

# Mutiny Quelled by Brave American

Uprising of Turbulent Russian Soldiers Quickly Ended—Captain the Right Man in the Right Place

Here is a story of a modern mutiny which was quelled by the heroic young American sea captain in the approved fashion. There arrived at Colombo, Ceylon, the other day, an American steamer, the Garonne, from the far east to Odessa, in Russia. The Garonne was carrying a large number of convalescent Russian soldiers and sailors and Russian workmen. Between Singapore and Colombo the Russians, dissatisfied with their treatment, mutinied and tried to seize the ship. The mutiny was quelled by Capt. Lowe, whom the Times of Ceylon describes as "a typical American—young, clean shaven and displaying signs of great strength, which, as the sequel shows, he was able to put to excellent use." One of the Russian workmen was ring-leader. Early in the trouble he was put in irons on the bridge.

Capt. Lowe is quoted as saying: "When passing through the straits of Malacca I had a good deal of responsibility upon my shoulders and could take but little sleep. In fact, on June

I did not go to my cabin until 12 o'clock noon, when I intended to take a nap during the afternoon. I lay down on my settee, but had scarcely fallen into a doze when the first officer tapped me on the shoulder and I awoke. "Did you give orders for that man (the ring-leader) to be taken out of irons?" he asked. "Certainly not," I replied. "Well, he's out anyway."

"I jumped up and made my way to the gangway leading from the bridge to the deck. Below me I saw a surge of riotous Russians, among whom was the scoundrel recently in fetters. They rushed at me. I whipped out my revolver, and, after warning them, pulled the trigger, but it missed fire. The charge had evidently got damp. Seeing that this was no use I seized a rifle and used the butt end as a bludgeon, with which I quickly cleared a space around me. The ring-leader grappled with me.

"After a hard struggle I got my man under. He was dragged up to the bridge and guarded by three of my officers, two of whom had Winchester rifles, the mate being armed with a couple of revolvers. Little difficulty was experienced in quelling the disturbance after that."

# Testimony to Bravery of "Japonians"

Writing Three Centuries Ago, Adventurer Tells of the Disregard for Life Shown by the Hardy Little Islanders.

In that interesting book, "Purchas His Pilgrimage," is recorded the adventure which befell John Davis and Sir Edward Michelbourne, who, little better than pirates themselves, met in 1605 with a Chinese junk full of practical "Japonians," whose own vessel had been cast away on Borneo. There were ninety men aboard this junk, "most of them in too gallant a habit for Sayers, and such an equalitie of behaviour among them that they seemed all fellows; yet among them there was one that they called Capitaine, but gave him little respect." A number of them having been transferred to the ship while the junk's cargo was being searched, they suddenly sallied out of the cabin at a given signal and while those in the junk killed or drove overboard the Englishmen in charge those on the ship tried to take possession of it. At the first onset they killed Capt. Davis.

"They pressed so fiercely to come to us as, we receiving them on our

Pikes, they would gather in our pikes with their hands to reach us with their swords. It was near half an hour before we could stone them back into the Cabin; in which time we had killed three or four of their Leaders. After they were in the Cabin they fought with us at the least four hours before we could suppress them, often fying the Cabin, burning the bedding and much other stuff that was there.

"And had we not with two Demyculverins, from under the halfe-decke, beaten downe the bulke head and the pumpe of the ship, we could not have suppressed them from burning the ship. The Ordnance being charged with Crossebarres, Bullets and Case-shot, and bent close to the bulke head, so violently marred therewith boords and splinters that it left but one of them standing of two and twentie.

# Added to Population of Bingville

Gabe Harkness in a State of Great Excitement Over the Welcome Addition to His Family—Editor's Congratulations.

Just as we go to press Gabe Harkness comes into the Bugle office all out of breath to announce to us for publication that his wife has presented him with a 10 lb. child. We therefore stopped proceedings long enough to take out a few items which we had written up merely to help fill space and hereby insert this birth notice in their stead. If the child had weighed less than a ten pounder we would not want to this much trouble, but when somebody goes to the trouble to increase the population of our thriving town by a 10 lb. offspring we are always glad to give the auspicious event a place in these columns.

happen. Gabe was terrible excited. We asked him which it was a girl or a boy and Gabe he scratched his head and said didn't forget to find out being as he was in so much of a hurry to get it into the paper. But he said if there was yet time he would return and find out and in about 10 minutes he came back with his eyes sticking out until you could of knocked 'em off with a club and says, "By thunder it's twins—two of 'em!" Again we asked Gabe as to sex of same and he couldn't tell. It seems that when he learned they was two twins instead of one he was so flabbergasted that he forgot to ascertain whether one was a girl and one a boy or vice versa and as we was late with the Bugle and couldn't wait any longer we went to press without the information, but will find out by next week and let you all know.

# The Greatest Health Factor—Work

Absolute Rest Not Always the Best Thing as Recreation for the Man Used to a Life of Strenuous Activity.

Congenital work with mind and hands should be encouraged in all persons, for its prophylactic as well as its curative influences. Rest will prove serviceable doubtless in numbers of cases, but its application should be restricted and carefully studied. There are many conditions where absolute rest will not only prove useless, but really harmful. To send a man from an active business life to one of complete inactivity will often prove disastrous, as much so as to prescribe all food for the obese.

selves and told to do absolutely nothing, not even to read, they are sure to dwell upon their infirmities and grow thereby morose and hypochondriacal, thus increasing their invalidism. The desire for work should be encouraged in all conditions and in all classes. If one's interest is aroused even to a slight degree, a continuance in the work will develop a desire for occupation. One will never feel like work if one has nothing to do. Work will often accomplish what medicine, however properly applied, will not, for it is not alone that we must earn our bread by the sweat of the brow, but every man and woman should work for the pleasure of it, as well as for the health-giving, brain-expanding results, and the benefit of example.—Medical World.

# Brief Sorrow, Short Lived Care

There is No Death! The Stars Go Down to Rise Upon Some Fairer Shore—The Joy and Hope of the Christian.

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore; And bright in heaven's jeweled crown They shine forevermore.

He hears our best loved things away; And then we call them "dead." He leaves our hearts all desolate, He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers; Transplanted into bliss, they now Adorn immortal bowers.

# With the Funny Fellows



Just Shopping. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-shopping, sir," she said. "And what are you buying, my pretty maid?" "Nothing; I'm shopping—that's all," she said. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Her Specialty. Bleeker—"Your wife is something of a wit. She tried to make game of me at the reception last night." Meeker—"Huh! That's nothing. She often makes me quail."—Chicago News.

Uncertainty. "What time does this train arrive at Swamp Centre?" asked the traveling man. "My friend," was the answer, "I'm only a conductor. I'm not a fortune teller."—Washington Star.

By Contrast. Tom—"How did you feel when Miss Moneybags accepted you?" Dick—"Fine! You see, we were at the opera, and the girl in the next box was a beauty!"—Translated for Tales from Megendorfer Blaetter.

First Gun. Jack—"I am so glad we are engaged. You know it is love that makes the world go round." Helen—"Yes, but it is not love that makes a man go round at nights after he is married."—Chicago News.

In the Police Court. "What! You want the court to be lenient because you have been brought before it a dozen times?" "Yes, your honor, I expect to be treated like a regular customer."—Translated for Tales from Les Amoules.



The Accident. Mrs. Hogan—"An' how did the baby git the fall?" Mrs. Grogan—"His father wor houldin' him in his arms when the whistler blew."—New York Evening Mail.

Necessary Modification. Knox—"Why don't you cut that out? Tone your talk down a bit." Kander—"Well, it's all right to call a spade a spade, isn't it?" Knox—"Instead of calling it you might whisper it occasionally."—Philadelphia Press.

His Specialty. "Gragley tells me he is doing wonderful work with his present employer. I didn't know he was particularly strong in business." "He isn't. He's merely particularly strong in talking about business."—Philadelphia Press.

A Knowing Waiter. The Waiter—"What's for you, sir?" The Professor (engrossed in a problem)—"In the correlation of forces it is a recognized property of atomic fragments, whatever their age, to join and—"

His New Vocation. "John's home from college." "Yes." "What's he goin' to do now?" "Well, 'twixt you an' me, I think he's jest about decided to loaf around, an' be one of those here incomprehensible geniuses."—Atlanta Constitution.

His Mistake. Mr. Slimsky—"I don't believe the city water is safe. I notice it has a clouded appearance this morning and tastes sort of—milky—and—"

The Sure Way. Hicks—"How did Tompkins make all his money, anyhow?" Wicks—"Out of ginseng." Hicks—"Raising it?" Wicks—"No; selling roots and seeds to people who believe that there is a royal road to fortune."—Somerville Journal.

Natural Inference. Mrs. Smith—"I called my husband back to kiss him good-bye this morning." Mrs. Jones—"And what did he say?" Mrs. Smith—"He said, 'What's the matter, Cordelia? Did you forget to go through my pockets last night?'"—Chicago News.

Special Terms. "And have you any special terms for summer girls when they come in a party?" asked the pretty brunette in the mountain hotel. "Yes, indeed," replied the clerk, suavely. "And what are they?" "Peaches and 'dears.'"—Chicago News.

# CARAWAY SEEDS.

Concoctions Made Therefrom by New England Mothers of the Past. Down in Maine lingers the tradition of "seedcakes" and caraway seed tea for colic and other childish ills of the stomach. A writer in the Bangor News recalls the supply of caraway seeds that energetic mothers of fifty years ago always kept on hand. Just before the seeds ripened they were gathered from the heads and put up in cool, airy lofts to dry. The water evaporated out of them, and the kernels shrunk to mere scraps; the seeds were then put up in tight cloth bags and hung in a loft or boxed for future use. For colic, hot water was poured over the dried seeds, and the dish was set back on the hearth of the fireplace to simmer for a half hour or less. The decoction was then sweetened and taken internally, producing a grateful warmth, which often gave an early relief from pain. But there was a pleasanter association of childhood with caraway than this. The chief use of the seeds was, we are assured, in making "the famous seedcakes" that were to be found in an earthen jar in every true down East home. "As we remember them," says the Bangor ancient, "the seedcakes of those days were simply sugar cookies made after the recipes in use to-day, but having the dough permeated through and through with dried caraway seeds, which had been added in the mixing and baked in a hot oven. The memory of these cakes will endure for years. The flat sweetness of the plain cookie was made pungent and agreeable by the addition of the seeds, so that one took more enjoyment out of the eating and seemed to be able to consume a larger number. It was very consoling for the child—or the grownup, for that matter—to know that he was taking medicine which was helpful to health at the same time he was eating for the nourishment of the body." The seedcake has given way to the doughnut. "Today few of the farmers or gardeners grow caraway, because the seedcake is no longer demanded. But while the caraway plant is no longer an inmate of the kitchen garden, it still lingers about the ancient farmhouses, growing among weeds in back yards and waving its white blossoms by the roadside as joyfully as if it were all the fashion." Angel cake, sponge cake, and ice cream cake have also conspired to relegate the seedcake to practical oblivion, and it appears that the introduction of peppermint and checkerberry essences has almost resulted in driving caraway seeds out of the pharmacopoeia of the family. We can sympathize with the hope that the seedcake will be rediscovered and come back into its own some day.—New York Post.

The Irony of Time. Last week was rather sluggish in the world of books. At the auction sale of the late Senator Hawley's library Francis Wilson's "Recollections of a Player," a copy of the costly limited edition and with autograph, brought only \$6.50; while a first edition of John Hay's "Pike County Ballads" was sold for sixty cents. It was in the first edition of his collected verses that plain John Hay, newspaper man, wrote:

"There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going; when they seem going they come: Diplomats, women and crabs."

The Irony of Time! Secretary Hay wrote these words thirty-five years ago, at which time he doubtless little dreamed he would become the greatest diplomat of his day. Then he aspired to play the poet. Now the first edition of his verses brings sixty cents, which about represents their intrinsic value.—Rochester Post-Express.

A Delayed Reunion. Henry Du Cann, who has not seen his wife in forty-two years, left Durango, Col., last week for Detroit, Mich., where his wife is living. Du Cann married in 1833, while home from the war on a furlough, having enlisted in the First Michigan Cavalry. After being with his bride three days, he re-joined his regiment and at the close of the war started out to find work. In his search for employment he drifted west until he reached Salt Lake City, where he remained several years. He followed mining and various occupations, and has been all over the West. During all these years his wife waited for him to return, and he continually hoped and expected to either send for his wife or to go back to her, but the fates seemed always against him, and he never prospered. During their forty-two years of separation they kept up a regular correspondence.—Denver Republican.

Why Single Paddles Reign. "No," said the oar-maker, "for fast paddling the single paddle cannot compare with the double paddle; but you see 100 single paddles where you do one double paddle. Of course, some canoe enthusiasts think that the single blade is more picturesque, but it is the men who sell canoes that have brought the single blade into vogue.

"It became the custom for the dealer to give away a double paddle with every canoe purchased. One dealer began it, and, of course, all the rest had to follow. But the double paddles are rather expensive. So some bright dealer conceived the scheme of putting in a big stock of single paddles and giving one with each purchase. This continued the courtesy of throwing in something with every canoe sold, but it cut down greatly the expense of the gift."—New York Press.

The first cherries appeared in the Paris market this year on March 11; there were thirty-eight of them, and they were sold for \$15.00.

# AUTUMN LEAVES.

Flower and leaf of vine and tree— Grass of meadow, weed of mire— Summer gathered them to be Faggots for the autumn's fire.

Smoke-like haze on vale and hill; Flames of gold and crimson bright Into life now leap and fill Field and forest with their light.

All the glory of the year— Kindled into beauty's sea; Soon the winter will be here, Soon the curfew—then the snow.

So these lovely leaves I lay In my book, all gold and red; Embers for a winter's day When the autumn's fire is dead. —Frank Dempster Sherman, in the American Illustrated Magazine.

IN A TERRIBLE FIX. By Eben E. Rexford.

OW, 'Rastus'—and his sister picked a thread or two off his coat, and hesitated, as if thinking how to break the news gently—"I want to tell you about a plan I've got in my head."

"I know what it is," interrupted her brother, turning pale. "I knew all about it before I came down here."

"I'd like to know how?" asked Mrs. Green, in great surprise. "I never told anybody except John, and I'm sure he hasn't let it out."

"No, he hasn't," answered Mr. Bangs. "But the minute I read your letter, I felt what was in the wind. You didn't say it so many words that you'd got a match planned out, but I understood it well enough. Who is it, Selina? Better get the load off your mind as soon as possible. I'm prepared to know the worst," and Mr. Bangs gave utterance to a sigh of forced resignation.

"It's a widow," answered Selina; "just the kind of a woman to suit you, 'Rastus. I do hope you'll be sensible this time, and not let your foolish bashfulness spoil your chances of getting a good wife."

"A widow!"—Mr. Bangs turned a trifle paler, and shivered—"I—I'm afraid I can't stand this siege, Selina. I came mighty near knocking under to that old maid last summer, but I was helped out of the scrape some way. I've always heard say that a man couldn't hold out long against a widow if she'd got her mind really made up to get him."

"Don't be a fool, 'Rastus," said her sister, tersely. "Maria's too good for you, and, if you know when you're well off, you'll make sure of her."

"Maybe she won't be made sure of," said Mr. Bangs, to whom this conversation was somewhat alarming. "Oh, yes, she will," answered Selina. "I've talked with her about matters, and I know she'd have no objections."

"Good gracious, Selina!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs, perspiring all over, "you don't mean to say that you've actually talked with this woman about my marrying her, do you? Why, she'll expect me to do it, if you have, and, if I don't, she'll be having me up for breach of promise."

"Of course she expects you to marry her, and so do I," answered Selina, as if that settled the matter. "Be a man, 'Rastus. I wouldn't be afraid of the women, if I were in your place."

"You don't know what you're talking about," said Mr. Bangs, shaking his head dolefully. "You're a woman, and can't be expected to know."

"It buckles, I s'pose!" he said, pulling the belt together. "Yes, there it is. Lord! wouldn't I cut a fine figure in skirts," and Mr. Bangs danced a horn-pipe to the accompaniment of a swish- ing skirt.

The hall door banged. "Good gracious!" cried poor Bangs. "They've come home!"

Every hair on his head stood up with fright. He grabbed at the belt, but it wouldn't unbuckle. He heard steps on the stairs, and women's voices struck more terror to his guilty soul than the sound of Gabriel's trumpet would have done.

He glanced about him. There was no escape. A closet door stood partly open. Into that he crowded himself, and pulled the door together just as Mrs. Smith came in.

He could hear her bustling about, taking off her jacket and bonnet. What if she were to come to the closet? It was altogether likely that she hung her things there. He felt as if he were going to faint. Then he thought of the ridiculous appearance a fainting man in a skirt would make, and made up his mind that he wouldn't faint—he'd die first!

There! She was coming that way! What was to be done? A thousand wild thoughts flashed through his brain. He felt her hand upon the door-knob.

"There's a man in your room!" he roared out, in awful bass. He didn't know how he came to say it. It was the inspiration of desperation, probably.

"Oh-h, o-o-h!" shrieked Mrs. Smith, and fled in terror. "I've got to get out of this before anyone comes," said Mr. Bangs, giving a push to the door. Horrors! It would not open. There was only one way of opening it, and that was from the outside.

A clammy perspiration covered him from head to foot. "You stay here, and I'll go in," he heard Selina say, in the hall. "I ain't afraid."

He put his eye to the keyhole, and saw his sister enter the room. "Selina!" he called, in a sepulchral tone. "Selina!"

"Who calls me Selina?" demanded Mrs. Green, dramatically, flourishing the feather duster, which she had brought along for a weapon of defense.

"I do," answered Mr. Bangs. "It's 'Rastus, your brother. I'm shut up in this closet."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Green, staring at the closet as if she expected to look it out of countenance. "Let me out, and don't be a fool!" cried Mr. Bangs.

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Green ventured to open the door, and out stepped Mr. Bangs, with his skirt swishing about his legs.

"For the land's sake!" cried Selina, with uplifted hands, and mouth wide open. "Why, 'Rastus Bangs!"

"I—I thought I'd have a little sport," explained Mr. Bangs, looking about as foolish as it is possible for a man to, "but you came back too soon, and I couldn't get it off, and slipped into the closet. Help me out of the confounded thing, Selina, and keep it to yourself, and I'll buy you the nicest dress in town."

"Selina! Selina!" called the widow from the bottom of the stairs. "Do you want any help?"

"Hurry up!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs. "She'll be here in a minute."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Selina. "If you'll promise to ask her to marry you inside of three days, I'll help you out of the scrape. If you don't, I'll call her in."

"I—I dissent," groaned Mr. Bangs. "Then I'll call her," said Selina. "I—I will!" said her brother, desperately.

Mrs. Green gave a peculiar twitch to the strap, the buckle let go its hold, and the skirt fell to the floor. Mr. Bangs stood up a free man.

"Now, remember," said Selina, warningly, "if you haven't proposed to Mrs. Smith in three days from this time—at half-past six precisely, on Thursday, the time'll be up—I shall tell the whole story."

Oh, those three days! They seemed three years to poor Bangs. He tried seven different times to make his promise good, but every time his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he was speechless.

Thursday, at 6 o'clock, Selina came to him. "Have you asked her, 'Rastus?" she demanded, solemnly.

"No, I haven't," answered Mr. Bangs. "I can't, Selina."

"You've got just half an hour's time left," said Selina, unfeelingly. "Supper'll be ready in fifteen minutes. The half hour'll be gone before we get through eating, and I shall tell the story the minute the time's up. Maria's in the parlor, alone. If you want to see her, you'll never get a better chance."

"If you had any sisterly regard for me—" began Mr. Bangs, but Mrs. Green cut him short with the remark: "A bargain's a bargain. Do as you agreed to, or I will. Don't be a fool, 'Rastus."

And with that she opened the parlor door and pushed him in.

Mr. Bangs doesn't know what he said. He never knew. But the widow said he asked her if she wanted to marry him. Being a truthful woman, she said she did, and so the poor man was spared the recital of the story of his terrible fix.

"It was lucky that it happened, after all," he told Selina, "for, if it hadn't, I never would have got courage to propose—never."—New York Weekly.

The latest method in hairdressing is to cut each hair separately, a process that takes much time, but does great good to the hair.