of stumbling to any. It would be a
thousand pities to risk a sojourn in purgatory
for the sake of a trumpety game of
cards; and, cocking the other pistol, he
laid one on either side of him.

"The bald young man, a good deal flus-
tered, drew up a chair and sat down, wiping
the beads of perspiration from his
forehead with his coat cuff.

"It becomes my turn to entreat the
pleasure, although I fear you will find me
but a dull opponent," he said, with a
ghastly attempt at urbanity. "Come, sir,
let us to't."

"No, no," said the captain, shuffling the
cards. "Y'are forcing yourself out of
sheer good nature. I see it. I will have
no man blacken his record in heaven for
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"Not a jot, not a tittle," returned the
other, with an obsequious alacrity. "And
I take it greatly as a favor you should play
with so rusty an amateur."

"Well, have it as you will, then," said
the captain. "And what shall we call the
stakes?"

"Shall we say—Jacobus?" said the
bald young man, smoothly.

A doubt crossed the mind of Captain
Jacobus, and he looked up sharply at the
speaker. But the bald young man was
laboriously dealing the cards, his white
face creased in a fatuous smile; and the
captain could make nothing of his ex-
pression.

"Why, yes, with all my heart," returned
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The two men settled to the game, the cap-
tain conning his play with the most ar-
duous attention, often clutching his jaw
and pausing to consider; and the captain,
with scarcely a glance at his hand, non-
chalantly tossing his cards on the table.

They played without exchanging a
word, at intervals a smouldering log broke
and fell upon the hearth, disengaging a
shower of sparks; the old clergyman
snored in the chimney corner, and the
night wind rustled in the trees outside.

At first the game went evenly; but, as
the night wore on, a little heap of gold began
to accumulate at the elbow of the bald
young man, in a manner to the captain
quite unaccountable. The doubt in his
mind grew and prickled him. He began
to watch the other narrowly, and present-
ly detected a piece of very deft manipula-
tion. The highwayman said nothing, but,
twisting his moustache, looked the other
full in the eyes. The cheat blinked, went
very white, and glanced swiftly round at
the sleeper, who continued to snore plac-
idly; but the captain, at the moment of
choosing a card, without turning his
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Captain Jacobus, under cover of the table,
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on his knee.

Soon the pile of gold pieces began to
diminish, and change sides upon the table,
when suddenly, as the bald young man
laid down a card, the Captain, with an
oath, drove his dagger through the back
of his opponent's hand, deep into the oak.

"Not again, my cully!" he cried.

The man screamed and fell back in a
swoon, and at the sound the other person
leaped to his feet with a cry, whipping a
great horse-pistol from his pocket. But
the captain was too quick for him; before
he could bring the ponderous engine to
bear, the highwayman had caught his
wrist with one hand, and trust the muzzle
of a pistol into his face with the other.

The clergyman's weapon exploded harm-
lessly, the bullet striking the ceiling.

"Now," said Captain Jacobus, releasing
him, "it's my turn! Obey orders!" he
thundered. "Hand up those saddles!"

The man was shaking flanges and
a very wry face, heaped up the baggage
and dumped it on the table, where the
litter of cards was afloat in widening pools
of blood.

"Empty out the saddle-bags!" Give me
but the shadow of disobedience, and I'll
put a bullet in you. What's here? Now
what is a couple of rascal persons doing
with a fortune of gold? Won at the cards,
I suppose. And what kind of gear is this
for a clergyman?"

For among a miscellany of personal ef-
fects were two bulky leather bags, full to
the throat with broad pieces, a great,
jeweled watch, and a handful of ladies'
rings and trinkets. The sham clergyman,
biting his fingers, and looking haggardly
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the other end of the table the bald young
man was moaning and writhing in his
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The man was plumed fast. The cap-
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his ease and enjoying himself hugely,
leaned against the panelling, eyeing the
pair by turns.

"Come," he said, "speak up, parson!
Make a clean confession. You may tie
up your little boy, if you care to, while
you talk."

The old man cast a venomous glance of
contempt upon his abject "offspring."
"Serve him right!" he broke out savagely.
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"Come," returned the other, roughly,
"let's talk sense, Captain. The crop was
fairly nipped on the road, as you might
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"On the road? You surprise me! And
yet I had some kind of an inkling! That
it wasn't entirely parson beneath those
beautiful black clothes, too," said the
Captain, genially.

"Why, of course! of course! gentle-
men of the road like yourself! said the
old man, brightening somewhat at the
friendliness of the other's tone. "But
parsons were been for the last six months,
just to implant a little confidence."

"And how did it all come about?" in-
quired Captain Jacobus.

"Parsons were for six months," re-
peated the impostor, "in Kingsclere you

der." He jerked his thumb over his
shoulder. "Did you never try the lay,
Captain? You have to live mighty strict
while it lasts, but it's a good lay! a good
lay!" The speaker smiled, slyly, at the
recollection. "Highly respected by rich
and poor, there was nothing good enough
for such a brace of saints as Johnny and
me. Fat collections every Sabbath, and the
poultry and butter and cheeses,—why,
we lived like a couple of kings, except for
the liquor. 'Yair parson must be cruel
spiring of the bene-bowse. That was where
the shoe pinched. But at last our chance
came along, for a girl of the place was go-
ing to be married to some bloated cit in
Winchester. Her men-folk were out o'
her way, and who fit to escort her and
her mother—and her dowry—as the two
tall parsons? So, one on each side, all for
fear of you, Captain, we jogged along till
nightfall."

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CUBAN WEAPON.

THE MACHETE A TERROR IN THE HANDS OF THE INSURGENTS.

The Skillful User Cuts and Tears the Spanish Enemy and Sometimes Severs His Head.

Cuba has a terrible national weapon. In the present conflict in progress in Cuba the insurgents have done some deadly execution with it that the Spaniards have decided to arm their own infantry with it in order to be able to meet the insurgents on more nearly equal terms. This weapon is the machete.

The machete is the Central and South American agricultural tool. It is pronounced as if spelled machetay-tay, with an accent on the ay of the second syllable. It is the husbandman's implement in all sugar growing countries. There are some three or four hundred styles used in Brazil, the Central American States, Mexico and San Domingo. Each country uses a different blade, and of each there are about a hundred varieties.

But wherever it appears and whatever its style, it is a murderous weapon in the hands of those accustomed to its use. It has played no small part in the history of all uprisings in the Spanish speaking provinces. But in Cuba it has done such execution that if the island should win her freedom the machete ought to be included in the coat-of-arms of Cuba libera.

In Cuba every man possesses a machete, no matter what else he doesn't own. It is the tool of the Cuban workman. With it he earns his living cutting the sugar cane. With it he cuts the firewood for his own use. It is hatchet and knife combined for him.

Every Cuban except those who live in the big cities, like Havana, is familiar with the use of the machete. The rank and file of the Cuban insurgents, who come from the plantations, are not skilled in the use of firearms. But they make up for it by the ferocity with which they engage in close-quarter encounters with Spanish soldiery with the faithful machete. When this is the case the Spaniard fares badly and the machete man leaves a lot of bloody corpses or wounded bodies behind him.

A young Cuban explained the most common manner of using the machete. It is entirely different from sword practice; the thrust is not employed at all. The aim of the machete user is to cut, rip and tear his opponent and disable or kill at once. Among the insurgents the private, who are armed with machetes, carry the weapon in the scabbard at the left side of the belt or dangling from a chain about the right wrist. In any case the weapon is not held for use until the lines are within a few yards of each other.

When the word it passed the machete is pulled from the scabbard with an upward stroke diagonally to the right, with the longest and sharpest edge toward the enemy. This constitutes one stroke, and is aimed at the abdomen of the attacked person with the design of cutting or tearing the body. With the weapon raised to the length of the arm, the wrist is simply turned over, and the machete makes a stroke back to the left so as to slash the attacked person's neck and, if possible, partially behead him. With still one more turn of the wrist the edge of the machete strikes downward, cleaving the body again.

This is all done with wonderful dexterity. These strokes are the easiest form of attack to learn among edged weapons. In the hands of the insurgents who are habituated to the use of the machete and are very strong the blows are described as "cracked." Many times heads are all but severed from the body, and a machete wound is usually fatal.

The machete used by the insurgents at present is a very cheap and ordinary looking affair and costs less than a dollar. It is made in England and in Germany. The blades are from twenty to thirty inches long. Some of them have a blade slightly curved backward towards the thick, dull edge with a rounded point curved back to the thick edge. The favorite and the one that has done most damage to the Spanish forces has the thirty inch blade, about three inches wide, long, straight and clean edged, and with the end cut off diagonally to a point, as a milliner cuts the ends of a ribbon bow. The handle is of rough looking bone, the handle of the blade being run through the centre and fastened together with what looks like four ordinary nails with the heads cut off. There is no guard at all and the machete man often gets his fingers badly wounded. That is the simplest machete.

Others have the bone handle curved to fit into the palm of the hand. When the Cuban husbandman gets his machete it isn't at all sharp. He, however, whets it up until it cuts very easily. A Cuban who has been with the insurgent army described the scene after an encounter, when the insurgents sat around, each busily sharpening his machet for the next assault.

Not only the private, but the officers as well use the machete. The officers have a shorter weapon and of better stuff. The long blades of the machete of the private will almost bend double without breaking. The shorter, broader, thicker weapons have not the same elasticity.

Astonishing stories are told of the force of the blow that the insurgent can give with the native knife. In the National Museum at Madrid is an American rifle, which, it is claimed, was completely split in half lengthwise, with a blow from a machete.

Women have been known to use the machete, and during the Ten Years' War there were numerous instances where women whose husbands were away fighting defended themselves and children with the machete.

The Great Sails of Racing Yachts.

The sails of the racers are probably the most wonderful part of their whole make up. Defender, when she has her mainsail, her jib, her jib topsail, her staysail, and her working topsail up, carries 12,000 square

feet of canvas. And when she sub-
stitutes for these working-sails her
balloon jib, her club topsail, and
puts out her spinnaker she almost
doubles that area. These sails cost
thousands of dollars, because there
must be several of each in case of ac-
cident to one or another, and for use
in the different kinds of wind that
may prevail in the race. There is a
heavy mainsail for strong winds, of
sea-island cotton or Egyptian cotton
or ramie cloth, while the jibs are
made of lighter grades of the same
material, until they come down to
the constituency of a coarse pocket-
handkerchief. One of Defender's
spinnaker's is of Scotch linen. In
1893 it was reported that one of Val-
kyrie II's, big spinnakers was of
silk, but it was not; it was of ex-
ceedingly fine Irish linen.

Taking all these matters into ac-
count, and considering that each
boat must have from forty to fifty
sailors to man her, it becomes evi-
dent that the building and maintain-
ing of such a yacht is a matter of no
small expense. Mr. George Gould
spent no less than \$40,000 to put
Vigilant in condition to race with
Defender in the preliminary trials
this year. This crew has to be en-
gaged and trained for weeks before
the racer is put into commission,
and kept at work for a couple of
months before the great contests for
the cup are held. These sailors, of
course, cannot live on the yacht,
since there is no room for bunks or
lockers or a galley on the modern
racing machine. Therefore both De-
fender and Valkyrie had steam-ten-
ders.

AMERICAN TORQUOISES.

One in Which We are Mining Ex-
tensively.

Although the United States cannot
claim to be considered one of the
great gem-producing countries of
the world, almost every known va-
riety of precious stone has been
found within its limits. Few gems,
however, are so common enough to be
of decided commercial importance,
and systematic mining is rarely car-
ried on. The only exception to this
is afforded by the turquoise. The last
edition of the "Mineral Resources of
the United States" gives the value
of the rough gems of all kinds pro-
duced here during 1893 as amounting
to \$264,041—of which \$143,126 goes
to the credit of the turquoise mines.

Almost all of the American tur-
quoise comes from Santa Fe County,
New Mexico, or Mohave County, Ar-
izona.

As in Persia, the turquoise, both
in New Mexico and in Arizona, oc-
curs in veins permeating volcanic
rocks, a yellowish brown trachyte be-
ing the commonest matrix. The Pu-
eblo Indians find them in an easy way
of making money, as they can be ob-
tained with little trouble, and after
being subjected to rough grinding,
can be readily sold to travelers.

Formerly, when the Indian was more
unsophisticated, choice stones could
be obtained from them at the outlay
of a few cents, but of late years the
sellers have begun to realize the value
of their goods, and now few real
bargains can be secured.

The ancient inhabitants of Mexico
mined the turquoise extensively, and
the invading Spaniards found it
largely used to incrust human skulls,
and also to inlay mosaics and to deco-
rate obsidian ornaments. Traces
of the old mines can be found to this
day, and rubbish heaps are common
in the turquoise district. In the
Arizona mines they tell how, on a
tunnel being run through a turquoise
deposit, the miners came across the
remains of a more ancient tunnel, its
top and sides rent and caved