

LEAD LONELY LIVES.

MOST DANGEROUS LIGHTSHIP STATION IN THE WORLD.

That Maintained by Uncle Sam Off Nantucket, Mass., Is Noted—Hardy Sailors Who Constantly Face Perils in Many Forms.

Probably upon no reef guard station in the world have the lives of brave and bold men been so often hazarded as up on the Nantucket Shoals lightship, which is located forty miles south from Nantucket, Mass. More than half a century has elapsed since the government first stationed a lightship at this dangerous and lonesome spot. Until recently the lightship was a small equipped vessel, but now it is steam propelled; yet whether operated by steam or sail the dangers and hardships of the men confined on it are one and the same.

Forty miles out at sea, cooped in the little shell that, day after day and month after month, swings and tugs at its 7,000-pound anchor lying in 18 fathoms of water, the life of the Nantucket lightship sailorman is one of almost complete isolation from the first of November until the opening of the spring months. During the bitterest six months of the year there are no relieves or shore leave.

Sometimes for two months or more, during the severest periods of the winter, these dozen men are without communication with the shore save the messages sent to them by wireless telegraphy. Often for days their only visible companion is the great red-brown buoy swinging in the sea half a mile from the ship.

Even this object, which is endeared to the heart of every man aboard the lightship, in particularly bad weather breaks adrift from its moorings or is frequently shut out from sight for weeks by the dense fogs which drift in over the ocean like a pall from the southward, and then the melancholy of the loneliness which pervades these men is not lifted until a close passing vessel or the infrequent advent of the winter sunlight comes to chase away the monotony of their existence.

But loneliness is only one of the hardships of the men on the Nantucket Shoals lightship, though it is the one dreaded. There are the days when the fog settles down over the isolated vessel in a thick, damp cloak, completely enshrouding the hulk from stem to stern—days when only the far off sound of a passing steamer's ghostly whistle or a sailing vessel's horn, or the systematic roar of the steam fog horn aboard the lightship, is all their world.

Once for twelve consecutive nights

ENGLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN



LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW.

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew has by popular vote been declared the most beautiful woman in England. Her plurality in the contest conducted by a London evening newspaper was overwhelming. It is said that four-fifths of London voted. Princess Henry of Prussia was second, and the Duchess of Sutherland third. Two American beauties, Edna May and Camille Clifford, were well down the list.

back to port after having been driven far to sea.

Pots and kettles in the cook's room are always lashed to the stove and the walls to prevent them from flying about under the stress of the rolling ship. Each member of the crew when he sits down to the little mess table below decks has his coffee cup and his tin plate securely held in place by a number of pegs set in the table. Sometimes even then the coffee goes flying into the plumduff or the scouse (made of "salt horse," potatoes and parsnips) and the pork jumps into the molasses.

Because during heavy gales water washes over decks in a clean sweep, the portholes of the berth deck and cabins which are below decks are never opened.

Sometimes the rolling of the ship is such as to render seasick even those tried old lightship salts, many of whom have spent years whaling and grown accustomed to the "crow's nest," a masthead lookout, where the pitching

and it is only the courage and constancy of these men aboard the lonely little midocean monitor that has kept the total from mounting up far into the thousands.

EVERYDAY LIFE OF THE KAISER.

He is an Early Riser and His Meals Are Simple.

The everyday life of the German emperor is rather severely systematized, says Wolf von Schlerbrand in Lippincott's. He plunges into his day's work with cheerful and vigorous alacrity. He is an early riser—in the summer often at 5 and in the winter rarely after 7. During the hunting season he gets up even before those hours. He regularly braces himself with a shower bath and then he slips into his undress uniform (for, as William I. used to say, "dressing gowns are not worn by the Hohenzollerns") and goes straight to breakfast.

His meals, as a rule, are simple rather than otherwise. His breakfast is of the "English kind," consisting of coffee or tea, toast, eggs, beefsteak or a cutlet. Luncheon is served at 2, and he partakes of soup, one meat dish with greens, one roast and several entremets. Dinner at 6 is a more elaborate meal. Kaiser and the kaiserin both insist on carefully and wholesomely prepared food, and, although she never cooks dishes for her husband or family as has been erroneously stated so often—she does frequently supervise the preparing of this or the other special course. The kaiser is fond of baked meats and pot roasts and likewise of fish, oysters, macaroni, rice, force-meat balls and of what is commonly called hamburger steak. Usually, unless pressure of business prevents, he plans with his wife at breakfast the menu of the day.

Buried Treasure.

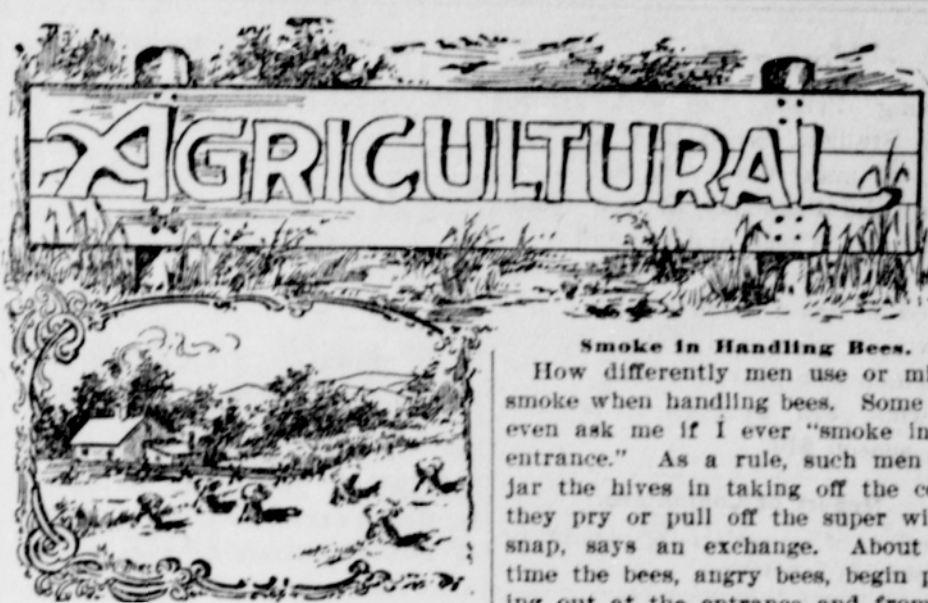
Pirate boards of Spanish doubloons are not the only buried wealth one may seek with spade and pick. A wonderful relic of the past has just been brought to light in Peterborough, England, in the discovery of a buried forest. The London Chronicle gives an account of the discovery.

At a depth of seven feet have been found a number of oak-trees which have been covered for some two thousand years. Most of the trees are almost perfect in condition, and are being sold to furniture manufacturers and others.

Altogether about eighty trees have been raised, and hundreds more are left in the ground untouched, at a depth of five or six feet. In nearly all the trees the roots are found attached. The wood is extremely hard, and can be worked only by machinery, as it turns the edge of an ax.

The Old Maid Aunts.

If you want to be interested, visit a family where there is but one baby and two or three old maid aunts. Sisters always love each other in a way to attract admiration, and an old maid loves her sister's baby almost as much as the mother. And away down deep in her heart an old maid thinks the baby loves her as much as it loves its mother. If we could have our wish we would wish to be a baby in a family where there are two or three old maid aunts; then we would receive attention. —Atchison Globe.



Smoke in Handling Bees.

How differently men use or misuse smoke when handling bees. Some men even ask me if I ever "smoke in the entrance." As a rule, such men will jar the hives in taking off the cover, they pry or pull off the super with a snap, says an exchange. About this time the bees, angry bees, begin pouring out at the entrance and from the top of the hive and then the beekeeper begins using the smoker; but the bees are mad now, and no amount of smoke will pacify them.

The most important place to use smoke is at the entrance, and it should be used there as the first step in opening the hive. Subdue the bees first, then all the jarring will only make their subjection the more complete. So many times has some man cautioned me about attempting to handle some colony, saying that those bees were perfect tigers and that I would be stung to death. I always say: "Give me the smoker." I give them a good, thorough smoking at the entrance before attempting to open the hive. I then open the hive carefully, using a little smoke if there is any sign of obstreperousness.

As a rule I pass the ordeal without a sting, while the owner looks on with amazement. The whole secret lies in subduing the bees before opening the hives. Smoke the bees first, and then you can usually handle them in peace and comfort.

Self-Opening Door.

The arrangement for opening this door consists of a half-inch rope attached to a staple driven into the up-



THE SELF-OPENING DOOR.

per edge of the door and passing parallel with the track beyond the boundary of the door when open. The rope passes over a small pulley and a weight is attached at the end. It is better if the weight and pulleys are fixed inside the building. By attaching the rope to the opposite side of the door a self-closing arrangement will be obtained.

Butter in the South.

A skilled Northern dairyman who went to Georgia some years ago once wrote that he found that he could make as good butter there as he made in Vermont, could make it at a lower cost and could get a better price for it. When once the live-stock industry is well established in the South in connection with cotton growing, we will soon hear less of its taking four or five acres to make a bale of cotton, for the men who rotate their crops and feed stock and make manure will soon put a bale as the minimum per acre. More pea hay, more corn and more cattle will do more for the cotton farmer than anything else, when they cease to look on everything but cotton merely as "supplies" to enable them to plant more cotton, for they will find that the "supplies" will soon be as profitable a part of their farming as the cotton.

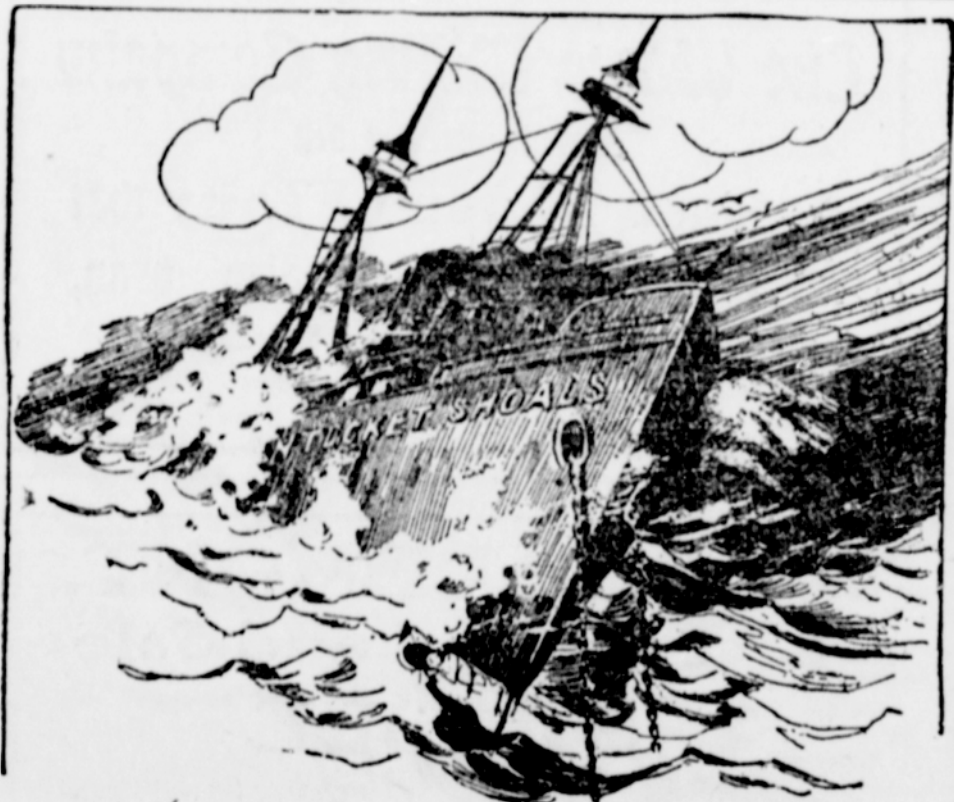
Hog Cholera.

For fourteen years we lived in a sandy portion of northern Nebraska. At that time we all confidently congratulated ourselves on the fact that hog cholera would never gain much headway on that kind of soil. All the time we lived there we never lost a hog with cholera. This year reports from there indicate the loss of a large per cent of the crop raised, with the disease still unchecked. It seems, after all, that hog cholera is no respecter of soil or climate. No one had better brag on his herd having been free from the disease or the first thing he knows he will lose about nine-tenths of them. —H. H., in Iowa Homestead.

Sawdust for Bedding.

Sawdust is one of the best substances that can be used in the pig pen, and it is also excellent in the stalls. While sawdust does not quickly decompose, yet it is an excellent absorbent, and in time is reduced to its original elements. It is clean, easily handled and is not bulky, while its odor is not disagreeable. It also serves to keep the manure in a finely divided condition.

In France a method of seasoning wood by electricity is reported successful.



NANTUCKET SHOALS LIGHTSHIP.

and days the bell which was used aboard the old ship there was kept ringing at two-minute intervals, with the result that when the fog had lifted and the noise ceased, the men were unable to sleep for the first night on account of the unaccustomed silence.

But there is still another danger besides that of being run down. When the winter storms of the Atlantic sweep across the shoals, tossing the lightship like a shuttlecock and burying her athwartships, these men aboard, clinging in their bunks between decks or standing watch through the bitter cold hours of the night in the lee of the oak bulwarks, indifferently sheltered from the icy sleet and spray, know not at what moment the great anchor chain may part under the lunges of the rolling vessel and set them adrift in the inky darkness in a battle for life.

Twenty-four times the Nantucket lightship has parted her chains, usually in the heart of the bitterest winter gales, and been swept to sea. Only a year ago vessel and crew thus adrift from moorings were given up for lost. Once during the period of the old sailing lightship's maintenance the vessel was fourteen days in picking her way

and rolling of a ship is most noticeable. In fact, mal de mer is very common on board the lightship.

Of all the perils that overhang the Nantucket Shoals lightship's crew, however, the direst is that of acting as life savers in a case where a vessel has gone on the shoals or foundered in the sea within sight. But it's a peril which these brave seamen never flinch from.

The lives of these men aboard this particular lightship are considered by Uncle Sam to be of such importance that the crew is not obliged to leave the vessel, even in order to save life, but it has never happened that these men have allowed a shipwrecked sailor or crew to go unaided.

Without the two great octagonal copper framed lights, each weighing a ton, which every night of the year during fair weather and storms cast their beacon-like rays from the masts of this lightship for the benefit of the thousands of vessels sailing outside Nantucket Island, this part of the coast would be avoided as were the Scylla and Charybdis of old.

As it is, 500 vessels have been wrecked and lost around Nantucket.