

THE FORCE OF WAVES.

GENTLE ROLLS OF WATER THAT HOLD A FEARFUL POWER.

Ground Seas on the English Coast Which Wreck Vessels on Calm Days—These Swells Strike With a Force of a Ton to the Square Inch.

Many visitors to the coast are sorely puzzled when a boatman either refuses to put off from the shore, or at most goes far from land, on a day when there is no sign of an approaching storm and the water is only moved by a long and gentle rolling swell.

Argument is of no avail, and if the old salt is pushed for a reason he will only reply with some cryptogramic remark about "the ground sea," the questioner then retiring more bewildered than before.

It is hard to understand how such a gentle swell can presage danger, but to experienced eyes it gives a warning that must be heeded. All along the west and parts of the south coasts of England and Ireland, as well as the west coast of Scotland, unaccounted tales are told of ships which on a perfectly calm day have been within a few hours past caught by a gentle roll of the water and finally thrown on a rockbound shore by the dreaded "ground sea."

To understand this curious marine phenomenon it must be borne in mind that out on the Atlantic waves are often formed to a height of 40 feet. Driven before a heavy gale, these advance at a rate of from 30 to 40 miles an hour. Traveling at such a rate, they soon get out of the wind swept area. But even though, for them, the storm is past they still roll on in fury, their undulations often being felt 500 miles from the point of their creation.

In the region of the storm these waves are fierce, breaking billows, but as they get farther away they settle down into long, rolling ridges, which travel onward in long, unbroken lines, perfectly parallel with each other.

Out on the open sea these ridges often stretch out for a distance of over 30 miles, and they travel in threes, each successive wave being larger than its predecessor. The sight is an imposing one.

The farther they progress the smaller they become in height, but this is compensated for by the fact that their motion is communicated to the mass of water below, until the roll can be detected fully 50 feet under the surface. This gives them the name of "ground sea."

In this peculiarity their danger lies, for when a becalmed ship is caught in them, her draft, the resisting power that enables her to ride out a storm, becomes the fulcrum which the liquid mass uses to hurl her onward to destruction.

On a calm day any sailing craft caught in the "ground sea" near a rocky shore is as good as lost, unless a wind can spring up and enable her to beat out to sea. Many a ship has met this fate. The reason many more do not get lost is due to the gentle swell that so deceives a landsman and warns a sailor.

As the "ground sea" advances it pushes a certain amount of water before it. This also forms into ridges, like its pursuer, but of less height and approximately no depth.

The "false sea," as it is called, is little more than a rolling swell, but it gives a warning of from 20 minutes to two hours' duration, enabling a ship to either run into port, get out to sea or securely anchor; while at the sea-side resorts the boatmen run close in shore to the surprise of the "trippers."

When it is remembered that a wave 20 feet high, which is often attained by the "ground sea," strikes with a force of one ton to the square inch, the necessity for caution will be recognized.

All waves that come in parallel ridges, however, are not dangerous, as there is a "wind billow" that is closely allied to the "ground sea" in appearance.

"Wind billows" are due to a heavy wind blowing but a few miles off the land, but as they have had but a comparatively short distance to travel they have no depth. Consequently even a rowing boat is perfectly safe on them if properly handled.

These waves usually appear when there is a comparative calm near the shore, their great point of difference from the "ground sea," in appearance being that their unbroken lines are nearer and are all equidistant, not traveling in threes.

Generally the "wind billow" does not break into foam, but occasionally this happens when they are coming in against the tide. Then it is hard to detect them from ordinary waves, the product of a local windstorm. These always break into foam at their crest, the "white horses" of the marine poet.

Remembering these peculiarities of the various waves will save tourists considerable disappointment when wiser heads bid them keep to the land, for, to them, no apparent reason, while it may keep them from rushing into unknown dangers. One other fact is also worthy of mention, as it may prove of advantage should a boat drift out to sea with an inexperienced crew and no compass aboard.

Her Weakness.

Ho—This shoe doesn't fit. Try a bigger one.

She (severely)—No, sir; bring me the same size a little larger.—Denver Sun.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

He Spins a Yarn About a Wonderful Recovery on Shipboard.

A little group had been spinning yarns in the rotunda of the Walton for an hour or more when a bronze visaged, middle aged man joined the party. Several of the group recognized him as the captain of one of the big tramp steamers which ply between Philadelphia and foreign ports, and a place in the circle was at once made for him.

"We've been killing time telling stories," some one explained. "Suppose you turn in your contribution."

The captain thought a moment and then smiled. "I was thinking of something that happened on my last voyage," he finally said. "We had on board as a cook a big colored fellow, whose principal companion was a little yellow cur dog. One day while the cook was preparing some beef for dinner he let the heavy cleaver with which he was doing the chopping slip from his grasp.

"It fell to the floor with a thud, and the cook emitted a howl of anguish that was heard all over the ship. The cleaver had struck one of his bare feet and sliced the big toe off as neatly as a surgeon could have done it. Here was a chance for the yellow dog, and he seized it. Making a dive for the severed toe, he swallowed it in one gulp and then made a bee line for the deck.

"This was more than the cook, crazed with pain, could stand, and he hurried the cleaver at the dog. His aim proved true, and his curship passed out of existence then and there. At this juncture the ship's doctor came up to find out what all the row was about. When he learned the truth, he laughed.

"I'll fix that for you," he exclaimed to the cook, "wait till I get my instrument case."

"Within five minutes he had held a post mortem on the dog and recovered the lost toe. Washing it with antiseptics, he skillfully stitched it back in place again, and the cook hobbled back to his quarters minus his dog, but with as many toes as he had ever had. That's about the only story I recall just now, gentlemen. It has the merit of being true, however, and if you don't believe it come down to the ship any time and I'll show you the cleaver. The cook has quit the sea, and I don't know his present address."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HAYDN AND THE LADIES.

Wonderful Susceptibility of the Great Composer.

When Haydn came to England, he succumbed, says the writer of an article on "Music and Matrimony" in the Cornhill Magazine, to the charms of a certain Mrs. Shaw, who figures in his diary as the most beautiful woman he had ever met. As a matter of fact, Haydn was always meeting the "most beautiful" woman.

"The loveliest woman I ever saw" was at one time a Mrs. Hodges, while at another time the widow of a musician named Schroeter so fascinated him that he kept her letters for many years and declared that if it were not for the existence of Anna Maria he would have married her. Certainly Mrs. Schroeter's letters were pleasant enough. "Every moment of your company," she wrote from Buckingham Gate in 1792, "is more and more precious to me now that your departure is so near. I feel for you the fondest and tenderest affection the human heart is capable of. I ever am, with the most inviolable attachment, my dearest and most beloved Haydn, most faithfully and most affectionately yours."

What would the absent Fran Doctorin Haydn have said had she known of it? The composer also got mixed up in a little affair with the beautiful Mrs. Billington. Sir Joshua Reynolds was painting her portrait for him and had represented her as St. Cecilia listening to celestial music. "What do you think of the charming Billington's picture?" said the artist to Haydn when the work was finished. "It is indeed a beautiful picture," replied Haydn. "It is just like her, but there is a strange mistake. You have painted her listening to the angels when you ought to have painted the angels listening to her."

If Haydn paid compliments like this all round, we can easily understand how he attained such fame as a London society man.

Not Very Polite.

John Clerk, afterward known as Lord Eldin, was limping down the High street of Edinburgh one day when he heard a young lady remark to her companion, "That is the famous John Clerk, the lame lawyer." He turned round and said, with his "not unwonted coarseness": "You lie, ma'am! I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

Lord Justice Braxfield, too, appears to have fallen in courtesy to the fair sex, for, when told that a brother judge would not sit that day, on account of having just lost his wife, he, who was fitted with a Xantippe, replied: "Has he? That is a gude excuse indeed. I wish we had a' the same."

A Thoughtful Husband.

"You asked me to bring you some pin money this morning," said the young husband.

"Yes," she replied, with an air of expectancy.

"Well," said he, "I thought I might as well save you a trip down town, so I brought you a paper of pins instead."—Chicago News.

The Quick, the Dead and the Other. Mrs. Casey and Mrs. Murphy met in a street car and were discussing family affairs.

"And how many children have you, Mrs. Murphy?" "Folse. Two livin', two dead and wau in Philadelphia."—Sunshine.

He Couldn't Help It.

The funniest interview I ever had or heard of, relates Julian Ralph in his reminiscences, when I was on the staff of the New York Sun. I had been sent to look up some one in a suburb of the city. The address was a number on Fourth street, but, to my amazement, I found three such streets in the place. The house I sought was not in any of them. Tired and almost discouraged I turned into a cobbler's shop, and seeing a bearded German bending over a last in the glare of a swinging lamp, I cleared my throat and said: "I beg your pardon, but I am a reporter of 'The Sun'."

"Well, well," he said soothingly, before I could finish the sentence, "you cannot help dot."

I could not continue for a full minute, so struck was I by the unexpected philosophy and wisdom of his reply. I could not help being a reporter, and I knew it. When I explained that I wanted an address on Fourth street, and had already been to three Fourth streets, and would like to know if there were any more, he lifted his hammer and poised it in the air for half a minute.

"You want to know if there is some more of dose Fourt' streets?" he asked. "Vell, I vill tell you. I haf lived here twenty years, trying to find somedings owt, and I didn't find anydings owt yet."

The Elder Booth's Beautiful Reading. I never heard any one read just like the elder Booth. It was beautiful. He made the figure stand before you! It was infinitely tender. Some of the passages of "Lear" were touching in the extreme, though he used Cibber's frightfully bad edition of that sublime tragedy.

He had some very odd ways at times. We were playing "Hamlet" one night in Natchez, and during Ophelia's mad scene a cock began to crow lustily. When the curtain fell upon that fourth act, this crowing became more constant. And when the manager could not find Mr. Booth to commence the next act he looked up and saw him perched on the top of the ladder, which was the only way to reach the "flies" in that primitive theater.

The manager ascended the ladder and had quite a lengthy discussion with Mr. Booth, who at last consented to come down on condition that he should resume his high position after the play and remain there until Jackson was re-elected president.—"Autobiographical Sketches of Mrs. John Drew," in Scribner's.

Not Allowed to Read the Bible.

But few people know that in the sixteenth century an Englishman was not allowed to read the Bible, yet it is perfectly true. Henry VIII issued a decree prohibiting the common people from reading the Bible. Officers of state were exempt from this law. Probably the king thought these officials would be none the worse for perusing the sacred work, and noble ladies or gentlemen might read the proscribed volume if they did so in their gardens or orchard, but no one was allowed even to read it to the lower classes.

During the reign of Catholic Queen Mary even more rigorous restrictions were enforced. Dr. Franklin, in his own "Life," preserves an anecdote which admirably illustrates this. His family had early adhered to the reformation, and they possessed an English Bible, which they concealed by fastening it beneath the lid of a close stool. When the doctor's great-grandfather desired to read to the family, he reversed the lid of the stool upon his knees and passed the leaves from one side to the other, each portion being fastened down with pack threads. One of the children was stationed at the door on the watch to see if an officer of the spiritual court came in sight. When such an individual bore in sight, the lid, with the Bible beneath it, was quickly replaced. This was in "Merry England."—Scottish Nights.

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson drug store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of a gripe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action.—South Chicago Daily Catalyst. For sale by G. A. Harding, druggist.

In view of the enumeration of the population and resources of the United States which is to be made during 1900, it becomes interesting to know something of the legislation which has provided for the great count and of the methods by which it is to be accomplished, and how that legislation and these methods compare with those connected with previous censuses. This information is furnished in the fullest and most interesting manner by the Director of the Census, the Hon. W. R. Merrim, in an article published in the January number of the North American Review.

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