

# Haunted Ships in Uncle Sam's Navy

THOUGH steam and steel have displaced belling sail and sturdy oak in the navies of the world Jack Tar is still a superstitious soul on every sea. And young and modern though he be, Uncle Sam himself possesses a fleet of haunted ships. The natural flagship of this squadron is the famous old Constitution, a relic of the days when the Flying Dutchman was as much a reality in the minds of many mariners as any craft that ever plowed the waves. It is eighty-seven years since the Constitution whipped the British frigate Guerriere, and the staunch old Yankee craft has long been used as a receiving ship in the navy yard at Portsmouth. Nevertheless, some of the seamen attached to her say she is still haunted by the ghost of Captain Isaac Hull; every midnight, they allege, the wraith of the gallant old sailor may be seen pacing the quarterdeck, arrayed in a uniform coat, shining cocked hat and the famous white trousers that were split in the memorable engagement of August, 1812. He carries a long glass under his arm, now and then leveling it at the horizon, as if in search of an enemy's sail.



"A SHADOWY HAND HAD FELT HIS PULSE"



"A DEAD MAN, HIS ONE EYE STARING AND HIS RED HEAD TANGLED WITH SEAWEED"

## SHE IS STILL HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN HULL

The Frolic, an old-fashioned craft of about 70 tons, then was used for years as a dispatch boat and tender, was long alleged to be haunted, because of certain extraordinary noises heard in the wardroom about the beginning of the mid-watch every night. So persistent and gruesome were these sounds that none of the wardroom boys could be persuaded to enter the apartment unless accompanied by a commissioned officer, after 10 o'clock, when lights were put out. Even the officers were annoyed, since the noises not only interrupted the slumber of men liable to be called for duty at any hour of the night, but also increased the natural superstition of the sailor. Mr. X, the junior watch officer, professed to have been kept awake several hours one night, and on his motion a party was formed the following evening with the intention of surprising the ghostly visitant. The officers sat up to an unusual hour, maintaining perfect silence, but nothing happened by 1 o'clock and they turned in.

About forty minutes later the first lieutenant was awakened by the sound of a heavy body moving stealthily around the wardroom to the accompaniment of a muttering voice. The lieutenant arose and stepped out into the light that came dimly from a single lamp over the center table. On the table itself he beheld the figure of Mr. X, dressed only in pajamas and moving in a circle on hands and knees over the polished mahogany. Meanwhile he repeated over and over in sepulchral accents a mystic phrase: "Little pieces of orange peel; little pieces of orange peel." Being aroused, Mr. X explained that he had dreamed he was on the verge of an important scientific discovery. The disclosure that Mr. X was a sleep-walker was thought to solve the mystery; but though he was carefully watched thereafter the noises continued and on the Frolic's arrival in New York she was sold and broken up.

Down to 1886, when "the wardroom country" of the old corvette Monongahela was overhauled and reconstructed, the second room of the port side of the vessel had been left vacant for three cruises. It was the Monongahela that was washed ashore in Peru in the '50's by a tidal wave and then washed to sea again without suffering any serious injury, and with the loss of only a single man. But this has nothing to do with the ghost story, and is mentioned only to identify the vessel. Years after the tidal wave incident there was a one-eyed paymaster with a red beard on the Monongahela. He was known throughout the navy as one of the three or four best story tellers in the entire service. He was also famous for his love of whisky. The former made him a general favorite, and the latter ultimately brought him to his end. When told that he was going to die he summoned his fellow-officers to his bedside.

"Dear boys," he said, "you have liked me and I love you for it. I've often heard you say the wardroom mess wouldn't be a mess at all without me, and so I'll tell you what I'm going to do: I'll be around as usual in my old room, No. 2, on the port side, so that you can't say, old fellows, that I ever left the ship."

More than one veteran seaman wiped his eyes two or three days later when the



## Among Women Who Must Have a Pet in the House

THE CAVY Is the Very Latest Fad.

SOCIETY'S latest fad and the society woman's latest pet is the cavy. His manners are extremely pleasing, and he is quite intelligent. He is a refined and well-bred guinea pig with beautiful long hair. Some of them wear their hair in such an odd fashion that you cannot tell that there is a little animal underneath. Women must have pets. Some make pets of babies, but these are considered old-fashioned, indeed. Since the baby had his day a variety of pets have been the fad. There has been the long silky haired skye terrier and the hairless Mexican dog. There has been the soft, woolly poodle and the atrocious Chinese pug. The cavy is certainly superior to these.

There are three distinct kinds of cavies—the English, Peruvian and Abyssinian. The first mentioned are the most numerous and the most widely distributed, being the original stock from which the more fancy Peruvian and Abyssinian cavies were produced. Their most distinctive feature is their short, glossy coat, which entitles them to the term "smooth coated," as many fanciers are wont to call them. Of the English cavies those of broken colors are the most popular and are found in many combinations. The black and white, especially when evenly marked, are the most attractive. The Abyssinian, by reason of its strange coat of short and wiry hair, growing in numerous rosettes, attracts much atten-

wardroom was awakened by an unearthly yell, followed by a noise of a man falling. The officers turned out, lights were struck, and there was S— doubled over an upset chair and moaning unintelligibly. When asked what was the matter he pointed to the door of the room. "It's there! It's there!" he murmured. "What's there, old man?" was the query.

"A dead thing! A corpse in my berth—one eye and a red beard—cold and horrible!"

"The moonlight coming in through the port woke me," he continued, after a pause; "I was very cold, and at first I thought I had a chill. I raised myself upon my elbows to get a better view of things. As I moved I came in contact with something clammy and slimy and icy cold. By the dim light I saw that I had a bedfellow—a dead man, his one eye staring and his red head tangled with seaweed. The thing is there now—lying in my bed."

The officers crowded to the door of No. 2. Nothing was found—absolutely nothing, though there is a weird but unproved tale that when they examined Mr. S—'s berth they discovered two or three small pieces of barnacled seaweed. After that strange occurrence, the story of which is an established legend in the navy, room 2 on the port side of the Monongahela was unoccupied until the reconstruction.

Few officers are alive to-day who served with the Monongahela on that memorable cruise; but the following story concerning strange happenings on the Ticonderoga has been told by an officer of high rank now in the department of naval intelligence and another at present connected with the Bureau of Ordnance. The Ticonderoga was of the Monongahela class, a wooden steamer of 200 tons displacement, and she had seen good service during the civil war. Among her officers on a cruise in the South Atlantic during the early '70's was a young assistant surgeon named W—. He had a firm belief in the supernatural, and the ridicule that was heaped upon him by the other members of the mess made him very bitter.

"All right," he would say. "You fellows can laugh at the truth as much as you please, but if I should die while any of you are attached to the Ticonderoga I'll come back and haunt the blamed old lugger until you'll all be glad to apply for other duty."

Well, the young officer died suddenly of heart disease one night in a howling storm off the coast of Brazil. His body was committed to the deep next day, and that night the trouble began. Strange rappings were heard from W—'s stateroom, and though the officers who went there to investigate discovered nothing, they were seized by an overpowering feeling of dread. In the sick bay that night a sailor who was very ill with consumption started from his sleep with a scream of terror. He declared that a shadowy hand had felt his pulse with the familiar touch of the dead ship's doctor who had attended him so long.

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The manifestations continued while the ship was at sea, and did not stop until after she reached New York. A day or two following her arrival a dinner party was given on board, in the course of which one of the officers related the story of the strange occurrence. As he concluded a hush fell over the company, and in the midst of the hush a succession of raps followed by a sharp crash came suddenly from the haunted stateroom.

The cause of the noises could not be discovered by the most careful investigation, but there were no similar manifestations on the vessel's subsequent cruises.

### Crimina's Tracked by Perfum.

So infinitesimally slight are some of the clues that have led to the arrest and ultimate conviction of notable criminals that one may not be surprised to learn that by the distinguishing and ineffaceable odor of certain perfumes and scents murderers and thieves have ere now been brought to book for their misdeeds.

Probably the queerest case in this connection is, says Answers, that of a notorious burglar who was arrested in Paris a few months back solely because he had a partiality for eucalyptus. The facts are these: An elderly lady awoke one night to find that the jewel box at the side of her bed was in the act of being robbed by a burly and closely-masked man. The lady had the self-control to feign sleep and make a mental note of the fact that there was one distinguishing feature of the marauder. This was the strong odor of eu-



calyptus that pervaded his garments. As soon as he had effected his departure the woman rose and summoned a policeman to her assistance by calling loudly from her bedroom window. However, her efforts were in vain, for on the arrival of the police it was found that the burglar had disappeared with the lady's jewels. Nor was the man captured for a considerable period. Then one afternoon there called at the office of a Hebrew pawnbroker in a small way of business a gentlemanly looking man, who was desirous of pledging a few articles of jewelry.

Now, the broker had been supplied with a list of the articles stolen on the occasion, and at once saw that the trinkets the present customer was intending to pledge were none of those that were taken from the lady's jewel box. But he had read the story of the burglary, and recalled the remarks of the lady agent the odor pervading the thief's clothes.

Now, this man's garments also smelled of the fragrant oil. One would hardly have considered this similarity such as to warrant the apprehension of the pledger, but pawnbrokers are a venturesome set of men, and the one referred to called a policeman and gave the customer in charge. Nor did he err in so doing, for the man proved to be a notorious burglar, and, indeed, the thief of the gems. The articles he was on the point of

pledging were the result of another burglary, and the chances are that the misdemoneant would have continuously evaded capture but for the fact that being strangely frightened of the universal epidemic—influenza—he had resorted to a liberal use of eucalyptus oil.

### A Boat to Run Fifty Miles an Hour.

It is, perhaps, interesting to examine the possibilities of speed that might be attained in a special unarmored cruiser, a magnified torpedo-boat destroyer of light build, with scanty accommodation for her large crew, but equipped with an armament of light guns and torpedoes. Let us assume that her dimensions are about double those of the thirty-knot destroyers, with plates of double the thickness and specially strengthened to correspond with the increased size—length, 425 feet; beam, 42 feet; maximum draught, 14 feet; displacement, 2800 tons; indicated horse power, 35,000; there would be two tiers of water-tube boilers; these, with the engine space, coal bunkers, etc., would occupy the whole of the lower portion of the vessel; the crew's quarters and guns would be on the upper decks. There would be eight propellers of nine feet in diameter revolving at about 400 revolutions per minute, and her speed would be about forty-four knots.

