

# "THREE IN CHARGE."

A Story of the Sea.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER II.—Continued.

That very same day I remember—  
I mean that day on which the "barrel at the table" happened—Mr. Wilson came on deck while Capt. Parfitt was pouring the water, looking at the water, and with an air of aggression stroked into the compass, then looked aloft, then very aggressively, and then sent his eyes around the sea line, making a notion with his hand that was offensive with its suggestion of erism. Presently, taking his stand abreast the mainmast to leeward, he asked the man at the wheel if the ship's head was the follow-up.



"UP THROUGH THE HATCH CAME CAPT. PARFITT."

Up through the hatch came Capt. Parfitt, by a brace of sailors, who struggled up the steep companion steps with purple faces, panting and blowing, while Parfitt sat on the deck, leaning against the stanchion of the ship for support, and looking at the men as they came up. "What is all about?" shouted the old fellow as his bearers dumped him down upon the deck.

"The ship's head headed for Madras," cried Mr. Wilson with a contemptuous laugh. "The ship's head, and he knows he's a liar," said Parfitt.

"You're talking too westerly a course to suit me," cried Capt. Parfitt, and he ordered the men at the wheel to shift the helm by a point or two.

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at my time of life from any man alive, by his name Parfitt, or to his name PUNCH, or to his name JUDY, by thunder!

This incident at once reached the ears of Capt. Parfitt, who was below in the cabin under the skylight, which lay wide open. The remark followed was that of a sailor. It was by no means inarticulate, however. The sea was the only level employment so much to the purpose that Mr. Wilson, coming to the skylight, cried out:

"It's all right, sir; it's all right, don't excite yourself, and he then rudely directed the man at the wheel to bring the ship to the courses commanded by Capt. Parfitt.

"I was astonished to find Mr. Wilson acting in opposition to Capt. Parfitt. He had shipped as Parfitt's first mate, and Parfitt was indisputably his chief, however Parfitt might have stood in this complicated business. But I speedily came to the conclusion that Mr. Wilson was a man of a different order of intelligence from Parfitt's. He was a tall, thin, dark man, with a long, thin nose, and a pair of eyes that were as sharp as a hawk's.

The frequent changing of the ship's course, together with the incessant inter-fering of the two men, one with another, considerably delayed our passage, and there were times when I would think that we should never do the Cape of Good Hope, and that the ship would be wrecked on the rocks of the Cape of Good Hope.

Even about such a matter as the lights the quarrels were frequent for Parfitt insisted upon exhibiting lights, saying that he was a married man, and that he was a father of a family of children, and that he was a man of a different order of intelligence from Parfitt's.

It was supposed that no ship was ever more miserably uncomfortable than a passenger ship, the "Buddy McGouglan" was no exception. It was a small, old-fashioned vessel, and it was a man of a different order of intelligence from Parfitt's.

o'fen as he talked of "breaking" the mate, as he called Wilson, and sending him forward, I do not think that he ever attempted to do so, though repeatedly and sarcastically invited to the attempt by Capt. Parfitt and Wilson himself.

It came at last to pass that on a certain day we were supposed to be off the Cape of Good Hope. We were then exactly two months and three weeks out from Fungoon—that is to say, we had on our voyage eleven weeks in making the Indian Ocean, and three weeks out from that part of the sea where we were supposed to be. I say supposed, not as you may conclude because the three captains, as I call them, had lost all reckoning and in no longer where the ship was, but because the weather had been so thick for no less a period than ten days that never one was the sun, the moon or a star to be seen, and the position, therefore, of the "Buddy McGouglan" was wholly unascertained by what is termed dead reckoning.

Dead reckoning means briefly the finding out of the speed of a ship through the water per hour by means of a contrivance called the log. When the speed is ascertained it is written in the log book, and then made for what is called leeway, if any leeway exists, and the sun or the stars, together with the courses which may have been steered, enables the mariner to mark down upon his chart with more or less accuracy the points of latitude or longitude at which his ship has arrived.

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When I went to bed that night I was unable to sleep for some time, owing to the argument which the three captains were having in their cabin. I could hear such expressions as "My life is precious to me as yours is to you!" "Northernst, d'ye say? Good night!" "Yes, they granted you a certificate!" "If the chronometers are out that's not my fault, but if my calculations aren't within a second of the right spot before this blooming mist drawn up and hid the sky, I'll give up, even that I'm no sailor man, and I'll cut you both my hands!"

I was awakened by an uproar on deck, by the shouts of men hawling on Capt. Parfitt in his cabin, by a hurrying of footsteps and a sudden flapping of canvas. The ship lay over at a sharp angle. I believed at first that a heavy squall had burst upon her and heeled her down, but she was perfectly motionless, with a singular noise of creaking threatening the above-board clamor, and a frequent dull, thunderous thump as of water striking her.

I partially clothed myself in a few minutes, rushed out, and with great difficulty, to a mate was the angle of the ship's deck, reached the companion stairs, and found the three captains, and out my hand and touched a figure, and

now grew sensible of some odd just in front of me panting heavily, and breathing time to the graining. It was Capt. Parfitt, in whom the agony and helplessness of the boat had been temporarily conquered by wrath and terror. He reached the deck unheeded and fell—there was little to be seen. Here and there a man held a lantern, but the light was feeble and the illumination

divested more confused the night. The ship lay over, with her bows to the sea, the dark heave of swell burst against the bilge and rolled in milk that hung a dim sheen upon the atmosphere of the night, making the quickly appearing sails a gray and ghastly white, and the water a nothing of the and to be seen.

Just before daylight the weather cleared. I saw disclosed the high coast along one side of the bay, and I gathered from the tremendous discourse of the three captains that we had no ashore somewhere near Cape Huzarion; San-Dow Bay, proving that though Capt. Parfitt's calculations had come correct, the three men had been too hasty in their reckoning.

Suddenly had the sun risen when a gun-boat hove in sight, bound from the eastward to Simon's Town. She sighted our ship ashore and sent her boats. I was hurried to get up about of her. Capt. Parfitt and five of the crew came on board; but old Parfitt declined to leave the neighborhood of the vessel. He said that there was no medicine on board, that he would go ashore and make shift under canvas, and as assistance should be sent from Capetown, Wilson remained with him.

The ship was ultimately got off, and navigated to England by Wilson & Co. Capt. Parfitt in the cabin, but by that time I received word from the boat of the "Buddy McGouglan," had transferred it to another vessel, and was absent of Ascension on my way to England.

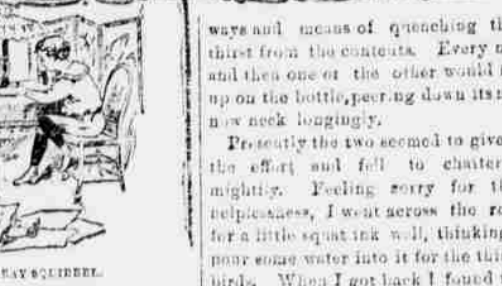
I find a nothing in the fancy of Parfitt's great-riding stage coming out of the boat of the stranded vessel, whose situation he wholly though improperly attributed to Parfitt's inebriation as a matter. So far as passengers are concerned, perhaps there is not a matter of a moral to be learned from this narrative, save even in the case of a vessel whose crew is so much as a commander, though one may say any a matter of the title. Will any shipmaster let me that among his passengers he does not one as an officer, who has the highest possible opinion of his own judgment and who will use, or purport to use, his own opinion as a matter of fact?

Called in a Burglar. He opened a Subterranean Vault that Battered Locksmiths Experts. About six months ago an order arrived at the subterranean directing the Treasurer to have all the time lock on the vaults cleared, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Among those that were taken out was one on a regular vault containing \$12,000,000 in silver. From the lock on the door to this vault the locksmith took only such parts as needed to be cleaned, leaving the rest in the door. When the vault was closed the "tumbler" fell into its place, the "catch" of the door, or the part that was left, caught the right and the door was securely locked—so securely locked, in fact, that it was found impossible to open it again, for the part of the time lock that should release the catch on the inside was outside in the hands of the locksmith. The combination knob was turned this way and that, and everything that would in any way tend to loosen the bolt was done, but to no effect. The locksmith even went so far as to put a plank against the door and pound away with a sledge in the hope that something would give way, but still the door remained securely closed, and as there was really no necessity to open the vault the treasury remained as it was. It became apparent that something had to be done, however, and it having been learned that "Billy" Ensign was in town, he was hunted up. Ensign is the well-known crackman whose ability to pick locks has more than once landed him in prison, and the propriety of calling him in was considered at some length before it was decided to resort to his skill. "Billy" went into the subterranean and at once set to work. He tinkered with the combination knob for a while, and then, getting down to business, put his ear against the door and began slowly to turn the knob back and forth, listening to the clicks of the tumblers as they fell into their places. How he did it no one of the bystanders could determine, but it is certain that his manipulation of the knob affected the time lock in some way, for he suddenly straightened up, grabbed the lever that moves the steel bolts, and giving it a quick, sharp jerk, the door swung open before the astonished clerks. Ensign knew nothing about the lock when he started in to open the door, and all Treasurer Jackson could say was: "He's a wizard."

The greatest mind, like the sweetest fruit, will generally be the most difficult to obtain a serious blemish. Frederick the Great was a half-crazy barbarian, Goldsmith is said to have written like an angel and talked like a fool, Cowper was known as the mad poet, Voltaire's vanity made him the laughing stock of Europe, William Pitt had a pitiful weakness for tragic poses, Byron was cursed by morbid sensitiveness, Swift died at the top, Dante and Petrarch were made great by unsuccessful love affairs, Dickens dressed like a tin-horn gambler, and talked like an egotistical boor, Carlyle was a hypochondriac, Novallas was half a madman, and Poe two-thirds a lunatic.

A WALL-PAPER TRUST is announced. This is bordering on the intolerable.

# Children's Column



Mr. Gray squirrel lives out in the park, in a house that is up in a tree. He isn't afraid when he hears the wolves bark, and for their's scarce naught cares he. The lion may roar with a voice that is deep, and the bear may growl in their rage, the owl may hoot, when he isn't asleep, and the black eagle scream in his cage.

Mr. Gray squirrel minds not in the least, when he hears all that terrible noise, for he doesn't get frightened at bial or at bears, and will hardly run even from boys. Over he comes in front of my seat, and up on his branches he stands, and the nut that he holds, is a good good nut.

He will eat right out of my hands. Oh, how good fellow, is this Mr. Gray, a right good fellow is he. I like him first-rate, and in his own way, I think that he rather likes me. —James R. Perry, in Chicago Record.

FRUIT INSTEAD OF CANDY. "I wish," said a doctor the other day, as he watched a group of school children troop out of a candy store, where they had been spending their pennies, "that I could form a society among little folks, in which each member would take a pledge to spend all his pocket money for fruit instead of candy." It seemed a funny way of putting it, didn't it? But the physician was very much in earnest, and at the moment it probably occurred to him that, as children like clubs, an anti-candy club would be a very good one for them. He wanted to do two things, to stop their eating the unhealthy sweet and to coax them to eat more fruit. An apple or a banana or an orange can usually, one or the other of them, be bought for the price of a little candy, and the fruit is much better in every way than the sweet. —New York Times.

A GRATEFUL MILLIONAIRE. The recent troubles of Africa have called public attention to a large number of interesting persons living in the southern portion of that continent. Among others who have been conspicuously noticed is Mr. "Barney" Barnato, who has made a great fortune in Africa, and of whom a Cape Town journal tells the following interesting anecdote. When a boy Mr. Barnato went to the London Jews' Free School, which has produced so many leading Jews of the day. When he left, his teacher, who was much attached to him, gave him a penny and his blessing. The years rolled by, the tremendous youth had made his wonderful career in South Africa, and the little "Barney" had become a personage. About the time when both London and Paris were going crazy over the flotation of the Barnato Bank, "Barney" was seized with a fancy to visit his old schoolmaster. With great diffidence he managed to hunt up the old man.

"Do you recollect," he said, when they met—"Do you recollect giving your little 'Barney' a penny when he left school thirty years ago? Here it is back again and with compound interest," and therewith he handed the schoolmaster a check for \$25. —Harper's Round Table.

INGENIOUS SPARROWS. I have some potted plants, geraniums, ferns, violets and ivy, making a nice little window garden for my office, says a Fort Worth correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. In lieu of something better I have been using a rather small-necked five-ounce bottle as a watering pot. One day during the recent dry, hot weather, I chanced to leave the bottle about half full of water sitting on the window sill with the pots. The heat was intense and I moved my desk close up to the window thinking that the dust would be preferable to the stifling air on the other side of the room. As I sat there I noticed two sparrows drop down from the dusty house-top and light in my window. The poor little things were about done up with the heat and the dust; their wings were hanging limp and their feathers were drooping. Evidently they were in search of water. They walked round and round the bottle, eyeing it from all quarters, apparently considering

# FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

MEALY BAKED POTATOES. To insure mealy baked potatoes, bake quickly in a hot oven, and break each one and set in the oven to steam a moment before serving. In boiling potatoes, put them in boiling water, when nearly done drain the water off, set them on the back part of the stove with a thick cloth over the kettle and lift over that to let them dry. For mashed potatoes, serve as above, only lift them from the water when done, in a wire spoon, into a hot milk crock, and cream them in that dress and leave on the stove covered with a hot plate till ready to serve.

A DELICIOUS DESSERT. A delicious dessert to those who like preserved ginger is made from gelatine, dates, almonds, and ginger. Put a fourth of a box of gelatine in a cup half full of milk and soak twenty-five or thirty minutes; then dissolve by standing over the tea-kettle. Add to it four ounces of powdered sugar. Have ready a pint of cream that has been whipped, and mix with it carefully and lightly two tablespoonsful of preserved ginger crushed fine and two tablespoonsful of the ginger syrup. Chop half a dozen dates as fine as possible, and add to the cream; then add the strained jelly. Stir the mixture until it begins to thicken; then pour into a mould. Serve on a low, flat dish and powder the top with almonds chopped very fine. If you wish the dish to look pretty, garnish with small flowers or green leaves. —New York Post.

AN EASY WAY OF BREAD MAKING. This recipe for bread making is an exceedingly convenient way, and is especially adapted to small families. Take three tablespoonsful, two tablespoonsful sugar and one tablespoonful salt. Soak by pouring over this one pint of boiling water; let it stand until cool, and then add two and one-half hard yeast cakes (not compressed) and let it rise.

Take a dozen good-sized potatoes, boil, mash and add three quarts of hot water; put through a sieve, when cool put in the yeast made according to the above recipe and let it stand. This mixture is better to stand a day or two before using. It will keep two or three weeks in a cool place in hot weather, and any length of time in winter. When ready to make bread, take one large coffee cup of mixture to a quart of flour, and stir together without any other wetting and knead it. Let it rise, and then make into loaves. Let it rise again and bake. —Atlanta Constitution.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. Half a teaspoonful of sugar will nearly always revive a dying fire, and it is always a safe thing to use for this purpose. Fat will not burn if it has something to do, as, if it has to be left idle for a few minutes, put a crust of bread or a slice of potato into the kettle. Yellow stains left on white cloth by sewing machine oil can be removed by rubbing the spots with a cloth wet with ammonia before washing with soap. The cleanest way to drive waterbugs or roaches from bureau drawers or chest shelves is to sprinkle powdered borax over and around the shelves and cover with clean paper. Keep a bowl of oatmeal on the washstand and after washing the hands dry them in the meal. The skin will be kept white and smooth and less liable to chaps by the process. To remove a refractory screw from wood, heat a piece of iron rod hot and hold it on top of the screw for a minute or two, then the screw-driver will easily take out the screw if used while the screw is warm. To freshen tan-colored shoes, dissolve a tablespoonful of salt in a little warm water, and add to a pint of cold water in which an ounce of salts of lemon has been dissolved. Wash the shoes with this, and when thoroughly dry, polish with soft flannel or a bit of silk. The drain pipe should be disinfected at least once a week in warm weather. Dissolve a nickel's worth of copperas in half a pailful of water, and gradually pour it down the pipe. An iron sink may be kept from rusting by applying with a brush a quarter of a pound of asphaltum in spirits of turpentine.

Particulars Wanted. Hardup—Could you lend me ten dollars until pay day? Wiggles—H'm! Does that mean your pay day or the day you'll pay me?—Truth.