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WASHINGTON was John Bright's favorite hero in history.

MRS. AMELIE RIVES CHANLER, the authoress, is just 26 years old.

THEY say the painter Meissonier wants to be president of France.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW recently took out another life insurance policy of $50,000.

EX-SENATOR VAN WYCK of Nebraska is announced by his home organ as a candidate for governor in 1890.

THOMAS PALMER, the last survivor of the British troops who fought at Corunna, has just died in England.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE will be 70 years old the 27th inst. The New England Woman's club will celebrate the anniversary.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S son, when tossing for sovereigns the other day, lost £1,000. He then tossed double or quits, and won.

ARTIST WHISTLER, the pugnacious American, has removed his pictures at the Paris exposition from the United States department to the British.

JOHN RUSKIN'S faculties seem to be in pretty good condition. He recently sold a painting by Meissonier which cost him 1,000 francs, for 9,000 francs.

THE foreign adviser of the state department at Tokio is Henry Denison, a New Englander of about 35 years. He has a fine house furnished him by the mikado, and has received a title from the emperor.

JUDGE J. H. GASTON, of Merriweather, Ga., has jumped across a thirteen-foot gully every birthday of his life for many years. The other day he was seventy-five years old, and he made the jump with perfect ease.

PETER E. VOSE is the Pooh-Bah of Dennysville, Me. These are the offices he holds with the period for which he has held each: First select-man 29 years; treasurer, 23 years; assessor 31 years; overseer, 24 years; town agent 20 years.

MRS. SARAH MALLORY, died at Long Pine, Neb., recently, at the advanced age of one hundred and six years. She was the daughter of Colonel Wright, of revolutionary fame, and the widow of Major Mallory, who was a private in the war of 1776.

GEORGE VANDERBILT has among his treasures the table which Napoleon wrote upon during his exile in St. Helena. It was presented to him by Mr. James McHenry of London, whose house in Holand Park is a repository for interesting relics of the empire.

COUNT CARLO CORTI, a brother of the late Count Lodovico Corti, former Italian ambassador at Washington and Berlin, and one of the Geneva award arbitrators, is in a state of poverty and offers his title for sale for $30,000. His plan is to adopt as his son the person who will buy the title.

Mr. Gladstone's ancestors, it appears, were pirates. In 1665 a company of adventurers sent out the George of Glasgow fully equipped as a privateer, to prey on the Dutch mercantile marine, and "Halbert Gladstone, merchant in Edinburgh," was one of the co-adventurers. From this gentleman-buccaneer the English liberal statesman is descended.

IT is whispered through China that the youthful emperor at Pekin is much dissatisfied with the chief bride chosen for him, and has openly expressed his displeasure to the ex-Empress regent, who did the selecting of imperial consorts. The indifference shown to her by her husband is said to cause the deepest pain to the girl-empress, and she is believed to be partly deranged with grief.

ON the evening of May 20, 1766, the citizens of Boston celebrated the repeal of the stamp act by hanging 108 lanterns on the old Liberty tree on Essex street. One of the lanterns, which, according to its inscription, was hung on "the west bough, opposite Frog lane," has been in the Hunneman family ever since, and has just been presented to the Bostonian Society by the widow and children of the late Joseph H. Hunneman, of Roxbury.

THE prince of Wales, says the London Star, lives the life of a regular country gentleman at Sandringham, eating the huge breakfasts of the Norfolk farmer, going in extensively for home comforts, looking after his farms and stock, and taking a keen interest in sport. He is not a bad landlord, as landlords, but, as a bitter and terribly satiric pamphlet by a brilliant lady tenant of the prince's lately informed the world, H. R. H. brooks no obstacles in his path when his rights as a land-despot are in question.

APHASIA in a most extraordinary form is at present under treatment by Dr. Charcot. A Frenchman, aged sixty, learned English through living seventeen years in South America, and then Spanish after his marriage with a Spanish wife. He lost the knowledge of these languages in the disorder of their country, and was unable to [illegible]

FOR THE LADIES.

A Tribute to the Noble Red Cross Army.

Mrs. Jas. G. Blaine, Jr.'s Future—Ida Lewis's Brave Deeds—Fashion Notes, Etc.

Her Dainty Shoes.

She's graceful and she's fair,
She has an air
Of absolute self-satisfaction;
Her dress is—well,
Bizarre and—swell;
Her form admits of no detraction.

Her hat and gloves are neat—
She's just too sweet—
Her get-up is a symphony of hues;
But all her pride,
I must decide,
Is centered in her twinkling yellow shoes.

The Noble Red Cross Army.

In the hour of public calamity or National disaster the noble workers of the Red Cross Association stand out silhouetted in bold relief against the clouds of suffering by war, fire, flood or famine. They are just now before the public eye laboring without rest for the homeless Johnstown sufferers, and the name of Clara Barton, the leading spirit of the colony of nurses encamped in the mists of the Conemaugh Valley, is worshipped by the afflicted community and welcomed like an angel sent from heaven. The story of the life of Clara Barton and the noble work of the Red Cross is a staggering blow to the whine of the pessimist who glories in the frailties and depravity of human nature.

Those who have chanced to be at hand while the Red Cross nurses were ministering to the wounded or dying on a

MISS CLARA BARTON.

battle-field, or who were held in quarantine during the recent yellow fever epidemic at Jacksonville, Fla., will need no recounting of the work of the Society to tell them how the nurses noiselessly perform their errands of mercy. The Johnstown sufferers are now happily enjoying the attention of the young women of the Red Cross. Miss Barton, the President, is in charge and directs the movements of her assistants from her tent, where she keeps a stenographer busy with her correspondence from all parts of the country. In all sections of Europe Miss Barton's ministering hand has been felt.

This woman, of whom Sumner once wrote, "She has the talent of a statesman, the command of a general and the heart and hand of a woman," recognized that from our geographical position and isolation we are far less liable to disturbances of war than the nations of Europe, and also that no country is more subject to overpowering National calamities, plagues, famine, fire, floods, drought, and disastrous storms, than are we. Seldom a year passes that the nation is not shaken from sea to sea by the shock of some sudden horror, in alleviation of which men thrust their hands into their pockets and fling money to they know not whom, to be sent they know not where or how, and women in their eagerness and sympathy beg in the streets and rush into fairs, working day and night, to the neglect of other duties, and the peril of their health in the future, to obtain money for suffering humanity. Often the generosity of the people provides too abundantly, and the funds, if left in dishonest hands, are never heard of, and if in honest ones are flung recklessly to the people, even after their wants are supplied.

Miss Barton's clear mind formulated this principle: Let the Red Cross of America be authorized to provide for the relief of National calamities; let it be a medium through which funds can be sent to sufferers in disasters too great to be relieved by local measures and by people trained to know the needs and to understand the alleviation of great suffering. As Miss Barton expresses it, "Let it be a calamity fire-engine, always fired up and ready, and when the note of need sounds the collars drop on the horses' necks and away they fly to the rescue. When once the fire is out, though, the big engine hastens home, not wasting time to sprinkle the streets or clear away the rubbish." To the wisdom of her theory the sufferers of the Mississippi floods, of the Michigan fires and the Texas drought can testify. Ready on the instant with food, clothing and money, $175,000 being spent in four months in the Mississippi Valley; quick to comprehend the needs and know the relief required, she wastes no time, but flies to the rescue, and so quickly and quietly accomplishes her mission and is gone that comparatively few people know aught of the Society she represents.

This, then, is what the Red Cross means. It is not an order of knighthood, not a commandery, not a secret society, but the powerful, peaceful sign, and the reducing to practical usefulness of one of the broadest and most needed philanthrophies the world has ever known—the symbol of divine humanity destined to bring universal peace.

And what has Clara Barton received for all this? In her little jewel box there gleams a royal jewel, an amethyst cut in the form of a pansy, the gift of the Grand Duchess of Baden, her personal and beloved friend; the jewel of the American Red Cross, the Servian decoration of the Red Cross, presented by Queen Natalie, the Gold Cross of remembrance, presented by the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden; a Red Cross medal, the gift of the Queen of Italy, and the Iron Cross of Merit, presented by the Emperor and Empress of Germany. That is all, save the love, gratitude, and veneration of the soldiers and sufferers of two continents.

Mrs. Blaine's Future.

[illegible]

tioned that she had rescued an old fisherman who had tumbled overboard from his boat, and again had put off from the Rocks to the rescue of three Ft. Adams soldiers, who, however, were picked up before she reached them. Incidentally, the paragraphs stated that Mrs. Wilson was the famous Ida Lewis, and the latter, more familiar name recalls the career of a woman whose heroic deeds were known all over the land twenty years ago, and won the proud title of the "Grace Darling of America."

Ida Lewis's first exploit was in June, 1858. She was a child of fifteen then. Four boys, sons of summer residents at Newport, were capsized in the harbor. Little Ida promptly pushed off from the Rocks in the light-house boat and dragged the boys abroad, getting them all safely ashore. The country at once rang with the story of the child's heroism and the skillfully executed rescue. A few years later she rescued a couple of men who had recklessly put off from shore in a small boat after one of their flock of sheep that had gone oberboard. The sea was rough and the boat was carried far from shore. The men were so badly buffeted that they were ready to give up the struggle to keep their craft right side up, when the girl from the Rocks put off to their rescue, and her sturdy arms saved the men and the sheep, too. She rescued a Ft. Adams soldier who was upset in the harbor the next year.

Ida Lewis's name and deeds were pretty well known when in 1869 her crowning exploit was accomplished. A small boy was taking two soldiers to Ft. Adams across the harbor in a sail-boat one day. The boat had more sail on than she could carry, and she plunged her nose into heavy seas and turned bottom up.

Ida Lewis saw the disaster, and calling her little brother Hosen, she launched her boat and went to the rescue. The boy had been drowned at once and the men, much exhausted, were still clinging to the boat, and the maiden rescued them. This exploit revived the whole history of Ida Lewis career, and in recognition of her heroism the citizens of Newport presented her with a handsome boat.

In 1870 she made another rescue, and in the winter of 1881 she saved from death two fort soldiers who had gone through the ice while walking across the harbor.

Ida Lewis in now 46 years old. She has been the recipient of many medals and no end of gifts and testimonials from friends of those she has saved from death and admirers of her bravery. Her life out on the Lime Rocks is a lonely one, but she is rememberd by people to whom her name is the synonym of bravery and self-sacrifice.

Fashion Notes.

Old-fashioned barege is revived.

Foulards are again in high favor.

English women refuse to adopt the low-crowned hat.

Colored stocking will soon be things of the past.

The skirts of tulle dresses are made in fan plisses.

Low hats tied on with narrow strings are worn at tennis parties.

Ribbons intended for sashes vary in width from ten to twelves inches.

Sandal shoes are worn with empire and directory gowns on the other side.

Leather and chamois trimmings are again seen on traveling and utility suits.

Tapestry painting is the craze of the moment with young girl art students.

For dressy afternoon, ball, and evening toilets the stockings must match the gown in color.

The newest ear-rings are a revival of the old Creole hoops of gold or silver, plain, chased or set with jewels.

Some of the dainties parasols of net and tulle are fringed all around with the petals of roses, popples, lillies, or ferns.

Small, low hats, low coiffures, undraped skirts, no bustles, full sleeves, and wide belts are the features in all fashionable toilets.

Ribbons are more frequently striped, checked, flowered, and figured in broche or printed designs than vari-colored or plain this summer.

The draping of the skirt used to occupy the minds of the designers of dress. Now it is the trimmings, the sleeves, and the belting of the full bodice.

She Blossoms In October.

MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE, JR.

"Ah, yes; I like the stage," she said, clasping her hands in a rapture. "I have been encouraged all along. My forte, you know, is comedy; that is most congenial to my temperament. I have seen Adelaide Neilson as "Rosalind" and I consider her the best I ever saw in that role, although Modjeska makes a beautiful "Rosalind", too. No; I am not studying any special role at present. You see I am taking up scenes from different plays and going thoroughly over them all.

"I was fencing when you came in," with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders. "Yes, I am studying various things just now; such as the fall, the body movement and how to attain flexibility of the shoulders. Then I have lessons in voice culture from Agramonte. He says I'm a pure and sweet contralto, and that my stage voice is strong and clear.

"So you're going to take up simple roles, Mrs. Blaine?"

"Yes; I expect to make my debut in October. I shall probably take up a modern society comedy. There will be no gorgeousness in the scenery or appointments," she said laughingly. "Everything will be simplicity itself. I assure you the costumes will be the least important factor, but of course they will be in good taste. They will all be designed by myself, too." This with a little show of pride, proper to the occasion. [illegible]

ATTACKED BY MALAYS.

A Thrilling Reminiscence of the China Trade.

BY AN EAST INDIA MAN.

In the month of April, 1858, after several years spent in Manila, engaged in mercantile pursuits, I determined to return to the United States, and accordingly engaged passage on board the ship Forward, then at anchor in the bay and on the eve of sailing for New York.

My preparations were completed, and seeing that the Forward had her sailing flag, or "Blue Peter," as it is termed by sailors, flying at the fore truck, an indication that she would sail on the following day, I went on board and occupied myself in arranging my baggage in the state-room that had been assigned to me, and in making such preparation for my comfort and convenience as would be required during the coming voyage.

The Forward was a clipper ship of about 1200 tons burden, one of that class of vessels that gave to American shipbuilders of 30 years ago a world-wide reputation. No sailing ships have ever been built that could outsail them, and giving the Forward a strong breeze abeam, which was her best point of sailing, but few of the ocean steam racers of the present day could equal her in speed. With the long, black hull setting low in the water, her lofty spars and snow-white sails, she had the appearance of an immense yacht, and no man-of-war was ever kept more scrupulously in order from truck to keelson.

The ship's company consisted of Captain Seabreeze, four mates, and a crew of 30 men before the mast. The former bore the unmistakable characteristic of a New England sailor. A native of Cape Cod, where so many successful shipmasters have passed their boyhood, and acquired a taste for a seafaring life he had at an early age become inured to the dangers of the ocean, and now at 28 had command of one of the finest ships in the China trade, and was the possessor of the experience and cool judgement of many a man of twice his years. One other name besides mine appeared on the passenger list—that of Mrs. Seabreeze, the young wife of the captain, who was making her first voyage with her husband, and was considered less a passenger than a part of the complement of the ship.

Of the four subordinate officers two were from the state of Maine, who, commencing at the foot of the ladder,—that is, with the ratings of boys,—had already worked their way to the positions of first and second officers, and were destined ere long to reach the goal of their ambition—the command of a ship. The crew was composed of representatives of nearly all the maritime nations of the earth. A few Americans there were, but the majority had been attracted, as at the present day, to service under the "stars and stripes," by better pay, food and treatment than that to which they had been accustomed. In spite of the many elements of which the crew were composed, a more harmonious set of men is seldom seen, and they were, withal, thorough sailors, and able to perform their duty in fair weather or foul.

The last lighter-load of hemp, of which the cargo principally consisted, had been received, the stevedore's men had gone on shore, hatches were closed and caulked down, and the usual preparations for sea were in progress during this last day of our stay in port. New rigging was sent aloft in place of old, old sails bent to save the wear of better ones during the passage among the islands where only moderate winds might be expected. Boats were lashed in their cradles, and chafing gear secured to the ropes aloft wherever damage was liable to occur by the contact of one rope with another. All was haste and confusion, and to one not acquainted with the nomenclature of the different ropes and sails, or unaccustomed to the strange orders of the officers as they directed the men in their work, it was a scene of the utmost confusion.

All these preparations were at length completed, and by nightfall silence reigned throughout the ship, broken only by the clanging of bells as the half hours were noted, the regular call of the sentry on board the Spanish gunboat near by, or his occasional challenge as a boat approached the vessel. At daylight the following morning I was awakened by the clank of the windlass as the crew were heaving up the anchor, and their accompanying song. Then came the orders for loosing and setting the sails, the dull thud of the topsails as they fell from the yards, the throwing of coils of rope on the deck over my head and the trampling of many feet, followed by the gentle creeping of the ship as the sails filled to the breeze; and by sunrise the city was lost to view in the morning mist, and the Forward, under the influence of the land-breeze, was moving through the water at the rate of eight knots an hour.

The northeast moonshine, or trade-wind of the China sea, which has been blowing during the previous six months, was about to change its direction to the southwest at the time of which I write, and to avoid the consequent variable or head-winds, Captain Seabreeze, determined to take the most easterly route leading through the Sooloo Archipelago and Sea of Celebes, thence through the Straits of Macassar and the Java sea to the Indian ocean. On the morning of the fourth day after sailing, the Forward was nearing the chain of islands of which the Archipelago is composed, and though one of the narrow passages of which it was necessary to pass before entering the Sea of Celeber. Few localities at that time presented greater dangers to the navigator. Not only was he beset by treacherous and uncertain currents, but in case of disaster was at the mercy of the inhabitants of the neighboring islands, who added to the fisherman's craft the trade of piracy for a livelihood. These facts were well known to all on board, and it was with a feeling of satisfaction that I observed the care that was exercised in the navigation of the ship, and that a lookout man was stationed aloft during the day with orders to report the appearance of any vessel or native boat, however small or unimportant it might appear.

On the morning which I have mentioned the lookout had no sooner reached his station upon the cross-trees and shaken a hurried glance about the horizon, when the cry of "Sail-ho" was heard, and "Where away?" came in sharp, clear tones from the chief mate, Mr. Burton, who was officer of the deck. This stereotyped question of the officer was replied to by the lookout-man in a way that aroused the attention of all who were on deck and even penetrated the ears of the lighter sleepers of the watch below.

"There's a vessel four points on the lee bow, sir, that seems to be in trouble. The water is shoal over there, and I can make out several native boats near her," was the reply. The crew understood full well the significance of these words, and, leaving the work of scrubbing the decks in which they had been engaged, they made a general movement toward the lee-rail, where they stood looking out over the water and straining their eyes in the uncertain light.

I was enthused by the commotion, and at once became aware that something unusual was taking place, although ignorant of the cause; but thinking hardly I ascended to the quarter deck and there met Captain Seabreeze, who said [illegible] I ascend the [illegible] way, [illegible] equipped [illegible]

[illegible] seen lowered the glass and proceeded still higher until he reached the top, where he steadied himself against the topmast rigging, and again narrowly examined the surface of the water.

Suddenly he closed the glass with a quick snap, hung it about his neck by means of the strap attached to it, and grasping a backstay, came down hand under hand to the deck, his eagerness being too great to permit the descent to be made in the usual way, by means of the shrouds and ratlines. He came at once to where Captain Seabreeze was standing, and in low, hurried tones gave him an account of what he had seen while aloft.

"There's a barque to leeward, sir, and she's hard and fast aground, sir, without a doubt. There are more than a dozen Malay proas around her, some alongside and some at anchor a short distance off. I think the Malays have possession of her, and there's a signal of distress flying, the English flag, union down."

The commander of a ship can hardly be placed in more trying circtmstances or under conditions requiring cooler judgment than Captain Seabreeze now found himself. The flag fluttering at the masthead of the stranded vessel was to him a cry of distress, a call for aid from fellow-beings in their extremity, and every impulse of his heart urged him to assist those whose lives depended upon his action.

Then came to his mind the remembrance of his responsibility to the owners of the Forward and her cargo, and of his duty in caring for the lives of the men he commanded, and he reflected that in attempting to drive the Malays from their prey he must also be able to resist an attack upon his own ship. Thoughts of the danger in which he would place his ship by a nearer approach to the shoal upon which the barque had struck presented themselves before him, and as he mechanically took the spyglass from the outstretched hand of Mr. Burton, his pale face and compressed lips indicated the struggle through which he was passing; he looked long and earnestly at the barque, now indistinctly visible from where we were standing, and said in a low tone, as if in answer to his own thoughts:

"The only *safe* way is to give those fellows a wide berth, but I have never yet passed a signal of distress unanswered; I *cannot* leave them to their fate."

The news of the proximity of the Malays had soon spread to all parts of the ship, and the whole crew were soon on deck looking now at the fleet of proas, then towards Captain Seabreeze, as if anxious to know what the "old man," as a captain of a merchantman is usually styled by his crew, was going to do. Mrs. Seabreeze, too, had been informed of the cause of the excitement, and coming from the cabin she, too, looked in the direction in which all eyes were turned. In the freshness of her youth and beauty, so fairy-like in contrast with the rough-visaged and coarsely-dressed men about her, she seemed like the guardian angel of the ship, as, approaching her husband and placing her hand upon his arm, she said:

"Tom, can't you help those poor fellows over there? You are not going to leave them, are you?"

Her face flushed with excitement and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke, and Captain Seabreeze, with one quick glance at her upturned face, again looked out over the water as he replied:

"But those rascals outnumber us three to one. How can I place my men in such danger, and what would be your fate in case we were overpowered."

"Don't think of me," she replied; "I am ready to share the danger with you, but if you pass that vessel without assisting them in their distress, you will regret it to your dying day, Tom."

The brave words of Mrs. Seabreeze had put to flight any doubt existing in the mind of her husband regarding the course that he ought to pursue. He was a brave man and a thorough sailor, and no fears for his personal safety would have caused him to hesitate. He had more than once been called upon to give assistance to a vessel in distress, to lower a boat in half a gale to save the life of some unfortunate sailor who had fallen overboard, and whose days but for him would have been numbered; for such an emergency, so often occurring in the life at sea, he was prepared. But now he was called upon to contend against a force of men, treacherous and bloodthirsty, accustomed to deeds of violence, and who greatly outnumbered his own crew. They were no doubt supplied with firearms, and from his own knowledge of the Malay character, he was sure they would show no mercy toward any who might fall into their hands.

Captain Seabreeze turned from his wife, and with his head bowed in deep thought commenced to pace the deck. After a few moments thus spent he raised his head with a look of determination on his face, went to the quarter-deck, and said to the sailors who were anxiously watching his movements:

"Men, that barque is in the hands of pirates. I intend to drive them off, or at least make the attempt, and I ask you all to stand by me and do your best."

There seemed to be not only no reluctance on the part of the crew to engage in the enterprise, but their eagerness to do so was shown by a chorus of answers. A tussle with the natives was to them but an adventure in an otherwise uneventful and monotonous voyage, and feeling no responsibility they had no anxiety regarding the result.

"Aye, aye, sir!" "We are ready to take a hand!" "You can count on us, sir," were the hearty responses to the short speech of Captain Seabreeze, and with these assurances he at once proceeded to execute the plans which he had so quickly formed.

About twenty minutes had now elapsed since the barque was first seen. The wind was light, from the eastward, hardly strong enough to straighten out the folds of our flag, which had been hoisted at the mizzen peak, and under all sail the ship was making but four knots an hour. Captain Seabreeze ordered the helmsman to steer in the direction of the bark, now about three miles distant, and at the same time a leadsman was sent to the forechains with orders to take frequent soundings and report at once any decrease in the depth of water.

The second mate, Mr. Hardy, was directed to take the starboard watch, reduce sail to topsails and make preparations for anchoring, while Mr. Burton, in charge of the port watch, proceeded to get up the arms and ammunition.

It was the custom then, and is, no doubt, at the present day, for ships engaged in the China trade to carry a sufficient quantity of firearms to furnish their crews with means of defense in case of an attack by Chinese or Malay pirates, and the Forward was well provided in that respect. Two nine-pounders were carried on the quarter-deck, and in the armory adjoining the forward cabin were muskets, pistols, boarding pikes and cutlasses, a dozen of each kind, together with ammunition for all the guns, both great and small.

These articles were all passed on deck, and while some busied themselves in loading the muskets and pistols, others moved the lashings from the nine-pounders and loaded them with grapeshot and a quantity of old nails and bits of iron, until they were filled halfway to the muzzle. Two men-of-war's-men, who had been discharged from an American frigate on the China station, were among the crew, and took immediate charge of these guns, selecting other men to assist in working them. The remainder of the crew were detailed to use the small arms if occasion should require; and when these arrangements were completed, nothing remained but to await further developments.

The proas had yet been unnoticed by the Malays, but as yet we could form no conclusion as to their further actions. "Would they make an attack upon the Forward or simply retreat with their booty?" was the question that was uppermost in our minds; but our suspense was to be of short duration. Their movements could now be easily distinguished, and while the proas that appeared to be deeply laden with plunder were hoisting their sails and starting in the direction of a small inlet about ten miles distant, the remainder, six in number, were collected in a group, apparently that their occupants might consult together. A few minutes later the Malays, by whom the paros were crowded, were seen to lower the long yards to which the sails were attached, place the sweeps in position for rowing and then slowly at first but with increasing speed as they advanced they came out to meet us.

We were now but half a mile distant from the shoal, and the call of the leadsman, "By the mark seven," delivered in the sing-song tones peculiar to that occupation, was heard. To approach a less depth of water than seven fathoms could not be done with safety, and the course of the ship was at once changed to south, by which movement also the proas were made to bear abeam, where the fire of our guns could be directed upon them.

It was evident that they were about to attack us, and in a few moments our fate would be decided. The crowded condition of the proas, the occasional glitter of weapons in the sunlight and the excited appearance of the Malays, convinced us that they were coming on no errand of peace and good will. It was a moment to try the nerves of the bravest of our men, and well did they endure the test. Protected by the bulwarks, behind which we had been directed to remain, from any shots that might be fired at the ship, and with our arms ready for use, we waited the orders of Captain Seabreeze.

The proas were rapidly approaching, driven to their highest speed by the strong arms of the rowers. They were soon seen to separate into two groups, one of which was directed towards the brow of the Forward, and the other towards the stern. It was evident that they had planned to divide our small force by attacking us at two different points, and once gaining the deck they would be able to overpower the crew by their greater numbers; that plan we must at all hazards prevent and our only hope was in being able, at the first fire, to inflict such injury upon the boats as to check their progress and prevent them from reaching the ship. Whether the success of the Malays in capturnig the barque had made them over-confident or that they hoped to intimidate us by the noise of firearms and so reach our deck without opposition, I am unable to determine, but at this moment at a distance of one hundred yards, when further delay on our part in attempting to check their progress seemed fatal to our success, a scattering fire with muskets and small swivels was commenced, but with such inaccurate aim that the greater part of the balls either fell short into the water or whistled harmlessly overhead. A few only struck the ship's side, here and there a rope cut in twain, or a hole in one of the sails showed the track of the bullets, and one ball passing through the rail, wounded one of the crew, but its force was spent and the wound was not serious. This discharge of firearms was followed by the yells of the pirates as they prepared to board the Forward.

Our time for action had arrived. "Run out the gun! Aim at the nearest proas!" shouted Captain Seabreeze. "*Fire!*" and the report of the two nine pounders rang out over the water.

As the smoke of the discharge drifted slowly away before the wind the results of our fire were plainly seen. The leading proas of each group had been struck by the contents of the guns. The broken sweeps trailing alongside, the wounded men struggling in the water, and their screams, not now of defiance, but of pain, indicated the accuracy of the aim.

The remaining proas were checked in their advance as the Malays saw the fate of their companions. Had they dashed forward and reached the ship our fate would have been sealed; but, hesitating for a moment whether to advance or retreat, they remained exposed to another fire from the ship. The fire from muskets and pistols was then directed upon them, and the nine-pounders, being quickly reloaded with grape were again directed upon the groups of proas and their living freight. The Malays did not wait for another discharge, but turned the bows of their boats in the direction of the islands, and with sails and oars increased their distance from the Forward as fast as their disabled condition would permit, leaving three of the number in a sinking state and many of their occupants killed and wounded.

No words of mine can describe our feelings upon seeing the retreat of the Malays. They can better be imagined than described. Cheers upon cheers were given by the crew, and their pent-up feelings now gave vent in a hundred different ways.

Mrs. Seabreeze had remained on deck during all the scenes that I have described, although entreated by her husband to go to the cabin as a place of greater safety, and it was she who first saw signs of life on board the barque. Our attention had been so fully occupied during the preceding half hour that but little notice had been taken of that vessel; but now an exclamation from Mrs. Seabreeze caused all eyes to turn in that direction.

"Look!" she exclaimed, "some one is waving a handkerchief on board the barque."

"Thank God! our work has not been in vain."

Yes; the form of a woman standing at the stern of the barque was in full view and the flag which until then had been to us only a signal of distress, was being lowered and hoisted as a sign of welcome.

Our labor was but half accomplished. Whatever aid was to be given to the barque in extricating her from her perilous situation must be given at once, as a delay of a few hours might bring a larger force of Malays upon us. The course of the Forward was accordingly changed towards the shoal and having approached as near as was thought safe, the ship was anchored and a boat lowered, in which Captain Seabreeze, six of the crew and myself prepared to visit the barque. It required but a few moments to reach her and mount to her deck, where a scene met our eyes which I pray I may never again be forced to look upon. It indicated the desperate hand to-hand struggle that had taken place between the crew and the Malays before the latter had succeeded in gaining possession, and several of the dead on both sides were lying on the deck where they had fallen. The hatches had been removed and some of the cargo taken out, but the pirates seemed to have made little progress in their work of plunder at the time they were surprised by our appearance. A woman whose face indicated the suffering from terror and anxiety through which she had passed was the sole living occupant of the deck. We eagerly inquired if any others of the crew were alive, and in reply she led the way to the cabin and pointed to where her husband (the captain) and three of the crew were lying, seriously wounded and weak from loss of blood.

In a few words they told us the story of the disaster. The barque was the Connaught of London. Two nights before she had been drifted upon the shoal by the current, and all efforts to get her into deeper water had been unsuccessful. On the following morning they had been surrounded by proas filled with Malays and the crew and crew had been unable to prevent them from coming on board. The proas were their destination, [illegible] attacked them, and after a short [illegible] had killed all on board except those who had taken refuge in the cabin and secured it against the entrance of their assailants. All hope of rescue had fled. They were out of the usual track of vessels, and but a short time would elapse before the Malays, having finished their work of plunder would undoubtedly set fire to the barque, and in their wounded condition they were unable to make any attempt to escape by the boats.

As soon as possible the wounded men and the captain's wife were taken on board the Forward, where they received every care and attention. The barque was resting on a coral bed, and from the movements occasioned by the ocean swell Captain Seabreeze considered that she could easily be hauled off the shoal by the crew of the Forward, and he immediately commenced the necessary preparations. An anchor was placed astern with a hawser attached, and after an hour's work they were gratified to hear the scraping of the coral under the bottom as she commenced to move, and then to feel the freedom of her motions as she floated in the water.

After ascertaining that the Connaught had sustained no serious injury from her contract with the shoal, Captain Seabreeze determined to keep her in company with the Forward, and selected an officer and eight men from his ship for a crew. I asked his permission, and was allowed to go on board the barque in place of another officer, and towards the close of this eventful day the two vessels got under way and proceeded on their voyage to the southward. The sad duty of committing to the deep the bodies of those who had been killed on board the Connaught was performed, and the wind, increasing with the setting sun, carried us safely through the islands into the open sea where we were free from further molestation.

Ten days later we arrived at Batavia, the capital of the island of Java, where the Connaught and her survivors were placed in charge of the English consul, and the Forward sailed out into the Indian ocean, and in due time arrived in New York.

A few months later I noticed in the foreign-news column of a daily paper the following item; "The commander of her majesty's ship Porpoise reports that having visited the town of Sibang in the Sooloo Archipelago to inquire into the outrage committed by some of the natives of those islands upon the English barque Connaught, he was unable to obtain any redress from the rajah, nor would he make any efforts to deliver the offenders to justice. The commander had, therefore, after giving due notice of his intention, fired upon the town, destroyed the mud forts by which it was defended, and completed the punishment by landing a force of sailors who set on fire and destroyed the houses that the bombardment had left uninjured."

The destruction of this piratical stronghold was complete, and the punishment so effective that any further interference with Europeans on the part of the natives has been unknown.

Mrs. Gordon Mackay's Jewels.

The finest lot of gems possessed by a Boston lady are the property of Mrs. Gordon Mackay, the wife of the inventor of a sewing machine. Should she desire to appear with her dress adorned with all the contents of her jewel case she would probably stand up with not less than $300,000 worth of precious stones radiating the light in every direction from her. Next to Mrs. Mackay's collection comes a very beautiful one that has been selected with great care, owned by Mrs. John L. Shepard. Its value is certainly not less than $100,000. A pair of handsome diamond necklaces that are owned by Miss Shepard, being a gift from her parents, are worth $10,000. Mrs. John L. Gardner has $75,000 worth of diamonds, rubies and other precious stones. These are mainly set up in very fanciful and unique ways, and their fair wearer's taste in the selection of her articles of jewelry is often commended.—Boston Letter to Philadelphia Press.

Curious Comments.

Here is a batch of comments made by the Albany (Ga.) negroes on the new electric lights, as reported by the Macon Telegraph: "Ise sorry de white folks put dese 'lectric lights' 'roun' town," said one little darky to his companion, "'cause I can't hook any more apples in front of de stores after dark," and the mournful tone of his remarks indicated the sincerity of his feelings. But another little coon took a brighter view of the situation. Said he: "I'm gwine to shine shoes at night now. I know the white folks ain't gwine ter walk around under dese lights, shinin' bright as day, wid de dus' all over dey shoes. Golly! Ain't I glad dey put 'em up." An old black mammy or grandmammy, as the case may be, whose ideal of life is the old-time slavery habits, said: "Lor, chile, I don't know nothin' 'bout dem things. De white folks always doin' sum'n we niggers don't understan'. I never did think dey was gwine ter make light out of a wire, but dey always doin' sum'n strange. Candles is good nuf for me, honey—good nuf fur me," and she ambled aimlessly down the street. One darky who wished to conceal his ignorance made a greater display of it in his explanation to his companion. He was asked: "How does dis thing work?" To which he replied: "Don't you know? You ain't got a bit o' sense, nigger, you can't see. I used to help 'em light up in Atlanta." "How dey light 'em?" "Why, dey sticks de fire in de furnace, and de wires all run in dere and de 'lectricity bein' all over de wire takes de fire in de furnace and carries it all 'roun town. Dat is sho' a great thing. But it's no use for me to try and tell you niggers 'bout it, you don't know nothin'," and they did when he had concluded his explanation. "I ain't gwine to fool with dem lectrus lights," said a darky who is a porter in one of our leading stores the other night. "I tell yer 'lectricity is a dang'ous thing." "Oh, no, boss, I ain't gwine ter ketch hold o' dat string," said a darky who was told to catch the string that held the lamp. "Yes sheered it'll bust," was his plausible excuse. Another darky was told to hold up the wire as it lay stretched across the street. "I can't do dat, boss," was his reply. "One nigger catch hold o' one dem wires in Montgomery and his whole family died."

Wise Men.

A Western (Ohio) philosopher says that [illegible] on a diet [illegible] and spring [illegible]