MY CABIN BOY.

When I was about 15 years of age I took command of the ship Dorcelum. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until the ship was day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg.

My cabin boy was named Jack Withers. He was 14 years of age, and this was his first voyage.

I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever come across. I had ordered my third mate to lend a hand when properly answered and had resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I'd done with him. In reply he told me I might kill him if I liked.

One day, when it was very near noon, I spoke to him, telling him to bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter rail, and I knew he had heard me. Now, the next time I spoke I spoke sharply and intimated that if he didn't move I would help him.

"I didn't hear you," he said in an independent tone.

"No words," said I.

"I suppose I can speak," he returned, moving slowly toward the companionway.

His looks, words and the slow, sullen manner in which he moved fired me in a moment. I grasped him by the collar.

"Speak to me again!" I said to him, "and I'll fling you within an ace of your life," said I.

"You can fling away," he answered as firm as a rock.

And I did fling him. I caught up the end of a rope and beat him till my arm fairly ached. But he never whined.

"How's that?" said I.

"Seems a little more life in me yet. You'd better fling it out," was the reply.

And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hands to the floor.

I sent one of the men for my quadrant, but when it came and I had adjusted it for observation I found that the sun had already passed the meridian and that I was too late.

This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and seizing the lad by the collar I led him to the main hatchway and had the hatch taken off. I thrust him down and swore I would keep him there till his stubbornness was broken.

About 4 o'clock I went to the hatchway and called to him. But he returned no answer. So I closed the hatch and went away. An hour afterward I went again; still no answer.

I did not trouble him again until next morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway and called to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him. Yet the men told me they had heard him that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help. But I would not answer too. I meant to break him into it.

"He'll beg before he'll starve," I thought, and so determined to let him stay there.

The day passed away, and when evening came I began to be startled. He had been in the hold 36 hours, and to leave without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now.

So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. A little way forward was a space where Jack might easily have gone down, and to this point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called on there, but could get no answer. A shoot distance farther was a wide space, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I now remember had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would let anything that might have been stowed there out directly on the thin planking of the ship.

I heard the splashing of water, and thought I could detect a sound like the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing, but as soon as my eyes used to the dim light I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy sitting on the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against a cask.

"Jack, are you there?"

"Yes. Help me! For mercy's sake, help me! Bring men and bring a lantern. The ship has sprung a leak!"

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck at once and soon returned with a lantern and three men. Three of the timbers were worm eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken and would have burst in any moment the boy might have lived—the boy whose feet were braced against the plank below him.

I saw the plank must burst the moment the cask was removed from it, so I made the men brace themselves against it before I lifted him up. Other men were called down, with planks, etc., and after much difficulty we finally succeeded in stopping the leak and averting the danger.

Jack Withers was carried to the cabin in my own arms, and there he managed to tell his story.

He had sat with his feet braced for four and twenty hours with the water spurting all over him and drenching him to the skin. His limbs were cracked with pain, for he would not give way.

I nursed him with my own hands—nursed him all through his delirium—and when his senses returned and he could stand upright I humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms around my neck and told me if I would be good to him he would never give cause of offence. He added as he sat up again: "I am not a coward. I could not be a dog."

During nine years I have sailed in three different ships with the same crew. Not a man could be hired to leave me save for an officer's berth. And Jack Withers remained with me 13 years.—London News.

BICYCLE ISLAND.

About six weeks ago I jumped aboard the Boston train at Exeter, as I have done nearly every morning for four years. I glanced over the morning paper, and among other things I noticed an advertisement of a summer resort called Bicycle Island. After I had finished reading the paper I sat idly looking out of the window thinking about the island mentioned in the advertisement, when I decided that the country through which we were passing did not look unusual. The train was due at Lawrence in five minutes, that instead of the familiar river with the mills on the opposite bank I saw a wide expanse of water with no land in sight, and a large island three or four miles distant.

I looked around the car and was surprised to find myself alone, with the exception of a young lady who was sitting forward end of the car. Very soon I heard the conductor call out: "Ocean Station! This train goes no farther!" As I dropped from the train I heard a voice on the station ceiling, "This way for Bicycle Island!" Well, it seemed that my opportunity to see this island stood which I had read had some sense than I expected.

I found on questioning the conductor that the train did not return to the city for five hours. So I hurried to the shore, where I found the young lady, her traveling companion, already seated in the ferryboat, which was really a bicycle raft. The ferryman sat astride a bicycle in the middle of the boat, the propelling power being large paddle wheels, which were connected with the pedals of the bicycle.

On the way to the island I had a very pleasant chat with the young lady. I found she had her name was Grace Fitzsorely, and that she had the great misfortune to be ill, and was going to the island for a week's vacation to recuperate. The more I talked with her the more convinced I became, and by the time we reached our destination I had decided that I would ask her in marry me. I could not understand it, but I seemed possessed with an insane desire to make this girl my wife.

As we neared the island I saw that the place was literally alive with bicycles. People of all ages were riding. Not a single person was seen walking. There were no horses—man was the only motive power.

I asked Miss Edwards if she would ride with me.

"With pleasure," she said.

"Shall we take our first ride this afternoon?"

"Yes, about 5 o'clock."

As we stepped from the boat we were met by a man who had in charge a row of bicycles. There are several kinds from which to choose, and I was lucky enough to find the exact counterpart of my own wheel. After adjusting the saddles and handlebars to suit us we mounted and rode to the hotel.

We were just in time for dinner, so as Miss Edwards was alone, I asked permission to dine with her. I still believed my determination to make her my wife, so while we ate dinner I laid the case before her and told her that although I had known her so short a time I was very much in love with her and begged her to convey me. To my surprise she consented and said she had liked me from the very first.

"Why not be married this afternoon?" I said, "and then we can spend the honeymoon right here on the island."

At first she would not consent to this, but I finally overruled her objections, and she said she would do whatever I thought best.

I found, on questioning the proprietor of the hotel, that there was a minister in the city there, so the last objection to our marriage was removed. I hunted him up and found him just starting off for a ride, but when I had explained my errand he readily consented to go back with me. I found he was more willing than ever to do the favor I asked. Well, the wedding took place that afternoon in the parlors of the hotel, all the other guests being present to witness the ceremony. It was a happy wedding in every respect, as every one wore bicycle suits, even the bride and groom.

After it was over and we had received the congratulations of the whole party I suggested that we take the little ride we had planned while coming over in the boat. Grace was eager to show me the beauties of her dear island, so we went down stairs after our wheels. The man in the clerk's room informed us that we could take a tandem if we preferred. So we decided to try it.

The island was covered with a labyrinth of roads, built on so smooth enough to delight a wheelman's heart, and it was perfect bliss to roll swiftly along, stopping now and then to inspect some interesting spot or view in the distance.

"Now, I must show you the cliff," said Grace, looking toward the northern end of the island. When coming near to the boat, I had noticed that a portion of the island for a huge mass of rock stood out in bold relief, 50 or more feet above the water, with the waves dashing abruptly against its base.

From the place where we were standing the road lay straight and smooth before us, extending almost to the very edge of the cliff, where it turned abruptly, following the other shore back to the hotel. We started off toward the cliff, and as it was slightly down grade we had to pedal like the wind. As we neared the cliff I discovered that my handle bar seemed to be stuck in the tubing, and it was impossible to steer the machine. I told Grace that she would have to do the steering, as I could not move my handle bar.

"Why, my handlebar is stuck too," she exclaimed. "What can be the matter with the old machine anyway? Let's use the brake and dismount."

"There is no brake," I replied.

We were approaching nearer and nearer the cliff and were going so fast that it was impossible to get off the wheel. I tried harder than ever to turn the handle bar, but it absolutely refused to move.

If we could not get around the curve in some way, we would surely go over the edge, and at least get a ducking. I did not think there was any danger of drowning, as I was a pretty good swimmer, and I could keep Grace clear from the wheel. I could easily swim with her around to the other shore.

"Grace, if we go over, let go the wheel," I shouted, just then we reached the edge, and I shut my eyes expecting every second to feel the cold water around me when I awoke and found that the train was just pulling into Lynn station, and that I had been asleep nearly all the way.—Boston Post.

Floral Notes.

Three fine cactus are Australia, Italia and Mrs. Fairman Rogers.

It is claimed for the Yellow Rambler that it is the hardiest climbing rose ever introduced.

The giant fancy cosmos affords a great variety of colors.

Jubilee rose is a hybrid remontant of dark red color. It is said to be hardy. The flowers are large and abundant.

People shudder when they think of the possibility of sudden death by railroad or steamboat, but the sentimental lover attached to such a death thinks it makes peculiarly pretty the story of his sweetheart's death by other cause. Yet all the lives that are lost on railways and accidents are but an insignificant fraction to the untold thousands that are slain by the pistol and bullet and knife. It is the most insidious and the most fatal of all known diseases. It knows neither rank nor station. It lurks in every house in the walks of life. It makes no distinctions. It has for victims here a hundred more than the sword.

An almost unfailing cure for consumption is found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures all diseases of the lungs, and also corrects the scrofulous taint of the blood, which is the foundation of the trouble, irrespective of the disease. Sold by druggists, guaranteed to give satisfaction of the best perfect, free from injurious drugs, and perfectly safe for children with scrofulous complaints