

A MODERN
PIRATE

THINK, friends," exclaimed Patrick Cassidy, the most prominent of the passengers assembled in the fore-cabin of the Silver Dream—"I think friends, that assortment should last as the voyage," and he indicated a large box which each had contributed toward filling with jams, sardines, and other preserves not supplied by the ship.

A hearty assent greeted the remark, but as loud cheering indicated the ship's departure, the box was locked, the key being handed to the speaker, and all hastened to bid farewell to friends they might never again behold. A brisk fair wind soon carried the Silver Dream clear of land, and all sought relief in the generous pastime of "feeding the fishes."

Here again Patrick Cassidy became prominent.

With hands clasping that part of his frame lying beneath his heart and with the glow of health replaced by tints of a decided green, he presently ceased the disinterested toil and sank on a seat.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Sure, I think it's the measles," he replied, faintly; "for 'twas bad in Macroom when I left. An—an hour ago I was as hearty as yourself, this minute; but now my little stomachick is like a chair at Tim Dooley's auction—'tis going, going, and will soon be gone entirely. What will I take for it?"

"I would not buy, nor have it as a gift."

"Oh, I didn't mean that, but something to ease the earthquake inside of me," said he dolefully.

"Try a fat mutton chop," I said.

He suddenly bent double. A violent inward commotion was accompanied by an Irish fantasia on howls, and imploring the steward's assistance, he rushed to the lee-rail.

For the space of a week all were in like condition, and then they met at the breakfast table, eager to enjoy the fruits of their forethought.

With a flourish of the key Cassidy opened the box that contained the longed-for delicacies, and behold! it was as void as a newly dug grave.

Indeed, it proved the tomb of many a keen regret, since the vanished contents were never recovered.

That breakfast was a dismal failure. Poor Pat was horror-stricken, and vehemently declared his innocence, but suspicious glances were levelled upon the one whom all had so trusted, until, in a fit of desperation, he declared that the vital fluid of those who even thought him guilty would adore "the lid of the ship."

The robbery was instantly reported, but all efforts to recover the property proved useless; and, in fact, the incident was soon forgotten in the anxiety of much greater losses.

One morning young O'Grady rushed from his room, and declared that a fine revolver had disappeared during the night. Simultaneously, the charming Miss Magrath deplored the loss of her diamond earrings and gold brooch, while a third victim was minus a valuable gold watch and chain.

It was clear that an expert thief was on board, since even the saloon

was not safe.

A secret watch was kept upon the movements of the sailors; but just before crossing the line the third robbery was effected, and this time in the very fore-cabin itself.

"I say, Bill, you been to my chest last night?" a shellback inquired of him.

"No, Jack; lost anything?"

"Two pounds of 'baccy," was the answer, and the man heaved a deep sigh, attesting the greatness of the calamity.

Sailor Bill at once overhauled his own clothes-chest, and a torrent of strong language indicated that his tobacco was also gone.

In short, every mother's son in the fore-cabin had just the same ditty to sing, and who the thief could be seemed past discovering.

No part of the ship appeared safe from the mysterious thief, for the people were soon again thrown into a state of excitement when the purser reported the loss of wine, beer and spirits from the store-room.

Thus matters stood, none knowing when or where the next theft might occur, until one night I was aroused by a blow delivered through the open window beside my bunk.

Hurrying on deck to ascertain the cause, I found one of the ship's boys

in the clutches of Patrick Cassidy.

"What were you doing down below?" the latter inquired, red, sharply.

"Wat yer man?" de manded the youth.

"You have been down there," the other returned, and pointed to a large iron ventilator, in which a rope was hanging, that would give to a nimble burglar easy access to the lower decks. "You have been down there and have stolen something."

"Search me," cried the boy, who turned out his pockets as a proof of his innocence.

"It was you who put the rope there," he added, emphatically; "I saw you."

For a space the accused stood rigid, a look of mingled passion and shame overspreading his countenance. Then, by a swift, yet stinging slap upon the ear, he sent the youth staggering across the deck.

"Take that, you rascal!" he said.

But the boy still maintained the truth of his assertion, and furthermore stated that Cassidy had thrown something into my bunk.

Upon searching the bed a canvas bag was found, and I knew instinctively that a clue to the robberies had been obtained.

I sent for the mate and in his presence the contents were turned out, and the brooch and diamond earrings, the money stolen from the steerage, with the gold watch and chain, and the trinkets missed from the saloon lay before us.

The revolver, tobacco and spirits shared the fate of the missing preserves, as they were never recovered.

Next morning the property was returned to the rightful owners, but a searching examination of both prisoners failed to detect the criminal, since both stoutly asserted their innocence, and witnesses were not obtainable.

But the sailor speedily settled the matter to their own satisfaction. Rightly or wrongly, they declared the boy was guilty, since Cassidy had never been known to enter the fore-cabin. They seized the youth, and, to an accompaniment of "last fare" ropes' ends, he was waltz fore and aft.

He was expelled from the fore-cabin, and during the remainder of the voyage boarded and lodged beneath one of the long boats.

Cassidy said to leave the fore-cabin, and took up his quarters in the steerage.

Who committed the crime? No one could say, but from that day forth the ship was relieved from further anxiety.

In due course the Silver Dream dropped anchor in the spacious Morston bay, Queensland. The last batch of passengers had passed into the steamer, and that would bear them up the beautiful river, thithered to and from Brisbane. Amid ringing cheers the boat moved slowly away, when the boy suddenly mounted on the rail, and leaped upon her paddle-box.

"Come back!" I shouted.

"Never," he replied, and, with a defiant shake of his small fist as if defying to annihilate the whole ship's company.

Shortly before our departure the boy was captured, and, in robbing an up-town store, and, wishing to ascertain what part he had played in robbing the ship, I obtained leave to enter the fore-cabin to see him.

"Is Cassidy guilty or innocent?" I inquired, and wishing to do so the interview was as possible.

"No, no," said he, "I am not guilty. I have been down there, and I have stolen something."

"What were you doing down below?" the latter inquired, red, sharply.

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MY
SISTER-IN-LAW'S
BABY

EAR Brother Orpheus: I write to let you know that my wife, finding it necessary to go to New York on business, will start from Pokenville Thursday afternoon at half-past 5, and will arrive in your city about the next day.

"She is a very timid, dear girl, and unfortunately, owing to the crops, I cannot travel with her. I have, therefore, proposed that she should stay for a few days, instead of going to a hotel. Maria Briggs will be with her. Her business is with the dentist. Your loving brother, JOSEPH SMITH.

This letter, which the postman brought early one afternoon, alarmed me considerably.

I lived in a neat two-story brick house that had been my father's, and where I chose, and kept one of the old servants, who seldom said never heard anything.

Having made up my mind that my sister-in-law must come, I began to wonder how, since Hepsiba could not go, in order that due preparation might be made.

I rang the bell, Hepsiba saw it, and came. She stood and looked at me. I pointed to the letter; she nodded. I pointed out of the window at a lady going past; she nodded again. Then I drew another armchair opposite mine and put two plates upon the table, and marked off three days upon the almanac.

Hepsiba, roused with astonishment, looked at me again, shook her head, and, putting her apron to her eyes, rushed out of the room. I followed her, found her crying in the kitchen, and had matters thus explained to me:

"I'd better take warning. I've kept a house for you fifteen years, and a house for your sister-in-law. I thought you'd give up after fifteen years ago. I left her."

But I wasn't to be so easily done in. I said to Hepsiba, "I'll study my best gown, and I'll do with my sister-in-law."

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and sat down, faint with horror.

"Me and Miss Smith we keep up from Pokenville," said Maria Briggs, "this mornin' and we fetched the baby along with us, and me and Miss Smith come to the door in a cab, and he charged us most an awful price, and drove off with the travellin' bags, with the baby's most particular and needful things in 'em, and so says I, 'Let's run after him,' so says she, 'Yes.' And we rings the bell, and I says to the old lady, 'This is Mr. Smith's.' Says she, 'Yes.' Says I, 'Take in the baby and we'll be back turectly.' And off we puts and caught the man. But we got lost somehow, and we've been half an hour inquirin' our way back, and can't find the baby."

"There's been a little mistake, and I'm sorry, but I will rectify it. Come along."

We arrived at the station house.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" inquired the sergeant.

"The baby!" I gasped. "You remember the baby. I made a slight mistake. I want him back."

"You are the fellow who gave us so much bother an hour ago, are you?" asked the gentleman, fiercely. "The unfortunate child has been sent to the foundling asylum. The matter is out of our hands."

"Where is the foundling asylum?" I asked.

The direction was hurled at me, so to speak, and we departed. The dreadful journey, with Augusta Jane in spasms of grief, and the other two women crying I cannot describe.

At last we reached the spot where admitted, ushered into a parlor, and there at last interviewed by a stout lady in black, who called herself the matron.

"The last baby was brought in," she said. "Dear me, it's so hard to tell. Twelve was fetched at once. Was it a dark child in a ragged blanket, or—"

"It had a white dress, and a white cloak lined with blue, and a white hood and his name was Ellsworth Lincoln Grant Smith," said Anna Maria.

"And his nice white cloak was lined with blue. The Irish lady said he was quite perfectly beautiful. Oh, he has been adopted already, ma'am."

"Adopted! My baby adopted!" cried Augusta.

"By an Irish lady, just starting for Liverpool," said the matron. "Oh, dear! If it is a mistake, you'll have to hurry, or you won't catch the vessel. She starts at 4, and it's 3:30—the Arizona, and the lady is Mrs. Murphy."

We reached the proper pier at last. The crowd was just dispersing.

"The Arizona!" I cried.

"She's off these fifteen minutes," said a man. "That's the smoke of her funnel."

Then Augusta fainted away. But just as she did so a carriage jostled ours.

"Too late!" cried a voice.

"Oh, Murphy, dear, I knew it!" said another. "And a girl began to cry."

"Maria Briggs, that's him!" cried Augusta, coming to herself in a minute.

"That's him!" cried Anna Maria, and the girl, regardless of danger, were out of our carriage, and in that of our own, in an instant, and I saw the girl, upon something in a blue velvet, and devour it with kisses.

"I'm my baby!" cried Augusta.

"I'm my baby!" cried the Irish lady.

Isto I fought out with Mrs. Maria Briggs, who was who I came from.

"Me and Miss Smith, the man went Pokenville, and I was a deaf critter off with the baby, was a foundling, and he was the police, and ling, and g—, we've been ravin' distra— since," was her version.

"No apologies at all," said a sure gentleman. "Shake hands, sir. No, we can adopt another just this minute."

Augusta had a crying softly over him. She returned with the child, and Anna Maria was a power could induce a night's bout. No her to sleep in my never forgive me.

As for Hepsiba, able to explain the she still alludes to day your wife came.

Louis spoke at the Tuilleries.

Me in a salon hung through a half open child's voice; it was the imperial, who was pl next room. Soon we he of a saw and a hamme listened M. de Biot had the door of that room.

said, speaking low and a door a little wider. Then emperor seated on the making toys for his so Octave Feuillet.

Cholera in China.

At the recent meeting of the German public health society at Hamburg, Dr. Koch said that it possible to prevent the spread of cholera in any country, and he was again by an epidemic.

The measures now adopted were early and energetically was a matter of indifference to what precautionary measures taken in other countries, for Germany was now able to protect herself a keep the cholera out of her borders.

Interpreting a Proverb.

"Do you believe that whittling indicates that a man has