

The Sun

'The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor.'

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1899.

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W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

The Rescue of Jock

By John H. Whitson

That he should meet with an adventure out of the ordinary, Sid Holly could not have believed when he stepped the mast in his little boat and stood away for the fishing ground off Saugus Bay.

There was still some sea running, as the result of the recent gale; but Sid was used to the ocean and its ways. Born in his present home, on one of the small islands of the upper New England coast, he "knew" of the waves had been in his ears since his earliest recollection.

"Must have been a fire in the woods at Cataract Point," was his thought, as he took the tiller and drew in the sheet of the sail for the long tack that was to take him beyond the headland. "Probably a tree burning."

There had been a red light in the southern sky at daybreak, and now he could dimly discern a filmy trace of smoke. There were no houses on Cataract Point, or in that direction. It was a lonely spot, visited only in summer by camping and fishing parties.

Sid Holly did not think of a burning ship; but when he had beat well out through the choppy waves that were running off the headland, he saw a big, square-rigged vessel, rolling heavily with smoke rising in a thin cloud from a point forward.

Sid immediately altered his course and stood away for the unfortunate ship. As he passed under her stern, he read the name "Java, Boston, Maine."

The vessel was down almost to the main chains, and threatened to go to the bottom at any moment. Sid kept well off, not caring to be near the whirlpool that would be produced if she should go down with a sudden lurch.

While studying the smoke, a queer chattering noise caused him to glance aloft, and he saw a small hairy body crouched on the mizen cross-trees. It was a monkey, looking down at him with what seemed to be an appealing expression.

"The monkey's pitiful condition touched Sid's heart."

"Poor little fellow!" he muttered. "They forgot you, did they, when they abandoned the ship?"

Then he called to it: "Come, Jock! Come, Jock! Come down, Jock!"

The monkey moved uneasily, glanced toward the forward deck as if it saw or heard something there of which it was afraid, and refused to descend.

Sid shifted the tiller, to pass back toward the stern, and threw over the boom as the boat came around.

"Come, Jock!" he urged, as he again drew near.

The monkey uttered nervous chatters and moved restlessly on its perch, but would not come down.

Sid sent the boat on round the Java, at a respectful distance. The fire was evidently in the foremast, but it seemed to be making no progress. The worst thing was the vessel's sinking condition. Sid kept about a half hour, or even a half day, was his conclusion.

Again he looked at the monkey. Why for it, combined with a thought that there might be something on the vessel which he could take in his boat to recompense him for the risk he finally overcame his fears. He put the boat alongside the ship's starboard, where he fastened it by a line; then he climbed to the deserted deck. As the monkey appeared to be on the point of descending the shrouds, Sid, feeling that he was not to be deceived, climbed up to meet it.

It was in no wise afraid of him, but pleased, rather, and grateful. It had been the pet of some sailor, he was sure, perhaps of the captain. Sid took it into his arms and looked into its grave brown eyes.

Suddenly it gave a chatter of fear, leaped from his arms to his shoulder, and seemed on the point of springing to the shrouds and racing back to its former position.

Wondering what had frightened it, Sid turned to the deck. What he saw gave him such a start that he almost let go his hold. A big tiger had emerged from the forward companionway and stood looking up at him, its eyes blazing and its tail waving a snakey threat.

An exclamation of surprise and alarm came from Sid Holly's lips, and the monkey again chattered in fear. This was answered by a deep growl from the tiger's cavernous throat, and by an advance to the starboard which brought it between Sid and his boat.

The appearance of the tiger on the deck was so strange and apparently so inexplicable that Sid Holly might readily have been excused for thinking this the improbable experience of a dream. Later, he knew that the Java had brought the tiger and several other wild beasts in cages from an Indian port, consigned to a circus firm in Bridgeport. The storm had blown the Java out of her course and to the northward.

He learned, too, that when the boats were ready to pull away from the doomed ship some tender-hearted member of the crew had slipped the ears of the cages, with the result that most of the released animals, frightened by the fire, had immediately leaped into the sea and had been drowned. As for the monkey, it had been abandoned simply because it obstinately refused to get into the rigging, perhaps through fright, and refused to be caught.

Sid Holly's hands shook on the rattles and his heart chilled as he saw the tiger cross the deck in that threatening manner, and when he thought of the creature's sinking state, and glanced from the smoking foremast into the sea, his brain fairly reeled.

With the ship surely settling under him, held in the rigging by that fierce beast, afraid to leap into the sea, his situation was one to unnerve the stoutest heart.

The little boat bumped its nose against the vessel's side. Then a big wave heaved the ship aloft. She fell heavily into the trough, with a waterlogged roll that made Sid's heart rise in his throat.

His scared exclamation, as he thought the ship was surely going down, the tiger answered with another growl. This growl apparently caused the monkey to abandon its idea of springing into the rigging; for, with an almost human murmur of fear, it sought to

cuddle in Sid's arms for protection. He put a hand, albeit a shaking one, carefully on its head.

The tiger, ominous as had been his growl, did not appear to want to force its fight. It did not come nearer. It, too, was frightened by the strangeness of its position and the waste of tumbling water.

It approached the rail and looked down into the little boat. Though the boat was about as level as a ship, Sid's glance about it without any apparent intention of springing into the boat, the movement gave Sid another thrill of fear. With the tiger's head touching the rail just over the boat, Sid's chances of escaping from the sinking ship were done as well as his life.

The ship dropped again into a trough, with a threatening lurch, after the passage of a big wave. Some rope noisily slatted, and the yards groaned as if they felt the parangs of the vessel's second slendering than ever.

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The tiger balanced and shifted on its big feet, its claws suggestively rattling on the hard boards of the deck, but it did not materially change its position. Now and then it cast a questioning, suspicious glance at the monkey, who stood on the deck with its back to Sid.

After the first shock of fear had passed Sid tried to calm himself. His only hope seemed to be to get the tiger away from the starboard rail. If he could do that he might reach the boat by a courageous dash, or by springing into the sea he might gain the boat by swimming, even though he was not a very good swimmer. To remain in the rigging until the ship went down was to go down with it.

To ascertain what the tiger would do he descended a few feet, holding the boat from the ship's side. The tiger instantly noticed and resented the movement. Its lips drew back from its white teeth in a snarl, and it took a step in Sid's direction. Its attitude was so threatening that the boy stopped short, with terror again surging at his heart.

But fear of the man of the sea soon drove him downward.

This threw the tiger into a rage. It came nearer. Looking up at him with its blazing yellow eyes, it crouched with its back to the ship's side. Its shrouds, its black and yellow bands seemed to writhe in snakey folds, and its sinuous, swaying tail quivered to the very tip.

Only a quick knowledge that the ship was sinking kept Sid from scrambling back with all his might. He was sure the vessel had perceptibly settled since he came aboard, so short a time before. Another big wave was lifting her, and the conviction was forced on him that the time in which she would remain afloat could be numbered in minutes, if not in seconds.

"If I only had a belaying pin," he thought. "Anything to throw!"

He snatched off his cap and hurled it as far as he could to port.

The tiger rose with a hoarse growl, glared at the flying cap, and took a step toward it as it fell.

The ship was lifting on another wave. With trembling fingers Sid drew out his pocket knife, wrapped his handkerchief about it, and hurled both over the tiger's head.

That was Sid's opportunity. With the monkey clinging to his shoulders he sprang down the rigging almost as a flash, and sped across the deck. He heard the tiger snarl and turn. Then he heard its snarl and the rattle of its claws, as he began to cast off the line that held the boat.

Terror drove Sid Holly's heart into his mouth and made his fingers clumsy. In his fancy he felt the tiger hot breath on his back and its sharp teeth in his flesh. But he cast off the line somehow and sprang over the rail into the boat.

At the same instant there was a rumbling growl, and the tiger burst through the starboard door. He was as crouched, saw it shoot over him like a flash; then heard it drop with a splash into the sea.

He sank down trembling and exhausted, not having strength to push the tiger away. The monkey tried to climb from his shoulder and enter into his arms for protection. The boat swung away of itself as the ship once more lifted, and by a sort of instinct Sid put a hand on the tiller.

Then he saw the tiger rise to the surface, splashing as if he were dead. It turned toward him and began to swim. He gave the tiller a further push, the sail caught the breeze and the boat moved through the water.

A white-topped wave, hissing as it ran, threw its heavy bulk across the tiger's head, and again the big beast went down. The ship seemed about to follow it. But the ship rose, and the tiger's head again appeared. The tiger was plainly frightened. It was out of its element and the plaything of the sea.

The sail caught the full force of the breeze and the boat quickly drew away from the ship. Again the tiger snarl and rose, weaker than before. Twice was this repeated. Then the big ship, with thunders groaning, gave a sudden and ominous roll to port. A huge green wave crawled across her decks, as if seeking to stifle the smoke that rose from the foremast. There was another groan, with a creaking of yards and cordage.

She fell along like a drowning boy to the rudder of his little boat. But he was already far enough from the ship to be practically out of danger.

Nor was the commotion as great as he had expected. The waves boiled furiously for a few moments. Then the Java, sailing her masts, went down like a leaden plummet.

When the topmasts had disappeared Sid looked for the tiger. It was not to be seen.

"That came near being our fate, Jock!"

The words breathed a prayer of gratitude; and the little monkey, henceforth for life Sid Holly's friend and companion, crept toward him, as if it, too, felt awed and thankful, and was taken carelessly in his arms.—Golden Days.

It is infallible.

Cholly—How do you know she won't marry you, dear boy?

Cholly—President, you know, fellah. She never has married anyone.

"That's so, by Jove!"—Tit-Bits.

THE RING OF DEATH.

It Belongs to Spain and Has a Grievous History—Shah of Persia's Cube of Amber.

The magic power of precious stones is a belief dating back to the ancients. The gift of eloquence is bestowed by the sardonyx, and Diarmid wore a ring set with this jewel upon the occasion when he wished to identify his auditors and win new adherents to his cause.

That this belief in the stone goes back into the centuries is evinced by the fact that King Henry VIII. employed an Italian lawyer who hired a sardonyx with which to defend the cause of a certain fair widow, possessed of great wealth, and he succeeded in winning both his cause and the widow at the same time.

Princess Louise of Lorne wears a ring set with sparkling jet as one of her talismans, which is supposed to have singular efficacy in preserving health. So very superstitious is the royal lady, that sometimes she will attend a dinner party in which she is invited to give the toast.

The ancient theory regarding jet was that, if powdered and mixed with wine, it would cure a sovereign remedy against toothache. It was also a marvelous discoverer of unfaithfulness.

The Shah of Persia is never without his cube of amber, which he wears around his neck. It is reported to have fallen from Heaven in a storm of fire, and is valued at a high price.

Among other properties it has also the power of rendering its wearer invulnerable. Domitian used to wear a lock of his wife's hair about his neck, thinking it was beneficial because it was amber-colored.

Although many people believe that pearls mean tears, the Rothschild family refuse to believe that their fate may be influenced by precious stones. Upon the birth of every girl Rothschild's mother presents her with a pearl necklace worth \$500,000.

Every young woman makes her debut with a pearl necklace, and she is considered a fortune teller.

Zola is embarrassed in the trivial details of his daily life by a host of superstitious fears and a belief in good and evil omens. His fancy takes the form of numbers, and it is the abhorrence and carries a bit of coral as a talisman against the perils of the sea.

Agate, which insures long life, health and prosperity, is the good omen worn by the German emperor. The young king of Russia wears a ring in which a diamond is imbedded a cube of the true cross. Once while traveling from St. Petersburg to Moscow he suddenly found that he had forgotten his ring. The train was stopped and a messenger sent flying back in an express engine for it.

That "the ring of death" belongs in Spain is ominous. It is a rare and beautiful ring, but it is never worn kept in anyone's possession, as it is considered worthless by the people of that country.

The ring hangs about the neck of the patron saint of Madrid in one of the most beautiful parks of the Spanish capital. It is of pearls and diamonds, but there is no special provision made for watching it, as a superstition holds that the Spanish never to give it a wide berth, and there is no fear or hope of its being stolen.

The story of the ring is a tragic one. It was made for the father of the present king, and he presented it to the queen upon the day of their betrothal.

Her married life was short. Queen Christina, the king's grandmother, next wore the ring, but shortly after died, and the king gave it to his sister, Infanta Isabel, who died within a few months following. The ring then passed to a daughter of Duc de Montpensier, and in less than three months she, too, died.

The king, fearing its influence, put the jewel in his own hands, and he died for the year was out to die, and it was thought best to put the ring away from the living, hence it was hung about the neck of the statue, where its history being so well known, it is desired to be as safe as "hough" can be made by a cordon of police.—Boston Herald.

Wanda of Hama Power.

A physician reads a homily on the unnecessary amount of dynamic force people throw into all their movements. They wear themselves out by wasting their energy. They may think they are moving gently and deliberately along, while they are really wasting enough power to run an engine. If they would only slow, he maintains, they would, in the majority of cases, reach the end they are making for quite as effectively and certainly with much easier ease. He speaks of one of his patients who had to summon him after she had miscalculated the height of the bottom step in descending a flight of stairs. She thought it was similar to the others, but it was only half as high, and the result was that she landed on the pavement with a jar that sprained her knee and laid her up for two weeks. The mistake of trying to substitute strength for skill is exemplified every day on the golf links and in many departments of athletics, and a music professor laments that thousands of young dynamic force are thrown away every day at the keyboard of the piano because music tutors have not taught their pupils the simplest rules of the concentration of the power of the hand by the position and movement of the fingers and wrist.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Cause.

Mr. Muehleblast—Yes, doctor, I have a frightful cold; but what did you say was your special method of treatment? Physician—Strike at the cause or origin of the trouble.

"That's odd. Anyhow, you'll find the baby in the other room."—Chicago Journal.

How He Got There.

Visitor (at jail to prisoner)—What brought you here? Prisoner—Bad judgment.

"How was that?"

"I was too fast for my employers and too slow for the officers."—Puck.

DISQUISITION ON KISSING.

How the People of Different Nations Manage It—A Much-Kissed Crown Princess.

In France there are thousands of opportunities for plentiful kissing. Brothers kiss sisters, husbands wives, friends each other. It would even be thought peculiar should a young lady refuse to offer her cheek for a kiss to a friend of the family on his departure or return after a long absence.

In England kissing among members of a family is less common. Men never kiss one another. Still more restrained are they in Scotland, where a woman would consider it beneath her dignity if she kissed her grown-up sons, and mothers are sparing of caresses even for their little boys.

The brilliant woman and the attractive girl in society are very much what they always were, I fancy. One must get behind the scenes to recognize the modern woman's peculiarities. Entomology and a salary may affect her private life.

"Do not notice in society one sign that woman are changed. When I was a girl the half hour or whole hour after dinner was the abomination of desolation. The men stayed with their wives and children, and manifested did penance for their sins.

"Now things are altogether different in this day and generation. To be sure, the men often leave the table with the women, but unless they don't, there is no dull hour for the women. Women are more interested in each other than they used to be, or else they are more interested in themselves.

"When a number of women are together nowadays they seem to have a never-ending time, and conversation never flags for a moment. I suppose it is because there are more interests in the lives of women than there were in the old days. One doesn't need to talk jam, or servants, or children, or clothes, or those sort of stale topics are still hard work, I notice.

"I've often seen a look of actual regret on the women's faces when the doors opened and the men came in. It is a wholesome sign. A woman's mind is a more fertile product of civilization than a man's woman. The men are so easily deceived, poor things."—N. Y. Sun.

THE STUDY OF SYMPATHY.

A Branch of Education for the Young Which is Too Often Entirely Neglected.

The modern girl takes up a variety of athletic studies, or devotes herself to athletic exercises of a severe kind. Would it not be more to the point if she would take lessons in sympathizing with her fellow creatures?

There are many who are sympathetic in spirit, but they do not know how to express it. They are sympathetic, but they do not know how to express it.

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A WOMAN'S WOMAN.

With the "New Woman" There Has Come a Change with Those Who Are Not New.

"One hears a good deal about the new woman," said a Washington woman who has had long and varied social experiences in England and society, and it seems to me that the woman I meet to-day are very much like the women I knew 50 years ago.

"There may be more who are highly educated, or self-supporting, but the well-bred woman doesn't talk anymore about roots and shop in society, and I can't tell a pretty girl who knows about bugs from one who doesn't. If a girl's frock is stunning I don't care whether she earned it or her father paid for it.

"The brilliant woman and the attractive girl in society are very much what they always were, I fancy. One must get behind the scenes to recognize the modern woman's peculiarities. Entomology and a salary may affect her private life.

"Do not notice in society one sign that woman are changed. When I was a girl the half hour or whole hour after dinner was the abomination of desolation. The men stayed with their wives and children, and manifested did penance for their sins.

"Now things are altogether different in this day and generation. To be sure, the men often leave the table with the women, but unless they don't, there is no dull hour for the women. Women are more interested in each other than they used to be, or else they are more interested in themselves.

"When a number of women are together nowadays they seem to have a never-ending time, and conversation never flags for a moment. I suppose it is because there are more interests in the lives of women than there were in the old days. One doesn't need to talk jam, or servants, or children, or clothes, or those sort of stale topics are still hard work, I notice.

"I've often seen a look of actual regret on the women's faces when the doors opened and the men came in. It is a wholesome sign. A woman's mind is a more fertile product of civilization than a man's woman. The men are so easily deceived, poor things."—N. Y. Sun.

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A CHRONIC COMPLAINER.

He Was Brought to His Senses by the Application of a Mustard Plaster.

He is a chronic complainer, is old Uncle Abednego; also an amateur by profession. His health is his god, and never was a god more faithfully worshipped. He came home one night last winter convinced that he had acquired pneumonia and was a winning candidate for a bright immortality, but the pleasure him, as evinced by his loud lamentations. Aunt Amy, his wife, and a wholesome cheerful body, had had too much experience, however, with his acute attacks of divers deadly diseases—very acute, for they always disappeared in the morning to be seriously alarmed, so she placidly compounded a strong mustard plaster and, getting him to bed, applied it to his chest. After grumbling himself tired Uncle Abednego fell fast asleep, and the crisis of the trouble had been passed.

"O, O, O!" growled Uncle Abednego, waking his wife in the early morning.

"What is it now?" demanded Aunt Amy, somewhat impatiently because of her disturbed slumbers.

"My heart, my heart!" gasped Uncle Abednego.

"Have you lost it?" asked Aunt Amy, sleepily.

"I have always known that heart disease would kill me, in spite of what that fool doctor says," continued Uncle Abednego, bitterly. "O, my