



What Befell the "Kathleen."

Told by Herbert R. Reynolds and Set Down by Frederick A. Talbot.

A thrilling tragedy of the sea, showing how an infuriated cachalot tried conclusions with the American whaler "Kathleen." The story is told by the third mate of the ill-fated vessel and forms a dramatic chapter in the annals of the whaling industry.

Whaling is at all times an exciting and exhilarating vocation, but it seldom happens in the strenuous battle between the hunters and the mammals that the monarch of the ocean comes off best. Yet now and then dramatic tragedies are reported from the whaling grounds, and the roll of fatalities caused by the prosecution of this dangerous calling is appreciably lengthened. It is doubtful, however, if the whaling industry can furnish many such another thrilling adventure as that which befell the whaler Kathleen during her last season in the tropical seas in quest of the cachalot or sperm-whale—which, by the way, is one of the "gamiest" members of the cetacean tribe.

The Kathleen was a respectable old barque, belonging to Messrs. J. and W. Wing, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. She had been in the business for many years and had brought home a large number of heavy and valuable cargoes from the whaling seas.

We set out from New Bedford on the 22d of October, 1901. The crew were all experienced whalers, under the command of Captain Thomas Jenkins, who is himself one of the most expert hunters in Massachusetts, and can "smell a whale" a couple of hundred miles off. I myself was attached to the Kathleen as third mate. On this trip the captain was accompanied by his pretty young wife, and the ship's company also included a grey African parrot, some eight years of age, the pet of the captain's wife.

Our hunting-ground was the "12-40," about 1000 miles off the coast of Brazil, in which tropical waters the cachalot is found in abundance. We had not gone very far, however, before we experienced our first trouble. We ran into a fierce southwest gale, and for days, so tempestuous was the wind and so great the fury of the seas, we had to keep all the hatches battened down. The Kathleen, being quite empty and consequently riding very light, was tossed about like a straw, and we had a stiff job to keep off the dangerous coasts which we passed.

Twenty days after leaving port we found ourselves in the Gulf of Mexico, and the vessel's nose was then pointed towards the Cape Verde Islands, where we increased the number of the crew by forty by taking on board a dozen Portuguese sailors. The captain then set his course for the Rio de la Plata, and ten days afterwards we fell in with another Bedford whaler, which had had a fine haul, and was returning to port with some ninety barrels of oil. We "gammed" this vessel (the colloquial expression for exchanging visits), and the good fortune of her crew somewhat put our captain on his mettle, as so far we had not even caught sight of a whale, let alone captured one.

Bad luck, however, seemed to dog us throughout the voyage. We reached the hunting-ground in due course and cruised about for several days, but our only haul was a tiny sperm-whale scarcely worth the trouble of pursuing. To make matters worse we lost our second mate and buried him at sea on the 2d of February. The captain, disgusted at the ill-fortune that was attending his efforts, resolved to leave this hunting-ground and try a somewhat more northerly region. We started off in the southeast trades, and experienced the most diabolical weather until we had crossed the Line. Worse still, we spotted no more whales, which greatly annoyed both the captain and ourselves, seeing that we had now been out nearly five months.

We were bearing up towards the Windward Isles one bright evening, and were anxiously scanning the seas for signs of a "spout" to cheer us up, when the captain came on deck and, sniffing the air, exclaimed: "Smells like sperm-whale about here. Bet you a plug of baccy we raise whales to-morrow."

I was not disposed to accept the skipper's challenge, for we all knew that his faculty of smelling the mammals was so acute that I should inevitably lose. And, sure enough, the captain was right in his surmise. It was the 17th of March, and we were in latitude thirteen degrees north. Bad luck was still behind us, we told one another, for we regarded that ominous "thirteen" somewhat suspiciously. We were loitering listlessly about in our bunks in anxious expectancy, when suddenly the lookout bawled:

"There goes white water!" He meant that a whale was churning and splashing the waves with his tail. "Where away?" roared the skipper. "Two p'ints on the weather bow!" "All hands on deck!" shouted the captain, excitedly. "Sperm-whale! Look lively!" The various members of the crew sprang from their bunks and tumbled up the companion way as fast as possible, falling over one another in their haste. The deck, which had a moment before been almost deserted, was now a scene of the most intense excitement and bustle. The Portuguese sailors were running to and fro, getting out the tackle and lowering the boats, and above the babel of tongues the lookout's voice could be heard distinctly as he sang out: "There she blows!"

I attempted to stop his mad career, but directly I checked the running-out of the line our boat careened right over on its beam ends, and for fear of being overturned I had to let him have more rope. Towed by this monster cetacean our little craft traveled through the water at breakneck speed, throwing the spray in all directions, and the men had difficulty enough to prevent the boat from becoming waterlogged.

"I'll hold on to him if he takes us to Brazil!" I exclaimed to my men, who were in a fever of excitement at the sport offered by our catch. But presently, as I knew would be the case, the whale came to the surface again to spout; and then, getting close up to him, I jabbed my lances into him for all I was worth. Fortunately every throw told, and we promptly backed out of his way, as he was now in his death-struggles. He plunged his tail in all directions, and as I knew the cachalots are very pugnacious I kept a sharp eye upon him in case he decided to rush at the boat. At last, however, he expired, and we set out to tow him to the ship.

The first mate had also made a splendid haul—a big cow whale—and I saw him towing his quarry up to the ship, where he moored her on the port side, and the tackle was run out from the masthead of the whaler in order to raise the dead mammal into the right position to be stripped of its blubber and other products.

At this moment the skipper caught sight of an enormous bull whale on the starboard quarter, and, overcome by the excitement of the chase, he yelled, "Hi! there, mate! Get after that bull. We'll see to the cow."

Nothing loath, De Viera and his men bent to their oars again and made their way towards the bull. He was a wicked-looking brute as he lay upon the water, his large black head standing out like a rock. His back was studded with large lumps, which showed that he had been previously harpooned more than once, but had always succeeded in making his escape. Now, a bull whale who has got away from the harpoons a few times is the most dangerous and vicious brute to tackle. He always shows fight and does not take long to make up his mind to attack you; nor does he wait to be harpooned first. This fellow was about a hundred feet in length, and I should think weighed about the same number of tons. De Viera and his men pulled lustily towards the whale, but he did not wait for them; he turned his bullet head in their direction and came straight for them. It was an anxious and thrilling moment, but the danger did not daunt the mate. Standing in the prow, with his harpoon poised in the air, he calmly watched the approaching monster. At the psychological moment he plunged it with such terrific force into the cetacean's back that it disappeared from sight in the flesh. The whale "sounded" immediately, and rather unexpectedly, taking the line out with a buzz and whirr. In fact, it ran out so rapidly that the friction on the gunwale twice set it in flames, and the men in the boat were hard put to keep the heat down with buckets of water. As suddenly as he had dived, however, the brute stopped his mad career, and the slack was quickly hauled in. He then rose to the surface directly ahead of them, and spouted terrific columns of water into the air in his rage.

The boat was cautiously approaching the mammal—whose ponderous tail was lashing the water into clouds of spray and foam—in order to get another thrust home, when, without a moment's warning, the whale set off at full speed. The men could not pay out the rope quickly enough, and the boat was towed at express speed through the water, while in her gulf, where the running rope chafed the wood, a big rent was charred by the friction. De Viera, however, stuck tenaciously to his quarry, and was too much preoccupied in his task to observe its tactics.

But from our position we took in the situation at a glance. The whale had directed its nose towards the Kathleen, and was now bearing down on her broadside at full tilt. He was traveling at over twenty miles an hour, spouting and thrashing the water furiously the whole time. At this juncture I realized the cause of this unexpected development. The whale was bent on revenge. Evidently the cow whale which De Viera had previously killed was the bull's spouse, and he could now see her dead body rolling listlessly on the water, which was dyed for yards around with her life-blood. So great are the ties of affection between male and female whales that a bull will defend his mate through thick and thin, and at such times is a highly dangerous foe.

De Viera, who had up to this point held on tightly, saw that something unusual was going to happen, so with his hatchet he promptly severed the harpoon rope. That action saved his boat and companions. The whale, however, never swerved for an instant from his object. As he approached the Kathleen he slightly ducked his head, for all the world like a charging buffalo, and smashed clean into the barque right amidships, just under the waterline on the starboard side. The impact was terrific. The huge square head of the whale, studded with its several tons of spermaceti, crashed through the hull of the barque as if it were cardboard, and we distinctly heard the groaning and splintering of the timbers. Hitting the side of the ship so squarely as this made the barque shiver from stem to stern, and being empty and light, she almost rolled over under the impact. The whale,

as he pushed his head through the hull, lifted it slightly, and the barque listed away from him as though raised by a crane. Evidently pleased with the damage he had wrought, and considering himself amply avenged, the whale sank and we saw him no more. Not that the concussion had damaged his anatomy in the slightest, for a sperm-whale's head is like an india rubber ball. The hole in the side of the Kathleen was of enormous dimensions, and we saw at once that the poor old ship was doomed. Asperm-whale's head is the largest part of its body, and the rent practically gaped from the lead to the main deck. When the whale withdrew his head and sank the stricken barque rolled over, and the water rushed into the hole with the fury of a mountain torrent. Hurriedly we pulled up to the Kathleen's side in order to take off the skipper, his wife, the cook, and cabin-boy. There was just time for the captain to secure eighty pounds of biscuit and eighteen gallons of water; then he leapt down into the boat. Just as we were about to push off from the foundering vessel, the captain's wife cried, in great alarm: "Polly! You've forgotten my bird! We must fetch her!"

The crew cursed that led vehemently, and could not understand a woman bothering about a parrot at such a moment. However, one of the men hastily scrambled up the Kathleen's side and rescued the bird. Afterwards we somewhat appreciated the lady's feelings for that parrot, since it afforded us considerable amusement by its idle chattering and antics when we were adrift upon the ocean, thirsty and hungry.

As we pulled away the Kathleen gave a sudden lurch, and with a weird, gurgling sound dived head foremost beneath the waves. By dint of hard rowing, however, we just managed to clear the whirlpool produced by the suction of the sinking ship.

Presently we met the fourth mate, Nichols, hanging on like grim death to a bull whale that he had harpooned. He and his crew had been so intent on their work that they had not seen the Kathleen jammed. As they approached us Captain Jenkins, jocular still in spite of the overwhelming misfortune that had just befallen him, sang out, "Got him first, Nichols?"

"Aye, aye, captain," replied the mate, proudly. "Then I think you had better cut him loose," continued the captain, dryly, "or else you'll be taken after the Kathleen."

The mate was amazed. We did not understand the skipper's cryptic remark. "Cut her loose?" he asked, wonderingly. "Aye! And lively, too!" retorted the captain. "The old Kathleen's sunk!"

The men were utterly dumfounded, but they soon realized the truth of the statement when they looked round in vain for a sight of the familiar old barque. After we had briefly recounted the story of the disaster, the various boats fell into line, with the crew equally divided among them, and the scanty store of provisions and water doled out. Our stock gave twenty pounds of biscuit and four and a half gallons of water to each boat, each carrying ten souls, so that you may see that the prospect before us was not very comforting. We arranged to keep all together at night and to spread out during the day over a wide area on the look-out for some passing vessel which might pick us up.

We were in an uncomfortable predicament, far off the trade route. The nearest land was Barbados, a thousand odd miles distant, and the captain decided that our best plan was to steer in that direction. Our rations worked out to two biscuits and half a gill of water per day—not a very substantial diet upon which to do hard rowing. Fortunately, however, on the third day the captain's boat fell in with the steamship Borderer, of Baltimore, bound for Chile. Captain Dalton, of the Borderer, hove to and cruised round in search of the other boats. I was picked up second, and later the third boat-load was rescued.

We searched for De Viera until nightfall, but without success, and then reluctantly gave him up. The Borderer landed us at Pernambuco, in Brazil, where we caught the steamship Pydna, which brought us back to Philadelphia.

We subsequently learnt that De Viera's boat had not been picked up, and those on board had passed through a most trying experience. De Viera had made his way to Barbados, rowing a thousand miles with a starving crew, the men maintaining his course by the aid of a pocket compass. When they reached land they were nearly dead—and no wonder! The water had been doled out with a little tin bottle in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls per man per day, with half a ship's biscuit each. Providential showers from time to time enabled them to slightly replenish their water supply, while they also succeeded in catching a few flying fish, which they ate raw. At Barbados they fell in with the steamship Madiana, bound for New York. Six of the company took passage on her, and upon arrival at the Metropolis of the Western Continent were taken in hand and well treated by the Seamen's Friendly Society, until they secured fresh berths. As for myself, upon reaching home I set out on another hunt in Hudson Bay.—The Wide World Magazine.

CONCERNING EYES
If you gaze and gaze at the blue line sky,
If your eyes grow blue, they say,
But they say your eyes will grow dark,
Dark brown if you look at the ground all day;
Now I don't know if this is so, perhaps it isn't true,
But Rosy's trying to make her brown,
and I'm trying to make mine blue.
—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

SOME CLEVER TRICKS.
The funnel trick is very clever, and you can easily perform it if you will have two thin funnels soldered together, one inside the other, so that they appear as one funnel on top. Before you are to perform the trick pour some water into the hollow end between the two funnels, and let it remain in that upside down position until you are ready.

Now bring a glass of fresh water and putting your finger over the tube turn the funnel over, and pour the water from the glass into it. Instantly drink off this fresh water, turn the funnel upside down to show your audience that it is empty, rapidly pronounce some large words, and turn the funnel upright, letting the water between run out into a dish.

Every one will be amazed at this trick, but you must refuse to repeat it, and must put the funnel away before it can be examined.

Another good trick is to make a stick leap out of a pot. Get a piece of stiff whalebone, about three inches long, and a stiff card. Fold the card down the middle, and make a slit in both folds half an inch from each end. Slip an end of the whalebone into each of these slits so that the bone will be bent upward like a bow.

Have a pot in which stands a cup upside down, and on it fasten the card. No one must come near your table to see this. Pour water into the pot until it is full, leaving the whalebone about two inches under the water. Then take a light weight stick, or a piece of very soft cardboard, and pressing an end against the highest point of the whalebone in the water, let go, and the stick will fly out of the pot.

A third trick is to construct a bridge of three knives with no support except that of three tumblers under the handles of the knives. Arrange the tumblers in the form of a triangle, and place the three knives so that the blade of number one rests on number two, and the blade of number two on number three, and the blade of number three on number one, with the handle of each on one goblet. This arrangement will completely support your bridge.—New York Mail.

SMILING HIS WAY.
The time had been long and weary since Stanley Miller had received his accident. For many weeks it seemed that he could hardly live, or, if he did, that he must remain a cripple, but at last there was hope, indeed, almost certainty, that some time he might be well.

Oh, what pathetic patience children have under suffering that would daunt men! And Stanley had scarcely murmured, only as his head cleared and his eyes brightened the blank brick wall of the next house, which was all he could see from his bedroom window, because very the some.

At last his mother, so tender in love and sympathy, moved his bed into her little parlor and placed it by a window.
Oh, how good the street looked to the boy! His heart seemed to fill and glow with love for every person, and even the horses and dogs that passed his window.
"But, mamma," he said after a time, "the people can see me, too, and they turn and look so sorry for me. I don't want to make folks feel bad, mamma."
"My dear, they can't help feeling sorry for a boy who has to be shut in from all the best summer weather, but if they see that you look cheerful and smiling, that will make them glad again. You have been so good and patient all along, dearie, that it has made the trouble easier for us all."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



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And so the passer-by who looked in the window of the little house in Dean street saw the smiling face of a child who lay propped up on his pillows, and soon many of them gave him an answering smile and nod. "I'm getting to know the folks," said Stanley, after a while.

The Millers had only moved to that street a few months before, and had made but few acquaintances. "I know just what time the regular ones go by, mamma. It's fun to watch 'em go by, and they most always smile at me."

At last, when the days grew warm enough for the child to be raised, one and another would stop outside for a word or two, and gifts of fruit were passed inside.

The children came and talked to the invalid and lent him their toys and books, and the sturdy sturdy men played their most rollicking tunes for pleasure.

Stanley, it was deemed that his smiling face was a real help to others, but one morning a carpenter said to a comrade:

"I used to go gambling to my work on account of being lame with a little rheumatism, but since I've seen him when there's no cheerful I've been ashamed of myself, and I'm thankful that I'm able to walk on 'do my day's work.' The little chap's been a real blessing to me!"

When it had been taken away and the boy could sit on the steps or perch high way up and down the street, he found that he had smiled his way into hundreds of loving hearts. —Kathleen A. Lentz.

CHINA THE LAND OF DUCKS.
There are more ducks in China than in all the rest of the world. China is literally white with these birds, and day and night the country resounds with their metallic and somewhat weird.

Children had ducks on every road on every pond, on every farm, on every lake, on every river. There is no back yard without its duck house. There is no boat, little or great, without its duck quarters.

Even in the cities of China ducks abound. They dodge between the coolies' legs. They flit squawking out of the way of the horses. Their indignant quack will not unscold down the roar of urban commerce.

All over the land there are great duck hatching establishments, many of them of a capacity huge enough to produce 50,000 young ducks every year.—Boston Post.

THE SICK PUSSY.

Oh, run for doctor, baby, quick—Ehks, our pussy, is dreadful sick! Feel of her pulse, and rub her paws, Run for doctor to find the cause. She's pale as milk, my kitty cat, Barks, yes, a sign like that, We'll give her quinine and put her to bed And use a big towel to tie up her head. —Newark Sunday Call.

Call For a Repetition.
The little village could not boast of having many entertainments, and a concert was an event which was looked forward to with delight by the inhabitants. It was at one of these "musical feasts" that a stranger sang with great feeling "The Village Blacksmith."

In response to a vociferous encore, the singer was about to start "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," when the chairman tugged his coat tail. "Better sing the old 'un over again, mister," he whispered. "I 'appen to be the chap you've been singing about—the village blacksmith—and I reckon it'd only be fair to me if you was to sing it all over again and pop in another verse sayin' as 'ow I let out bicycles." —Tit-Bits.

The French are more careful than Americans in the making of cider. In Bordeaux eighty kinds of apples are grown, but only twelve of these are used for making cider. No green, decayed, nor worm eaten apples are ever used.