THE SWEETEST SONG.

I asked a famous singer who had sung
The songs which half a listening world had stirred,
What was the song that touched his heart the most—
What was the sweetest song he ever heard?

The singer mused a moment then replied:
"In tropic climes our good ship lay becalmed?
The sea was glass, the sky a blazing fire.
Malignant fever held me in its toils
Till in a mad delirium I raved
Of quenchless flames, and burning, endless thirst.

"One day I woke, though still I seemed to dream:
I heard the gurgling waters sweeping past.
The cool winds fanned my head yet hot from pain;
Delicious rest and languor filled my soul;

"And, then, O! welcome sound,
The cry "Land ho!"
The sailors gathered on the deck to see,
And as the good ship bounded through the foam
They sang the sweetest song on earth to me,
Twas "'Home, Sweet Home.'"

STORY OF A MUTINY.



WITH all the brutal savagery of the stories occasionally brought in from sea, it is doubtful if there is one recorded which has a more surprising combination of fiendish courage, abject cowardice and undaunted pluck and nerve than that which was told to the world early in 1886. The story of the mutiny on board the American ship Frank N. Thayer, the murder of three of the crew and two officers, and the frightful wounds inflicted on Captain Robert K. Clarke, followed by the firing of the ship and the escape of the captain and his wife and daughter and the survivors of the crew in an open boat, which finally reached St. Helena, sent a shudder through the civilized world, and was the occasion of newspaper stories and investigations almost without number. Captain Clarke will never recover from the effets of that terrible fight; but he is still connected with the sea, serving as shore captain for the ships that are left of the fleet to which the Thayer belonged. He has a charming home in Port Chester, where the brave woman who saved him from death and the little daughter who was on the vessel during the awful affair, but who is now a stately young lady of twenty years, do all they can to blot out the memory of the tragedy.

The ship, which was owned by Edward Lawrence, of Boston, and was laden wtth 10,000 bales of hemp, valued at over $250,000, sailed from Manila for New York in November, 1885, carrying a crew of twenty-two men, including two Malays and two Chinamen. The Malays were Manila men, shipped at the last moment to take the places of two men who had decided to remain in the Phillippine Islands, and they were the ones who committed the crimes. There was nothing remarkable about the voyage until the night of January 2, 1886, when the ship was about seven hundred miles northeast of St. Helena. The captain had gone below and fallen asleep, and every soul on board, except those two bloodthirsty savages from Manila, was free from any thought or danger or suspicion. It was this feeling of security which was a fatal circumstance, for to it may be traced the panic and bewilderment which unnerved the crew so that they were the victims of the two wretches who had been their messmates for more than two months. In the St. Helena Guardian, James A. McKnight, who was then the American Consul at St. Helena, gave the following account of the happenings of that night and those which followed:

"The two mates (E. Holmes and W. Davis) were sitting on the after hatch talking when the two coolies came along, one of them saying he was sick. At the first word spoken they fell on the mates with sharp knives in each hand, cutting them both to death, the second mate being able after the blow to run to the cabin door and call, 'Captain Clarke, Captain Clarke,' twice before he fell dead, and the mate dying in the forecastle three hours later. Captain Clarke sprang from his bed and half asleep started up the after companionway, thinking the mate had called him to see a vessel which was ahead in the evening and which they had been afraid they might overhaul. As soon as he reached the top of the steps he received a stab on the top of the head and felt a hand grab him by the throat. He was in his nightclothes and empty handed, but seeing the murderous intent of his antagonist, and that he was one of the coolies, he struck out with all his might, hitting the murderer in the eyes and temporary blinding him so that he could not see to strike. The Malay continued to hack at the captain with his knife, however, till they went down the steps together, where the captain would have overcome him had he not slipped in a pool of his own blood and fallen to the floor. The coolie then gave him a terrible slash in the left side, and, thinking he was dead, went up the steps to the deck. The captain was not dead, however, but obtained a revolver and again approached the door, calling to the man at the wheel, a sailor named Malone, to shut the outside door at the head of the companionway. 'I can't sir,' was the reply. 'Why not?' demanded the captain. 'There's somebody there, sir,' replied Malone. 'Who is it?' asked the captain, but the man could not tell him."

This was only the beginning of the struggle, and the remainder of the story tells how the captain, returning to the forward part of the cabin, found the second mate dead on the floor and one of the sailors so paralyzed by fear that all he could do was to beg the captain to hide him from the Malays. Captain Clarke did not know whether the man was to be trusted, and told him to go away, and the craven then locked himself into the bathroom, where the Malay from whom he was escaping found him and tried to induce him to open the door. He would not, and the next thing was an attack on the man at the wheel, who was stabbed and thrown overboard while still yelling for help. A moment after this one of the murderers smashed in one of the cabin windows, and as he was about to enter through the aperture the captain fired two shots, striking one of the men in the foot and putting them to flight. Then, with the doors and windows barricaded, Captain Clarke was placed in a corner where he could command all the entrances to the little fort and his wife began to dress his wounds. His head and face were almost hacked to pieces, and from that terrible wound in the left side the lower lobe of his lung protruded nearly four inches. With the coolness and courage born of desperation she pushed the lung back into place and sewed up the wound with a needle and thread, and stopped the bleeding which was rapidly taking away the captain's life.

All this time they were entirely ignorant as to who were engaged in the mutiny or what had caused it, and expected at every moment that the cabin door would be forced and the murderous work completed. In the meantime affairs at the forecastle were by no means peaceful. Holmes, the mate, had reached there and told the men that one of the East Indians had cut him all to pieces. Six of the men made a sortie with capstan bars as weapons, but four of the party were stabbed to death, two escaping, one to the rigging and the other to the bathroom. All this had taken less than half an hour, and then the Malays barricaded the forecastle door from the outside. Having made both ends of the ship secure from the decks, the Malays next turned their attention to E. Boothke, the carpenter, and the man on the lookout, whom they butchered, and then they had the decks to themselves, save for the Chinese cook, Ah Say, who was worse than useless, and he they imprisoned in his galley. The next day, Sunday, the captain fired a few shots through the skylight of the cabin in the hope of hitting the mutineers and attracting the attention of the men who might be faithful to the ship.

The day and the night passed, and on Monday morning, the water in the cabin being exhausted, the captain made his way to the bathroom, where the cowardly sailor had taken refuge, and then learned for the first time that the ship was at the mercy of two half wild Malays. The captain then determined to make a desperate effort to regain control of his vessel, but the Malays had prepared for battle, and had built a barricade on the roof of the forecabin and armed themselves with harpoons and javelins, made by lashing knives to the ends of long poles. The sailors, by order of the captain, kept up such a fusilade of revolver shots that the Malays were finally dislodged from their breastworks, and the captain, firing through the cabin to where he knew they were standing, struck one of them, wounding him so badly that he ran to the forward part of the ship, and, after putting a plank overboard, went over himself. Then a man who had been concealed in the upper rigging came down to the deck, the captain having forced open the companionway, and the sailor who was with him reaching the deck through the skylight, the men in the forecastle were released.

While the men were rejoicing over their release, smoke was seen coming from the after hatch where the mates had been killed, and it was found that the companion of the Malay who had jumped overboard had secreted himself there and set fire to the hemp. The crew did all that was possible to fight the fire, but without avail, and while they were running a line of hose into the hatch the Malay came out with a jump and went overboard. The ship was doomed, and after one boat had been swamped by the men who had been assigned to it all hands were crowded into another boat, and after rigging a sail of blankets on a mast made of three oars lashed together, the captain pointed the nose of the little vessel for St. Helena, 700 miles away, and finally reached the island. He and his wife and child reached the United States by steamer, and the sailors were cared for by the authorities.

For dramatic completeness, grim romance and heart-freezing terror, there are few tales of the sea which equal that of the Frank N. Thayer, as there are few which reflect so much credit on the noble qualities of one sea captain's wife, for there can be little doubt that with the death of Captain Clarke the terrible story would never have been told, and the loss of the Thayer would have been put down as one of those mysteries of which the annals of the sea are full.—New York Tribune.

Guarding Royalty's Gold Plate.

About 10,000 pieces of gold plate came up to town from Windsor for the State concert. It was brought by special train under a guard of soldiers, and was hedged round at every step with as elaborate a system of precaution as the heirloom jewels of the Empress of Austria. There is about $10,000,000 worth of plate in the care of the gold pantry department.—London Leader.

There are 1087 papers in the United States in the German language.

Phenomena in the Bad Lands.

The geological surveying party which recently left Vermillion, South Dakota, under the direction of State Geologist J. E. Todd, of South Dakota, is sending back interesting reports of its investigations in the bad lands near Hermosa, where it is now carrying on its work. A careful survey is being made of the dry lake beds and valleys in that locality, the geological formation of which is so peculiar that even Professor Todd confesses himself puzzled by it. Another remarkable discovery of the exploring party is that of a tract near Pine Ridge, on which are numerous dunes which appear to change their location and appearance with every movement of the wind.

Probably the most peculiar formation, however, to which the investigators have yet turned their attention is that of a hill some eighty feet high situated near the junction of Sand Creek and the White River. This hill is in a constant state of vibration and has frequently, according to the accounts given by the Indians and a few white settlers in the locality, trembled so violently as to overturn wagons. Subterranean rumblings accompany the movement. About halfway up the hill is a bed of volcano ashes ten feet thick. The geologists think there has been a volcano in the neighborhood and are giving the matter the fullest investigation.—Chicago Record.

Mirrors of Celluloid.

Superstitious persons who would walk a mile rather than break a mirror have cause for rejoicing. A German genius has come to their rescue with a mirror which accurately reflects every object, and yet has not in its composition an atom of glass.

He simply employs celluloid where glass was heretofore used and has obtained unlooked for results, which demonstrate the success of his invention. A perfectly transparent, well polished celluloid plate receives a backing of quicksilver, as does the reverse side of a mirror. Great care has to be taken that the celluloid is absolutely devoid of flaws, as a single defect would ruin the mirror.

After the first plate has received its coating of quicksilver, another plate similar in size and finish is fastened to the back to protect the exposed plate. The second piece of celluloid also mirrors, so that practically a double mirror is furnished.

The advantages are many. It is unbreakable, though, of course, not indestructible, and could not be well used to stir up a backward fire in the grate. It is lighter and will wear longer, and is infinitely cheaper. Good mirror glass is expensive, but the inventor of the celluloid mirrors claims that he can place them on the market at an astonishingly low figure.

Causes of Headache.

The ordinary headache, which is so extremely common among the inhabitants of our Atlantic seaboard towns is the outcome of conditions affecting the nerves through impoverished blood containing poisonous matter absorbed from badly digested food. So called liver torpidity and the catarrhal affections due to our changeable climate also aid in effecting its spread. Nervous exhaustion, due to irregular and fast living, plays an important part in its causation. Nervous strain, especially of the eyes, and inflamed tissues about the internal bones of the nose are special causes. Nervous irritation, which is but poorly understood by the general reader, is a prolific cause of so called nervous headache. I know of no more dangerous practice than to treat headache pain blindly with drugs. Of course, outdoor exercise is the best possible thing for permanent cure. It is very easy to relieve most forms of headache by means of the coal tar derivatives, of which so many are in the drug market. These form the basis of the many headache cures found on the druggists' shelves. Their use is not entirely without danger, for they are powerful heart depressants if taken in doses of any considerable size.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Female Bird Dingy.

It is well known that female birds are everywhere (as a general rule) of a dingy and inconspicuous hue contrasted with the brilliant-colored ornamentation of their mates. The reason seems to be pretty clear. The female bird is forced by its maternal solicitude to spend a considerable portion of its time on the nest, engaged in the important duties of rearing the young. It is practically helpless during this period, and were it conspicuous by its color and readily distinguished from the nest and its surroundings, would fall an easy prey to enemies. The best proof of this is that where the male sits on the nest and attends to the nursery it is he who is dingy of hue and inconspicuous, and the female who is brightly colored. Even the gorgeously tinted male wild duck turns a dingy, decayed reed color at one season of the year. But this is precisely the time when he needs protection, namely, when unable to fly on account of casting his pinion feathers.

Automatic Fishing Rod.

A Chicago genius was recently granted a patent on an automatic fishing rod. This great labor saving device consists of a rod and holder cocked and poised upon a strong spring. In this position it may be left upon the shore by itself, after the owner has baited the hook and cast it into the water. When the fish seizes the bait, the tug it gives the line opens the trigger, and the fish is jerked ashore and landed high and dry by the uncoiling of the spring. This invention at once removes fishing from the list of laborious occupations and makes it nothing but pastime.

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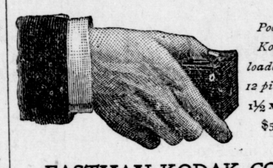
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*Daily. †Daily ex. Sun. ‡Daily ex. Sat. and Sun. §Sunday only. ¶Sunday only. xStop on Signal to take on or let off Passengers. nStop on Signal to let off Passengers for Baltimore. bStop on Signal to take on Passengers for Baltimore. fStop on Signal to let off Passengers for Easton or Ocean City. kStop on Signal to take on or let off passengers for other k stops. regular stops or Baltimore.

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