

HOW THINGS GO WRONG.

Boston Courier.

"Alas! how easily things go wrong;
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
And a father's paterfamilias quite worn out,
There's a hurried step and a wrathful shout,
And the dream of a youthful pair is o'er,
A youth escapes through the open door,
With terror imprinted upon his face,
And goes down the street at a flying pace
With hat in hand and a dog in chase.
The dog to the flying youth draws nigh;
There's a savage growl and a piercing cry,
"Alas! how easily things go wrong;
Why did the lover stay so long?"

A panting youth at his mother's door
Is vowing he'll go out to court no more;
A dog is returning with visage grim,
Dragging an ulster's tails with him.
"Alas! how easily things go wrong,
When a lover foolishly carries too long;
"And yet how easily things go right!"
When he leaves at a decent time of night.
He's wise who this in his memory logs;
Fathers are fathers and dogs are dogs.

CAPTAIN BRANDY'S BET.

Few cargo steamers were in the habit of making the passage between New York and Liverpool quicker than the "Picayune," Captain Hosea E. Bartlett; and few men were prouder of their craft than was Hosea E. Bartlett of the "Picayune." Bartlett was a New Englander, a typical long-legged, hatchet-faced, wiry-haired, keen-eyed, New Englander.

"America," said he, "bosses creation, sir, and New England boys boss America, an' that's a fact."

Upon July 10, 1883, the "Picayune" was announced to sail from the foot of West Tenth street for Liverpool. Upon the preceding evening Captain Hosea E. Bartlett was seated in the Oriental saloon, a famous house of call for skippers and gentry interested in shipping, smoking a very big cheroot, and occasionally sipping a "John Collins" at his elbow. He had a contented expression in his face, for he had a full cargo at full season when freight was going begging, he'd shipped his crew and did not expect to have to whistle for more than three absentees at the hour of starting, and he was going to see his English wife who had settled for a while in Liverpool.

To him enter Captain Brandy, of the British steamer "Cockney."

Just as the "Picayune" was famous for her smart passages, so was the "Cockney" celebrated as being one of the "slowest of tubs on the pond." Hence it was that American Bartlett and British Brandy never met without exchanging some lively chaff and repartee, although they were the best of friends.

"Hello, Brandy! When's the old m'llasses tub off?" was Bartlett's greeting.

"The British steamer Cockney, Brandy, master, sails to-morrow morning, July 10, as ever was," replied Brandy.

"And d'ye reckon she'll make Liverpool this side o' Christmas?" asked Bartlett, with a twinkle in his eye.

"To-day fortnight she brings up alongside o' the quay," said Brandy.

The Yankee skipper burst into a scornful chuckle.

Captain Brandy called for a "Bourbon," leisurely lit a clay pipe, took a few whiffs and a sip, rested his chin on his hands as he leaned forward, and said:

"Bartlett, you reckon yourself tol'ble spry, don't yer?"

"Wall," replied the American, "I guess I know the difference between a jay bird and a caboose, an' I ain't likely to mistake the crown of a shanty-town cock for 'Hail, Columbia,' and that's a fact."

"There ain't nothin' as goes out of the port of New York as can whip the 'Picayune,'" continued Brandy.

"No, I reckon there ain't," said Bartlett.

"You wouldn't like to put a hundred pound on a little notion of mine, would you?" said Brandy.

"Barrin' the 'Cockney,' I don't mind if I do," replied Bartlett.

"That's right," said Brandy. "Look here: you're always a-pokin' fun at the 'Cockney.' Well, I'll bet yer a hundred pound that I see Mrs. Bartlett before you do."

"You bet me a hundred pound, British, that you see the missis in Liverpool before I do?" repeated Bartlett. "An' the 'Cockney' sails by first tide to-morrow mornin'?"

"That's so," said Brandy.

"Barrin' all mail steamers?" said Bartlett.

"Barrin' all mail steamers," said Brandy.

"Done with you, boss," said Bartlett.

So the wager was cemented over a fresh supply of drinks, after which Captain Brandy walked out, wishing the American skipper "Good night."

"Derned fool, that Brandy," said the American to himself.

In the mists of early morning the "Picayune" cleared out. So did the "Cockney."

Somehow or other, news of the wager had leaked out, and general opinion indorsed that of Captain Bartlett, although others guessed that Brandy wasn't the sort to go slinging away £100 for a mere notion, and that he knew what he was doing.

At seven bells—half past 7 in the morning—Captain Bartlett, on the bridge of the "Picayune," a cheroot in

his mouth, and his hands plunged deep into his pockets, sang out to his first mate:

"Mr. Slope, send a hand up to the fore-top and report if the 'Cockney' is in sight."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied Mr. Slope. The man ascended to the fore-top, scanned the ocean for some moments, and belloyed out:

"'Cockney' astern, sir; hull down."

"Brandy's a derned fool," muttered Captain Bartlett, and rolled himself off the bridge to breakfast.

During the second dog-watch in the evening, Captain Bartlett, reclining in his cane chair on the bridge, observed a commotion forward. The first mate and half a dozen of the crew were assembled around some object, and at intervals cast side-glances at the skipper. Bartlett had the eye of a hawk.

"Mr. Slope, what's going on forr'ard?" he sang out.

Mr. Slope came slowly aft with the air of a criminal.

"Please, sir, it's a stowaway."

The effect of this announcement upon his superior officer was terrible and immediate; he jumped up from his chair as if agitated by an electric shock; his eyes glared like a couple of torches; his brow contracted into all sorts of frowns and furrows; he foamed and spluttered, and at length roared out:

"Chuck him overboard!"

"Please, sir, it's a she," said the chief mate.

"Chuck her—no! Great sakes! Bring her aft!" roared the Captain.

So the mate returned to the group forr'ard, and presently returned, leading by the hand a fair-haired, blue-eyed child of about eleven.

"Well," said Bartlett, after he had slowly surveyed her from head to foot and from foot back again to head, and noted that she was apparently of a very superior order of stowaway, her clothes being good, and her physical appearance that of a child well looked after, "who are you?"

"Mary Jane Johnsworth," was the ready reply.

"Mary Jane Johnsworth," repeated the skipper; "wall, and what the tarnation does Mary Jane Johnsworth want hidin' of herself aboard a craft as don't belong to her?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"You don't know. Got father and mother?" asked Bartlett.

"Yes sir," answered the child.

"Then what are yer a-slopin' from home fur?"

"I'm not. I'm going home."

"Then you're a Britisher, I reckon."

"Mary Jane is my name; England is my nation, Birkenhead is my dwelling place, and"—

said the child.

Captain Bartlett filled up the rhyme with something which was not "salvation," then took a turn or two along the bridge, keeping his eye on the child all the time, as if she was some rare zoological specimen.

"Wall," he said, stopping suddenly, "if you wur a man, or a boy, do you know what I should do with you?"

"Ask me if I could eat anything?" was the reply.

Captain Bartlett took his cigar from his mouth, and looked at her with increased amazement.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, "you've got saas anyway. Mr. Slope, take her forr'ard and see that she has something to eat, and—Mr. Slope, send a hand aloft, and report the hearings of the 'Cockney.'"

The report presently came that the "Cockney" was out of sight.

"Brandy's a derned fool," chuckled the skipper.

In half an hour Mr. Slope reappeared on the bridge.

"She's a queer 'un, that ther kid, sir," he said; "I left her with a couple o' pounds o' beef, and a loaf o' bread, an' potatoes, an' fixins, and I'm blessed if she hadn't stowed it away in a quarter of an hour. She's a proper stow-away, she is sir."

"Poor little cuss!" said Bartlett; "I reckon I should like to have a ten minutes' talk with her skunk of a father, or whoever her friend is. Ther's one thing, Brandy's hundred pound'll pay for her passage, an' that's a fact."

Three days passed, three days of glorious weather and calm sea, and the "Picayune" made her twelve knots regularly every hour. Mary Jane Johnsworth in this time established herself as a general favorite with officers and crew, and particularly with the skipper. She could sing any amount of old sea songs, could imitate to the life the noise made by the men as they ran round the capstan to the shanty of "Johnny Franswaw" or the "Shanandore." She could dance, and with all she had such pretty, piquant ways, that there was not a man on board who would not have done anything to please her, from the skipper to the steward's boy. Her appetite continued huge; with ease she put away twice the ration of an ordinary seaman, although she had a whim of preferring to have her meals alone at all sorts of odd times.

On the fifth day out, Marcus, the black cook, came aft with long face to the skipper.

"Please, sah," he said, "I nebber seed such a ting in all my borned days, nebber!"

"What is it, you vagabond?" demanded Bartlett.

"Why, sah," replied the cook, "de steward he gib me beef, an' mutton, an' pork, an' m'llasses, an' flour, an' biscuit, eb'ry mornin', and it go!"

"What d'ye mean, it go? of course, it go," said the Captain, "yer don't

reckon ship's stores ain't made to go."

"Dat's jes' what I sez to myself, sez I," replied Marcus. "Ship's stores is meant to go, but dey isn't meant to fly."

"Where do they fly to, you black-livered skunk?" asked the skipper angrily.

"Dat's jes' the oder ting I asks myself," replied the cook, "wher does they fly to? Steward he gib me over' lowance. Dat ain't no good worth a cent."

"I reckon some of the boys rob you, Marcus," said Bartlett; "jest you keep that weather eye o' yourn open, an' if you ketch any skunk prowlin' around the galley when you ain't thar, jes' fetch him over the head with anything handy, and then tell me. You can bet your bottom dollar he won't do it a second time."

Marcus took all possible precautions. After nightfall he would prow around the galley with a marling-spike in hand, ready to pounce upon any hungry fowle hand or fireman who should be tempted to tap the provision store in the galley. He and Mary Jane were the very best of friends, and in return for little delicacies he made her, she would offer to keep watch whilst he snoozed or joined the hands in sky-larking.

Still, the provisions went, and the rum went, and the skipper's whisky went, and neither Marcus nor Mary Jane, nor any one else could imagine how. Bartlett waxed furious, and held a consultation with his first mate; the result was that all hands were piped forward of the bridge, and the skipper addressed them as follows:

"Now, lock yer, boys, I reckon, takin' 'yon all roun', you're as smart a lot as ever shipped, but thar's a derned thief amongst you, a lowminded cuss, what can't content hisself with the regulation skunk, but must go sneakin' an' prowlin' around like a coyote, and freezin' to things as don't belong to him. I don't suspect nary a man in partikler, but he's amongst you, an' if I nab him, I set him afloat in the dingy with a bit o' hard tack, an' an' anker of water, as sure as my name's Hosea E. Bartlett, an' that's a fact."

The men slunk off grumblin'.

That very evening a bottle of three-star Exshaw disappeared from the swinging shelf in the saloon, and a packet of Virginia from the Captain's own cabin.

Bartlett was furious: he swore that the steward was in league with the crew; he swore that he didn't trust a man in his ship from the first mate downwards.

More depredations occurred in the regions of the cooking galley. Marcus, the cook, was furious, and the only thing that prevented a row on board was the alternate intercession of little Mary Jane with the skipper and the cook.

There was but one solution to the mystery. The ship was haunted. Strange stories were told with bated breath about spirits who lived on board ships, of which the skipper of an officer was a bad man; big, bearded men, who had braved danger in every part of the world, related all they had ever heard of gnomes and sea sprites with a spite against a certain craft, or a certain member of its crew, with serious nods and winks.

Bartlett alone pooch-pooched these idle tales, and linked the believers with Captain Brandy in his category of "derned fools," and almost got angry with the little girl for sharing the popular creed.

Mary Jane enjoyed herself immensely. The weather was perfect, so that she could romp about as much as she liked; her appetite maintained its invariable excellence, although she generally had her meals alone, and nobody could swear that she ate all that was placed before her.

This last fact gave Captain Bartlett an idea. She was the thief. He knew that she was a favorite with the men, and he knew from long experience that the men were up to any dodge to get an increase of rations and grog. They had got over the innocent little thing with their soft sawder. He watched her.

The steward set before her for supper one evening meat and biscuit enough for three men, and left her. Bartlett from the bunk of an empty cabin saw her fall to with fair appetite for a while, although he remarked that she did not eat extraordinarily for a healthy, growing child.

When she had finished, she pulled out a linen bag from her pocket, and into it she put all that was left. Then she rose gently, got on to the seat, took down the whisky bottle from the shelf swinging above her head, and poured half its contents into a flask.

Then she stole away. Bartlett after her. Right forward she went along the deserted deck, and disappeared in the darkness under the raised fowle.

"Wall," said the skipper to himself, "ef this don't beat 'possum trackin', but me ef I know what does, an' that's a fact. They're a cunning lot o' rascals they are! Jes' think that they should come it over a poor innocent little kid like that thar, an' then try an' blarney me with a lot of yarns 'bout spirits! We're ten days out, anyway, an' we'll make Liverpool to-morrow, so that it doesn't signify wuth much, an' Brandy's hundred pound'll pay; but it's real mean, that's what it is."

Bartlett, who, with all his roughness, was a kind-hearted man, could not bring himself to tell Mary Jane what he had seen, but he became concerned with a new thought. What was to be done with her on landing? She lived in Birkenhead, but how was he to find out in a huge place like Birkenhead where she lived and who her parents were? Take her to his own home he dare not; partly because Mrs.

Bartlett had five youngsters of her own, and, partly, because she was a bit of a Tartar, and would be sure to be down pretty heavily on him for taking so much notice of a strange, stowaway child, when he was always complaining about the expense and worry of his own.

So this question as to the disposition of Mary Jane Johnsworth vexed Captain Bartlett all the next day, and until next evening, when Holyhead Light was sighted, and his attention was directed to other matters.

Little Mary Jane was in a state of great excitement at the approach to her land, now running to one side of the deck, now to the other, then scuttling up the companion ladder to the bridge, then darting into the galley to pester Marcus with all sorts of questions, to which the faithful negro had to invent answers, then dashing away into the fowle until it was dark and she could see no more.

At midnight, the "Picayune," Captain Bartlett, was safe alongside the dock quay, and the Captain himself, after a boisterous day, was at liberty to turn in.

"Poor little kid!" he said as he caressed Mary Jane's fair hair; "and what's to become of you? I'm real sorry that the voyage is finished, as I've got uncommon fond o' you, Mary Jane, an' ef I hadn't kids of my own, I'd like to change your name to Mary Jane Bartlett, and turn you out a real lady."

"Is your home here?" asked the child, looking up in the Captain's face with an artless gaze.

"Yes, my sugar stick," replied the Captain. "Number 12 Providence Road, that's where the Missis is located, but she's agoin' back to New York, she is, next trip. But look yer, I reckon you're a bit tired; you go an' turn in an' to-morrow we'll see what's to be done."

So he kissed the child as he bade her goodnight and she pattered off singing as if it were mid-day.

"Poor little kid! poor little kid!" soliloquized the Captain when she had gone, "I should like to have ten minutes with them brutes as have sent her away like this, and that's a fact!"

Early next morning, the Captain sent a hand ashore to find out if the "Cockney" had by chance arrived during the night.

"Not that I reckon she's more'n half way across the pond," he said to himself, "but Brandy's up to dodges, he is, although he is such a derned fool."

The reply came that the "Cockney" had not arrived.

"Wall, then, I reckon I needn't hurry ashore," said Bartlett.

He was in the saloon going over his papers with the customs officers, when the chief mate appeared at the door with a broad grin in his face.

"Thar's a gentleman an' a lady come aboard and wants to see you, sir."

"A gentleman an' a lady!" repeated the skipper. "Great Thunder! who are they? Tell 'em—no, show 'em in—say, Mr. Slope, is the kid up yet?"

"Dunno, sir, I'll see," replied the officer, and disappeared. The skipper bent over his papers again, but was disturbed by the entrance of the visitors. He looked up and beheld Captain Brandy and Mrs. Bartlett.

Had a bombshell exploded on deck, it could not have produced a greater effect on Captain Bartlett than did this apparition.

He jumped up, mouth and eyes wide open, utterly unable for some seconds to utter a word.

"Mornin', Bartlett!" said Captain Brandy.

"Wher the—How thc—Almighty sakes!—Great Scott!" was all the American could ejaculate. He took no notice even of his spouse.

"The 'Cockney' ain't in port!" he almost screamed at last.

"No, but her skipper is," said Brandy, "an' he's brought this yer lovely lady to bear witness that Hosea E. Bartlett, master of the ship 'Picayune,' belonging to the port of New York, owes him one hundred pounds sterling. I say Bartlett, your salt-horse ain't by no means up to what it oughter be, an' as for your Exshaw!"

"What the tarnation do you know about my salt-horse an' my whisky?" roared the American.

"Well," replied Captain Brandy, "considerin' as how I've been livin' on it for ten days, I oughter be a judge."

"You've been livin' on my salt-horse an' whisky for ten days?" exclaimed Bartlett, more and more amazed.

"Yes," said Brandy; "hand us the hundred pound."

Bartlett stared about him as a man newly awakened from sleep; then he burst out into a roar of laughter which shook the little saloon, and which was the signal for everyone else. Custom-house officers, Mrs. Bartlett and all, to join, and for fully-five minutes the united guffaw lasted.

"Brandy," said Bartlett when he had recovered so far as to be able to speak, although the tears were running down his cheeks, "I thought you wur a derned fool. But you ain't."

"You're the derned fool, Bartlett," said his wife, speaking for the first time, "to go and throw away a hundred pound like this, when!"

"Don't ye fret yourself, marm," said Captain Brandy, "I ain't a-goin to take the hundred pound, 'cos why? 'cos your husband has been so kind to my little daughter."

The chief officer here came in.

"Please, sir, the kid ain't nowhere to be found; we've been all roun', and we've—"

"All right," said Captain Brandy, "she's at home."

"Do you mean to say that Mary Jane

Johnsworth"—began Bartlett, with a renewed look of astonishment.

"Ain't no more Mary Jane Johnsworth than I'm Hosea E. Bartlett," interposed Captain Brandy. "Look here, old chap. You keep the hundred pound, but don't go larking at the master of the 'Cockney' no more."

"No, I'm blest if I do," said Bartlett, grasping his rival's hand. "But the hundred pound, I've fairly lost that."

"Give it to the Seamen's Hospital, an' then it'll be fairly spent."

"Bully for you!" said Bartlett. "Great sakes! I kinder can't help laughin' agin to think of you fixed up thar in the fowle for ten days. And that's whar all the ship's tucker went, an' my bacey an' my whisky. I did wonder how the kid managed to put away what she did, an' that's a fact."

"I was right enough," said Brandy. "I sez to myself, sez I, afore I sees you at the Oriental I'll take a rise out of Bartlett afore I'm a fortnight older, so I gets hold of your chief officer, an' I fixes everything with him unbeknown to any one else."

"Dern that Slope!" put in Bartlett. "An' he shows me an old sail bunk right forr'ard with a port in it, an' fixes a bed on 'all that, an' thar I was."

"An' whar's the 'Cockney'?" asked Captain Bartlett.

"Well," replied Brandy, "you see she's my own craft, so I trusted her to my first mate to navigate her over the pond."

"And she'll make port about Christmas time, I reckon," said Bartlett, with a grin.

"Hello! Now then! Avast there!" said Brandy, snaking his great mahogany-colored forefinger at the American.

"Right for you, sonny, I forgot," said Bartlett, "but say, it'll be kinder hard for me not to have the 'Cockney' to laugh at."

"Laugh at yourself, you old fool," remarked Mrs. Bartlett.

Thus Captain Brandy won his bet and the story may still be heard round the tables in the parlors of Captains' houses, by the waterside in New York and Liverpool, told by weather-beaten gentlemen in stiff black cloth suits and tall hats, the positions, however, being generally reversed, according to the nationality of the narrator.

FRANK ABELE.

A Wealthy Man's Will.

Louisville (Ky.) Commercial.

The will of the late Benjamin F. Avery perhaps involves the control of the largest single individual estate, exclusive of incumbrances, ever disposed of by bequest in Louisville. The persistent care with which the fortune of Mr. Avery was founded, with no capital for a beginning, is equaled only by the intelligent foresight manifested in its disposal in such a manner as to provide in the fullest measure for its enjoyment by those for whom it is intended—his sons and daughters. The terms of the bequest provide that the husbands of the testator's daughters shall not dispose of the shares of their wives without the written consent of the latter, and that such shares shall be free from the liabilities of said husbands. The reason given for this provision is worth reproducing: "I desire to say that the foregoing disposition of property for my daughters is not because of any want of confidence in my sons-in-law, but in order to provide against any possible contingency of their being brought to want by unforeseen disasters in the business in which their husbands may be engaged. Such disasters come upon the best men, and my desire is to protect my daughters and their husbands against the same as far as I can."

Fashionable Washington Women.

From a Washington Letter.

The low corsage now rules and no woman is considered to be dressed, or to know how to dress, until she uncovers her shoulders and bares her arms. The fashion is all very pretty, and perhaps commendable, when the wearer has a good neck and does not pass the limit of modesty, but such an array of bony, withered, pimpled, red and brown necks are bared on state occasions here as would justify legal injunctions being served. Women who have gone for years here with gowns that came snugly up to their chins and down to their knuckles have suddenly gone to the other extreme. Some who were loudest in condemning the wearers of the décolleté corsage two and three years ago have now come to it themselves, and, as is usual with converts, go a little further than any others. Young girls who are pitifully thin bare their bones to the cold scrutiny of a crowd and show miserable little pipstern arms and acute pointed elbows to the derision of the multitude and no humane person in their family seems to interfere, and even grandmothers make the same show of themselves. It is usually supposed that a marble-white neck and arms were the desirable thing and that powder, washes and enamel were laid on to attain the desired fairness. This season, in addition to the unfortunates who have red and spotted arms naturally, a number of girls have taken to rouging their arms. What madness or crazy fancy brings about the fashion no sane person can tell, but there they are at every ball, arms daubed with rouge from the elbows upward, and streaks of paint on so thick as to leave a mark on anybody's glove or dress that chances to rub them. So much for the follies of the age!