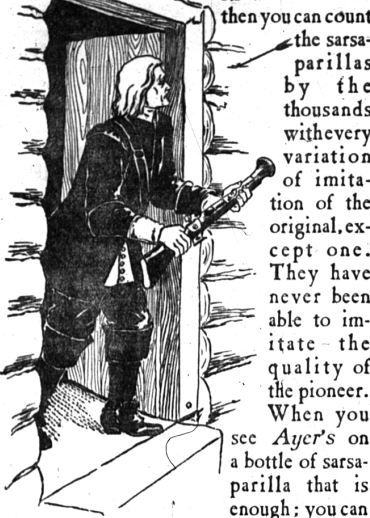


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# THE ADVENTURES OF AN ETON BOY...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

Soon after this, when evening came on we heard a noise in the fore-castle, and the voice of Hislop exclaiming: "Stand clear—sheer off, Antonio! If you come aboard me I'll knock you down with a handspike! What you grip your knife, do you? Well, just do it again, and I'll chuck you overboard like a bit of junk."

"What is the matter now?" said I, hastening forward.

"Oh, this Spanish scoundrel has been swearing at the men again, and threatening old Roberts."

"He vows, sir, he will burn the ship's masts, and when he has done so, he will set fire to the fore-castle."

"Burn the ship," reiterated Weston, "has a great mind to put him in the fore-castle for the remainder of the voyage."

"I were best for all concerned, sir," said Tom Lambourne, touching his forelock with his right hand, and getting the deck a scrape with his left foot, "or set him adrift with some provisions in the fore-castle."

"Come, come, Antonio," said Weston, with greater severity than I had hitherto seen expressed in his open and honest countenance, "you must haul your wind for some time you have been going too far. I can't spare my jolly-boat, and, thank heaven, the ship's masts are not made of British sailors, but beware you, shipmate, or the bilboes it shall be, and we have a pretty heavy pair below."

"And for you, Mr. Hislop," he added, in a low voice, when we walked aft, "take care of yourself, for these Spanish scoundrels are as slippery and treacherous as serpents."

"I'll keep my weather eye open," said Hislop.

"You will require to do so, I think," "You do?" exclaimed the Scotswoman, with growing anger. "If he proceeds thus, I'll break either his heart or his neck."

"Next morning, Roberts, the old ship-warrior's man, who had always been Antonio's chief accuser concerning his dramatics was nowhere to be found on board."

All the hands were turned up; the whole brig was searched; the fore-castle for the sake of the fore-castle, and every place below from the fore to the after-peak, but there was no trace of Roberts, save his old top-knave hat lying crushed and torn in the fore-castle.

He was last seen when turned up to take the middle watch, which extends from 12 to 1 o'clock a. m., and Antonio was nowhere to be seen either.

Roberts was entered in the log as "having fallen overboard in the night," but his loss cast a terrible gloom over all the ship. Suspense grew apace, and seemed to become confirmed, as open war was soon declared between the crew and Antonio.

Every man was ready to take his "trick" at the wheel, rather than trust the Eugenio to his steering in the night, but his night her breast, and lose her spars, or do some other mischief; and no man, if he could avoid it, would lay out on the yard beyond him. No man would walk on the same side of the deck with him, or exchange a word, or a light for a pipe, or use the same cup or plate; so he was generally to be seen, leaning by himself and alone, against the windlass bits, with his black eyes fixed on the horizon, as if he expected a fall or something else to happen in a minute.

"I shall soon see how all this ended," said Hislop.

CHAPTER XVIII.

We crossed the Line.

It was a day of bright and burning days, of starry nights, and bright blue seas. The winds were light, and, as usual, near the line, there was a tremulous and bright atmosphere, which rose in long and slowly-heaving hills, without foam or ripple—smooth, glassy and without sound.

On a lovely night, when the ocean seemed to sleep in the moonshine, we crossed the equator.

The Eugenio was running with the lee clews off—i. e., with a flowing sheet—when Father Neptune came on board, and the usual unpleasant pranks were played on the crew, and a goodly number of the world below passed the girdle of the world below.

Great preparations had been in progress all day in the fore-castle, and the usual unpleasant pranks were played on the crew, and a goodly number of the world below passed the girdle of the world below.

All the crew were on deck, and Antonio, who turned in, having prepared a dread of what was about to ensue, and knowing that he was anything but a favorite.

Accompanied by the shouts of the crew, and preceded by Will White, playing "Ride Britannia" on a violin, old Father Neptune was drawn on a species of hardie aft to the quarter-deck, where he stood ready to receive him, with his hat in one hand and a case-bottle of brandy in the other.

Under an old swab, which had been well dried and curled to make a wig for the son of Saturn and Vesta, I recognized the grotesquely tattooed visage of my friend Tom Lambourne. A class was stuck in his girdle, and he wore a huge paunch of canvas stuffed with oakum.

In a gown made by the sailmaker, Ned Carlton officiated as Amphitrite; and both detestable were armed with harpoon as emblems of their dominion over the sea.

The attendant Tritons were got up in the same fashion, and all wore false noses singular size and great brilliancy, with low wigs and long tails.

On Neptune and his goddess receiving a dram and questioning the captain about the crew, it was discovered that Antonio and I were the only two on board who had never crossed the line before, whereupon the Tritons whooped and danced as they laid violent hands on me. I submitted to the usual shaving and so forth with a good grace, and consented to extend other announcements, for two bottles of brandy, and ascending to the main-crosstrees without going through the lubber's hole. But for the Cubano

left the sun amid saffron-colored waves, and the western sky was all a flame, when the sails began to billow and collapse at the wind came in heavy puffs, causing the masts to sway from side to side, and the bellying courses to crack and flap with a sound like thunder.

At last there came a steady breeze; the courses were left fall, and with both sheets set, for the wind was far from the Eugenio once more walked through the shining waters.

Full, round, and silvery the moon shone in the sky, and the sea was far every wave, that seemed to dance on with the brig, which in half an hour had the snow-white foam flying in all directions over our stern.

It was about the hour of 1 in the morning that the horrible events which I have mentioned occurred.

I was in the middle watch, relieving Weston, who, as the tropical dews were heavy, always ordered Billy the black to take the watch over our stern.

The sudden Spanish Antonio was at the helm, and the vessel was in the ton and I was walking to and fro, loitering at times, and looking at the compass to see how she headed—now sheeled over to starboard, now to port, anon over the side, where the water bubbled furiously past, or ahead at the patch of blue and star-studded sky which was visible under the lee of the fore-course, as the brig's bow filled every now and then, and she rolled from side to side, as if she were a cork on a sea when running before the wind.

All was very still, for, save the bubble of the water in the wake astern, there was not a sound in the air, not a creak, the creaking of a block, or the iron slings of the lower yards, not a sound save upon the first hour of the night.

Two of the abattores we had caught were hanging by the legs from the galloos-up about the foremast, and the great extent of the wings swung somewhat mournfully to and fro in the wind and by the motion of the ship.

(To be continued.)

## HOTEL'S GOOD POINTS.

These Are the Ideas of a Man Who Knows, Too.

"I have a great objection to the hotel where I have stopped, a volunteer well-known and popular minister performer to a Washington Star reporter, which are scattered all over our globe, and are the cause of much trouble to the Grand, and it is to be presumed that I know something of hotel life after living in them and in hotels alone for many months out of every year for the past twenty-five years. Besides, the 500 and over I have a record of, I have stopped at some hotels where I did not make a record. At many of the 500 I have stayed from ten to twenty days, generally from one to six days each time. Now, what I am getting at is that those who complain of hotel life are the worst of the lot, those who know the best about it during three months of each year I live at my own home. I come in contact with the hotel life, and I hear what they have to say about hotels and hotel life. The professional traveler has no kick like the amateur. He knows where he is, and he knows enough to know that he is as a rule better off at even the second-rate hotels than in the ordinary private houses, and he has more to eat if he desires and a larger selection to choose from. As far as the room is concerned, the traveling man is not so particular, and, possibly, the bed is good, he does not care a rap about the other furniture, or whether the room is papered or white-washed, or whether the room is in the minstrel business a ballad singer is generally the hardest man to please, and if we find that he likes a place, it suits the taste of the company."

It is the opinion that the hotels do well with them all, north, south, east and west. Now and then some are specially good, and finally with the room, the poor hotels that the caterers had—i. e., it is not the food, a poor sleeper likewise makes a very poor hotel. The hotel singers say this, and what they say goes for all of it."

## Thirty Cents.

Colloquial phrases of popular use are like stones, and mad and angry inquiry into their origin invariably in the discovery that, like Topsy, they just grew up. So soon as one expression has become trite in New York, it is found in the same "30 cents." There are variations of it—several. A man looks like 30 cents; a dejected and disconsolate individual feels like 30 cents; a promising venture amounts to no more than 30 cents; and the idle talk of an unimportant person sounds like 30 cents. In each case the essential fact is just the same, the standard of comparison is \$1. In the United States, but it is more than the standard of Germany, which is the mark, 25 cents; the franc of France or Italy, which is 20 cents (or nearly 20); the crown of Austria, the rupee of India, the drachma of Greece, or the peca of Spain, worth about 20 cents each. Thirty cents reduced to its practical purchasing power and with the existing system of transfers in transportation, New York could take the traveler a considerable distance, if it will not keep him on the move all day. It will more than buy a "quarter" of a horse, and will allow for a 5-cent tip as well, and by some persons it is believed that the generosity of the expression is to be traced to this, a 30-cent meal, patronized by those who had previously been able to pay more. Whatever its origin, "30 cents" is now frequently heard—New York Sun.

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