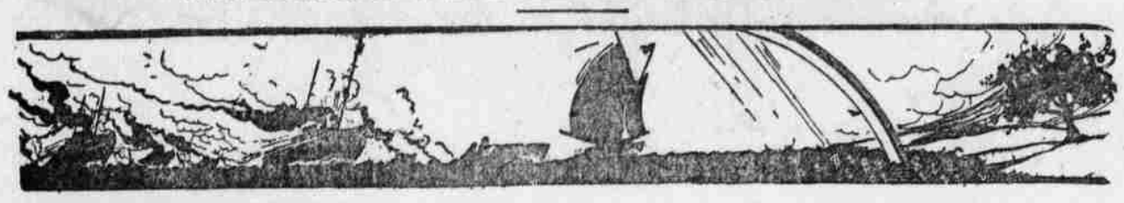
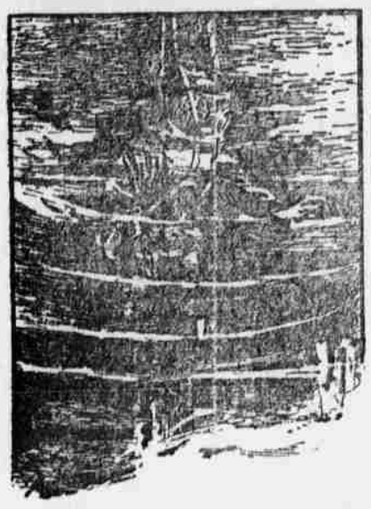
VAST TREASURE IN WRECKS BENEATH WATERS OF INLAND SEAS.





In twenty years—between 1878 and 1898—6,000 vessels were wrecked on the inland seas, marine records show. The loss of cargo in this period of less than one-fourth of the years of navigation on the lakes was $8,000,000. From this estimate it is figured that the total number of vessels wrecked reaches 14,000 and the amount of treasure at the bottom of the lakes is $20,000,000.

String these sunken vessels with their hidden treasures over the 1,000-mile course from Buffalo to Duluth, and there would be one every half mile.

The field of romance on the inland seas is as great as that of the South seas. Many of these vessels with rich cargoes disappeared suddenly and mysteriously, as if smuggled away by an unseen power. Most of these cargoes remain to this day for lucky fortune hunters. In the wrecking of 14,000 ships thousands of lives were snuffed out and unwritten acts of heroism played. Many fortunes have been recovered from the bottom of the lakes. Not many years ago a treasure ship came down from the North, the William H. Stevens, loaded with $101,880 worth of copper. She went down off Conneaut, O. Unavailing efforts to recover her treasure were made until Capt. Harris W. Baker, Detroit, fitted out a modern treasure-hunting expedition. He recovered $100,000 of the cargo, his share of the treasure being $50,000. On the south shore of Lake Erie, between Erie and Dunkirk, the steamer Dean Richmond lies with $50,000 in zinc on board. The Richmond disappeared between these two ports and the bodies of the crew were washed ashore. Lake Huron is called the "Lake of the Sunken Treasure." Near Saginaw bay are more lost ships with valuable cargoes than in any other of the great lakes. The steamer City of Detroit, with a $50,000 copper cargo; R. G. Coburn, $60,000 copper cargo, and the steamer Fay, with $20,000 in steel billets on board, lie in the bay. The steamer Kent was sunk off Point Pelee with much money in her hulk. Eight men lost their lives on the Kent.

Whisky and coal form an important part of the treasure which awaits recovery in the inland seas. In 1846 the Lexington, Capt. Peer, cleared from Cleveland for Port Huron with a cargo of 110 barrels of whisky. The ship foundered in midlake with all on board. To-day the whisky is worth $115 per barrel. The Anthony Wayne sank in Lake Erie with 300 barrels of whisky and wine on board. The Westmoreland sank with a similar cargo. It is said that coal worth $5,000,000 awaits recovery.

A terrible event on the inland seas was the loss of the steamer Atlantic off Long Point, Lake Erie, with 300 lives. Not until a quarter of a century had passed was trace of the ship found. Treasure worth $30,000 was taken from her. The Griffin, built by La Salle at the foot of Lake Erie in January, 1679, sailed across Lake Erie, up the Detroit river and entered Lake Michigan. She started on the return trip in the fall of 1680 with $12,000 in furs on board. She was never heard of.

Treasure hunters are now seeking the $80,000 copper cargo that went down with the steamer Pewabic in a collision with the Meteor in August, 1865. The Pewabic went down in Lake Huron, off Thunder Bay island. Five men have lost their lives in attempts to recover her cargo. The new attempt is being made by a New York syndicate, which has perfected a diving rig that they declare will withstand the water pressure at the depth at which the treasure lies.

EARLY LETTER ON THE UNION.

Dr. Rush Feared a Too Quick Peace with England Would Be Harmful.

One of the finest specimens of letters in a recent sale of autographs by Stan V. Henkels in Philadelphia, was written on April 15, 1782, by Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the declaration of independence, to Maj.-Gen. Nathanael Greene, says the New York Times.

Dr. Rush was physician-general of the revolutionary army also. He practiced his profession in Philadelphia and during the yellow fever epidemic there in 1783 he treated it successfully and it has been estimated that he saved from death no less than 6,000 persons.

He was a firm supporter of the federal constitution and his letter is chiefly about that subject. He says:

"It is true France has done wonders for us. But may not even this have a beneficial effect on our country hereafter. It seems intended by heaven to teach us the necessity of a perpetual union and confederation. If the combined force of all the States was unequal to the power of Britain, what can be expected from the spirit or resources of any one of them? I am so perfectly satisfied that the future peace, safety, freedom of America depend upon our union that I view the debt of our country with pleasure, especially that part of it we owe to ourselves. * * * Our danger at present arises principally from two causes. First, a too speedy peace with Britain, and, second, from Britain's acknowledging our independence. I wish the first may be deferred till a naval war has given us as many fleets and admirals as a land war has given us armies and generals. The last event would unnerve the resentments of America and introduce among us all the consequence of English habits and manners with English manufactures. To prevent this and enable us to transmit our feeling to posterity, I wish Britain for fifty years to come may continue in all her acts of government to call us 'rebels' and 'deluded subjects.' We stand in need of all the follies and vices of our enemies to give us a national character."

On Sept. 23, 1783, the definitive treaty of peace was signed, by which the independence of the thirteen United States was acknowledged by Great Britain. It was not, however, until after Jay's treaty in 1794 that this original treaty of peace was fully executed by Great Britain.

Dr. Rush's letter sold for $50.

The Wonders of Science.

It was left for the exhibitor of a phonograph in the streets of Utrecht, according to an American traveler, to put the finishing touch to the wonderful invention.

There was the sound of a military band in full blast, and then suddenly the tune stopped and "Halt!" rang hoarsely out upon the air.

"Who's that interrupting the concert?" flippantly inquired the American, edging close to the operator.

"That," said the man, surveying him blandly, "was the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte, giving the order at the Battle of Waterloo."

Quite So.

"New thought will beautify the plainest girl."

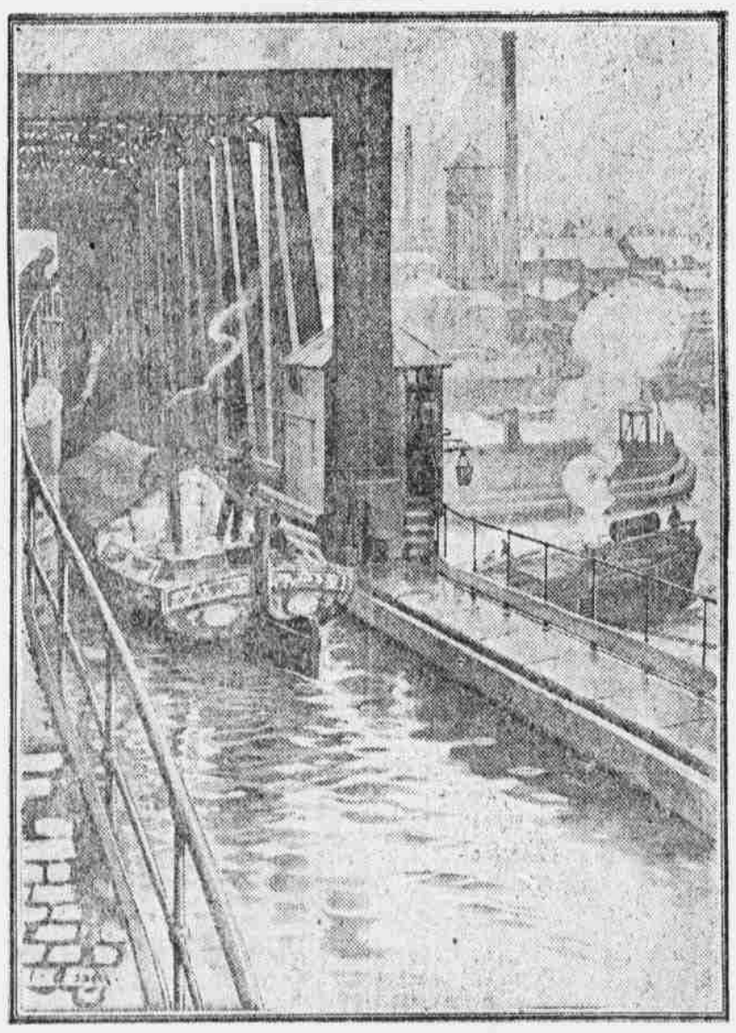
"That may be so, but very few girls are going to give up lotions for notions."—Milwaukee Journal.

Utter Contempt.

"I s'pose you wouldn't marry me if I were the only man on earth?"

"I wouldn't even be engaged to you," responded the girl, "if you were the only man at a summer resort."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A CANAL CARRIED ACROSS A CANAL IN A TANK.



THE BRIDGEWATER CANAL CROSSING MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

The Manchester ship canal, a remarkable feat of engineering, presents, perhaps, no more curious feature than the Barton aqueduct, which is here illustrated. By means of this the old Bridgewater canal is carried across the more modern ship canal. The aqueduct, which weighs 14,000 tons, has a water-tight gate at either end. These gates are closed when it is necessary to make way for a vessel on the canal below, and the aqueduct is swung aside on a pivot, the water on its top being held, as it were, in a tank, two walls of which are formed by the water-tight gates. The Manchester ship canal, which gives access for sea-going vessels, was begun in 1887, and was opened on the first day of 1894. It starts at Eastham, on the left bank of the Mersey estuary, some four miles above Birkenhead. It has a breadth of 172 feet at the surface and 120 feet at the bottom, and a depth of twenty-six feet. That is being increased by two feet.

His System.

"It is all very well to laugh at us suburbanites," said one of them, "but I think my scheme is a pretty good one."

"And that is?"

"I rent my country home for the summer for enough money to take my wife and me to Europe and pay all our expenses during the rented period. We can live so much cheaper over there that I am actually ahead of the game, and, as we take a different route every summer, we are seeing all of Europe on a quiet installment plan that we like very much and that we should not feel we could afford except for the extra income from our home."

"But you don't get any good of a country home except in the summer, and, being away, you miss all that you really bought the place for."

"No, indeed. That is a theory you city people have. On the contrary, we people who really like to live in the country enjoy it greatly in the fall when the woods are at their most gorgeous garb and our chrysanthemums are the wonder of all the neighbors; and in the spring we take great delight in our hotbeds of early salads, radishes, tiny onions, crocuses, violets and other flowers and vegetables, as well as in the miracles of spring woods and wild flowers. We even enjoy the country in winter—but it would be idle to talk to a city man about that, I suppose."—Chicago Inter Ocean

He Had Seen a Few.

The senior partner of the dry goods establishment was freeing his mind concerning the styles of head gear that had come under his observation. "The fashions in hats this season," he said, "are absolutely the worst and most unbecoming I have ever seen in an experience of more than forty years."

"Oh, I don't know," said the junior partner, who was more tolerant. "They have the charm of novelty, at any rate."

"The 'charm' of novelty!" exclaimed the other. "Tom, have you seen anything new in this spring's styles that you can honestly say you admire?"

"Ye-es, I think I have," hesitatingly answered the junior partner.

"I'd like to know what!"

"Why, the girls."

The Force of Habit.

One of the campers had done something peculiarly idiotic, and the dean said, "Dick reminds me of Thomas' colt."

"What about Thomas' colt?" asked Dick, cheerfully.

"Why," the dean responded readily, "where I lived in Maine when I was a boy an old man named Thomas raised horses. He once put out to pasture a colt, which had been fed from its birth in a box stall and watered at the trough in the yard.

"The pasture lay across a small river, and in the middle of the day the colt swam the stream to go up to the barnyard for a drink of water."

WHO MAKES BURGLARS' KITS?

Few Shops Where the Jimmy Can Be Bought.

Every little while, said a London detective, recently, the police arrest a man with a set of burglar's tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from. It is easy to buy a gun of any description and the most reputable person would not be alarmed to be seen purchasing the most wicked looking knife ever made, but who would know where to get a jimmy or a device for drilling into a safe or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling?

There probably are places in the large cities where these things are made and sold to the user, but such places are exceedingly scarce. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are looked upon as respectable men in the community. When a burglar wants any particular tool made he goes to a mechanic who can do the job, and pays him perhaps five times what it is actually worth for making the tool and keeping quiet about it. Many detectives can recall cases of this kind that have come to light in London.

One in particular occurred some years ago, when an escaped convict named Williams went to a blacksmith in the East End and got him to make a lot of drills to be used in safe cracking. He personally superintended the tempering of the steel, but when the job was nearly completed it leaked out, and Williams was arrested. In this instance the blacksmith knew nothing of the use to which the tools were to be put. Most of the tools used by burglars are secured in the same way.

The only regular establishment ever discovered where they were made was in the East End. This was years ago, and the place was soon pounced upon.

Legal Information

The New York Building Code, sections 153-155, provides that, on the refusal of an owner of an unsafe building to make it safe or remove it, a report of the building shall be made to a court, which, if it finds that the building is unsafe, shall command the commissioner of buildings to take it down or make it safe, and that the expense thereof shall constitute a lien on the premises. Section 157 provides that if a building collapses the city may remove the debris, to be paid for out of the fund, under section 158. In the case of In re Jenkins, 115 New York Supplement, 385, such provisions are construed by the New York Supreme Court, and it is held that the city has no lien on property for expenses incurred in removing debris of a collapsed building and the bodies of people buried beneath the ruins, and is directly liable to the contractor employed to do the work.

The Maine Supreme Court's reference in a previous decision to a search warrant as "a sharp and heavy police weapon to be used most carefully lest it wound the security or liberty of the citizen," is fully justified by the conduct of the officers as related in Buckley vs. Beaulieu, 71 Atlantic Reporter, 70. Under the authority of a warrant to search certain premises for intoxicating liquors, and armed with axes, pickaxes and crowbars, they entered the house and made a search from attic to cellar, and even dug into the floor of the cellar. On finding no liquors, and strongly suspecting they were somewhere concealed about the house, they broke into and tore out a strip from the interior walls of the rooms below stairs entirely round each room, and dropped the debris upon the floors and carpets. All this was done in the hope of finding, not the liquors, but some pipe or other clue leading to the liquors. The officers then departed, leaving the occupants to remove the debris, and leaving the plaintiff, the owner, to restore his house and make it again habitable. Such conduct was declared by the court to be unlawful, and such a search entirely unreasonable and in excess of the officers' authority. It was no defense to an action for damages that they acted in good faith, in the full belief that the occupant was keeping liquors in the house in violation of the law.

A Fitting Deduction.

"Do you know what an oath is, little girl?"

"Yes, sir; I must always tell the truth."

"If you always tell the truth, where will you go when you die?"

"Up to heaven."

"And if you tell lies?"

"To the naughty place, sir."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite."

"Let her be sworn. It is quite clear she knows a great deal more than I do."—Modern Society.

Going Out.

Mr. B.—There, I've let my cigar go out. Do you know that it spoils a cigar, no matter how good it is, if you allow it to go out?

Mrs. B.—Yes; a cigar is a good deal like a man in that respect.

Luck at Last.

"I's done had de proof dat dar's luck in a rabbit's foot," said Erastus Pinkly.

"What were de proof?"

"I done sold de one I's been carryin' so long to a superstitious white lady foh fo' bits."—Washington Star.

Glanders in a Man.

Glanders is a disease of horses, but one from which, unfortunately, human beings are not entirely exempt. Formerly cases of human glanders were thought to be exceedingly few and far between, the statistics of the registrar-general in England, for example, showing a mortality of only one or two a year. Latterly, however, with improved means of diagnosis at our command, it has been proved that many persons have had glanders and died of it with the real nature of the disease unrecognized.

The ulcers have been diagnosed as tuberculosis, as those of typhoid, of smallpox, or of some form of blood poisoning, and they have been treated accordingly, with, of course, fatal results; for glanders is a very dreadful disease, the cure of which depends upon prompt and radical measures.

To-day there is no excuse for any failure in correct diagnosis, because the special bacillus causing glanders—called the Bacillus mallei—is peculiar to this disease.

It is naturally those whose work keeps them in close contact with horses who are most in danger of glanders, and it has also been known to attack several members of a family where the father worked in a stable, and one case has been reported where a washerwoman caught it from infected clothing.

Glanders may be either acute or chronic. There may be a slow succession of abscesses attacking the muscles, or crawling along the lymphatic system for months. Sometimes, after surgical treatment, these abscesses will heal, and there will be no further symptoms; sometimes a slow chronic case will suddenly burst out into a violent acute one, and death ensue.

Other cases are acute from the first, and may be mistaken for blood-poisoning from some other cause, or for an acute specific fever until the terrible eruption appears, too late for any treatment to be of avail.

As to the treatment, there is little that is cheerful to be said. Thorough cutting out of the local sore is the one and only thing on which to pin any faith. Attempts have been made to get an antitoxic serum, but so far these have not been successful.

The best fight against glanders has been in the line of eradication of the disease by means of the mallein test on all suspicious animals. Any horse which reacts to this test is at once killed. In England it is now the rule that most of the large stables are regularly tested with mallein.

Stablemen and all people working round horses should be taught the value of cleanliness, and especially the need of great care when troubled with any abrasion of the skin or open wound, however small.

PRICE OF AUTOGRAPHS UP.

Use of the Typewriter Makes Written Manuscript More Valuable.

The tendency to use the typewriter, according to collectors of rare manuscripts, is to increase gradually but surely the value of autographs. It is becoming difficult to find any but typewritten letters of eminent men of this era, especially those in public office. The raise in price, however, is noticeable also in the letters of distinguished persons of past generations. The autographs of the eminent men of the revolutionary period, for instance, are each season commanding higher figures. The latest sale at Anderson's of autographs furnishes proof of this upward tendency of prices for important items, the New York Times says. It so happened that some of the interesting letters had been sold only a few years ago in New York, Philadelphia or Boston.

Thus a letter of Robert Benson, Sept. 19, 1780, to Col. Richard Varick, relating to passes given to tories by Gen. Horatio Gates, and telling of Clinton's confidence in Benedict Arnold, whose treason was discovered two days later, fetched only $7 at a sale by Stan. V. Henkels in Philadelphia in 1906, but now it realized $41.

A letter of James Duane to Gov. George Clinton, Sept. 7, 1780, in regard to the defeat of Gen. Gates at Camden, brought $12 at Libbie's in Boston on May 15, 1906, and now realized $15.50.

A manuscript of a special message to Congress by U. S. Grant, while president of the United States, written in pencil on eight quarto pages, sold for $24 at Anderson's in 1906, but now was bid up to $86.

A letter of Francis Hopkinson, signer of the Declaration of Independence, written on May 10, 1780, to Nathaniel Appleton of Boston, which sold for $3.50 at Merwin-Clayton's on Jan. 12, 1906, now fetched $10.50.

A letter signed but not written by Gen. Robert E. Lee and addressed to Gen. U. S. Grant, June 6, 1864, with regard to the burying of the dead and the removal of the wounded after the battle of Cold Harbor on June 3, brought $13 at Anderson's on May 9, 1905, and now realized $24.50.

A letter of Col. Robert McGraw, July 29, 1776, to Col. James Wilson, describing the condition of Fort Washington, jumped from $12 at Nenkel's sale on April 3, 1906, to $24.

The increase in price was not confined to revolutionary autographs. A letter by Lord George Gordon Byron, June 22, 1821, to Signor Albaghetti, brought $25 at Henkel's, in Philadelphia, in 1906, but now went for $28.

A letter signed but not written by Robert Blake, British admiral during Cromwell's time, sold for $8 at Merwin-Clayton's, March 23, 1906, but now brought $25.

THE MORALITY OF WRINKLES.

Massage and Care Still Fail to Defraud Time.

"What saddens me most," said the Western woman, on her first visit to Atlantic City, "is not the tiresome monotony of all these directoire gowns, but the expressionless sameness of the faces above them. What has become of all the fine old lines of character and individuality?"

"Been massaged away," was the laughing reply; "skin food and a trained masseuse for an hour every day, with a cup of chocolate and a nap after it; and once begun, the process has to be kept up, or the wrinkles show worse than before.

"You are an unsophisticated ranchwoman," the speaker continued, smiling up into the fine, mobile face over which a flush of astonishment and scorn was creeping; "and I am a busy wife and mother, with neither the time nor the money to waste in elaborate defenses against ugliness and wrinkles. Perhaps in her old age we may benefit others by being a horrible warning to them."

The two women were swallowed up by the crowd on the board walk. In spite of their silvery hair, artistically dressed, without monstrosities of puffs and pompadours, their faces glowed with a youthfulness and animation bespeaking sturdy living, mental alertness, forces long maturing and years well spent. Their handsome hats and gowns, which seemed to clothe rather than bedizen them, could not conceal the grace, dignity and elasticity of all their movements.

A lady who in the crowd had been pressed so close to them that she could not but overhear their conversation said to herself that should they live to be a hundred their faces would still be far more attractive than the smoothed-out faces of fashionable society. She recalled with a smile how the Duc de Richelieu visited Voltaire in Paris when both had reached the age of eighty. The shriveled man of letters, in his night-cap, looked better preserved than the duke, who appeared magnificently dressed in all his decorations, with his wrinkles gathered up and fastened under his peruke.—Youth's Companion.

A REAL TREAT.

An English rural clergyman lives in a mental isolation which is the subject of an amusing yet somewhat painful story found in Rev. S. Baring-Gould's recent book, "Cornish Characters and Strange Events." One day William Pengelly, a geologist well known in his time, was traveling on foot for the purpose of examining the rocks, when he learned that his road lay within a couple of miles of his old mathematical friend, D. His time was very short, but for "auld lang syne" he decided to visit his friend, whom he had not met for several years.

When he reached the rectory, which was in a very secluded district, Mr. and Mrs. D. were fortuntely at home, and received him with their wonted kindness.

The salutations were barely over when Pengelly said:

"It is now 6 o'clock. I must reach Wellington to-night, and as it is said to be fully eight miles off, and I am wholly unacquainted with the road, and with the town when I reach it, I cannot remain with you one minute after 8 o'clock."

"Oh, very well," said D. "Then we must improve the shining hour. Jane, my dear, be so good as to order tea."

Having said this, he left the room. In a few minutes he returned with a book under his arm and his hands filled with writing materials, which he placed on the table. Opening the book, he said:

"This is Hind's Trigonometry, and here's a lot of examples for practice. Let us see which can do the greatest number of them by 8 o'clock. I did most of them many years ago, but I have not looked at them since. Suppose we begin at this one"—which he pointed out—"and take them as they come. We can drink our tea as we work, so as to lose no time."

"All right," said Pengelly, although it was certainly not the object for which he had come out of his road.

They set to work. No words passed between them; the servant brought in the tray, Mrs. D. handed them their tea, which they drank now and then, and the time flew on rapidly.

At length, finding it to be a quarter to 8, Pengelly said, "We must stop, for in a quarter of an hour I must be on my road."

"Very well. Let us see how our answers agree with those of the author."

It proved that D. had correctly solved one more than Pengelly had. The point settled, Pengelly said, "Good-by."

"Good-by. Do come again as soon as you can. The farmers about here know nothing whatever about trigonometry."

They parted at the rectory door and never met again, for D. died a few years later.