

LONE ON THE OCEAN.

HORRORS OF THE WIDE, BLANK LONELINESS.

Crossing the Atlantic Without a Soul to Speak To—Overcome by a Feeling of Awe—Relief Only to Be Found in Hard Work.

In his narrative of his solitary voyage around the world in the sloop Spray, Capt. Joshua Slocum describes his attempts to overcome the sense of loneliness that beset him on the way from Boston to Gibraltar.

On the evening of July 5 the Spray, after having steered all day over a lumpy sea, took it into her head to go without the helmsman's aid. I had been steering southeast by south, but the wind hauling forward a bit she dropped into a smooth lane, heading southeast, and making about eight knots, her very best work. I crowded on sail to cross the track of the liners without loss of time, and to reach as soon as possible the friendly gulf stream. The fog lifting before night, I was afforded a look at the sun just as it was touching the sea. I watched it go down and out of sight. Then I turned my face eastward, and there, apparently at the very end of the bowsprit, was the smiling full moon rising out of the sea. Neptune himself coming over the bows could not have startled me more. "Good evening, sir," I cried; "I'm glad to see you." Many a long talk since then I have had with the man in the moon; he had my confidence on the voyage.

About midnight the fog shut down again denser than ever before. One could almost "stand on it." It continued so for a number of days, the wind increasing to a gale. The waves rose high, but I had a good ship. Still, in the dismal fog I felt myself drifting into loneliness, an insect on a straw in the midst of the elements. I lashed the helm, and my vessel held her course, and while she sailed I slept.

During these days a feeling of awe crept over me. My memory worked with startling power. The ominous, the insignificant, the great, the small, the wonderful, the commonplace—all appeared before my mental vision in magical succession. Pages of my history were recalled which had been so long forgotten that they seemed to belong to a previous existence. I heard all the voices of the past laughing, crying, telling what I had heard them tell in many corners of the earth.

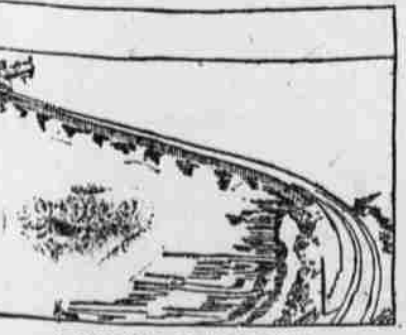
The loneliness of my state wore off when the gale was high and I found much work to do. When the fine weather returned, then came the sense of solitude, which I could not shake off. I used my voice often at first, giving some order about the affairs of a ship, for I had been told that otherwise I should lose my speech. At the meridian altitude of the sun I called aloud, "Eight bells," after the custom on a ship at sea. Again from my cabin I cried to an imaginary man at the helm, "How does she head, there?" and again, "Is she on her course?" But getting no reply, I was reminded the more palpably of my condition. My voice sounded hollow on the empty air, and I dropped the practice.

However, it was not long before the thought came to me that when I was a lad I used to sing; why not try that now, where it would disturb no one? My musical talent had never bred envy in others, but out on the Atlantic, to realize what it meant, you should have heard me sing. You should have seen the porpoises leap when I pitched my voice for the waves and the sea and all that was in it. Old turtles, with large eyes, poked their heads up out of the sea as I sang "Johnny Boker," and "We'll Pay Darby Doyl for His Boots," and the like. But the porpoises were, on the whole, vastly more appreciative than the turtles; they jumped a deal higher. One day when I was humming a favorite chant, I think it was "Babylon's a-Fallin'," a porpoise jumped higher than the others. Had the Spray been going a little faster she would have scooped him in. The sea birds sailed around rather shy.—Century.

LARGEST OF ALL OCEAN PIERS.

But by a Railroad and Extends a Mile Into the Sea.

The cut shows the largest ocean pier in the country. It was built by the Southern Pacific Railroad at Port Los Angeles, Cal., in 1893. It is a regular



A PACIFIC OCEAN PIER.

port for passenger and freight coast steamers, and is also a United States port of entry. It is twenty miles distant from Los Angeles and two miles from Santa Monica, Cal. The chief commercial use of the wharf is in the transshipment of cargoes of coal and

construction material from the steamships of the Southern Pacific Company to the same company's cars for use on its southern California, Arizona and New Mexico lines.

The length of the wharf proper is 4,282 feet. It is fifteen feet high above extreme high water. In the alignment of the pier there are two curves; on the shore approach there is a ten-degree curve extending 200 feet onto the pier, and 2,000 feet from the shore end there is a seven-degree curve to the right, both curves being tapered or spiraled. The trains run to the extreme end of the wharf.

HERO OF WATERLOO.

Driver of Ammunition Wagon Shows Unexampled Bravery.

The Duke of Wellington was once asked who, in his opinion, was the bravest man at Waterloo.

"I can't tell you that," he said, "but I can tell you of one than whom I am sure there was no braver."

The following is the story put in the words of the writer:

"There was a private in the artillery. A farm-house with an orchard, surrounded by a thick hedge, formed a most important point in the British position, and was ordered to be held against the enemy at any sacrifice. The hottest of the battle raged around the point, but the English behaved well, and beat back the French again and again.

"At last the powder and ball were found to be running short; at the same time the hedges surrounding the orchard took fire. In the meantime a messenger had been sent to the rear for more powder and ball, and in a short time two loaded wagons came galloping down to the farm-house, the gallant defenders of which were keeping up a scanty fire through the flames which surrounded the post. The driver of the first wagon spurred his horses towards the burning heap, but the flames rose fiercely round and caught the powder, which exploded, sending rider, horses and wagon in fragments into the open air. For one instant the driver of the second wagon paused appalled by his comrade's fate; the next, observing that the flames, beaten back for a moment by the explosion, afforded him one desperate chance, he sent his horses at the smoldering breach, and, amid the cheers of the garrison, landed his cargo safely within. Behind him the flames closed up and raged more fiercely than ever. This private never lived to receive the reward which his act merited, but later in the engagement he was killed, dying with the consciousness that he had saved the day."

AUSTRIA HUNGARY.

Because of Bitter Race Quarrels Germany May Absorb the Two.

Bitter race quarrels raging in Austria-Hungary have led European politicians to predict the ultimate absorption of the two parts by Germany and Russia. There are many people who believe that the Kaiser and the Czar have an understanding on the subject. At present the Germans and Slavs hate each other so cordially that they are held together only by their common affection for Emperor Franz Josef. He



AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

is old, and when he dies the differences will become more keen. In Austria itself the Czechs and Germans are at daggers' points all the time. The Austrians are Germans and in sympathy with the German empire. On the other hand the Czechs and the Magyars have more in common with the great Slavonic nation to their north and east. At present the situation is not ripe for a dissolution, but when it comes, as is likely after the death of the Emperor, the general belief of European statesmen is that independence of the parts would be short.

Tactful.

A little tact sometimes saves a great deal of pain, and every man whose duty it is to select or dismiss employes will find its use as essential to his own comfort as to that of the men whom he deals. The New York Sun tells the story of a case which called for extraordinary tact and received it.

The conductor was trying the voice of a young woman who wished to secure a place in an opera troupe. The manager was standing by. The candidate was frail and timid. She finished her song with an air of distress.

"How is it?" asked the manager, unceremoniously.

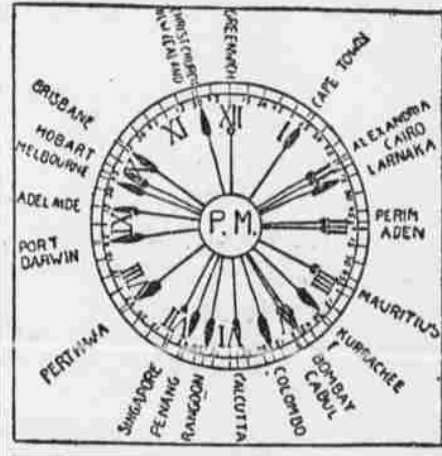
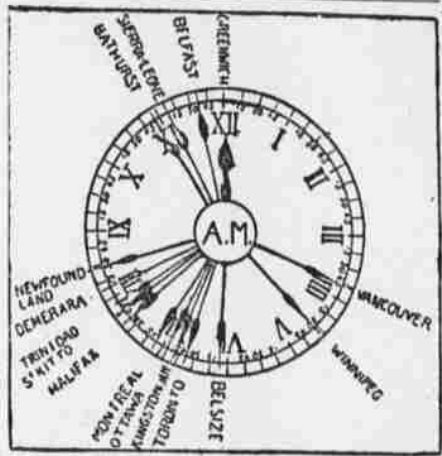
The conductor caught the pleading eyes of the girl. But he had his duty to perform. He struck three notes on the piano and left the rest to the manager.

The three notes were B A D.

A woman thinks she is mighty "independent" if she wears a rainy day skirt in dry weather.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE CLOCK.

When It Is 12 o'Clock at Greenwich It Is 7 o'Clock at Montreal. When It Is 12 o'Clock at Greenwich, the relative time both day and night in



the different colonies of Britain throughout the world is shown by the several hands on the dials.

CHAMPION WOMAN GOLFER.

A New York Girl Player Wins the Much-Coveted Trophic.

A New York girl, Miss Ruth Underhill, of the Nassau (L. I.) Golf Club, is queen of the women golfers of the United States. On the links of the Philadelphia Country Club she defeated Mrs. Caleb F. Fox, of the Huntington



MISS RUTH UNDERHILL.

Valley Club, by a score of 2 up, with 1 to play, thus becoming the national champion. That she should win against Mrs. Fox was a surprise to those who had watched the playing of both of them during the tournament. Miss Underhill is a member of the Nassau Golf Club of Blencover, L. I.

GROWTH OF ENGLISH.

May Soon Be the Language Universally Recognized Among Nations.

The International Academy of Sciences adjourned without solving the language problem, and recognized English, German, and French as equal mediums of communication. If the growth of the English language continues at its present rate for fifty years, however, it will not need the mandate of any academy to make it the universally recognized medium among civilized nations. In 1801 English was spoken by 20,500,000 people, being surpassed at that time in numbers by the French, German, Spanish, and Russian languages. In 1890, on the other hand, English was the mother tongue of 111,100,000 people, more by nearly 40,000,000 than spoke any other European language. Next to English stands the German language, with 75,200,000 people to whom it is the mother tongue. All over Europe travelers find that when the residents of any country speak any language but their own it is usually English.

Children's Care of Magazines.

Let the children learn to take care of the numbers of their own magazines and to file them themselves for preservation. Cut two thin strips of wood the length of the magazine and about an inch wide; bore three holes, one at each end and one in the middle. With a sharp awl pierce holes to correspond in the magazines, lay the sticks on them, pass a cord through the holes and tie it.—Ladies' Home Journal.

GREAT TRAILERS THESE DOGS!

Nick and Dock Who Worked on Union Pacific Train Robbery.

Although only four-footed animals, the work of Nick and Dock in trailing men has made them famous west of the Mississippi. The services of these celebrated bloodhounds have been required in scores of well-known cases, the most prominent being the great Union Pacific train robbery last winter at Green River, Wyo.

The two hounds came from famous stock, owing their origin to the great Winchell kennels of Vermont. They were purchased by the Lincoln, Neb., Bloodhound Company when very young and placed in immediate training for trailing criminals. They were used in scores of minor cases about Nebraska's capital city, their work being astonishing. They trailed a party of burglars forty-five miles, but lost them amid the confusion of the city. Two escaped prisoners from a Fillmore County jail were followed forty-five miles before the trail was broken by the escape of the men on a railroad train.

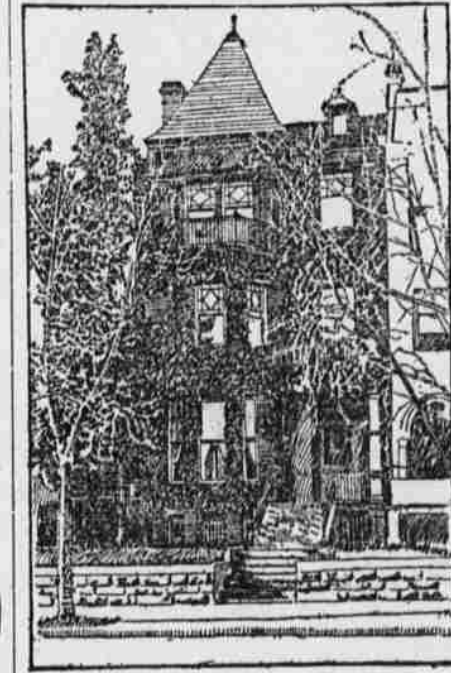
When the Union Pacific robbery occurred last winter Nick and Dock were sent to Green River. They took up the trail of the train robbers readily, but the next day were incapacitated by a driving snowstorm. The change proved too much for them, but the officers who saw the hounds follow the trail had no hesitancy in expressing their belief that the dogs would have been successful had not the fearful storm intervened.

The latest experience of the dogs was in following two York County horse thieves. The men had "worked" the vicinity of their homes so successfully that the farmers became incensed and promises of a lynching were made if they were caught. One night two fine horses disappeared. Nick and Dock were brought from Lincoln. The trail was fresh and the dogs in good trim. Over a beautiful country for fifty miles the hounds sped after their quarry with a posse of angry farmers at their heels. About dusk one evening the thieves were sighted. A chase of several more miles resulted in their capture. A conviction followed quickly and the thieves were on their way to the State prison in less than two weeks after the last theft occurred.

DEWEY'S WASHINGTON HOME.

House Presented to the Admiral by the American People.

The home purchased for Admiral Dewey, with money raised by public subscription, is one of the handsomest and most desirable sites in Washington and it is a matter of note that the house selected finally was that which Admiral Dewey indicated as his choice, before the committee began its work of examining more than sixty sites. The house was built by James E. Fitch for his own use, and has a frontage of



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S NEW HOUSE.

twenty-seven feet, with a depth of seventy-two feet. There is no rear building and the first floor is divided into three apartments of equal size. The two upper floors are arranged for sleeping rooms. The parlor is finished in white and gold, the library in old oak and sliding doors separate the rooms, giving an effect of spaciousness difficult to find in a house of similar size. The house contains seventeen rooms and four bath rooms. The house is built of brick, with brown stone trimmings. There is quite a wide plaza in front of the house.

Time and the Philosopher.

Sir William Robinson, at one time Governor of Trinidad, recently read a paper before the Royal Colonial Institute of London in which he has incorporated many of the quaint sayings of the natives, one, which follows, being peculiarly rich in negro philosophy: The late Bishop Rawle, passing a negro sitting in idleness by the roadside, asked him how he managed to pass the time.

"I sit in de sun, massa, an' let de time pass me!" was the smiling reply.

When a woman is entertaining an out of town guest, she looks very grateful when some one asks her "company" how long she is going to stay.

Some people insist on a feast or a famine. Why not adopt a middle course?

FLASHES OF FUN.

"Time is money," quoth Scles. "Yes," said Giles, "and I haven't a moment that I can call my own."—Chicago News.

Proud Father (surveying his newborn)—"Don't you think he looks like me?" Jealous Visitor—"Yes, poor little thing!"—Tit-Bits.

"Myrtle Gushton writes that she is now living surrounded by splendor." "I suppose she's got a new silk petticoat."—Chicago Record.

Hard to catch: First Citizen—"The Filipinos are an inferior race." Second Citizen—"That may be, but they can put up a superior race."—Puck.

"To our silent heroes," little Willie read from the memorial bronze; "Popper, what are silent heroes?" "Married men," said popper.—Indianapolis Journal.

The amiable plutocrat—But riches do not bring happiness. The unamiable pauper—But I ain't looking for happiness. All I want is comfort.—Indianapolis Journal.

Wheels: "I feel as if I had wheels in my head!" groaned the man. "It must be the truck you ate for dinner," rejoined his wife, innocently enough.—Detroit Journal.

"A self-opening and closing umbrella has been invented." "That's no good; what the world wants is an umbrella that will find its way back home when stolen."—Detroit Free Press.

"I wonder why it is," said Jinks, "that most authors are snobs?" "Well," said Binks, "I suppose it is because royalties pay their expenses, and their titles are copyrighted."—Bazar.

Weary Watkins—Dusty, suppose you was Dewey? Dusty Rhodes—"I won't do nothin' of the sort. I'm hungry, but I ain't a-goin' to ruin my stummock by thinkin' of the things he's got to eat."—Bazar.

"And this," said the enthusiastic traveler, as the train entered Boston, "is America's intellectual holy of holles!" "Shucks!" exclaimed the other traveler; "it's only the ante-room."—Chicago Tribune.

"Hello, Smith; suppose a man marries his first wife's step-sister's aunt, what relation is he to her?" "First-wife—um—step-aunt—er—let me see; I don't know." Bright fellow—He's her husband.—Exchange.

"So you want to write war news?" said the enterprising exponent of emotional journalism. "Yes," said the young man. "Do you feel that you are equipped for that kind of employment?" "I do; I've got a map and an imagination."—Washington Star.

"I must say," said the Filipino general, "that we seem as far as ever from a solution of this race problem." "Have you a race problem?" "I should say so. Even the army is thrown into constant confusion by this wild desire of individuals to come out first in every retreat."—Washington Star.

Dobley—"I understand that young Spending is being pushed for money." Mrs. Dobley—"Why, I heard that he was spending a gay summer at Atlantic City." Dobley—"Yes, that's it. He takes a constitutional every morning on the board walk in one of those wheel-chairs."—Criticon.

Parent (left in charge)—"No, you can not have any more cake." (Very seriously) "Do you know what I shall have to do if you go on making that dreadful noise?" Little girl (sobbing)—"Yes." Parent—"Well, what is that?" Little girl—"Give me some more cake!" (And she was quite right).—Punch.

Missionary—"Was it liquor that brought you to this?" Imprisoned Burglar—"No, sir; it was house-cleaning—spring house-cleaning—sir." Missionary—"Eh—house-cleaning?" Burglar—"Yes, sir; the woman had been house-cleaning an' the stair-carpet was up, an' the folks heard me."—Tit-Bits.

The golf language: "Well, Mabel, how was the musicale?" "Perfect fozzle! Miss Wiggins made a drive at Mozart, and sliced every bar. When I left, Jennie Lathers was trying to stymie Helen Waterbury in a duet." "Was it nearly over?" "Yes. Pollie Dawson didn't come, so there were three up and only two to play, on the program, when I putt out."—Bazar.

Something to be considered: Prospective Tourist (at booking-office of great ocean liner)—"That stateroom is near the stern of the vessel, isn't it?" Agent—"Yes, sir." Prospective Tourist—"You ought not to charge me full price for it." Agent—"Why not?" Prospective Tourist—"Because when the steamer comes to land I'll have to walk half a mile to get ashore."—Chicago Tribune.

Chinese Premier—"I see that the province of Wing Wang yields no revenue." Chinese Secretary of Treasury—"Yes, the people are very poor; the land is worthless, and the harbors are filling up with sand. I know not what to do with Wing Wang." Chinese Premier—"Nothing easier; have somebody kill a missionary there, and the missionary's government will take Wing Wang for an indemnity."—Boston Transcript.