THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, FEBRUARY 11, 1900.

REPTUNE CLAIMS TRIBUTE OF MANY THOUSANDS OF LIVES.

Appailing Cainstrophes of the Last Hundred Tears Recorded in Annals of the Sea.

The world's great ocean liners are prac-tinally independent of the elements, owing to the ingenuity of engineers. The sea is mapped out almost to the square yard. and modern instruments enable a ship's The Royal Charter, carrying, besides her position to be found to a length. Such is the strength of hulls that storms can be With one exception-that of fogedefied. With one exception-that of fogs-our ships would be almost as safe in any part of the ocean as in drydock, could the men who command them be depended apon never to make mistakes. But so long as man is as he is now, he is bound to make mistakes, sconer or later; and it is to man's mistakes that we owe some of the terrible catastrophes which the abipping world has had to do with. Mis-catastitons of position, due to insufficient allowance for known currents, the mis-take city of Boston In February, 1870, on the coast of Cornwall, a board was picked up, upon which was cut the name. City of Boston, with a statement that she was sinking, but whether this was genuine was never discovered. Out to make mistakes, sooner or later; and wance for known currents, the mis-ing of lights, or gross carelessness, would account for nine-tenths of the great wrecks of the century, even including those which took place before the days of glant steel hulls built in water-tight socons and all the gamut of modern shipbuilding improvements. In these great dimaters fire has played almost as important a part as water.

The last century closed with a holocaust which has hardly been equaled since, and havar surpassed. When the British flagthip of the Mediterranean squadron, the Queen Chariotia, was, on March 17, 1900, passing the Legborn, a match, which had in lighted, ready to fire a signal gun, fell upon some hay stored on the gun deck. Before an alarm could be raised, the ship was blazing from stem to stern, the flames burating through partholes and hatches and ultimately firing the rig-ging. It was futile to think of launching the boats, and the Queen Charlotte burned to the water's edge. The magazines blew Up, sending 700 of her crew of 850 men to their last muster.

Eaten by Sharks.

Somewhat similar, but infinitely more horrible, was the fate of the men on ard the Ajax, of 74 guns. She was lying off the island of Tanedos, in 1907, when she caught fire. In a moment, the rigging and boats were in flames. Another inger awaited the men. The sea was full of sharks, and the men, as they plunged from the burning ship, fell a prey to these monsters, upwards of 500

Perhaps the year 1911 has never been equaled for losses in the British navy. In December a British cruiser, the Sal-danina, was off the west coast of Ireland, with a crew of over 500 men and officers. Late one evening, a fearful gals swept across the Atlantic, and in the pitch dark-ness some fishermen declared they saw flashing lights traveling up Lough Swilly, at a tremendous pace. These lights, it is suggested, belonged to the Saldanha, but shat really became of har, where and how she each, was never known, for not a man of her 500 odd who composed her crew survived that storm. A few nights later, the 24th in the same month, three more ships of the English navy went to the bottom. The St. George, a 54-gan veasl; the Defence, a 64; and the Hero were recked off the Danish coast, resulting in total losg of life of over 2000 men. Only 15 men managed to reach the shore.

Among the ships that have gone down during the century, with many of their crows and passengers, was the Birkenad, of England, the wreck of which will ever he forgotten. She was a transport nd emigrant ship, salling from Queenstown to the Cape, with detachments of the Tweifth lancers, Second, Sixth, Tweifth Forty-third, Forty-difth and Sixtieth rifles, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth and Ninety-first regiments, and a large number of women and children. The sea was calm, and the ship was surrounded by a large number of sharks. Suddenly she struck on some hidden rocks.

Courage and Discipline.

During a storm which raged in the was much needed by the British army in

crew, some 456 returning emigrants, was totally wrecked off Moelfra, on the coast of Fuglesen, October 25, 1852. She went on and buillion of the value of \$300,000 went down. The larger portion of this monsy has since been recovered.

The City of Boston disappeared, with of about 1000 passengers and crew on board the steamer Atlantic, of the White Star line, 560 were lost when she struck the Meagher rock, west of Sambro, on April 18, 1873.

Foundering of the Pacific.

November 4, 1875, the steamer Pacific cleared at Port Townsend for San Francisco. She was commanded by Captain Howell. A large number of miners from the Cassiar mining district, in British Co lumbia, were bound south, with their accumulations of not only that year, but of provious years, and many took passage on her. From all accounts, she had a pleas-ant passage down the Straits, At 8 o'clock in the evening, a crash was heard by the unfortunate passengers, and all who could escape from their staterooms rushed on deck, where they found that the steamer and a bark, the Orpheus, Captain Charles W. Sawyer, had come in collision. Within five minutes the steamer sank, with her 600 people. Out of the crew and passen gers but two souls were saved-Nell Hep-

ley, a quartermaster, and Mr. Jally, a passenger. The bark was wrecked im-mediately afterwards by going ashore at Barclay sound, mistaking the flash red light at Barclay head for the fixed white lights at Cape Finttery. Old-timers at Victoria, B, C., who re

member well the wreck of the Pacific, tell some peculiar happenings of the terrible disaster. A Miss Palmer, daughter of Professor Palmer, a well-remembered mumight from the burning ship, fell a sician of Victoria, was a passenger on the ill-fated steamer. It seems she had a presentiment that she never would reach

Ban Francisco, where she was to com-plete her study of music. She was en-graged to a young man who lived on San Juan Island, and told him that she did not believe she would ever see him again, but if she did return, her next trip would be to visit the home of her intended.

Kept Her Word. When the steamer sank, the body of Miss Palmer drifted from the ocean into the Straits and was washed ashore on the beach at her lover's home. He found the body among some driftwood and blaced it body among some driftwood and placed it in a boat and rowed across the Straits, bringing her home, as well as giving the first news of the wreck. Another strange thing was that of all the freight and baggage on board, only a few articles came ashore, yet among them was a box con-taining the negatives of photographs taken by the Canadian Pacific engineers in their preliminary surveys. They were returned to the company. Several bodies were found as far up as the Gulf of

Georgia. Frank Campbell, sr., who ran a cigar store in Victoria for years, always hung a picture of the Pacific on the bulletin soard in front of his store, when the date that she sank rolled round. The Great Queensland salled with 569 persons for Melbourne, on August 5, 1878. She had a cargo of gunpowder which, it is supposed, exploded, blowing the ship and passengers to pieces. Some of the

wreckage was discovered a week afterwrockage was discovered a week alter-wards, near Finisterre. Her majesty's ship Eurydice, a frigate

WRECKS OF THE CENTURY Madras on May 10, 1854, with the Madras flags, near Sand island, in the light infantry. She foundered in a hurri-oane, with 150 soldiers and 50 of the crew. Eleven Transports Wrecked. During a storm which raged in the During a storm which raged in the Black sea from November 15 to 16 of the same year, 11 transports were wrecked, between 300 and 400 lives being lost. The steamship Prince went down, with 144 moule and a cargo worth 5500,000, which was much needed by the British army in was much needed by the British army in the Crimea. An American troopship left New York, with some 500 odd soldiers, for California. Just off Florida she was struck california. Just off Florida she was struck wrecked on Great Barrier Island, eff New

Zealand, on October 29, 1894, with a loss of 125 lives. Wreck of the Elbe. Probably the most appalling wreck of recent years was that of the North German

remembered, cleared off immediately after do not account for her charm.

WHY COMEST THOU ON EARTH TO BEGUILE MORTAL MAN?

Be Merciful Unto Us, Wretched Self. Hero Worshipers That We Are, for We Are at Your Feet.

well believe that Deillah's tullaby to Sam-son was a chant of his great deeds. Diana of Poleteurs and Madame de Maintenon are examples of this same power that outlives, or even dispenses with, beauty-the power to crass self and minister to this almost universal weakness of mankind. Almost universal may seem a sweeping term. Objection may be raised and many examples dited of austers, cynical men-

Jane-Mary is endowed with that most precious gift of the gods-charm, and charm is indescribable. Her eyes, full of light or shadow, as her moods vary, are sweet to look into. Her voice is low, "an into the provide the sweet to look into. Her voice is low, "an into the provide the sweet to look into. Her voice is low, "an into the provide the sweet to look into. Her voice is low, "an into the provide the sweet to look into. Her voice is low, "an into the provide the sweet to look into. Her voice is low, "an into the provide the sweet to look into. Her voice is low, "an into the provide the sweet to look into. Her voice is low, "an into the provide the sweet the sweet the sweet to look into. Her voice is low, "an into the provide the sweet the sweet the sweet the sweet the sweet the sweet to look into. Her voice is low, "an into the provide the sweet the sweet the sweet the sweet to look into. Her voice is low, "an into the provide the sweet th Lioyd steamer Elbe, run into by the Cra-thie, on January 30, 185, and when 234 Ives were lost. The Elbe was on her way to New York, from Bremen, with 54 people on board. The Crathle which, it will be manned algoration of the mandiation after the construction of the sector of the s doubt, have thrilled to hear some pretty

HE HAD QUITE CAUSE ENOUGH TO TURN WHITE.



Whad's do matter wiv Moss Jackson'

"Deacon Smill's parrot roosted wiy his chickens, de odder night, an' Mose grabbed him by mistake. De parrot yelled "Murder!" an' is meared Mose so he tuhned white, an' he ain't got his color back yit."--New York Herald.

to her mystical, untranslatable charm.

oveliness, something of manner;

and, indeed, count it but bad taste.

terested look of her eyes into your own, the while you fall unconsciously to talking of yourself-who are not wont to do so,

And Yet?

Your hopes, your fears and ambitions

soft, confidence-inviting eyes. Your spirit

is soothed and elevated, and your arden

bent for unscalable heights is strength

the collision, without giving the slightest assistance to the sinking passefigers and crow, was arrested at Rotterdam, where the court adjudged hor solely responsi-ble, and awarded \$555,500 damages to the

103 of the crew and 147 passengers were drowned. The most perfect order pre-valled on the ill-fated vessel after sha struck, and the officers and crew displayed the utmost heroism in saving the women and children. In recognition of the kind-ness of the inhabitants of Molene and of the very sympathetic village cure, a sub-scription was raised in England, with which a church clock and steepic were erected at Ushant and presents made to

the villagers. The melancholy record for 1897 included the troopehip Warren Hastings, which went down off the Isle of Reunion, and the P. & O. steamer Aden, wrecked off Soco-tra, in the Indian ocean, with 92 of the passengers and crew, 45 lives being saved by the Mayo,

La Bourgogne, a French liner, in 1896, bound from New York to Havre, going at great speed, 160 miles north of her true course, collided with the Cromariyshire off the const of Nova Scotla. There were 508 passengers on board, of whom 447 were

Turned Turile.

ing on the coast, according to marine rec

drowned. Only one woman was among the saved. Of the crew, 223, 119, including the

captain, perished.

A merely pretty woman is always sure Jane-Mary praise the shape of his tub, of her audience and her meed of admira- And how do we know that St. Anthony of her audience and her meed of admira-tion up to a certain point. Jane-Mary easily carries one beyond that point. Her beauties become, on closer acquaintance. was not stirred inwardly with a great

when not surred inwarding with a great delight, when the tempting nymphs paid such a tribute to his exalted purity? As for Ulysses, beyond a peradventure, the burden of the sirens' enchanting song was: "Oh, rest thes here in pleasure. simply a background, not much consid-cred, or regarded as so many accessories after thy great, thy noble deeds of valor!' No wonder he must needs be lashed to When she enters a room, with free rhythmic step and bids a visitor welcome, that room is at once vibrant with grace the mast, or never again behold his faithful Penelope. On far less occasion men have formaken wife, home and station, and like the deluded children who followdignity and womanly sweetness, and that visitor fails a happy victim to her en-chaniment. It is something of personal ed the Pied Piper, have lost themselves nore than all, it is the direct, frankly in-

So it has been from the beginning and shall continue to be to the end. Yet, it is most fortunately true that no man is is most fortunately role that no make is a loser by failing under the spell of some sweet Jane-Mary, whose impulse is to promote the good within him, and not a to lead the simple fellow away after falso lights. M. C. BELL. are paraded unblushingly before those lights.

Getting Acquarated.

The family had occupied the dwelling about a day and a half, and the mistrens ened. You leave Jane-Mary, in short, thereof was putting a carpet down in the with a resolve to dare and do all that may become a man; also, with a soul-sat-lafying sense of being appreciated for the door bell.

what heart-stirring ideal did Jane-Mary proclaim with those softly-curling scarlet line? What means and need away for a year or two, doing business in the city, and who, of course, whenever he paid his mother a visit, elicited the envy and lil-will of the men by his need not business in the city.

Mark Anthony. Rather, It was Cheopatra, ON ST. VALENTINE'S EVE their altars of self-hero worship, whom they adored through perfutmed clouds of incense that concealed her repulsiveness. When Judith stood revealed in all her beauty, at the door of her tent, it was probably her "Hall to the hero?" greeting that bailed the faial trap. And one can well believe that Deillah's tullaby to Sam-son was a churt of his result deeds.

high priestess, with swinging censer for their altars of self-hero worship, whom

MISCHIEVOUS PRANK BY CUPID DONE ON LOVELORN MAIDEN. Finding of Hidden Missive Work:

Discomfiture to City Youth, and Happiness to Country Swain.

As this is near the season when birds are said to choose their mates, a will tell a little story of a valentine, which hapened a few years ago, when these tender minsives were more in fashion and in favor than at present, and when the lady in the parlor received an exquialte \$10 bouquet,

asement door.

the maiden of the parlor is frequently the maid of the kitchen also, and losss neshing of beauty, health, or attractive-ness by the part she plays there. "I do wonder if I shall have a valen-tine tomorrow," whispered Kate Linnet to her confidential friend, Duisy Moore. Ahl how the glad smilles finabled through the tomorrow the which warm color flooded her

dresses all of two years, and had a part of her resiless carls restrained by a comb for half of that time. How it came that she never had had a valentime was a mystery, for she looked pretty and co-quettish enough to have had a hundred. It was in the early part of the even-ing, at a small social gathering, that she made the above remark to Dalsy as they sat on a sofa together, and Dalsy miled as she answered.

Showed All the Symptoms.

"I think you will have one, Katle, for Fred shut himself up in his room all yesterday, after church in the morning. and when I stole in to see what he was about, I found a great many soraps of paper littening the floor; his hair stuck out in all directions; his eyes were in a frenzy rolling, and he stared at me in a strange way. He tried to conceal his occupation, but I s.cured a few of the fragments, and if ! can read writing cormore than once. Very pretty rhymes-don't you think so? Kate, mate, fate,

hush, please!" cried Katle, putting her hand up to the mischlevous mouth of the speaker, a blush, quick as thought, mantling her checks, until her very curls, out of pity to her confusion, seemed to droop lower over the lovely face. At this instant, just as the blush had

wait, gre

At this instant, just as the blish had heightened her heauty to the utmost. Frederick Moore appeared at the door, and, as she looked up, she mat his gaze of evident admiration. Daisy was looking sharply at her, in the hope of discovering just how much influence her brother had over the emotions of her friend; she had a secret foourbit that it would be the a secret thought that it would be the most delightful tiring in the world for the two to chance to fall in love with each other, and had begun to suspect that her wishes were in a fair way to fulfillment. Katle would not have been true to the insticts of a young mulden if she had not covered that flush by a manner of untavail gravity, so that, when Fred had paid his respects to the hostess, and come directly over to where they were slitting, she welcomed him with a dignified bow and called him "Mr, Moore," with unusual

propriety. She was not going to allow Daisy to suppose that she was so much flattered by the hint about the valentine. Indeed, the faster her heart beat and the happier it grow, beneath the lovelight plainly dis-cernible in the dark blue eyes whose

glances sought her own, the more formal grew her demennor. The party was given by the hostess in honor of the return of her son-s young

gentleman who had been away for a year

ngly

waggish writer, 'the duke found the as-

not come. Mr. French did, and was more

not come. Mr. French fild, and was more devoted than ever. A week passed, and Fred had not been near her. Every day Mr. French had visited ber, and now he had proposed and also had practically accepted him. How it came absent the could hardly tell. She knew that wantly ruled him, and spite and versation herself, yet he has made an average of lows and she had armited an avowal of love and she had smiled

pon if. She went up to her room almost heart-Sue went up to her room almost heart-broken after he had sald good-night, and threw hereoit upon the hed hr an agony of lears. She knew she had been making a fool of hurself, making henself etermally miserable just to mortify a max who had slighted her-the only man she loved, or ever, over could love?

The Valentine.

As she flung herself upon the bed, something rustled in the pocket of her dress, She wore the identical blue all&-had put with a dainty acented note hidden in its it on purposely to look beautiful in Mr. depths, with no more pleasure than her French's eyes. What was iff it was a maid in the kitchen found a curiously new drass and she had put no paper in out and folded sheet of foolscap, inscribed har pocket that she reco lected. Something with hearts and darts, tucked under the like an intuition of the truth flashed upon

her. She rose up and drew from the But this incident of which I write trans-pired in the country, where people never pay for flowers any more than they do for the fresh air they breathe, and where the maiden of the parlor is frequentily the maid of the kitchen also, and losss parts.

"I have never had one in my life, and I think its about time." About time, indeed! The little maiden had men gome 17 summers, had worn long the was. But-she was engaged to another man, or nearly so! She grew as pale he she had been rosy at the thought. But, being a girl of decision of character, she

being a girl of decision of character, she wrote two missives before she put out her lamp that night. One was to Frederick, explaining her silence, asking his forgiveness, and hint-ing sweetly at how much she thought of him. The other was to Mr. Alfred French, and was simple a come of the firmth, and was simply a copy of Mrs. Browning's "Lady's Yes";

Tem I answer'd you have night: "Noy" this morning, sir, I any: Colors seen by camdelight Will not look the same by day.

When the viols play'd their best, Lamps above, and hunghs below-Love me sounded like a past, Fit for yes or fit for me.

Yet the sin is on us both-Tims to dance is not to woo-Woose light makes fickle truth-Scorn of me recalls on you.

If Mr. French was movified at receiving the missive, he concealed his feelings by hurrying back to the city. Kate and Fred are very happy in their beautiful country home among the hills of San Leandro.

ELLA Y. HENNEBERRT.

Upon the Gifted Writer.

Herald, tells a funny story of the delight Eugene Field took in tensing Kats Field, and how vexed she would be at the pranks he was continually playing upon

heart was written by Gene. when she was in Spain, writing up the Spanish in 1835. it was one of the most ingenious and sensational fakes ever sprung on the publie," said Mr. Kohlmat, to the Denver

to Miss Field, and had been accepted. Gens proceeded with the thrilling spisodo he had dreamed out. " 'Miss Field,' he wrote, 'one day arrayed

Miss Field, in her gargeous robes, accom-panled the duke to the Plana del Toros "'Arrived at the plana,' continued the

those in charge of the arena to let him

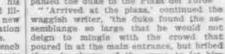
KATE FIELD'S LOVER. Eugene Field's Famous Joke Played

Editor Kohlsant, of the Chicago Times

"But the story that broke Kate Field's

Post, recently, "The thing purported to be a special from a correspondent in Madrid. Having first, in delicate fashion, announced that the Duke of Matape had offered his hand Post, recently,

herself brilliantly in a lovely silk costume, in which red and yellow, Spain's colors, largely predominated. She was to utited the buildight with her lover.' The arrival of Matano and his ducai equipage, splen-did attire and ceremonious attentions to his dancee, were here elaborately set forth,



18

No need to tell again the story of the training-ship, capsized near Ventnor, in March, 1878. About \$28 officers and men were on board. Only one man was saved, high courage and discipline shown by officers and men. Orders were issued with the most perfect composure and obeyed with alacrity and without a murmur. The boats were lowered, and room found for the women and children, who were nearly all safely landed. The 500 men, the soldiers and craw, who had hastily rushed kick them off."

on deck, in answer to the drum, calmly awaited their fate, when they saw the women and children out of danger. In half an hour, the ship went down, the m helps flung into the water amongst the charks. Few of these brave fellows ever reached the land, which was only a

short distance away. The wreck of the Medusa, a convict ship, was terrible and loathsome. The sing, was terrine and loarnable. The total number of the crew and convicts on board was over 800. She was an ill-fated vessel. First, the "passengers" mu-tinied; then provisions ran short, and theally a fire broke out, and she burned to the water's edge. All took to the boats and hasily constructed rafts. The boats never heard of, and only one raft, with three live men, mere skeletons, was picked up. riginally there had been a party of 120, but water giving out, the stronger con-victs murdered their weaker fellow-prisounte and drank their blood.

For wrecks at sea, 1564 was almost as terrible as 1511. The Quebeo, from Liv-erpool to Quebec, with 500 peo-ple on board-all, save the crew, emiants-went on the rocks at the Western ands, and 350 nouls were lost. In the onth, January, a second emigrant ship, the Taylour, for the same port, had only left Liverpeel a few hours, when, in a dense fog, she struck on Lambay Islands, about 380 lives being lost. On March 1, the City of Giangow left Liver-pool, with a crew of 96 and 404 passengers. Where and how she went down was never known, for she fitsappeared completely, not a trace of her, no spars, boats, or anylife was lost ng, over being picked up. Next month Favorite, from Bremen to Baltimore was run into by the Hotspur, in the Engnel. She settled down immediate taking with her nearly 300 passengers. The troopship Lady Nugent sailed from

who said: "The ship went down in a sud-den squall. I was one of the last on board. I was an hour in the water, and, being a good swimmer, tried to save several, but, finding four men were clinging to me and dragging me down, I had to Just six months later the Princess Alice. with about 900 hollday excursionists, col-lided with the Byweli Castle, and immedi-

ately sank, nearly 700 people, mostly wom-en and children, perishing. The Princess Allce, one of the largest saloon steamers and a great favorite on the Thames, was returning from Sheerness in the evening when the disaster occurred.

All Perished.

with coolness and courage, which reached their supremest expression in the case of the Birkenhead. The case of La Bour-The Sir John Lawrence, in 1886, with goine probably stands alone in the fact that while only 61 of the vessel's pas-sengers were rescued, 104 members of the crew survived. Charges of cowardice and 735 passengers, foundered with all hands, after leaving port. The circumstances of the disaster are still shrouded in myslery, as no one survived, and none of the wreckincompetency were sustained against the officers and crew of La Bourgogne. age was picked up. In the same year the Pearl and Kapunda sank, with nearly 1000 peopla. The following year, the two ships, Manchuria and Wah Yong, went down, with upwards of 500 Chinamen and Hindoos on board.

An Ode to the Organ. O hand-organ man, you bring to me My middent moments of misery, For there are times when your music see A realization of dreadfol dreams, One of the most peculiar accidents that occurred at sea during the past few years And vainly I seek to woo the muse To the sound of your musical mitrailleuse. was the breaking down of the starboard regime in the City of Paris, on her voyage from New York to Queenstown, on March 5, 1590. The inflow of water was so great Could I but reach you I nmy distress, When my pen is attuned to tenderness, There'd be one Italian loss.

that the fires of the other engine were put There's the organ that squeaks like a cornared out, and the vessel was left helpless some distance off Queenstown, where she was rat; There's the organ that walls like an angry cat, iue the next day. There were nearly 700 The instrument old, with the pipe and reed passengers on board, besides a crew of 570 hands. A lifeboat was launched and rowed to Queenstown. Help was obtained by the 28th inst., and the City of Paris was then A musical wanderer gone to seed While the newest organ-a fierce affair-Hurls bombs of harmony (7) everywhere. And, now that the popular taste is low, towed to port. In spite of the precarious condition in which the vessel lay for three days and nights in the ocean, not a single

And, now that the popular takes is low, a And "coor soing" as freely as croton flow, When the love affairs of the colored race Are filling a most shormal space, Till what was music is turned to trash And musical tasts has gone to smash, When nothing but "ragtime" the crowds enjoy, and explice charged to a near how. Out of \$30 Italian emigrants and a crew of 50 hands, nearly 600 were drowned by the sinking of the Utopia, which collided And cupid's changed to a negro boy, I'm sure, dear reader, that you can see Why the organ man is too much for me with the ironclad Anson, riding at anchor in the bay of Gibraltar, on March 17, 183L. The P. & O. steamer Bokhara sank on

ips? What grand new theory formulat for your guidance? Bethink you well! 'Twas just her heav

In the harbor of Tacoma, January, 1839, the ill-fated British sailing vessel Andeen-given capacity for "golden silence, for self-obligerating, rapt attention, that inspired you so, above and beyond your ordinary self. It needed not that she lana (four masted) turned bottom-side up during a gale. All of the ship's men were asleep at the time. The captain and 14 of the crew were drowned, the cook, who should clamorously urge you to go forth and win your spurs. She simply and sin-cerely showed her interest in your well-being; her confidence in the ultimate best was ashore in Tacoma taking in "the sights," being the only survivor. The Pacific coast, so far, has been forof all good you would compel and are sure to obtain from fortune. Perhaps a well-timed note of encouragement or symunate in the matter of wrecks and loss of life, that on the steamer Pacific being the greatest lose of human beings ever occur-

pathy-a sweet-thronted accompaniment to you basso profunds-thrilled you dearly and touched exquisitely the ego chords of being. No doubt it was so,

One consolatory fact emerges from these distressing records. It is only in the rar-est cases that the crews have not acted For Jane-Mary has the finest of all gifts for those who would be charming. The happiest ways of speaking or of keeping silence are her very own, by birth and cultivation. If, charmeleon-like, she "takes on" the color, a shade of color indicated in any given case, it is not that she is lacking in individuality, or permanence of

lacking in individuality, or permanence of quality. She is possessed of these in due proportion. But, like an artist, she poses

her subject at his very best, from the most desirable point of view. Like a mu-sician, sho keys his mature, in an accend-ing scale, to its noblest harmonies.

What masculine man lyves who does not doff hat and plume (mentally), and kneel, with old-time grace, to a woman of the genus Jane-Mary? She is rare, but "when found, make a note on't." She is storebla is adorable.

O Men. O Men!

For, if "man is no hero to his valet," he is one to himself-as a rule. Even Dusty Rhodes is valugiorious in his line, and fondly imagines that he gets a better re-

 Today je'r smilin', happy, in the bright som's liveller dust than his fellows.
Cleopatra did not "get a pull" on the greatest men of her time through the sow.
beauty alone. That must, she well knew.
be merely incidental to conquest. With all the world of men, even down to the present day any any and at the charm that "ard" ent day, amazed at the charm that "age could not wither, nor custom stale," the solution is of the simplest. It was not An' comfort ye and try to help ye when ye've

and heauty, who so besotted Caesar and

"Good morning," said the caller. s Mrs. Murkley, I presume."

"Yes. "I am Mrs. Pergallup, your next-door eighbor. "Glad to see you. Will you come in?"

inks. I believe I will step in for a ittle while." "You will find us all torn up, of course

We haven't begun to get things in shape yet.'

"Now, don't you apologize, Mrs. Mur I know all about this thing of kley: noving.

"It's an awful job, isn't it?"

"It's an awful job, in t it" "Terrible. I sometimes tell Mr. Pergal-lup I'd almost rather have a spell of sickness than to move. Two moves are about as bad as a fire. Well, I thought I'd drop in and get acquainted. Could you lend me a cupful of coffee?"-Chicago Tribune.

When a Feller's Stubbed His Toe.

to case his wy

an' stub yer toe;

will of the men by his new coal and new manners, and, per contra, the admiration of the girls through the same means. This young gentleman, Alfred French by name, surveyed his mother's guests with a critical eye, and came to the conclusion that Miss Katis was the love liest girl in the room, and that she was a critical ooking peculiarly charming that even-ng, in a new light-blue slik and pearl necklace, which set off the transparent

fairness and bloom of her complexion.

Appropriates Katle.

He was not the only one who thought

her so, and he saw that he vexed Fred

Moore almost to anger by the assured

manner in which he appropriated all the

smiles of Miss Kate, asking her hand

for nearly every dance, and giving no one a chance so much as to hand her a sand-

The little flirt saw, also, how fretted

The little flict saw, also, how freited her old admirer was, and took delight in adding fuel to the flame of his discon-

tent. In short, she favored Mr. French

flattered and, after the company had dis-

with a rosebud and a sprig of myrtle, which he stole from his mother's stand

Katle laughed over the effusion and

ing, as she hoped he would do. She ex-pected a valentine from him, but none

Thrice that day she sent to the post-

of plants.

so much that many took notice of it, that gentleman himself felt exceedi

pass through it with his brids-to-be. It was an innovation that took the people by storm. The haughty courtier, escorting storm. The haughty courtier, escoring the lovely girl, the mingled glitter and gleam of his glided trappings and her silk-en drapperies emaptured the great multi-tude that an about the vest amphitheater.

" In this imposing manner the duke, his inamorata and his retinue travensed the entire diameter of the arena. The first bull had not yet been brought in, and Ming Field and the duke were, for the time being, the whole attraction. Just as the duke made ready to assist his lady over the barriende a wild ery rang out from the throng, a shout of terror, not, of appliause. Through some mistake a built had been admitted to the arcon too soon,

and, glimpaing Miss Field's dress, rushed for her in headlong rags. "Miss Field shricked and fainted with "Miss Field shricked and fainted with terror, but the strong arms of the duke thrust her quickly over the barrier, where a hundred hands stretched upward to re-ceive her limp figure. Her lover, how-ever, had no time to move himself, and in the next instant the horns of the he-furiated hall were buried in his vitals," "Well," said Mr. Kohlssat, "This story

was copied everywhere, and the sympathy of the world want out to the lovely Amer-ican, who lost her lover in this tragic manplaced it on a conspicuous part of the center-table, that the sight of it might torment Fred, when he called that evenner.

ner. ""Coly the other day." said Miss Field to me a short time before her death, "a-young lady came to me and said: "Oh, Miss Field, I have longed to meet rou and tell won how deeply I have sympa-thized with you in the lose of your lover over in Spain, that miendio fellow who-" and she was much frozen with ast ment when I cut her off and said "Rats!" "

They Sized Him Up.

Night came-oed time-and no valen-tine. Katls crisel heyself to sleep. Sha had offended him by her levity the pre-vious evening; he would never forgive her. It was wrong of her, when they were as good as engaged, although no words had passed. Thus she said to herself, until her sobs were lost in slumher. The sous were lost in slumher. A very elimple statement proved very un-fortunate to a savings institution in the rural district recently. An editor, in writ-ing of the institution in bis paper, said;

"The president is a very talk man; the cashier is short." And in less than an hour the excited de-The next morning she arcss more hope-ful. Fred would come and forgive her and she would be very kind. But he did

"Funnyl Haven't a centl" (Broad amiles).

"Where the dence-(Ha! Hal)

"Is that- (Hal Hal Hal Hal)



office; there was nothing for her. Every time there was a ring at the doorbell, her heart fultered against her sliken hodics. an' sum yer toe; Today ye'r smilin', happy, in the bright sum's light an' glow, An' tomorrow ye'r a-shiverin' an' ye'r strug-giln' through the snow. Jee' th' time ye think ye're got th' world th' Night came-bed time-and no valen

stubbed per toe. -Bismarck Tribupe

his none.

For weal or for woe, Jane-Mary's influence is all powerful, from Eve downward.

Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, queen of love

Did ye ever pass a youngster et'd been an' stubbed his toe. An' was cryin' by the roadside, sorter quiet like an' slow. His an' slow, bidin of his dusty foot, all hard an' brown an' bars, tryin' to keep from his eyes th' tears that's gatherin' there? A-holdin' of his dusty foot, all hard an' brown

Ye hear him sorter sobbin' like, an' snufflin' of An' ve stop an' pat his head an' sorter try

to case his woes. Ye treat him sorter kind like, an' the fust thing that ye know He's up an' off an' smilhn'-clean forget he stubbed his tos.

Ye'r never sure yerself, an' th' ain't no earthly

Jas' when it's goin' to come yer turn to trip