

WRECKS OF THE CENTURY

REPTINE CLAIMS TRIBUTE OF MANY THOUSANDS OF LIVES.

Appalling Catastrophes of the Last Hundred Years Recorded in Annals of the Sea.

The world's great ocean liners are practically 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 position to be found to a length. Such is the strength of hulls that storms can be defied. With one exception—that of fog—our ships would be almost as safe in any part of the ocean as in drydock, could the men who command them be depended upon never to make mistakes. But so long as man is on the sea, he is bound to make mistakes, sooner or later, and it is to man's mistakes that we owe some of the terrible catastrophes which the shipping world has had to do with. Miscalculations of position, due to insufficient allowance for known currents, the mistaking of lights, or gross carelessness, would account for many of the great wrecks of the century, even including those which took place before the days of giant steel hulls built in water-tight sections and all the gadget of modern shipbuilding improvements. In these great disasters fire has played almost as important a part as water.

The last century closed with a holocaust which has hardly been equaled since, and never surpassed. When the British flagship of the Mediterranean squadron, the Queen Charlotte, was on March 17, 1800, passing the Lephora, a match, which had been lighted, ready to fire a signal gun, fell upon some dry stores on the gun deck. Before an alarm could be raised, the flames bursting through portholes and hatches and ultimately firing the rigging, it was futile to think of launching the boats, and the Queen Charlotte burned to the water's edge. The magazines blew up, sending 300 of her crew of 550 men to their last muster.

Destiny by Sharks. Somewhat similar, but infinitely more horrid, was the fate of the men on board the Ajax, of 74 guns. She was lying off the island of Tenerife, in 1807, when she caught fire. In a moment, the rigging and boats were in flames. Another danger 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 300 men being killed by them or burned to death.

Perhaps the year 1811 has never been equaled for losses in the British navy. In December a British cruiser, the Saladin, was off the west coast of the British Isles with a crew of over 600 men and officers. Late one evening, a fearful gale swept across the Atlantic, and in the pitch darkness some fishermen declared they saw glowing lights hovering up Leuch Slivally at a tremendous pace. These lights, it is suggested, belonged to the Saladin, but what really became of her, where and how she sank, was never known, for not a man of her 600 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 74-gun vessel; the Defense, a 64; and the Hero were wrecked on the British coast, resulting in a total loss of life of over 3000 men. Only 35 men managed to reach the shore.

Among the ships that have gone down during the century, with many of their crews and passengers, was the Birkenhead, of England, the wreck of which will never be forgotten. She was a transport and emigrant ship, sailing from Queenstown to the Cape, with detachments of the Twelfth, Thirtieth, Forty-fifth and Sixtieth regiments, seventy-fourth and ninety-first regiments, and a large number of women and children. The sea was calm, and the ship was making her way along the coast, when suddenly she struck on some hidden rocks.

Courage and Discipline. No need to tell again the story of the 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 crew, who had hastily rushed on deck, in answer to the drum, calmly awaited their fate, when they saw the woman and children out of danger. In half an hour, the ship was down, the masts being the only things above water amongst the sharks. Few of these brave fellows were reached the land, which was only a short distance away.

The wreck of the Medusa, a convict ship, was terrible and loathsome. The total number of the crew and convicts on board was over 800. She was an ill-fated vessel. First, the "passengers" mutinied; then provisions ran short, and finally a fire broke out, and she burned to the water's edge. All took to the boats and hastily constructed rafts. The boats were never heard of, and only one raft, with three live men, mere skeletons, was originally there had been a party of 150, but water giving out, the stronger convicts murdered their weaker fellow-prisoners and drank their blood.

For wrecks at sea, 1854 was almost as terrible as 1811. The Queen, from Liverpool to Quebec, with 500 people on board—almost all, save the crew, emigrants—went on the rocks at the Western Islands, and 300 souls were lost. In the same month, January, a second emigrant ship, the Texas, for the same port, had only left Liverpool a few hours, when, in a dense fog, she struck on Lambay Island, about 300 lives being lost. On March 1, the City of Glasgow left Liverpool with a crew of 96 and 406 passengers. Where and how she went down was never known, for she disappeared completely, not a trace of her, no spars, boats, or anything, ever being picked up. Next month, the Excelsior, from Bremen to Baltimore, was run into by the Hotspur, in the English channel. She settled down immediately, taking with her nearly 300 passengers. The troopship Lady Nugent sailed from

Madras on May 10, 1854, with the Madras light infantry. She foundered in a hurricane, with 500 soldiers and 50 of the crew. Eleven transports wrecked.

During a storm which raged in the black sea, on November 11 to 16 of the same year, 11 transports were wrecked, between 300 and 400 lives being lost. The steamship Prince went down, with 141 souls and a cargo worth \$500,000, which 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 by a huge wave, which carried away 200 of the passengers and crew.

The Pacific left Liverpool for New York January 25, 1855, with nearly 500 people on board. She was never heard of again. The Royal Charter, carrying, besides her crew, some 50 returning emigrants, was totally wrecked off Madras, on the coast of Portuguese, October 25, 1855. She went on the rocks in about three and a half fathoms of water, and a great wave cut her right in two. Nearly 450 lives were lost, and a billion of the value of \$300,000 went down. The larger portion of this money has since been recovered.

The City of Boston disappeared, without leaving any trace. In February, 1870, on the coast of Cuba, all, a board was picked up, upon which was the name, City of Boston, with a statement that she was sinking, but whether this was genuine was never discovered. Out about 100 passengers were heard by the 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 Columbia, were bound south, with their accumulations of not only that year, but of previous years, and many took passage on her. From all accounts, she had a pleasant passage down the Straits. At 8 o'clock in the evening, a cry 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. Smith, had come in collision. Within five minutes the steamer sank, with her 600 people. Out of the crew and passengers but two souls were saved—Neil Henley, a quartermaster, and Mr. Jelly, a passenger. The bark was wrecked immediately afterwards by going ashore at Barclay sound, mistaking the flash red light at Barclay head for the fixed white lights at Cape Flattery.

Old-timers at Victoria, B. C., who remember well the wreck of the Pacific, tell some peculiar happenings of the terrible disaster. A Miss Palmer, daughter of Professor Palmer, a well-remembered musician of Victoria, was a passenger on the ill-fated steamer. It seems she had a presentiment that she would reach San Francisco, where she was to complete her study of music. She was engaged 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.

Keep 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 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 containing 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 board in front of his store, when the date that she sank was read.

The Queenstown, sailed with 620 persons for Melbourne, on August 5, 1875. 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 afterwards, near Finisterre.

Her majesty's ship Eurydice, a frigate training ship, captained near Ventnor, in March, 1878, about 45 officers and men were on board. Only one man was saved, who said: "The ship went down in a sudden 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 kick them off."

Just six months later the Princess Alice, with about 500 holiday excursionists, collided with the Bywell Castle, and immediately many of the passengers, mostly women and children, perished. The Princess Alice, 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. The Sir John Lawrence, in 1876, with 25 passengers, foundered with all hands, after leaving port. The circumstances of the disaster are still shrouded in mystery, as no one survived, and none of the wreckage was picked up. In the same year, the Pearl and Kapunda sank, with nearly 1000 people. The following year, the two ships, Manchuria and Wah Yung, went down, with upwards of 800 Chinamen and Hindoos on board.

One of the most peculiar accidents that occurred at sea during the past few years was the breaking down of the starboard engine in the City of Paris, on her voyage from New York to 50 people, mostly women and children. The inflow of water was so great that the fires of the other engine were put out, and the vessel was left helpless some distance off Queenstown, where she was the next day. There were nearly 70 passengers on board, besides a crew of 20 hands. A lifeboat was launched and rowed to Queenstown. Help was obtained by the 25th inst., and the City of Paris was then 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 life was lost.

Out of 80 Italian emigrants and a crew of 10 hands, nearly 800 were drowned by the sinking of the Utopia, which collided with the ironclad Anson, riding at anchor in the bay of Gibraltar, on March 17, 1891. The P. & O. steamer Bokhara sank on

O, RARE "JANE-MARY"!

WHY COMEST THOU ON EARTH TO REGULATE MORTAL MAN?

Be Hereof Unto Us, Wretched Self-Her Worshipers that We Are, for We Are at Your Feet.

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 excellent thing in woman." Her mobile face, quickly responsive, as the talk varies "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," is most attractive. Nature has bestowed beauty of form and color on Jane-Mary with no chary hand. Yet all these do not account for her charm.

HE HAD QUITE CAUSE ENOUGH TO TURN WHITE.



What's de matter wit' Miss Jackson? "Deacon Smith's parrot roosted wit' his chickens, de odder night, an' Miss grabbed him by mistake. De parrot yelled 'Murder!' an' he scared Miss so he tumbled wit' 'er, an' he ain't got his color back yet!"—New York Herald.

the collision, without giving the slightest assistance to the sinking passengers and crew, was arrested at Rotterdam, where the court adjudged her solely responsible, and awarded \$50,000 damages to the North German Lloyd Company.

June, 1893, was memorable in the annals of the sea for the loss of the Drummond Castle, of Lhasant. Captain W. Pierce, 103 of the crew and 141 passengers were drowned. The most perfect order prevailed on the ill-fated vessel after she struck, and the officers and crew displayed the utmost heroism in saving the women and children. In recognition of the kindness of the inhabitants of Molene and of the very sympathetic village cure, a subscription was raised in England, with which a church clock and steeple were erected at Lhasant and presents made to the villagers.

The melancholy record for 1897 included the troopship Warren Hastings, which went down off the Isle of Reunion, and the La Bourgoigne, a French liner, in 1898, bound from New York to Havre, going at great speed, 160 miles north of her true course, collided with the Cromartyshire off the coast of Nova Scotia. There were 168 passengers on board, of whom 47 were drowned. Only one woman among the saved. Of the crew, 223, 119, including the captain, perished.

Turned Turtle. In the harbor of Tacoma, January, 1899, the ill-starred British sailing vessel, the Liana (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 was ashore in Tacoma, taking in "the eighth," being the only survivor.

The Pacific coast, so far, has been fortunate in the matter of wrecks and loss of life, that on the steamer Pacific being the greatest loss of human beings ever occurring on the coast, according to marine records.

One consolatory fact emerges from these distressing records. It is only in the rarest cases that the crews have not acted with coolness and courage, which reached their supremest expression in the case of the Birkenhead. The case of La Bourgoigne probably stands alone in the fact that while only 41 of the vessel's passengers were rescued, 104 members of the crew survived. Charges of cowardice and incompetency were sustained against the officers and crew of La Bourgoigne.

An Ode to the Organ. O hand-organ man, you bring to me My saddest moments of misery. For there are times when your music seems A realization of dreadful dreams. And vainly I seek to see the muse, To the sound of your musical mitrailleuse. Could I but reach you by any device, When my pen is stilled to timidity, There'd be one Italian less.

There's the organ that speaks like a corned beef. There's the organ that wails like an angry cat. The instrument dull, with the pipe and reed—A musical wanderer gone to the reed. While the sweetest organ—a three affair—Hurts bombs of harmony (7) everywhere. And, now that the popular taste is low, And "coon songs" as freely as croton food, When the love affairs of the colored race Are filling a most abnormal space, Till what was music is turned to trash, And musical taste has gone to smash, When nothing but "ragtime" the crowds enjoy, And euph'ic changed to a negro toy, I'm sure, dear reader, that you can see Why the organ man is too much for me.—Lue Verne.

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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 excellent thing in woman." Her mobile face, quickly responsive, as the talk varies "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," is most attractive. Nature has bestowed beauty of form and color on Jane-Mary with no chary hand. Yet all these do not account for her charm.

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A merely pretty woman is always sure of her audience and her need of admiration up to a certain point. Jane-Mary easily carries one beyond that point. Her beauty becomes, on closer acquaintance, simply a background, not much considered, or regarded as so many accessories to her mystical, untranslatable charm.

When she enters a room, with free, rhythmic step and bids a visitor welcome, that room is at once vibrant with grace, dignity and womanly sweetness, and that visitor falls a happy victim to her enchantment. It is something of personal loveliness, something of manner, but more than all, it is the direct, frankly interested look of her eyes into your own, the while you fall unconsciously to talking of yourself—who art not worth to do so, and, indeed, count it but bad taste.

And yet! Your hopes, your fears and ambitions are paraded unblushingly before those soft, confidence-inviting eyes. Your spirit is soothed and elevated, and your ardor bent for unscalable heights is strengthened. You leave Jane-Mary, in short, with a resolve to dare and do all that may become a man; also, with a soul-lifting sense of being appreciated for once—and, yet!

What heart-stirring ideal did Jane-Mary proclaim with those softly-curling scarlet lips? What grand new theory formulated for your guidance?

Behold you well! "Was just her heaven-given capacity for 'golden silence,' for self-obliviating, rapt attention, that inspired you so, above and beyond your ordinary self. It needed not to go forth and win your spurs. She simply and simply showed her interest in your well-being; her confidence in the ultimate best of all good you would compel and are sure to obtain from fortune. Perhaps a given capacity of encouragement or sympathy—a sweet-throated accompaniment to your basso profundo—thrilled you dearly and touched exquisitely the ego chords of being. No doubt it was so.

For Jane-Mary has the finest of all gifts for the one who would be charming. The happiest ways of speaking or of keeping silence are her very own, by birth and cultivation. If, chameleon-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 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 musician, she keys his nature, in an ascending scale, to its noblest harmonies.

What masculine man lives 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 adorable.

O Men, O Men! For weal or for woe, Jane-Mary's influence is all powerful, from Eve downward. For, if "man is no hero to his valet," he is one to himself—as a rule. Even Dusty Rhodes is valiantous in his line, and fondly imagines that he gets a better return for doing nothing and kicks up a livelier dust than his fellows.

Cleopatra did not "get a pull" on the greatest men of her time through her beauty alone. That must, she well knew, be merely incidental to conquest. With all the world of men, even down to the present day, amazed at the charm that "age could not wither, nor custom stale," the solution is of the simplest. It was not Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, queen of love and beauty, who so bewitched Caesar and

ON ST. VALENTINE'S EVE

MISCHIEVOUS PRANK BY CUPID DONE ON LOVELORN MAIDEN.

Findings of Hidden Misive Works Discerned to City Youth, and Happiness to Country Swain.

As this is near the season when birds are said to choose their mates, I will tell a little story of a valentine, which happened a few years ago, when these tender misives were more in fashion and in favor than at present, and when the lady in the parlor received an exquisite \$10 bouquet, with a dainty acented note hidden in its depths, with no more pleasure than the maid in the kitchen found a curiously out and folded sheet of foolscap, inscribed with hearts and darts, tucked under the basement door.

But the incident of which I write transpired in the country, where people were not so fresh air they breathe, and where the maiden of the kitchen also, and less nothing by party, health, or attractiveness by the part she plays there.

"I do wonder if I shall have a valentine tomorrow," whispered Kate Lunnet to her confidential friend, Daisy Moore. "I have never had one in my life, and I think it's about time." "About time, indeed!" The little maiden had seen some 45 summers, had worn long dresses all of two years, and had a part of her restless curia restrained by a comb for half of that time. How it came that she never had had a valentine was a mystery, for she looked pretty and coquettish enough to have had a hundred.

It was in the early part of the evening, as she sat at her sewing, that she made the above remark to Daisy as they sat on a sofa together, and Daisy smiled as she answered.

Showed All the Symptoms. "I think you will have one, Katie, 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 scraps of paper littering 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 scoured a few of the fragments, and if I can read writing correctly, the name of somebody appeared more than once. Very pretty rhymes—do you think so? Kate, mite, fate, woe."

"Oh, hush, please!" cried Katie, putting her hand up to the mischievous mouth of the speaker, a blush, quick as thought, upon her cheeks, and her very curls, curled up to her confusion, seemed to droop lower over the lovely face.

At this instant, just as the blush had heightened her beauty to the utmost, Frederick Moore appeared at the door, and, as she looked up, she met his gaze of evident admiration. Daisy was looking sharply at her, in the hope of discovering just how much influence her brother had had on the emotions of the valentines, and a secret thought that it would be the most delightful thing in the world for the two to chance to fall in love with each other, and had begun to suspect that her "brother" was in a fair way to fulfill it.

Katie would not have been true to the instincts of a young maiden if she had not covered that flush by a manner of unassuming gravity, so that, when Fred had paid his respects to the hostess, and come directly over to where they were sitting, 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 she grew, beneath the lovelight, plainly discernible in the dark blue eyes, whose glances sought her own, the more formal grew her demeanor.

The party was given by the hostess in honor of the return of her son—a young gentleman who had been 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 ill-wishes of the men by his new coat 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 keen eye, looking for the girl of his dreams, and he was not long to find her. He was looking for the girl of his dreams, and he was not long to find her. He was looking for the girl of his dreams, and he was not long to find her.

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, seeking her hand for nearly every dance, and giving no one a chance so much as to hand her a sandwich at supper.

The little flirt saw, also, how fretted her old admirer was, and took delight in adding fuel to the flame of his discontent. In short, she favored Mr. French so much that many took notice of it, and that gentleman himself felt exceedingly flattered, and, after the company had dispersed, late as it was, he sat up and concocted, by the aid of Byron and Moore, a very fine valentine, which was dispatched to Miss Lunnet the next morning, with a rosebud and a sprig of myrtle, which he stole from his mother's stand of plants.

Katie laughed over the effusion and placed it on a conspicuous part of the center-table, that the sight of it might torment Fred, when he called that evening, as she hoped he would do. She expected a valentine from him, but none came.

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not come. Mr. French did, and was more devoted than ever.

A week passed, and Fred had not been near her. Every day Mr. French had visited her, and now he had proposed and she had practically accepted him. How it came about she could hardly tell. She knew that vanity ruled him. And spite and vexation herself, yet he had made an avowal of love and she had smiled upon it.

She went up to her room almost heart-broken after she had said good-night, and threw herself upon the bed in an agony of tears. She knew she had been making a fool of herself, making herself eternally miserable, but how to justify the man who had slighted her—the only man who loved, or ever, ever could love!

The Valentine. As she flung herself upon the bed, something rustled in the pocket of her dress. She wore the identical blue silk—had put it on purposely to look beautiful in Mr. French's eyes. What was it? It was a new dress, and she had put no paper in her pocket that she recalled. Something like an intuition of the truth flashed upon her. She thrust up and drew from the pocket a letter—was it the seal unbroken, and in a well-known handwriting?

There was the valentine, slip slipped into its receptacle upon St. Valentine's eve, on the supposition that she would open it when she returned home from the party.

It was a manly, eloquent offer of hand and heart, and not written in poetry—from Fred Moore, who loved her, if she favored his suit, to give him the least little line of acceptance on the following day.

Ah! how the glad smiles flashed through her tears; how the warm color flooded her face! "This is mine, and I'll keep it for a moment in her pillow, all alone though she was. But—she was engaged to another man, or nearly so. She grew as pale as she had been rosy at the thought. But, being a girl of decision of character, she wrote two misives before she put out her lamp that night.

One was to Frederick, explaining her silence, asking his forgiveness, and the best words she could think of to soothe him. The other was to Mr. Alfred French, and was simply a copy of Mrs. Browning's "Lady's Yes!"

Yes, I answered you last night. "No, I answered you last night. Colors seen by candlelight. Will not look the same by day. When the voice played their best. Lumps above, and laughs below—Love me woeless like a post. Fit for you or fit for me."

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"Fussier Haven't a cent!" (Broad smiles). "Where the goose—(His) Ha!" "Is that—(His) Ha! Ha! Ha!" "Dashed—dashed—(His) Ha! Ha! Ha!" "G'oo! G'oo!"



"Fussier Haven't a cent!" (Broad smiles). "Where the goose—(His) Ha!" "Is that—(His) Ha! Ha! Ha!" "Dashed—dashed—(His) Ha! Ha! Ha!" "G'oo! G'oo!"



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