IT WAS A YOUNG WOMAN.

PRETTY JENNIE HOLDREDGE DISGUISED AS A SAILOR.

She Follows a First Mate She Loved at First Sight to Sea—Harsh Treatment at the Hands of the Man She Loved—Rescued and Married.

There was a romance connected with the dingy old coal barge American Eagle of the Scully towing line of New York which was one of the five lost recently off Point Judith Mass. Before being degraded into a coal barge the American Eagle was a spanking American bark of about 600 tons. She was built at Jacksonville, Fla., in 1858, and for several years she was engaged in trading between New York and islands in the Pacific. She was owned in New York, but on one voyage was to start from New Bedford. The year was 1865, the captain's name was Rix, and the first mate's Ira Johnson.

It is concerning the mate, who is still living, that the story is told. Johnson lived in eastern Massachusetts. When he received orders to join his ship he sent his luggage by express to New Bedford and started to walk down to this city. It was at the pleasantest season of the year in the country, the first part of June.

While on his way he was driven by a storm to take refuge in a smart looking farmhouse. Here he found as one of the household an unusually pretty young woman. She was Jennie Holdredge, the daughter of Abner Holdredge, the owner of the farm. Johnson was brown-bearded, tall, and athletic, a true type of an American sailor. He was detained by the storm all that day and the next and made a strong impression upon the family not only by his tales of his voyages and the fact that he was chief mate of a ship about to sail for the other side of the globe, but also by his personal qualities. Upon leaving the following day Johnson shook Jennie's hand heartily, bidding her good-bye. They were alone, and the girl, her face suffused with blushes, said:

"Do not forget Jennie Holdredge, for she will always remember you." Then she fled into the garden.

Three days later found the American Eagle booming out into Buzzard's Bay. She had dropped her pilot, and made all sail, when the mate noticed for the first time that there was a boy among the sailors. The boy did not seem at all prepossessing in his make-up to Johnson, who did not like boys on shipboard, and he asked Capt. Rix how he came to ship the lad. The skipper, a kind old seaman, said he had shipped him because he was hungry and destitute, and that the lad gave every evidence of being a good cook's helper and cabin boy, and useful for general service.

The boy was known as Tom, and Mate Johnson made it as uncomfortable for him on the passage out as he conveniently could. Tom took his punishment pluckily, and won admiration from all hands except Johnson. He was never heard to complain except on one occasion, when he told a shipmate that "a sailor's life was all hard and all wrong." This was the longest speech he made for three months.

The sailors liked the homesick boy, and did him many a kindness when Johnson's back was turned, but he made no intimates among them, disappearing in his nest in the steerage when his tasks were done. In this sleeping place the boy could be by himself, and was so contrived by the skipper.

In good time the bark arrived at Honolulu, and there underwent a thorough overhauling. Here Tom was worked harder than ever, the mate apparently trying to make the boy disgusted with the ship.

"Perhaps," said he to the second mate, "if he is crowded hard enough the little scamp will run away and we will be well rid of him."

So matters ran on until just before the American Eagle was to load to sail. One day Johnson ordered the boy aloft. Tom was to be hoisted in a boatswain's chair to the main royal mast head, almost to the main truck. Sailors working about decks noticed Tom's face blanch as he watched the preparations for his aerial trip. When all was ready he took his tar pot and slowly climbed to the foretopmast head. There he entered the boatswain's chair, and in a feeble voice, which could scarcely be heard on deck, piped out, "Hoist away." In a moment he was at the head of the main royal stay, and he began tarring the rigging there.

The boy did his best, but when he found himself slung by a thin rope between heaven and earth, with nothing near him except one or two equally slender stays which seemed to grow smaller as he eyed them he could work no more. Then he looked down and for the first time he saw the bark beneath him, as narrow as a coffin, any way it seemed to him shaped like one and not much larger. This swaying around proved too much for Tom's head. He began to grow dizzy, and he fell back, hanging by his legs from the boatswain's chair. Tom heard Johnson's voice of warning from below. Tom called out to him that he was going to fall. He also screamed:

"I am Jennie Holdredge."

Johnson proved just the man for the emergency. The bark was light and top-heavy and he yelled at the sailors to rush some heavy casks of water to starboard, across decks.

All this time Jennie, for it was she, was slowly slipping out of the boatswain's chair; but before she left the ship felt the effect of the heavy casks on the starboard side and listed over until the end of the main yard was almost in the water. All hands held their breath as the girl's feet slipped clear of the boatswain's chair and she turned a somersault in mid air and then struck in the sea, clear of the ship. At the same instant Johnson dived into the water after her. He succeeded in finding and buoying her up until a boat came to the rescue and they were taken aboard the bark. Jennie at once made for her room.

As soon as the crew were on deck again the jack tars of the crew, fairly uneasy at the unexpected development in the absence of Capt. Rix on shore, crowded aft for some sort of explanation. But they got none there. Johnson for the first time in his life found himself at a loss. A few moments before he thought he had a boy to order about. Now there was a young woman in her room. There was but one explanation of her presence on the bark and that was her desire to be near Johnson.

The matter, like all troublesome affairs on shipboard, was sent to the captain, or rather the captain was sent for to settle it. When the skipper appeared on board, the first thing he noticed was his men standing about idle, and as he crossed the deck he asked for an explanation. Mate Johnson explained the trouble in a few words. Then Capt. Rix went below. He returned shortly and blurted out to Mate Johnson:

"Why bust my eyes, young man, how long would it have taken me at your age to settle an affair like this? Here you are, a young man capable of taking charge of a ship, while down below in the cabin is one of the finest New England girls that ever trod a plank. Right there on shore is the missionary parson. Why not make it a merry wedding and take the bride along with us? I'll give the bride away and let her have the cabin fixed to suit herself. Now go and make up with the girl while I go and see if the shore end cannot be fixed for a wedding."

Jennie required two days of teasing from both the mate and old Capt. Rix before she would consent to the marriage so soon. News of the romantic wedding flew fast, and many were at the parson's house when the marriage ceremony was performed to catch a glimpse of the plucky New England girl.

The bride subsequently told her husband that after he had gone from her home that morning in June she felt that he would never come back, and she determined to follow and go on the bark with him. She arrived at the vessel and shipped before Johnson got there, having first rigged out in a cabin boy's outfit and written to her family what she was going to do. As for the harsh treatment she received while masquerading as a boy she would say nothing except that she knew everything would come out all right finally.

The bark arrived at her home port in due time, and Johnson and his wife settled down on the farm where they first met. It is one of the prettiest farms in Southeastern Massachusetts, and a picture of the homestead was in the cabin of the American Eagle when she finally buried her bones in the treacherous sands off Point Judith recently. Their old friend Capt. Rix was a frequent visitor and died at their house only a few years ago.

VICTORIA'S GREAT NERVE.

How It was Shown During her Numerous Escapes From Death.

A station-master upon one of the English lines confessed, some two or three years ago, that the Queen had once had a narrow escape from death, of which the historians and the public knew nothing. It was the occasion of one of her last visits, with the Prince Consort, to the Emperor of the French; and the royal train left London considerably after the hour set down in the programme for its departure. In fact, there was a fearful tempest raging all night in town, so that the officials of the railway had begun to think that the distinguished travellers would certainly postpone their journey, and order the "special" for the following day.

But the Queen has a wonderful nerve. Very rarely will any consideration of weather or season deter her from her intentions. On this particular occasion she waited at Buckingham Palace for some hours, and then determined to brave the voyage. The royal train was duly dispatched, and the customary exemplary precautions was hedged about its passengers.

As usual, look-out men were stationed at all the crossings; points were spiked; signalmen were forbidden to let any other train pass over the rails for twenty minutes previous to the "special's" coming. Nor does one doubt that these precautions were stringently observed. The station-master who tells the extraordinary story, followed them most faithfully. There was but one puny siding to his little station, and the points of this he spiked. He kept back a trolley laden with workmen anxious to return to their homes; and the poor fellows sat huddled together in the wind and the pelting rain for two or three hours, momentarily expecting the Queen to pass by, angered and disappointed by the long delay and the absence of the royal train.

After waiting until nearly eleven o'clock at night, the station-master concluded at last that the "special" was not coming, and that it was absurd for him to postpone the ordinary business of the line any longer. He gave the order that the trolley might go, and told the look-out man to remove the spikes from the points.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he heard a shout from the watcher on the crossing, observed the waving of a green lantern, and saw in the far distance the flame of the engine which dragged the Queen's train.

By this time, however, the elated trolley-men had set their truck going, and it was rushing full speed towards the crossing. The wind blew so fiercely that the station-master's cries were lost in the roar of the blast; the rain beat down so mercilessly that he could scarce run against it. But run he must, and in an agony of fear and hope, he pursued the whirling trolley.

And now the "special" was approaching the station. The distant glow of red light had become a volume of golden sparks; the hum of the wheels echoed from the rails—even the shrill whistle of the locomotive was to be heard. At that time the trolley was not a hundred yards from the track; the station-master was twenty yards behind it. Should he go on, or should he call to the men? Wisely, he chose the latter course: he roared the word "Stop!" with all his lungs. A lull of the wind let the men hear. They looked up to observe the position, and, with a loud cry, they dug their heels into the ground and tried to stop the rushing truck.

For a moment a catastrophe seemed unavoidable. The trolley was travelling fast; the express was approaching at a speed of fifty miles an hour. Happily, however, the men were strong; they realised what such an accident would mean, and, flinging all their strength into the effort, they brought their truck to a standstill a distance of forty feet from the main line. And so the "special" passed on, to darkness and to safety; nor was it until more than a quarter of a century had passed that the world knew how very nearly her majesty and the Prince had perished in one of the most lonely parts of Kent.

There must, of course, have been many occasions when the Queen has escaped danger as narrowly as on that remarkable night, but no record of them exists. Twice, upon the continent, she has been in a slight railway accident, but in neither case did she suffer harm. The same cannot be said of her carriage mishaps, of which the most serious was that near Altnaguithasach, on the 7th October, 1863. The road was a difficult one; the night was intensely dark. Her majesty had taken one of her favorite drives with the Princesses Alice and Helena, and was returning to Balmoral about the hour of dinner. The exact cause of the catastrophe will never be known. Smith, the usual coachman, lost his head entirely. The darkness and the narrowness of the Highland path robbed him of his nerve; and after losing his way many times, the famous John Brown got down to assist him and to lead the ponies.

Two or three minutes after this, the carriage was suddenly overturned, and the Queen fell almost under it. It was a miracle that she escaped death. Her face was terribly bruised; her hands were cut; and she was compelled to sit by the roadside for almost an hour, until the servants returned with help and ponies.

In the year 1844 her Majesty had a nasty spill from a pony-phaeton, near Horton. She had driven herself out from Windsor, and, turning in a narrow lane, the carriage upset, throwing her right into the deep ditch at the side of the thorough fare. Luckily, a Mrs. Holderness, who was passing at the moment, put her own carriage at the Queen's disposal. When her majesty came back to the Castle she joked of the mishap, as though it had been the veriest trifle.

Curiously enough, our Sovereign has suffered her greatest dangers in open carriages. She was in an open barouche when the mad Oxford shot twice at her upon Constitution Hill, in the year 1840. A similar carriage was used by her when the notoriety hunter, Francis, imitated Oxford's deed, in the year 1842. In the month of July in the latter year, she was again driving in an open carriage when the crazy cripple, John William Dean, pointed a pistol at her head, but, by good hap, had no courage to fire it. And she was just about to step into an open landau when a lieutenant of the 10th Hussars—a man by name Pate—struck her upon the head with his stick, and very nearly ended her life there and then.

Some will think, however, that all these were dangers of a trifling nature, when they are set side by side with one of the Queen's terrible experiences at Buckingham Palace in the early days of her reign. For some years after she came to the throne she was pestered by lunatics. One travelled all the way from Ireland to marry her! Another followed her on horse-back whenever she appeared in Hyde Park; a third flung a letter into her carriage with such force that it cut her face. But the climax came when a miscreant, who was mad, obtained admission to her Majesty's private sitting-room in the Palace, and promised for a moment to kill her as she sat.

The Queen's nerve, however, has already been spoken of. On none of these occasions did she lose it. Immediately after Francis shot a bullet at her, she drove cheerily to St. James's Palace to assure the Duchess of Kent of her safety; the very same night she received a magnificent reception upon her appearance at the opera-house. When Pate struck her with his stick, her first wish was to tell everyone that she was unharmed. And when the lunatic got into her room, she quickly rang the bell, and he was carried off before he began to relate his grievances.

So in all her accidents, her Majesty has come to be the strength of those above her. She has twice been in terrible gales at sea, and made light of them; she has been in a carriage when the horses have bolted, and has laughed at the experience; she has been lost in a snowstorm blowing up the mountains of Scotland, and has considered it a good adventure. Nor does any possible conjunction of unpleasant circumstances seem able to upset her.

HAD TO COMPOSE.

A Captain who Warmly Appreciated Music and Patronized it.

Benvenuto Coronaro—the famous composer of Claudio, which was recently performed at Milan—was serving his time as a conscript soldier, and was ordered to take part in a long march. On the way a melody came to him. He could not get of it. He heard it above the braying of the trumpets and the rat-tat-tat of the drums. The soldiers also—his comrades—seemed to be marching to its rhythm. It would not leave him.

Suddenly the fear possessed him that he might forget the melody; it was necessary to write it down.

Taking courage, he drew his note-book from his pocket and began to write. Of course, he lost his place in the rank, and a sergeant hurried towards him.

"Are you crazy?" he asked. "Take your place in your company at once!"

"But I cannot!" cried Coronaro; "I must write this down." And he began to whistle it in the face of his superior.

"That was too much," says the composer. "He drew his sword and was about to strike me, when our captain appeared.

"'What are you writing?' thundered the captain.

"I handed him the note-book, which he read quickly.

"'The man is to continue writing,' he went on; 'but if that piece' (and he pointed to the sheet of paper in my hand) 'is not played by the regimental band tomorrow morning he will be put in prison for eight days.'"

The band played the piece on the following day.

Thirty years ago a law was passed in Germany under which any mother or nurse who slept with a child under two years old old was punished with imprisonment. Since that law came into force infant mortality has greatly decreased.

Porous glass window-panes are being made in Paris. The minute holes in the glass are too fine to permit of a draught, and yet large enough to afford a pleasant and healthy method of ventilation.

"GOVERNOR" APPETITE.

You have seen, or heard of, the apparatus in a steam-engine called the "governor." Its object is to regulate the quantity of steam supplied by the boiler to the engine, so as to keep it running evenly, whether the power required is more or less. Very good.

Now, there is another governor on a machine of much greater consequence than any steam-engine—namely, the appetite, or sense of hunger, in the human body. The mill or machine that grinds the food is located in the middle of the body—down in the dark. You never see it or touch it You swallow your meals, and if all is right with the machine, you have no further business with it, The stomach has a peristaltic or oscillating motion, by which it shakes up and churns its contents; but so silent and smooth is it that you have no more sense of it than the earth's revolution. But when it is out of order, notice of the fact is served on you, even quicker than a notice to quit on non-payment of rent. This notice comes through the Appetite—the Governor, Manager, or Executive Officer. Yet people are foolish enough to think that loss of appetite is bad in itself, and that they ought to do something to force it, or to coax and coddle it.

Drop that notion and never pick it up again. When your appetite fails, say this: *"Heigo! I've got a notice that my stomach doesn't want any breakfast; what's the matter down there?"*

Take the experience of Mr. Walter Burkinshaw, of 280, Dunlop Street, Carbrook, Sheffield. He says that in June 1891, his appetite fell away, and he could scarcely touch the food that was placed before him. He had a foul taste in his mouth, and a disagreeable phlegm covered his teeth and tongue. When he did eat a morsel he had a deal of pain at his chest and round the sides; and he thought the food caused the pain, as in fact it did.

Presently he got weak, and felt tired and done up. His ears were full of singing noises, and he couldn't even hear the clock strike. When in company he says he felt miserable, because he was like a dummy; he couldn't hear what folks were saying. By-and-by he got so weak—he is a jobbing blacksmith by trade—that he had to give up work. At night he couldn't sleep much, as he was constantly belching up wind and a sour fluid. Well, things were this way with him week after week and month after month—a most dismal, unhappy, and unprofitable time, indeed.

He took all sorts of medicines, as we might expect; "but," he says, "the physic gave me no strength." *That* everybody does *not* expect, But it is true all the same. *Nothing but digested food gives any strength.* The *right kind* of medicine enables the stomach to digest food, and so you get strong. But let us keep to our tale.

After telling us all the foregoing, Mr. Burkinshaw ends his letter in these words: "When I found there was no chance of getting back to my work" (he was at Dodsworth, Barnsley, Yorkshire, when taken taken ill), I returned to Sheffield, and dragged on till the middle of July last (1892), when I read in a book about what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done in cases like mine. I sent to Boot's Drug Stores, High Street, Attercliffe Road, and got the medicine. A few doses relieved me, and after I had taken three bottles I was a well man. (Signed) Walter Burkinshaw."

The date is October 15th, 1892. The address we have already named.

Now, of what did Mr. Burkinshaw's failing appetite inform him? Simply that no more food was wanted. Beyond that point he didn't understand what happened. His stomach was inflamed, and—mechanically speaking—dead. For the time it was like a closed factory. There was a lock-out. To force down food was only to make matters worse. It was indigestion and dyspepsia, which can't be cured by ignoring it, even if you could ignore it. But when Mother Seigel was consulted, and her help accepetd, matters improved in a twinkling, the stomach soon resumed business, "Governor" Appetite proclaimed the fact, strength and power grew in the body, and our friend, as he says, "was a well man."

Burns's Mary.

A statue of Robert Burns's Highland Mary is to be erected on the Firth of Clyde on the rocks in front of the ruins of Dunoon Castle, not far from the farm-house where Mary was born. It is hoped that the statue can be unveiled on the hundredth anniversary of the death of Burns, July 21, 1896. Buffalo Bill Beaten.

"Blinks's wife has reformed him entirely; he doesn't drink a drop now."

"How did she manage it?"

"Easily enough. She spent all he could earn on dress."

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the next Session of the New Brunswick Legislature for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called "The Colonial Iron and Coal Company, Limited", with a capital stock amounting to one million of dollars, having power to increase to two millions, one-half the shares to be preferred and the remainder common stock, and having authority to issue bonds to the amount of the capital paid up. The objects of the Company are to acquire coal, mineral and other lands in any of the Counties of this Province or elsewhere; work mines and deal in minerals; build and operate coke and smelting works of all kinds; manufacture and deal in all the by-products of coal; sel and supply gas produced therefrom for heating power and lighting purposes; laying down pipes and mains wherever necessary therefor and generally to carry on the trades o mine and coal owners, chemical and gas manufacturers, iron-masters, founders and smelters of metal and ore and metal dealers, and in connection with their business to lay down and operate railways and establish lines of steamers, barges and vessels of all kinds for the transport of freight and passengers; and for the purposes aforesaid to acquire compulsory powers and incorporate the provisions of the New Brunswick Railway Act, the New Brunswick Joint Stock Companies' Act; to acquire patent rights and the good will of any existing business carried on for any of the above named purposes, and also the shares, stock and bonds, of any company; to construct and maintain telegraph and telephone lines and carry on the business of telegraph and telephone Company on their line of works and railways.

Dated at St. John the fifteenth day of January, A. D. 1895. R. G. LECKIE.

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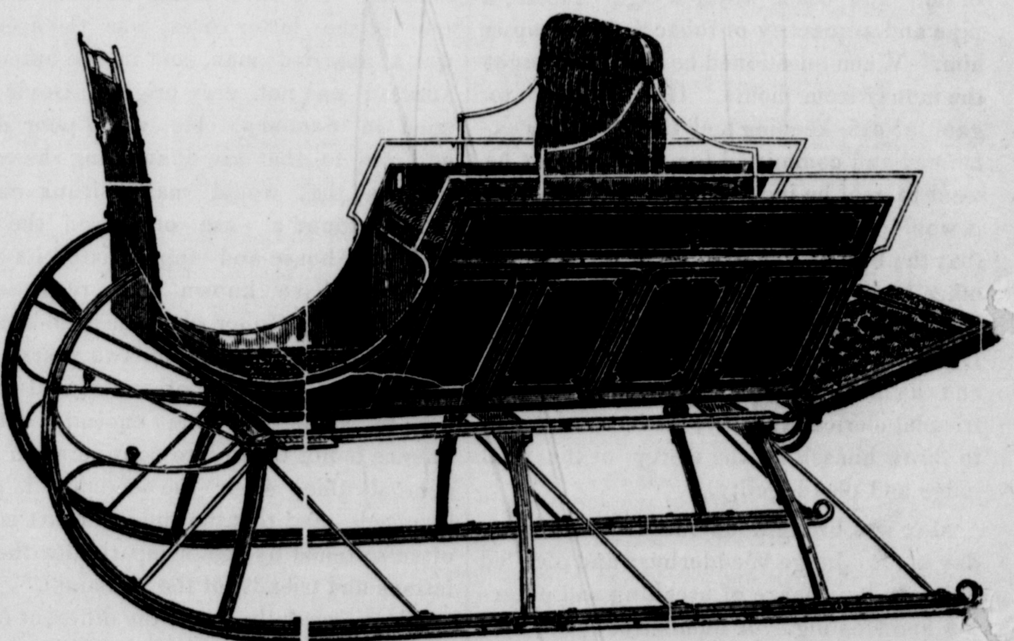

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