

SOME ODD STORIES.

ADVENTURES AND INCIDENTS FAR OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The Unaccountable Mutiny on the American Ship Mohawk—Overpowered and Set Adrift in an Open Boat—The Storm and the Vision of the Shipwreck.

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Everybody remembers the mysterious and unexplained disappearance of the full rigged American ship Mohawk that sailed from Foo-Choo, China, with a cargo of tea consigned to New York dealers. It is known there was a mutiny and that Captain Cross and some of the crew were cast adrift in an open boat by the rebellious sailors, but there is a portion of the captain's story that has never been published in print. I had a long talk with the old skipper a few days ago, and he told me of the whole strange affair from beginning to end, giving me liberty to publish it if I wished. I found it interesting, and it may interest others.

The Mohawk's crew was a motley collection of various classes, such as an ex-captain who follows the high seas is forced to accept in these days, but they seemed willing and capable, and as the pay was



HIS DEFENSE.

satisfactory and the feed unusually good, the captain did not apprehend any serious trouble. To this day he is unable to explain the cause of the mutiny, but he is inclined to think there was a spell cast on the ship by a beggar who was driven from her deck as she lay in Foo-Choo and that she sailed from that port under an evil star. All sailors are more or less superstitious.

The Mohawk was well down the Indian ocean when the mutiny occurred, and it came without the least warning, like a thunderclap from a clear sky. One of the men, a Lesnor, refused point blank to go aloft, and when the first mate attempted to lay hands on him he gave a cry that brought two-thirds of the sailors rushing to his side. Then he defied captain or mate to lay a hand on him.

"Mutiny!" cried Captain Cross, starting for his cabin, where he kept a fine Winchester rifle. Although shocked by the suddenness of the affair, he was not stunned, and he meant to make a stiff fight, but two of the rebellious crew intercepted and grappled with him. As he struggled with the men, both of whom were powerful fellows, he saw the first mate fighting fiercely in the midst of the mutineers. The others of the crew who were not in the plot had fallen back to the rail, all of them appearing frightened and undecided. The skipper roared at them to pitch in and fight for their lives, but even that was not enough to arouse them.

The struggle was brief, resulting in the complete conquering of the captain, first mate and those of the crew who were not in the plot, for it plainly was the leader of the mutineers was a dark faced man named Delaro, in whose veins there ran the mingled blood of at least three races. He was a sullen, silent man, but an efficient sailor, and Captain Cross had never for a moment dreamed he would head a rebellion.

"What do you mean to do with us?" demanded the skipper after he had discovered commands and threats were wasted.

"Wait," said Delaro, who was standing guard, a loaded musket in his hands. "Don't get in a hurry. You find out soon."

"I warn you that I will hunt you down and bring you to justice for this," grated the furious but helpless captain. "You will not succeed."

Delaro sneered. "That's all you know. We not fools to sell the seas. Pirates all gone. Ship worth money; cargo worth money. I know how to get money. Then you find us. We be scattered everywhere."

The captain tried to convince him he would find it impossible to dispose of the Mohawk or her cargo, but the chief of the mutineers expressed his scorn by looks and grunts. A boat was quickly loaded with "salt grub," two casks of water being added, after which she was lowered from the davits and the overpowered sailors forced to descend into her. Then the mutineers aimed their firearms at the unfortunate and sent a few bullets "chugging" into the water about the boat as the ship sailed away.

The men in the boat watched her until she was hull down against the horizon, and Captain Cross seemed to arouse himself with an effort.

"Men," he said soberly, "there is a group of small islands to the westward, and I propose we make for them, as, if I am not mistaken, a storm is brewing. We do not want to be on the sea in this boat if a heavy blow arises."

They got out the oars and pulled away to the west. It was near sundown when they ran through the jagged reef that surrounded a beautiful little island, and they were scarcely ashore when the storm that had been threatening for long hours came swirling down upon them with appalling suddenness. Darkness hung itself over the sea with the vanishing of the sun, and all that wild night they crouched in the lee of a huge overhanging bluff, while the wind roared, the surf thundered over the reef, the mark was sundrenched by jagged lightning, and the earth fairly resined at each peal of thunder. The rain literally fell in a flood.

Toward morning the fierceness of the storm lessened, and as a muddy brown streak showed in the east, the fury of the tempest swept on and was gone. Still the breakers boomed over the reef in a white mass of foam that leaped up in a vain attempt to brush the sullen mass of ragged clouds that hung low over the face of the ocean.

All at once one of the men leaped up, fairly screaming: "Look, look, a ship!" They all looked in the direction indicated, and they distinctly saw a dimly lighted ship driving toward the reef, seeming perfectly helpless to avert her doom. Evidently she had been disabled and nearly wrecked in the terrible storm, and the work of disaster was to be completed on the relentless reef.

fact that the reef broke the force of the waves in a measure. For all of what had happened, the skipper and seamen resolved to render such assistance to the imperiled mutineers as lay in their power. As the boat ran out from the island the ship seemed to strike a reef, and the shrieks of the men aboard her were plainly heard. The captain and his men all pulled to the best of their ability, and as they approached they saw the ship go to pieces before their eyes. Still they pulled, hoping to be able to pick up some of the unfortunate wretches who were aboard the doomed craft. Through the laden mists of dawn they saw the luckless mutineers struggling in the water. And then, all at once, as the clouds in the east broke away and a ray of rose colored light shot through and fell on the boiling water about the reef, neither ship nor men were to be seen. In a single moment all had vanished, and only the waves roared and foamed and beached over the reef.

Captain Cross and his companions were stunned. In vain they cruised about the spot, hoping to see a timber, a spar, something anything that would tell them it had not all been a hallucination. They saw nothing. The clouds parted in the east, and the morning sun shone through before they rowed back to the island. And not a body nor one piece of timber did they see. They rowed up on the beach, although they watched for something of the kind the entire day. Not until the coming of another night could they agree they had been deceived by a vision, a delusion, a mystery of the sea. Then all decided the Mohawk had not driven on the reef at all, for it was impossible that every piece of the ship and every one of the men aboard her should have sunk like lead and no relic been tossed up by the waves that beat on the sandy island beach.

But what became of the Mohawk? That is a question unanswered to this day, for no trace of her has ever been discovered. No sailor believes her yet adrift, and still no sailor seems to know in what part of the great deep her bones lie buried. And not one of the mutineers has Captain Cross confronted since the day he was cast adrift in the open boat with a few faithful followers.

Two days after the storm he was taken from the island by an American vessel, being eventually landed in Baltimore. It was agreed among the men that no mention should be made of the visionary shipwreck they fancied they witnessed until at least two years had passed or the lost Mohawk was discovered. That was more than two years ago.

A Hoaster Cured. Reuben Dean lives in the rather sleepy little town of B— in the state of New Jersey, and he has acquired the unenviable reputation of being an unblushing liar and hoaster. Up to one night about two weeks ago he missed no opportunity to show himself with a tale of some terrific adventure through which he had passed, taking care to depict himself as the fearless hero of each bloodcurdling episode. He declared he did not believe in spirits other than those to be found at the bar of the village tavern, and he professed to hold in the greatest contempt any one who feared ghosts or the supernatural.

Reuben lived about a mile and a half outside of the village, and it was his custom each night after supper to hitch his scrawny old white horse into his wobbly wagon and ride down to the "howtel," where he was certain to meet his cronies and spend an hour or two romancing and bragging. Through the day he kept the white horse out to pasture, and one night he found the animal had knocked out several lengths of the staggering fence and escaped from confinement. If he spent much time to search for the horse, he would not get into town in time to hobnob with his set, so he started out afoot, satisfied the horse would not go far and no one would steal him.

Just outside the village is the cemetery, which Reuben passed every night. This evening, some time before he came to the cemetery, he fell in with two men of the place, who were on their way to the postoffice. As the three trudged along the subject of ghosts happened to come up, and one of the men remarked that old Mother Carey, who had the reputation of being a witch, had been buried that day.

"Wasn't," drawled Reuben as he took a huge chew of tobacco, "I s'pose folks'll be seen spooks 'round the graveyard now she's buried there. Such foolishness makes me sick, by gosh! They hain't no such thing as spooks, and if there was they'd never skeer me."

Immediately one of his companions challenged him to cut across the cemetery with them. At first he tried to get out of it, but their laughter caused him to consent, and he sealed the fence, telling them to follow.

They had not proceeded far amid the white tombstones, where the darkness was gathering thickly, before one of the men said the new-made grave of the old witch was just ahead. At that instant a loud "woosh" came out of the shadows, and then up before the trio rose a huge white figure that looked grotesque and terrible amid the murky shadows.

"A wild yell of horror pealed from the lips of Reuben Dean, and he promptly whirled and fled for his life. He hadn't made more than six leaps before he fell floundering into a newly excavated grave, where he lay groaning:

"Don't touch me, Mrs. Carey! I'd never said it if I'd thought! I didn't mean anything! Oh, Lord! Don't touch me, good Mrs. Carey!" In about three minutes the other two men came along and pulled him out of the grave, one of them saying with the utmost contempt:

"Get up here, you fool! Shut up your whining! Here's your ghost, and I advise you to take it home." Then Reuben saw before him his own old white horse, which one of his companions had captured without a struggle. It took him about five minutes to get the thing through his head, and then he took the horse by the mane and led it home. Since then he sneaks into the village surreptitiously and gets out as soon as possible, but somebody is sure to see him and ask him about that "ghost." He has quit boasting, and it is hoped he is cured.

GILBERT PATTER. Several Viennese physicians have made a specialty of woman culture. One of them, a Dr. Robert Fischer, says that his practice of this sort is so great that the days are not long enough. Continues this frank speaker: "Numbers of mothers put their daughters through a whole course of beautification when they are in the marriage market. That's the time when the most elaborate reparations of the human form are ordered and undertaken. I have a great deal more to do in the spring and fall than for the most fashionable balls of the year."

He Replenished the Fire. Emaulton of Spain possessed wonderful strength. On Christmas day, 1888, being with several nobles in the upper rooms of a castle, the host complained of the fire burning low. Hearing this, Emaulton, who had seen through the window some asses going by laden with wood, went out, seized one of the asses, and swinging it together with its burden, upon his shoulder mounted 34 steps to the room where the nobles were and playfully threw wood and ass on the fire.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Merc-Tittle. Mrs. Caustique (with rigid severity)—What I don't understand, Mrs. Parvoo, is why you should have named your summer cottage "Parahurst-by-the-Riverside," when there isn't a stream of water within 10 miles. Mrs. Parvoo (with equal severity)—My husband intends to have a river put through the premises at once.—Chicago Record.

GEMS IN VERSE.

A Persian Poem. Tell me, gentle traveler, thou Who hast wandered far and wide, Seen the sweetest roses bloom, And the brightest rivers glide— Say, of all thine eyes have seen, Which the fairest land has been? "Lady, shall I tell thee where Nature seems most blest and fair, Far above all climes beside? 'Tis where those we love abide. And that little spot is best, Which the loved one's foot hath pressed. Though it be a fairy space, Wide and spreading is the place; Though 'twere even a barren mound, 'Twould become enchanted ground. With thee, you sandy waste would seem The margin of Al Ca'uth's stream, And then couldst make a daisied gloom A bowser where newborn roses bloom." —Jewish Messenger.

In Bohemia. I'd rather live in Bohemia than any other land, For only there are the values true, And the laurels gathered in all men's view; The prizes of traffic and state are won: By shrewdness of force or by deeds undone, But fame is sweeter without the feud, And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd. Here pilgrims stream, with a faith sublime, From every class and clime and time, Aspiring only to be enrolled With the names that are writ in the book of gold. And each one bears in mind or hand A pain of the dear Bohemia land. A scholar first with his book—a youth, Aflame with the glory of harvested truth, A girl with a picture, a man with a play, A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay, A knight with a marvelous horse and sword, A player, a king, a plowman, a lord— And the player is king when the door is passed, The plowman's charity sows the seed, I'd rather fall in Bohemia than win in another land. There are no titles inherited there, No board or hope for the brainless heir, No gilded ducalard native born To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn. Bohemia has none of the vulgar show, Its limits, where fancy's bright stream runs; Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade, But for truth and beauty men's souls have made.

To the empty heart in a jeweled breast There is value maybe in a purchased crest; But the thirty of soul soon learn to know The molten froth of the social show, The vulgar sham of the pompous feast, Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest; The organized charity scribbles and feed, In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ; The smile restrained, the respectable cant, When a friend in need is a friend in want; When the only aim is to keep aloft And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat. Oh, I long for a glow of a kindly heart, And the grasp of a friendly hand, And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Weather. Us farmers in the country, as seasons go and come, Is purty much like other folks—we're apt to grumble some! The spring's too back'ard fer us er too for'ard—any one We'll jaw about it anyhow and have our way er none! The thaw's set in too sudden, er the frost's staid in the soil; Too long to give the wheat a chance, and crops is bound to spoil! The weather's either most too mild er too outrageous rough, And altogether too much rain er not half rain enough!

Now what I'd like and what you'd like is plain enough to see; It's jest to have old Providence drop round on you and me. And ast us what our views is first regardin shine er rain, And post you when to shet er off er let er on again! And yit I'd rather, after all—considera other chors—I got on hands, a-tandin both to my affairs and yours— I'd rather miss the blame I'd git a-rulin things er I'd rather miss my entry time in praise and gratitude and prayer. —James Whitcomb Riley.

Rapid Transit. The first train leaves at six p. m. For the land where the poppy blows, The mother dear is the engineer, And the passenger laughs and crows. The palace car is the mother's arms; The whistle a low, sweet strain, And goes to sleep on the train.

At eight p. m. the next train starts For the poppy land afar, The summons clear falls on the ear, "All aboard for the sleeping car!" But what is the fare to poppy land? I hope it is not too dear. The fare is this—a hug and a kiss, And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took On His knee in kindness great: "Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day That leave at six and eight. "Keep watch on the passengers," thus I pray. "For the men they are very dear; And special ward, O gracious Lord, Over the gentle engineer." —St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Charity. He who sits And looks out on the palpitating world And feels his heart swell in him large enough To hold all men within it, he has His great Creator's standard, though he dwells Outside the pale of churches and knows not A feast day from a fast day, or a line Of Scripture even. What God wants of us Is that outreaching benignity that ignores All littleness of aims or loves or creeds And clasps all earth and heaven in embrace. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Recipe For a Day. Take a little dash of water cold, And a little dash of prayer, And a little bit of sunshine gold Dissolved in the morning air. Add to your meal some merriment, Add a thought for kith and kin, And then, as a prime ingredient, A plenty of work to do in. But spice it all with the essence of love And a little whiff of play, Let a wise old book and a glance above Complete the well spent day. —Housekeeper.

Disillusionment. The cooling draft your fancy craved Slips tasteless down your eager throat; The singer over whom you raved Gives out a hoarse and raucous note; The pipe, to have which you would fret, Tastes bitter to your palate still; The kiss you hungered so to get Gave you no fascinating thrill; The moment which you deemed best to job When realized seemed all too tame— And the happiest hours you ever knew Were the hours that never came. —Chicago News-Record.

Duty. And rank for her meant duty, various, Yet equal in her worth, done worthily, Commanded and service. Humblest service done By willing and discerning souls was glory. —George Fick.

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