

"Waters, The Loafer."

By Louis Becka.

We were lying in Apia harbor, ready for sea, bound on a labor recruiting cruise to New-Britain and New-Ireland. It was just about dawn when the skipper and I, who were sleeping on deck, were awakened by hearing a canoe come alongside, and a strange voice hailing the anchor watch.

"Well," said the captain, "who are you and what do you want?" "I'm—oh, my name is Brown—or Smith, if you like—and I want a berth as steward."

"Do you? Well, I have a steward—as you'll find out in a few minutes when he comes on board and kicks you over the side." (Our steward, Simpson, had been given a night's liberty on shore, and had promised to be back at 6 o'clock.)

"He won't, captain. In fact, he can't, poor chap. He's dead. Had a mill with a big Dutchman at Charles the Russian's over a game of cards about an hour ago, and the Dutchman hit him over the heart. He dropped like a stone, and died in half a minute. Too fat, you know."

"And you want to step into his shoes before the poor devil is cold?" "Will that hurt him now that he is dead?"

"I'm sure that when the case came on I should get five years at least. And yet I only acted as if I ought to have done and saved the ship."

In an instant our interest—and sympathies as well—were aroused. The Princess case was then being much talked about. Briefly it was this: The vessel, the "Cruz," was in the Kanakaka labor trade and when at Belegaville Island, in the Solomon group, a determined effort to cut her off was made by the natives. The captain and two of the crew were clubbed to death and the rest would have shared their fate but for Waters and a seaman, who taking their Winchester carbines, sprang up the rigging into the foretop and from there shot down at the savages on deck. Fifteen were and wounded several others. The rest sprang overboard and swam ashore, and Waters, unfortunately, killed two others as they were escaping. This, in the opinion of the commander of a gunboat then cruising in the Solomons, was "a cruel and unnecessary slaughter." The Princess was seized and sent to P.H. with a prize crew and a few days later Waters, by hitting his native jailers, made his escape.

The captain pondered a moment or two. Samoa was then out of his jurisdiction of the High Commission for the Western Pacific, so Waters was safe from arrest for the present. But he would not be so once we left Samoa, and there was every likelihood of our meeting a British man-of-war somewhere about New-Britain or New-Ireland.

"Here, Waters, I'll do what I want, and will ship you as cook steward, but you know that we are bound for the Northwest, and—"

"I'm not," I know, but I'll take my chance. Will you give me the name of the ship?"

"Now you can go forward and into the galley. Then after that you can come ashore with the consul's and sign on. Any more questions?"

"You were sure on Simpson's poor Simpson's name? Some below and above the water-line. This is Mr. Simpson, my regular," and he indicated me.

"I'm glad to meet you, sir," said the consul, quietly, as he and I shook hands. "I'm glad that time out till we saw last of him, he was 'Brown, the loafer,' and always 'Sir-ed' the captain and me when any one was present. At night, however, the captain and myself would talk together with 'Waters, the loafer,' of the best sailorman that ever lived on deck. In my ever-vivid memory of him, the first is here before me now as we first saw him—the square nose, bronzed face, unshaven chin and long, ragged moustache; keen, deep-set, heavy-browed eyes of steely, challenging gray. His every feature was in consonance with his build—somewhat short in stature, broad chest, small feet and equally small and shapely hands, that somehow seemed quite disproportionate to his other limbs. But they were hands that would be used effectively, as we soon discovered. Our boatwain took a jealous dislike to 'Brown,' and, two days after we had left Apia, said something derogatory to him about his cooking.

to the beach, but before touching it was slowed round and backed in stern first. Then the recruiter had his box of trade goods placed on the beach and stepped out of the boat. Generally he was unarmed, as he gave the natives confidence, for sometimes they would present the sight of a revolver in his belt, would stink, and no "business" would be done. Then the boat would push off a little so as just to keep afloat in case of treachery—the crew ready to bend to the oars the moment the recruiter was on board—that is, if he was lucky enough to get there. Meanwhile the covering boat stood by, ready to open fire and cover the escape of the first boat, or of the assistance of the recruiter and his crew if they were being overpowered by a sudden rush of savages.

On this occasion I had with me in my boat the two Fijians, two Ratofofgans and a Savage Islander. My trade chest was filled with the usual gear dear to the New-Britain native—12 of the native knives, red beads, hoop iron for making knives, and clay pipes and tobacco, although the latter article was almost unknown to these particular savages, who did not possess a pipe among them.

Just as I was going over the side into the leading boat, Waters asked permission to come with me, as he wanted to get some sand for holystoning the cabin floor. The captain was agreeable and so was I, so off we went, and in a few minutes we were abreast of the village beach, which was thronged with natives, all armed with spears and clubs, as was to be expected, but maintaining a friendly demeanor. Three hundred or four hundred natives were on the beach.

At Samoa he left us, shipping as usual some of an American schooner bound to Honolulu. We were sorry to lose him and, as he bade me goodbye on shore that evening, he told me a little of his past.

Many persons are left-eyed—more or less. Left eyes are fewer than right eyes. Few persons see equally well with both eyes—fewer still are ambly-dextrous.

There is one lighthouse in the world that is not placed on any miter's chart. It is the Arizona desert, and marks the spot where a well supplied pure, fresh water to travellers.

An English barrister, arguing before the criminal court, says: Answers, remained with much solemnity to the presiding justice: "My Lord, there is much honor among thieves." The justice looked at him severely. "There is gold in sea water," he replied, "but it cannot be extracted in profitable quantities. Go on, sir."

One of the greatest of living English jockeys has a most remarkable collection of tributes from admirers, unknown and otherwise. It contains, among other strange things, paw tickets, writs and summonses contributed by unsuccessful backers of his mounts, tallanans of all kinds to bring him luck in his races, sermons and tracts for his spiritual welfare, recipes for all ailments from coughs to a tendency to corpulence, offers of marriage accompanied by bundles of wretched tickets and a pair of worn-out boots with the legend: "All that is left of them after walking from York to London; backed all your mounts."

At a book sale in a Paris auction room the other day a gentleman turning over the leaves of one of the books saw a time worn piece of paper which he had the curiosity to open.

This proved to be a will executed in proper form about ninety years ago, but never proved. It was that of a woman whose death, as subsequent inquiry has shown, took place eighty-five years ago. As no will could be found, intestacy was assumed, and a personality of £16,000 was divided among relatives. In fact, the will bequeathed everything to a niece, long since dead, and the question now arises as to the claims of her descendants against those of the other participants.

Hard Tack and Perambulations. "When the frost is in the pumpkins and the corn is in the shock" perambulations are ripe—good ripe; and you don't want to fool with a perambulation until it is good ripe. Some forty and odd years ago, away over in the enemy's country, eastern Virginia, when we had been living for months on hard tack and fitch and black coffee strong enough to hold up an iron wedge, we while strolling in a field beyond the lines that was really safe, ran across a perambulation tree on which some belated clusters were clinging, although it was midwinter. A change from hard tack to perambulations was a delightful one, and we talk we never enjoyed eating anything more than we did those few clusters of Old Virginia perambulations.

This is quite a pretentious—interesting to the writer if to no one else—to the fact that B. F. Murrain, who has doubtless heard us tell that story, brought in this week a box of perambulations that grew on his own tree. They are mighty good and would be better if we had been living on hard tack and fitch for many months.—Brookfield (Mo.) Gazette.

Treat to Employees. The head of a well known wholesale house on Broadway engaged in the manufacture of specialties in men's clothing attributes the fact that his concern is noted for not having friction with its work people to his practice of annually entertaining the hundreds of male and female help in his employ to a year-end theatre and supper party.

As an object lesson in fostering ideal relations between staff and employer, this mode of celebration is noted as an unalloyed success.—New York Press.

The usual size of the shell of an oyster is three to five inches.

A TROPICAL FOREST WE OWN.

IT IS IN PORTO RICO AND A VERY INTERESTING POSSESSION.

A Tangled Mountain Wilderness Never Fully Explored, Containing Plant Life New to Botanists—Dr. Gifford Would Make It a Sportsman's Paradise.

In the island of Porto Rico, the United States Government possesses just three years ago a tropical forest. Its folks didn't know much about it, nor for that matter did the native Porto Ricans themselves.

Roughly speaking it comprised some 66,000 acres in the eastern and most mountainous parts of the island. Its boundaries were ill defined, its trees were overgrown with thick vines and tropical plants. It had no paths at all and no one had ever thoroughly explored it.

Not only had it been in line with the conservation policy of our Government, but it was in studying the forest which affects large tracts of land.

Government experts were sent to explore and survey it, to determine its value to the Government and to see what had best be done with it. John C. Gifford of the Bureau of Forestry was sent to examine the forest.

His report contains, in addition to a description of the forest and much other information, the following recommendations to botanists and sportsmen of the United States.

There are four leading timber trees in the forest, and they are practically gone. Valuable wood remains in the forest, but it is being cut off by the sportsmen.

The best of the forest is found in the fertile gorges and ravines from 500 to 2,000 feet above sea level, where the trees are protected from the constant winds.

These are four leading timber trees in the forest, and they are practically gone. Valuable wood remains in the forest, but it is being cut off by the sportsmen.

The most abundant tree growth in the mountain parts, which is very beautiful but of little or no value, is a species of grass which grows to five feet high and cuts like a razor at the slightest touch.

Wild trees of the most aggressive kind, Dr. Gifford calls these beautiful but useless specimens.

Above 2,000 feet altitude the trees are stunted, gnarled and slow growing, of many different species, with moss covered limbs and roots often bare. They are of no commercial value, but are of great importance as a protective forest cover.

It is in this last respect that the forest is particularly interesting to the Bureau of Forestry and the Puerto Rican Government. It places the whole reserve in an important relation to the economic welfare of the people who are near it, and the benefits of establishing it as a reserve will be increasingly manifest, it is expected, as time goes on.

The reserve is a small wilderness of serrated mountains, tropical forest and rushing torrential streams, containing which all sorts of fantastic fables find currency. It covers a large part of the Sierra de Luquillo, a mountain mass separated from the mountains of the rest of the island by the valley of the Loiza, the largest river in Porto Rico. One of its peaks, El Yunque, is the highest mountain of the island, with an altitude of some 3,500 feet.

Upon the eastern slope of these mountains, which face the sea, the westward blowing trade winds form an enormous precipitation, the heaviest in the island. In 1902 the total was almost 142 inches. This rainfall is well distributed throughout the year.

In the highest mountains it is rare for twelve hours to pass without some rain. As a rule, heavy, drenching showers alternate with bright sunshine. The result is violent fluctuations in the streams, which often leap into impassable floods and subside again within an hour or two.

UP TO DATE RECRUITING.

Phonograph and Stereopticon Used to Get Labor for Queensland Plantations.

Thousands of natives of Polynesia are needed to work on the sugar and other plantations of Queensland. These plantations are in the low land regions, and as the climate is tropical white labor is not successful.

For many years sailing vessels have been visiting the islands to recruit labor for the Queensland plantations. The trade gave rise to a new industry, which has been suppressed since the natives are not so hard to recruit as formerly and it is hard work to fill the vessels.

A sea captain in the Kanaka trade has introduced a new method of making emigration attractive. Before he sailed from Queensland a year ago he visited a number of the plantations where South Sea Islanders are employed.

He had a camera and a phonograph. Going from one plantation to another he photographed groups of natives and also took individual pictures of well-known fellows from the New Hebrides, Solomon and other groups.

Then he brought the phonograph into service. The best known natives who had a large acquaintance in the islands were induced to talk into the instrument and tell their friends the kind of life they led in Australia and how they were getting along on the plantations.

These photographed letters were obtained from Kanakas who formerly lived in about a dozen of the islands which are recruiting vessels are in the habit of visiting. Then the ingenious shipmaster had his photographs turned into lantern slides and off he sailed for the islands well equipped to attract labor.

According to a Queensland newspaper the scheme has been a great success. The captain had an ample supply of lantern slides showing emigrants from each of the islands he visited.

Everybody was on hand to see the show and the natives were beside themselves with delight when they saw the well-known visages of their friends and acquaintances through the lantern slides. But the greatest attraction was when each picture appeared on the screen.

These were shown in the very best manner and many of the men were induced to go to the plantations. The good treatment he had in Queensland had come to him.

By were shown of the huts and the life of the emigrants, the fields worked in and groups of laborers and that they were enjoying life.

The result is that the stereopticon and phonograph have proved to be valuable recruiting agents. Even the natives who have had the worst misgivings about emigration become enthusiastic converts to the idea when they see their friends actually before them and hear their well-known voices.

The captain had no difficulty in making up a load and other captains engaged in the Kanaka trade say they are going to employ the same expedient.

At the Heart of Louis XIV. There is no need to be skeptical regarding Mr. Labouchere's story that the late Dean Buckland swallowed the mummified remains of the king of Louis XIV, and that it now rests in the dean's body in Falp churchyard, when one recalls the many weird dishes that the famous divine consumed in his life time. At his dinner parties, which were attended by friends of science and literature, the menu were often of a most eccentric character.

The Kaiser's Health Rules. The German emperor endeavors to follow the "rules of life" laid down by his favorite physician, as follows: "Eat fruit for breakfast. Eat fruit for lunch. Avoid pastry and hot cakes. Don't drink potatoes once a day. Don't drink tea or coffee. Walk four miles every day, wet or fine. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water. Sleep eight hours every night." The Kaiser ascribes his excellent physical condition to close adherence to this advice.—London Tit-Bits.

She—Oh indeed? He—Of course. That's why it's called Eve's dripping.—Philadelphia Press.



Cremat's Wail—"I'd do anything in the world for art." J. Condit—"Well, why don't you quit painting?"—Judge.

Charley—"Rowell claims to be a self-made man." Jack—"I don't think much of the method of construction." "There's room above," the wise man said. "Then reach it while you can!" "I will, for I'm," the lad replied. "A second-story man!"

Miss Antiqua—"The man I marry must be a hero." Miss Pert—"There's no doubt about that."—Philadelphia Record.

"What is that old saying: 'Put a beggar on a horse and—'" "He'll kick because it isn't an automobile."—Philadelphia Press.

There is one consolation in being a poor man nowadays anyway: No one is sufficiently interested in him to ask: "Where did he get it?" "And why have you never married, Mr. Priestley?" asked Miss Oldgirl. "Because," said the curate sternly, "I do not approve of games of chance."—Life.

Skrawler—"I've seen Snippen, the tailor, going up to your studio every day for a week. Is he sitting for you?" Dauber—"No, he's laying for me."—Cleveland Leader.

"Did you hear that the daughter of that rich man in the next block had been driven from home?" "No! When did it happen?" "Just after she got into the carriage."—Baltimore American.

English Motorist—"Is life held so cheaply in America?" American Chemist—"Rally, I don't know. No true sportsman ever stops to ask if a thing is cheap or not, in America."—Puck.

He says his blood is blue—good luck! He's such a happy fellow! His eyes are brown, his hair is black, His cheeks like apples, mellow, But just a smudge, adown his back, The red runs a streak of yellow.

Bobbs—"When I get a speech I feel as though I had forgotten everything I ever knew." Slobbs—"What an ideal witness you would make in a Trust investigation."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I have been misquoted," said the new congressman. "Well," answered the experienced statesman, "wait and see how it turns out. Sometimes a man is lucky to be misquoted."—Washington Star.

"I intend to pursue a literary career," said the ambitious youth. "How would you advise me to study and practice?" "I should advise you," said the man with the bulgy forehead and pointed whiskers, "to study economy and peace-time self-denial."—Washington Star.

Washington was crossing the Delaware. He stood. "Helter skelter, sir," suggested an aide. "Sit down," responded justly the Father of His Country. "And pray, what sort of a picture would that make?" Hushing under the rebuke, the aide resorted to monkey no more with art.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Looked Like One. A sleazy passenger in the smoking car of a train coming into town yesterday morning was started to observe protruding above the back of the seat in front of him the head of some sort. He gazed through the smoke-dimmed atmosphere fascinated and observed that the man on the seat ahead turned and contemplated the thing without surprise or surprise. When the head had raised about three yards, more or less—probably less—and gave a loud and distinct hiss the horrified observer rose and made a dash for the door, yelling "Snakes!" as he ran. When he encountered the conductor that official made light of the story, and when the man was coaxed back to his seat he found that the "snakes" was only a large fat goose which, being confined in a basket on the seat, had stuck its head and neck out to get the air. Several other observers agreed with the sleepy man that it "certainly did look like a snake."—Philadelphia Record.

A Veteran. A member of the bar of Baltimore relates how a witness in a trial suit in that city once "got back" at the lawyer who had been endeavoring to "rattle" the witness by a severe cross-examination. At a certain point in the proceedings the witness suddenly interrupted the cross-examining lawyer by exclaiming: "Look here! You needn't think you kin rattle me by askin' all them questions." "No?" was the sarcastic rejoinder. "No sirree!" came in emphatic tones from the refractory witness. "Your questions don't bother me at all. I've raised three sons an' two grandsons, an' I've been in training a good many years."—Harper's Weekly.

Hope For All. Ladies loiter and gents with punk proclivities should take courage and not be mentally cast down, for while success may not be for them, they can still launch by antiseptic, bracing, and humbly as horrible examples, like the honest Weary Willy, who, being too strong to work, yet volunteered to pay the farmer for his dinner by serving as a scarecrow.—The Philistine.