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HAUNTS THE HORN

The Phantom Ship That Shows
Itself Near the Cape.

IT IS REALLY A HUGE ROCK.

But to Vessels Passing Through the
Strait of Le Maire It Appears to Be
a Bark Running Under Short Sail.

Other Rock Ship Formations.

The "phantom ship" seen in the vicinity of Cape Horn is, as has been proved by the investigation of various hydrographic bureaus, nothing more or less than a rock which under certain atmospheric conditions bears a deceptive resemblance to a ship.

Very often vessels coming from Europe to the west by way of Cape Horn have been startled to see what appeared to be a derelict with the water washing over her deck. If the sailors were of an imaginative turn they would invest the unknown ship with ghostly qualities and call her the Flying Dutchman or sometimes the "ghost ship" of Le Maire, from the strait of that name, where she was usually seen.

One of the stories which have been longest remembered is that of the ill-fated Crown of Italy, which sighted the supposed derelict and subsequently went ashore. The Crown of Italy was standing close to the jagged black rocks at the entrance to the strait of Le Maire when she sighted what seemed to be a waterlogged bark drifting on the rocks of the strait. Many other ships rounding the Horn have seen a similar apparition, and the various hydrographic offices of the world have received many reports to that effect.

Some years ago the Norwegian bark Servia got into Seattle with the tale of a phantom ship that almost exactly corresponded to that given by the Crown of Italy. The second officer of the Norwegian vessel declared that he had seen a derelict with sails set and decks awash drifting in through the strait. It was this report that led our government officers to make public the declaration that the phantom ship was nothing but a combination of rocks and shadows.

HEAT AND COLD.

The Range Between Liquid Helium and the Arc Light.

Have you never wondered on some terribly cold winter day, when the falling temperature had long since passed the zero mark, if it could possibly be any colder anywhere, and then, when summer comes and the mercury is apparently never going to stop climbing, you cannot imagine how anything could be hotter or more uncomfortable?

Fortunately we live in a world where the temperature seldom exceeds the limits of, say, 50 degrees below zero Fahrenheit and 110 above. This seems a tremendous range of temperature, but it is only trivial compared with that found on every side in nature or in the laboratory. Why, this 100 degrees is less than the range through which a dish of cold water is heated when you place it on the stove to boil.

A moment's thought of some of these higher and lower temperatures is well worth while. Liquid air at 312 degrees below zero is cold, but liquid hydrogen at 421 is still colder, while liquid helium at 451 below zero is the coldest thing we know of. Going the other way, lead melts at 620 degrees above zero Fahrenheit, while gold remains solid up to a bright red heat, or 1946 degrees. A good furnace fire may get several hundred degrees hotter than this. Platinum, one of the most refractory of metals, melts only when intensely white hot at a temperature of 3,230, but even this is 100 degrees or so less than the temperature of the flame on your gas stove.

The hotter a body is the more light it gives, so the tungsten lamp filament, which runs at about 4,500 degrees, gives a brighter and whiter light than the carbon filament at 3,500. The electric arc gives still more light for a given amount of current consumed and generates a temperature not far from 7,200 degrees Fahrenheit. This is the highest temperature we can produce artificially. No metal known can stand this terrible heat, and even most refractory substances, such as carbon, are volatilized by it.

But, while the arc is indeed hot, it is by no means the highest temperature to be found in nature. There are the best reasons for believing that the temperature of the sun is some 12,000 degrees or more, and it is probable that some of the stars are still hotter. This great heat explains the almost unbelievable fact, found by Langley, that sunlight is 5,000 times brighter than the dazzling stream of molten metal from a Bessemer converter.—New York Tribune.

"I do, mum," was the response, and then, in a firm tone that admitted of no contradiction, she added, "But it's sliced potatoes ye'll eat."

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Symbolism Didn't Appeal.

"Charlie," sorrowfully sighed the young lady in the parlor of the concrete house on Washington avenue, "it is nearly 12 o'clock."

"Yes, Belinda," was the breathing response of her poetical companion, who was stiling on the sofa beside her, "the minute hand is drawing closer and closer to the hour hand, and when the time of midnight is chimed the two hands will be even as one. Oh, darling Belinda," he continued as he literally stimulated the action of the minute hand, "may not the coming together of those two hands be symbolical of us?"

She broke away and stood firmly on her feet. "No, Charles Henry Smith," she retorted angrily, "those two hands will remain as one but a single second, and then the minute hand will divorce itself and go on its way alone. No, Mr. Smith, a minute hand that doesn't stick isn't the kind of symbolism I want!"—Boston Post.

Knife Duels in Mexico.

A duel between cattle herders on the Mexican plains is about as savage and deadly a manner of fighting as one could possibly imagine. Each opponent extends his left arm, and a third party who has been selected to act as referee binds their wrists together with a thong of rawhide. He then places a knife in the right hand of each, and the fight is on. Needless to say, it does not last long. Every stab may be calculated upon to do damage, and it often happens that both duelists receive fatal wounds. Yet, in spite of the severe rules of the game, there are men who become experts and terrorize a whole neighborhood. They pride themselves on being able to strike so quickly and so surely that they can kill an opponent with the first blow and get away unscathed.—Exchange.

KNIFING AN ERMINE.

Sold Trick That Traps the Shy Little Fur Prize.

You are doubtless aware that the ermine of which your muff is made has been the emblem of royalty almost since royalty began, in Russia, until very recent years, its use being forbidden to those not of noble birth. But I wonder if you are likewise aware that it is brother, or at least first cousin, to the weasel. Ermine, as a matter of fact, is nothing more than the weasel or common stoat in its northern coat, for, like other arctic and subarctic animals, the weasel turns white in winter in order that it may be as inconspicuous as possible in its environment of ice and snow. Yet so abnormally keen of sight are the Siberian trappers that they can distinguish at almost incredible distances the little black tip of the ermine's tail as it whisks across the dazzling plains.

It is very shy; is the ermine, and special snares must be devised by the trapper to avoid injuring the delicate skin. Even the smallest of the steel traps are too heavy for such tiny animals as these, and here it is that the trapper's fertility of resource is most strikingly displayed. Snares of a little grease on his hunting knife, he lays it across the succession of dots and dashes which show that an ermine has passed that way. Along comes the tiny white form on its erratic course again. The grease appeals to it, and it begins to lick the knife blade, which in those far northern lands, where the mercury drops to 20, 30, 40 degrees below zero, is inconceivably cold. Did you never as a child on a winter's morning put your tongue to some piece of metal only to find that it did not easily come away? So it is then with the ermine, whose tiny red tongue is instantly frozen to the steel as though with glue. The knife being too heavy for the little animal to carry off, it can only wait until the trapper comes upon his rounds, and you, my lady, have a muff of snowy unmarred skins.—E. A. Powell, F. R. G. S., in Everybody's.

QUEER STREET NAMES.

One Feature in Which Brussels Outdoes London or Paris.

There are many bewildering street names in European cities, and of these London presents a bewildering variety. Bermondsey possesses a Pickle Herring street. Near Gray's Inn there is to be found a Cold Bath square. Most of the Nightingale lanes and Love lanes are hidden, ironically enough, in the slums of the east end of the British capital.

In Brussels some of the street names are really bizarre. The Short Street of the Long Chariot, the Street of the

Red Haired Women and the Street of

Sorrows are remarkable enough to catch the least observant eye. The Street of the One Person is, as one might guess, an extremely narrow one. But the cream of the Brussels street name surely belongs to the Street of the Uncracked Silver Coconut. This in the original appears as one ponderous word of thirty-six letters.

The 7,000 inhabitants of the Rue des Mauvais Garçons signed a petition praying that the name of the street be changed. They contended that the denomination of the thoroughfare in which they reside produces a bad impression on those to whom they are obliged to give their address.

This Street of the Bad Boys was, it appears, so named in the sixteenth century because of the noisy character of its inhabitants. But now it needs no such designation, those who reside there being for the most part peaceful and respectable citizens.

Among the peculiar street names in Paris may be mentioned the Street of the Little Windows, the Street of the Mule's Foot, the Street of the Holy Fathers, the Street of the Daughters of Calvary, the Street of the Dry Tree, the Street of the Empty Pocket and the Boulevard of the Good News.—Harper's Weekly.

Booksellers' English.

Booksellers' English is sometimes a peculiar product. In a recent catalogue the author of a work under the heading of "Mystical Theology" is referred to in a footnote as "next to Ignatius Loyola, perhaps the greatest soul saxon that ever handled a book." The simile is startling and not quite intelligible to the lay understanding. But it is in reference to a volume of church music that this bookseller really lets himself go. "Religious harmony must be moving, but noble without; grave, solemn, serene, fit for a martyr to play and an angel to hear."—London Chronicle.

The Cornetist's Teeth.

"Do you know the great dread of the cornetist?" said a cornet virtuoso. "I'll tell you, son—the loss of his teeth. Worst thing that could happen to him. It means the end of his playing. No man can play the cornet with false teeth. When his own cusps and canines are gone he loses his culture."—New York Press.

Discouragement.

"So you have quit laughing at your wife's hair?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "The funnier they seem to me the more convinced she is that they must be correct in style."—Washington Star.

Psychology of the Crowd.

"What makes the crowd gather so over there?"

"Oh, vulgar curiosity. I suppose. Let's go over."—Harvard Lampoon.

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