

"We'll leave this rum here until we get back," said he. "There's a coachful of young women from back home just starting out for where we're bound for. They're all right young women, too, and they teach school somewhere back inland. Being as they're going to the same place as we are we've got to be decent. Therefore, there's not goin' to be a drop of rum drunk on this trip. Anyhow, we're on duty; we're escort for this party o' women. There won't be no drunk business on duty while I'm going. Ye all want to understand that. Now, git aboard your horses and onto them land packets, and remember the first blasted jack o' ye that makes a break gets his head broke."

"Well, sir, all hands took this speech cheerfully. They had set out from the ship intending to secure three days of pterd oblivion, but they said, 'Aye, aye,' to that little address of the master-at-arms in a way to do the sailor men of this country proud.

"So the start was made. At the head of the line was the coach of the young women from Detroit, surrounded by the bluejacket horsemen, the master-at-arms in the lead, and the line of stages containing the remainder of the party of man-o'-war's men trailing after. The school teachers enjoyed the situation hugely from what I heard afterward. They made some efforts to engage the master-at-arms in conversation, but he didn't place much reliance on his conversational powers and didn't have much to say. Anybody who has ever made that trip from Hilo to the burning lake of Kilauea knows how superb the ride is on the winding road, first through beautiful green sugar plantations, then through the coffee lands, and, before the Halfway house is reached, through thick tropical jungles.

"When the Halfwayhouse was reached, all hands dismounted and debarked for luncheon. The young women were escorted into a private dining room and the sailors, who were expected, ate in the main dining room. They were a happy, good natured lot, whereas, if they had brought their drink, about a quarter of them would already have had broken heads.

"Well, they made Peter Lee's volcano house, at the burning lake, in the evening, and when the school teachers had gone to their quarters the master-at-arms drew up the men and again addressed them.

"That bar in there's wide open, you see," said he, "and all any man o' ye's got to do to get rum is to walk in there. But the man that does it'll walk out again with his nose on the other side of his mug."

"Belay, there, mate, we're not hankerin' for rum," said the men cheerfully, and they put in the evening like decent citizens, for the visit to the burning lake was not to take place until the next day. All hands went the next day, the girls from Detroit still enjoying tremendously their escort of mounted bluejackets. The descent was made in just as good order as the ascent had been, the expedition arriving back in Hilo on the evening of the second day. The leader of the young women from Detroit made a pretty little speech to the bluejackets.

"I'm sure," she said, "that none of you shall ever regret having treated us with so much kindness—knighthood, I might almost say—for, you see, when we get back to the United States we shall do all in our power to alter the general opinion held of sailors when they are on land. That opinion is, you know, that sailors of the navy, or any sailors, in fact, when they get ashore, drink and carry on—"

"The bluejackets all grinned in a body.

"But we shall certainly tell them differently," and so on. The young

woman did her part neatly; bade the men goodbye in the name of all her companions, and then the dozen school teachers from Detroit embarked on the steamer that was to take them back to Honolulu.

"Well, those girls had no sooner got out of sight than the devil broke loose among that pack of bluejackets. They split up into gangs, and within an hour all hands were up to their necks in it. Practically they tore the town of Hilo to the ground and fired a volley over it. There was no stopping them. They couldn't be stopped. They invaded the town, invested it, sacked it. There's a man named Lycurgus in Hilo, a Greek, who owns several rows of little one-roomed houses. The bluejackets rented these shacks for the occasion, a pair of them in each shack, and in these rows of houses they made their headquarters. Thence they would roll forth in parties in search of rum and other joys, such as a few dozen Kanakas to kill, especially Kanaka policemen, and in general they had a highly enjoyable time. When their three days' liberty expired about ten men came back to the ship more or less worse for wear. The other 140 stayed ashore enjoying themselves. Patrol guards of the port watch were sent ashore to haul their wassailing shipmates back to the ship. They were glad to get back themselves. The town marshal of Hilo swore in fifty special policemen, all Kanakas. They all took to the mountains an hour after they were sworn in. That starboard watch of ours just simply owned the place. The finish came when they arrived at the inevitable stage when they began fighting among themselves. They disabled each other so that it was possible for parties of the port watch to go ashore and bring the physically wrecked men off to the ship one by one. In this way they were all gradually got over the gangway or over the side in bo's'n's chairs. It isn't strictly correct and in accordance with regulations to laugh about it, of course, but I declare they were a funny looking lot—the tireddest looking, the smashedest looking set of bluejackets that I ever saw before or since. They were all jammed into the brig to sober up and when they were all quite sober the skipper had 'em piped on deck and administered to them in a body as ferocious a tongue-lashing as a man is ever likely to hear on a man-o'-war.

"You're every one of you a disgrace to your uniform," said the skipper.

"But the girls speeding back in the steamer to the United States didn't think so."—Washington Correspondence New York Sun.

ITEMS FROM BRIGHAM CITY.

Brigham, March 31, 1898.—The first day of spring again—March goes out like a lamb, and the sower has gone out today to resume the field work; the gardner is sowing the seed, and everything here at Brigham denotes that spring has come.

Speaking of the lamb-like manner in which March departs, reminds me that young Mr. Nichols was seen today herding, on one of the city lots, a small flock of sheep, which numbered twenty-seven ewes and thirty nine early spring lambs.

Messrs. McMaster and Frosgreen are preparing for a fine improvement on their business corner; the excavation for the foundation is being dug, and much of the building material is on the ground. They contemplate moving their extensive lumber business nearer to their present site.

Your agent, Mr. John Horsley, city recorder, went to Ogden to help de-

fend Brigham City against the claims made by the Toltec Ranch company to the land on which the Brigham City reservoir is situated.

John Anderson, the enterprising merchant of cheap-for-cash-goods fame, is keeping the lower floor of the massive Co-operative building warm with a twelve thousand dollar stock of well assorted goods, and doing a good share of the business of the town.

Doctor James E. Talmage was here last Sunday, and addressed the Saints at the afternoon meeting, and in the evening he gave his lecture on Russia. The meetings were crowded to overflowing, and the speaker held the audience in close attention during the delivery of both address and lecture.

Doctor Carrington, looking in better health than formerly, passed through on his way to Logan today, in charge of Sheriff Fred Turner, where he goes to plead to an indictment charging him with procuring an abortion.

A new and very pleasing addition to Brigham is the free public library hall, twenty by thirty feet, erected by the Young People's Mutual Improvement associations, at a cost of over \$700. It stands just east of the Co-op. store and it is quite an ornament to the town, being nearly finished and well lighted. Three hundred and fifty volumes already adorn its shelves and it has only been in existence about seven weeks. The "Deseret News" was on its table, also other daily journals; the public telephone office is in the same building with the library, and Mr. John Baird is acting there in the dual capacity of operator and librarian.

The electric plant of Brigham City is still giving satisfaction. Lights are furnished as follows: First lights, sixty cents; second, forty-five cents; third, twenty-five cents—or \$1.30 per month for three lights.

John D. Matthias of Brigham and Rudolph Korth of the North ward, out-going missionaries to Australia, were at the depot surrounded by their comrades who had come down to say good bye. The fathers of the young men were present also, and, Roman father-like, they wished their sons adieu. In one case the quivering of the chin of one of these same fathers, and the appearance of a handkerchief as the son turned away, showed a severe tension on the nerves of the parent. But the work still goes on, wives and families are left by men both brave and true—true to their homes—their dearest ties, and their duty to mankind.

A. J.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY

One of the most notable gatherings of geographers ever assembled was the recent special meeting of the London Royal society to consider exploration at the South Pole. The Antarctic region is the greatest unexplored area on the globe, and it is so unlike any other that while it offers no commercial inducements, light on its mysteries is of universal scientific importance. There is almost certainly a continent, which is completely surrounded by a vast ocean, the reverse being true of the North Pole. The materology is remarkable, a zone of exceptionally low pressure existing beyond 45 degrees south latitude, with indications that the South Pole is covered by a great permanent anticyclone or area of high pressure. The summer is extremely cold. The geology is of great interest, not only because of our utter lack of knowledge of the rocks and fossils, but also because nowhere else is there such an accumulation of ice, and observations of the immense glaciers creeping outward into the sea—along the face of one of which Ross sailed for 300 miles, and