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OFFICE OF THE COMPANY, 22 PULLEN BUILDING, RALEIGH.

BOUNTY'S FAMOUS MUTINY RECALLED

The reprint of Lieutenant Bligh's story of the mutiny on board the *Bounty*, which has just been issued by the Banks Press of London, tells in the most remarkable fashion the story of one of the most remarkable cruises ever made in a small boat, says the *New York Sun*. No mutiny in naval history had such far-reaching consequences as that which occurred on board the *Bounty* on the south seas more than a century ago. William Bligh was a skilful navigator who was born in London in 1753. As a lieutenant he accompanied Captain Cook on his Pacific voyages. He was commissioned by George III. to import breadfruit trees and other vegetables from the South Sea Islands to the West Indies and placed in command of the *Bounty*.

The *Bounty* reached Otaheite at the wrong season of the year and consequently had to remain there for several months to secure her cargo. Association with the native women corrupted the crew, and it is evident from Lieutenant Bligh's diary that to this he attributes the mutiny. He says: "The women at Otaheite are handsome, mild and cheerful in their manners, and possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to their people that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large rewards. Under these and many other attendant circumstances, equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them of excellent character, should be led away; especially when in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves by the midst of the forest on the most island in the world, where they need not labor and where the attentions of dissipation are beyond anything that can be conceived."

Other writers who have dealt with the interesting story of the seas have made the mutiny the chief cause of the trouble which broke out on board his ship. Bligh's subsequent career as governor of New South Wales ended in his being arrested for tyrannical conduct, and that has been accepted as a partial justification of the mutiny. Lieutenant Bligh's story of it gives no indication of unnecessarily severe discipline on his part. The *Bounty* sailed from Otaheite on April 19th, and after setting Lieutenant Bligh and his eighteen loyal men adrift in an open boat with only 150 pounds of bread, thirty-two pounds of pork, six gallons of rum and six bottles of wine, they bore away to Otaheite. Fourteen of the mutineers who remained there were arrested in 1791 by officers of the British ship *Pandora*. Five of the men were lost by shipwreck on the voyage home, the remainder were tried, three of them being executed and the remainder pardoned.

Peter Christian, one of the mutineers on the *Bounty*, with eight of the mutineers, nine native women and two native men, left Otaheite on the *Bounty* and sailed to Pitcairn Island, where the *Bounty* was wrecked, that the traces of her might be destroyed. Pitcairn Island is only about two and a half miles long and one mile broad, and it is not been for this mutiny that it probably would have been unsettled. All traces of Christian and his followers were lost until 1808, when Captain Folger, of Nantucket, called at Pitcairn Island, thinking it uninhabited. To his surprise two men of light-brown complexion came out in a canoe and greeted him in English. They were descendants of the original mutineers, the only survivors of the party at that time being Alexander Smith, who afterwards assumed the name of John Adams. Smith prepared a code for the government of the island and acted as governor and judge. He was apparently a man of unusual ability. In 1838 the Pitcairn Islanders were moved to Norfolk Island, where it was believed that they would be better off. Two families of them, numbering seventeen persons, became discontented and returned to Pitcairn Island, where they and their descendants have lived since that time.

Lieutenant Bligh's narrative of the mutiny on the *Bounty* is told in the same manner of the mutiny is told as follows: "Before sunrising, Mr. Christian, master-at-arms, gunner's mate, Thomas Burket, seaman, came into my cabin while I was asleep, and seized my hands with a cord behind my back and threatened me with death. If I spoke or made the least noise, I, however, called so loud as to alarm every one; but they had secured the officers who were in their party, by placing sentinels at the doors. There were three men on deck in the morning, the four of whom Christian had only a trifling acquaintance. I was hauled out of

bed and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than threats of instant death if I did not hold my tongue. Mr. Elphinstone, the master's mate, was kept in his berth; Mr. Nelson, botanist; Mr. Peckover, gunner; Mr. Ledward, surgeon, and the master, were confined to their cabins; and also the clerk, Mr. Samuel, but he soon obtained leave to come on deck. The fore hatchway was guarded by sentinels; the boatswain and carpenter were, however, allowed to come on deck, where they saw me about the mizzenmast with my hands tied behind my back under guard, with Christian at their head.

"The boatswain was now ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat, if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself."

Bligh attempted to stem the tide, but Christian, who was apparently the most determined man among the mutineers, threatened to kill him immediately if he would not be quiet. The men who had been loyal to Bligh were forced over the side into a small boat which had been equipped with hardly enough provisions apparently to last them a week. It was apparent from the remarks made by the mutineers that they feared to give Bligh much in the way of equipment for his boat, knowing him to be a man of resources and suspecting that if he had a ghost of a chance he would make his way back to civilization. As it was, his boat was loaded with men so deeply that she sunk low in the water. Among the officers of the *Bounty* who were cast adrift were John Fryer, master; Thomas Ledward, acting surgeon; David Nelson, botanist; William Cole, boatswain; Hayward and Hallett, midshipmen, and William Purcell, carpenter. The most able men in the ship's company remained on board the *Bounty*. As the *Bounty* under command of the mutineers, pulled away, Bligh heard them yell, "Huzza for Otaheite!"

Commenting on the mutiny, Lieutenant Bligh says: "The secrecy of this mutiny is beyond all conception. Thirteen of the party who were with me had all lived forward among the people, yet neither they nor the messmates or Stewards Henry or Young had ever observed any circumstances to give them suspicion of what was going on. The possibility of such a conspiracy was ever the farthest from my thoughts."

Bligh's first determination was to seek a supply of fresh fruit and water at Tofoa, where the *Bounty* had been bound after leaving Annamooka, one of the Friendly Islands. The boat in which he found himself was the ship's launch, without shelter. It was provided with oars and a sail. On the night of the day following the mutiny Bligh reached Tofoa and kept his boat under the lee of the island until daylight. Tofoa is the northwestmost of the Friendly Islands. Here he obtained a few quarts of water. On Thursday, April 30, a strong wind made it dangerous to go to sea and Bligh's men climbed to the cliffs and secured about twenty coconuts. On the day following a few natives appeared with whom Bligh made friends and from them he secured a small addition to his stock of provisions. Two chiefs appeared on Sunday and to their surprise Bligh gave them a knife. They knew that he had been with Captain Cook and they were curious to find out how he happened to be cruising in a small boat. Bligh's plain narrative of what followed reads: "The beach was now lined with the natives, and we heard nothing but the knocking of stones together, which they had, in each hand. I knew very well this was the sign of an attack, it being now noon, I served a coconut and a breadfruit to each person for dinner, and gave some to the chiefs, with whom I continued to appear intimate and friendly. They frequently importuned me to sit down, but I as constantly refused; for it occurred both to Mr. Nelson and myself that they intended to seize hold of me if I gave them such an opportunity."

The sun was setting as Bligh gave the word to his men who were ashore with him to pick up their goods and rush for their boats. The natives kept knocking stones together. "We had now all but two or three things in the boat, when I took Nageete by the hand and we walked down the beach, every one in a silent kind of horror. When I came to the boat and was seeing the people embark, Nageete wanted me to stay to speak to Nageete; but finding I would not stay, Nageete loosed himself from my hold and went off, and we all got into the boat except one man, who, while I was getting on board, quitted it, and ran up the beach to cast the stern fast off, notwithstanding the master and others called to him to return, while they were hauling me out of the water."

"I was no sooner in the boat than the attack began by about two hundred

men. The unfortunate poor man who had run up the beach was knocked down and the stones flew like a shower of shot. Many Indians got hold of the stern rope and were nearly hauling me ashore and would certainly have done it had not had a knife in my pocket, with which I cut the rope. We then hauled off to the grapnel, every one being more or less hurt. At this time I saw five of the natives about the poor man they had killed, and two of them were beating him about the head with stones in their hands.

"We had no time to reflect, before, to my surprise, they filled their canoes with stones and twelve men came off after us to renew the attack, which they did so effectually as nearly to disable all of us. They paddled round us, so that we were obliged to sustain the attack without being able to return it, except with such stones as lodged in the boat, and in this I found we were very inferior to them. At dark they gave over the attack and returned toward the shore, but I did not reflect on our unhappy situation."

After this experience Bligh decided to look for assistance at the island of Timor, where there was a Dutch settlement. His boat was only twenty-three feet long, he had no chart and only a general knowledge of the situation of places, assisted by a book of latitudes and longitudes. The men agreed to live on an ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water a day, and away they sailed. Lieutenant Bligh's diary for the few following days confines itself to the details of sailing his small boat, which proved unexpectedly seaworthy, and his careful division of each day's provisions. He made toward the Feejee Islands, and each bit of land which he passed he charted as well as he was able. He landed at none of them for fear of hostile natives, having no arms for defence. Wednesday, May 6, was notable because one of the men hooked a fish; the men were miserably disappointed by its being lost in pulling it into the boat. Bligh describes the conditions on his boat in this fashion: "I now directed my course west by north for the night, and served to each man an ounce of the damaged bread and a quarter of a pint of water for supper. It may really be supposed that our lodgings were very miserable and confined, and I had only in my power to ourselves at watch and watch; so that one-half always sat up while the other lay down on the boat's bottom, or upon a chest, with nothing to cover us but the heaven, as well as he was able. I was cramped, for we could not stretch them out, and the nights were so cold and we so constantly wet, that after a few hours' sleep we could scarce move. Being very wet and cold, I served all of us a spoonful of rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast."

Occasionally canoes filled with natives chased his boat as long as it was in sight. Bligh says very little about his sufferings of his men and himself. He entertained his men by describing the situation of New Guinea and New Holland so that in case any accident happened to him they might know how to direct their course. Day after day they sailed or rowed on, sometimes fiercely storm-beaten. Bligh found that he had to reduce his allowance of bread to one twenty-fifth of a pound for each man three times a day. After severe storms he served a teaspoonful of rum to each man. This is a sample of his diary during this part of the voyage: "Saturday, May the 16th.—Fresh gales from the S. E. and rainy weather. I served our miserable allowance of one twenty-fifth of a pound of bread and a quarter of a pint of water I issued for dinner an ounce of salt pork to each person. I was often solicited for and heavy showers of rain. Wind E. N. E. Our distresses were now very great, and we were so covered with rain and salt water that we could scarcely take any comfort, though we longed for it. I almost lived without it. We suffered extreme cold, and every one dreaded the approach of the night. About 2 o'clock in the morning we were overwhelmed with a deluge of rain. It fell so heavy that we were afraid it would fill the boat, and we were obliged to

be frustrated at a time when I was congratulating myself on the fairest prospects of being able to complete it in a manner that would fully have answered the intention of his majesty and the honorable promoters of so benevolent a plan."

Bligh died, in London, an admiral, in 1817.

Money
(Monroe Enquirer.)

Did you ever hear a man ranting and raving about money making and putting all efforts towards getting on in the world, making money, if you please, out of dispute? If you ever did you know that fellow was nothing more than a big mouthed hypocrite and did not believe what he was preaching. Just try him with a dollar and see how quick he will take it and put on a "give-me-another" look. It is no harm to make money. If a man rises early and works until the late hours of the night making money, honestly of course, he is serving his God and his fellow man better than does the fellow who in indolence sits and whines about the greed of man in making money. Poverty, young man, is no virtue. Some mighty good men have been poor, but their poverty did not make them good. Lazarus did not go to Abraham's bosom because he was poor, nor Dives to hell because he was rich. The fellow who does the most whining about the awful evil of money and of money getting by the fellow who could not make the first payment on that property if the court house was sold for that matter, he is a hypocrite.

We heard a man boast from the pulpit a number of years ago that he had no home and thank God for his poverty and he actually declared that he wanted to remain poor. That man was not natural, he lied. God put in every man's breast the desire to accumulate, in fact made it a ruling passion, and so long as man does not abuse that attribute, he glorifies his Creator in the exercise of it. The man who tells who plans and uses every honest means to make money and lots of it is but doing what he was put here to do. Of course he will be held to strict account as to how he uses that money, but we are not speaking of that just now.

Money and what money will buy is what we are all working for. The teacher may tell you that he likes his work, the physician that he is interested in his practice, the author that he loves to write, the farmer that he takes pride in his farm, but take away the hope of making money and every teacher would walk out of the school room, the physician would leave his practice, the author would drop his pen, the farmer stop his plow in the furrow, are many sanctuaries of the living God would be deserted by the minister if the hope of monetary reward were taken away. Not a mother's son of us works for the love of work to write, to make us everlastingly tired to hear some hypocritical fellow, who is drawing a good salary and wanting a dollar, to denounce that friend in need, money.

Money, what a mighty power it has! handful of money, compassed the crucifixion and death of the Holy Nazarene and sent to the cross the son of God, whose life for thirty-three years on earth had given to man the highest and grandest conception of life.

And on the other hand money from the hands of men has sent the gospel and has presented to the heathen world the life of Him whose character has been for all the ages the model of good deeds and righteousness to the millions of earth. Money has gone into the famine and pestilence stricken portions of this earth from the hand of charity like an angel of mercy sent from the courts of heaven, has bought food for the hungry and remedies for the sick. As you may deprecate the American's greed for money, but India is blessing the American dollars which have gone to help her starving millions and every stricken spot of earth cries out to those who have been so fortunate as to make money.

We may deplore the great power of wealth in the hands of few men and the rapid concentration of wealth in our land and pause to ask what the end is to be and what will be the fuel end of its power, but we are not discussing that point. The individual and money is what we are talking about. You may rave and rant about Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts and Rothchilds and what a menace to the governments such "great concentration of wealth is, and yet if you could by some stroke of good fortune make yourself as rich as all the multi-millionaires of earth combined you would be the richest man on earth, and you know it.

As to how much money a man can make honestly we do not know. Some say that a million dollars cannot be made honestly by any man in a life time, but those who claim that have never made a million. Others claim that a man can, by the proper exercise of judgment, make a million dollars honestly, they have made that amount, and there you are.

Put in Your Bible
(Exchange.)

Here is a handy table, furnished by The Christian World, which it would be well to cut out or copy for reference in your Bible studies:

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-half miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's-breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's-breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was \$8.

A talent of gold was \$13,900.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A mite was three cents.

A farthing was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.

An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was a gallon and two pints.

An omne was six pints.

Aunt Marcia—No, Ethel; I don't see how you can ever trust a man again after he has once stolen even a kiss from you. A thief is a thief.

Ethel—Why, yes, auntie; but there's honor among thieves, you know.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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