

OCEAN SHIP TRAPS

Deadly Snares Laid For Its Prey by the Glutton Sea.

KENTISH KNOCK IS PITILESS.

This Treacherous Spot Is the Real Davy Jones' Locker—No Hope For Vessel or Man When Neptune Asks Toll at This Submarine Graveyard.

"Davy Jones' locker," that perilous spot mentioned of which so often comes from the lips of sailors, is not shown on any ocean chart principally because it is not really a settled place, but if any ocean death trap deserved the title it is the Thames estuary.

The British naval authorities have a chart upon which is marked the position of wrecks, shown by black dots. On this chart the Thames mouth tract is a solid black spot. So numerous have been the wrecks the dots run together. The point where the black dots actually pile the one on the top of another is the Kentish Knock, and this is the place among all of the ocean danger spots that deserves the title of Davy Jones' locker.

At the Kentish Knock it is not keel-shattering rocks nor piercing points of coral that wreck the ocean travelers. It is sand—treacherous, clinging sand—that cramps the doomed ship with a grip of steel and holds it firmly while the angry sea beats it to fragments. Many a vessel posted at Lloyd's as missing would be duly accounted for if the Knock sand would give up its prey. There is no hope for ship or man when Neptune asks toll at the Kentish Knock, for the nearest land is twenty miles away and the nearest lifeline at Margate, thirty miles distant.

The sands of the ocean are far more dangerous than rocks. The sand banks extend over more space and therefore offer more points of contact than the rocks, which usually rise in slender pinnacles. The waters flow over the sands in smooth waves, and there are no warning breakers.

Next to the Thames mouth tract in point of danger is the Hooghly, the salt water river on which Calcutta stands. The most trying part of a large vessel's voyage from New York to Calcutta is the last few miles of this calm river. In this strange stream, in windless weather and flat calm water, vessels have been lost—dashed to pieces on the dreaded ever-shifting sand banks by the force of the tides.

The sands grasp the keel of the marked vessel and she stops. But the tide moves on with relentless force, and the helpless ship is carried over on her beam ends. She careens over and founders with all on board. One of the worst shoals in the Hooghly bears the name of James and Mary. This was the name of a great Indian merchant ship wrecked on the sunken sand banks.

Another danger point dreaded by the mariner has neither sand nor rocks, but a great submarine waterfall. In the English channel there is a point just beyond the Shambles bank where there is a sudden drop in the sea bottom. The channel tides sweep over the banks and down this sudden drop, creating rapids equal in fury to those of Niagara. The American ship Georgia foundered in Portland race, the name by which this danger point is known, and all hands went down with her.

Ships bound to New York from Europe pass near a deadly hidden shoal which runs out from Sable Island, lying off Cape Sable, in Nova Scotia. The shoal runs out for miles in five directions, like the fingers of a great hand reaching out for what it can destroy.

When the gales blow heavy seas upon the shoals with sufficient force to shatter the staunchest vessels, and when the wind ceases the waves are strewn with the bodies of those who have perished. The distance from the shore is too great and the sea too heavy for the life savers to reach the struggling vessel, and few have been saved at this point. Ten vessels have been wrecked in this trap in a single week.

The rocky danger points in the ocean have nearly all been classified, and the dangers have been erected on the map—except one. There is a lighthouse on the Virgin rock, and there never will be.

Out in the mid-Atlantic this giant phantom rears its head up from the ocean floor and vainly seeks to reach the surface of the sea. It is short by about eighteen feet. There it stands with its sharp point hidden by the ocean waves, waiting to pierce the hulls of some unsuspecting vessel and send it down to join the pile of shipwrecks and dead men's bones that lie on the floor around its base.

The waves seem to be in league with the rock, for if a vessel of light draft tries to pass over its head the waves drop down into a trough at the bottom of which the point of the rock is waiting to rip out its keel.—Harper's Weekly.

It Was Easy. "I didn't catch a single fish during my trip?" "Yes, but—"

"You got lots of bites. And my ones got away. But Jones caught up there after you came home"— "Big bluff!"

"Of course. But he caught the banner fish of the season."

"And that same fish had fattened himself on twenty-eight pounds of my bait. Why not?"—Cleveland Leader.

One can stop when he ascends, but not when he descends.—Napoleon.

TAMED THE SAVAGE.

A Plucky Salesman and a Merchant With a Bad Grouch.

A salesman for a carpet house called on the proprietor of a big store. This man had a reputation for eating salesmen alive. After several unsuccessful attempts to see his man the salesman decided to use desperate means to get to him. He knew that the man must buy a bill of goods, for he knew what stock he was carrying and knew that he must lay in a supply for the opening of the season.

In the afternoon he called at the store and deliberately walked into the owner's private office and placed a card on his desk. The storekeeper did not look up from his papers for several minutes. Then he turned savagely on the salesman and said: "Who in Sam Hill let you in? I left orders to have you thrown out if you came again."

With that he threw the card savagely in the wastebasket. The salesman drew another from his pocket and placed it on the desk where the first had been. Without looking up from his work the buyer threw that in the wastebasket. The salesman threw down two or three other cards with the same result, and finally, almost purple with rage, the merchant turned on him: "Well, well, what is it?"

"I was just thinking," said the salesman, "that if every man your salesmen called on was such an infernal, ignorant, no account grouch as you are what cussed few orders they would book and how quickly you would go out of business. That's all, sir; good-bye."

"Hold on there a minute," broke in the grouch in a much changed tone. "I guess I owe you an apology. You're right. Let's see your line."—Book-keeper.

THE EVERGLADES.

This Fertile Florida Region Is an Old Mountain Top.

One of the strange facts about the Everglades region of Florida is that it is really a decayed mountain top. The crest is formed of massive limestone, usually covered by a mantle of sand. In this formation are numberless pot holes which vary in size from a few feet to thousands of acres; also countless lakes of fresh water springs and frequent subterranean streams and pools.

A few miles north of Cape Sable is an outcrop of limestone which projects to Lake Okechobee. In this outcrop is an extensive shallow basin extending 130 miles north and south and about seventy miles east and west, while the altitude of its rim is twelve feet above mean tide in Biscayne bay and a little less above the gulf of Mexico.

This rim is from three to twelve miles from the ocean edge of the coastal plain on the east and a distance of fifty miles from the gulf on the west. So far as explored it extends all around the edge of the basin, forming a complete cup. As a result of the weather and flowing water the run has been worn into fantastic shapes. The depth of the basin varies from a foot at the rim to as much as twelve feet in places, but generally the rock floor is from a depth of one to six feet.

And here is the secret of the fertility of the Everglades. Above the entire rock floor rises a layer of muck, formed of an alluvial deposit and of decayed vegetable matter. This deposit varies from a few inches to several feet in thickness. The water covering this deposit comes from springs that in turn have their source in the lake—Cassier's Magazine.

George Sand.

It was from Leonard Jules Sandeau, the celebrated French novelist and dramatist, born at Aubusson a century ago, that another and far greater writer derived her nom de guerre. When a young student in Paris Sandeau made the acquaintance of Mme. Dudevant, and during a short lived friendship they collaborated in a novel, "Rose et Blanche," which was published in 1831. Then they parted, but Mme. Dudevant, while relinquishing Sandeau's friendship, took to herself a portion of his name and elected to be known thenceforth as George Sand.—Pitt Mall Gazette.

The Fourth Estate.

Thomas Carlyle says that the term "fourth estate" was first applied to the newspapers by Edmund Burke when speaking in the house of commons about 1790. In consequence of the freedom which had been won for it during the reign of William of Orange the press had by the time of Burke become the power which well deserved to rank up with the king, lords and commons as one of the great estates of the realm, one of the great creative forces of the kingdom.

Testing a Hat.

Put on your hat and all outdoor regalia, says the London Chronicle, and then go where you can stand between a strong light and a bare wall. Notice your silhouette and note the proportions and symmetry. If these are not artistic or satisfactory, throw away the hat and buy another.

A Popular Belle.

"She made a hit with me." "She makes a hit with most people. Always has a crowd dancing attendance upon her."

"She evidently knows how to bouch her hits."—Pittsburg Post.

It is by presence of mind in untold emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested.—Lowell.

WAR OF THE WALKS.

Humors of the Right of Way on the Streets of Havana.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon Havana begins to revive from the dull which falls at about 11, for, although this city no longer frankly retires to sleep the siesta as she ought, she does doze dully in the motionless thick heat of midday.

After 3 one sees ladies venturing forth in twos and threes to the streets where the best shops are. This is the hour in which to witness, if one has eyes and humor for it, a whole series of comic occurrences.

Havana's sidewalks are narrow, and their lack of width gives rise to some local customs and a deal of heart-burning. One does not keep hard to the right, regardless, in approaching another person traveling along the narrow flagging in the opposite direction. One must take under advisement sex, age, color and present condition of servitude as blazoned forth for all to read in the details of personal attire.

Men usually give women the inside of the walk, stepping down when necessary to let them pass. Serving people, regardless of age and sex, and all others who so humble themselves as to carry packages are expected to yield the walks to their superiors, who then are about everybody they meet.

Frequently, of course, it is difficult to make in the dash of turning a corner all the nice calculations requisite to deciding who shall have the walk and who shall surrender it.

I know of nothing funnier than to watch two fairly well dressed and corpulent Cuban ladies determining, as they stand tottering, face to face on a foot wide flagging, the whole delicate problem of their relative rank. The one arrayed in the gidiest garment seems usually to win.

If there is small choice in color and cost between the pink costume of one and the blue costume of the other the one with the straightest hair stands fast and the other walks round, sometimes with grunts and comments sotto voce.

Or, all details seeming equal, they face each other and glare until the one with least nerve wilts, swerves into an adjacent doorway, and the victorious one sweeps by with uplifted chin and exultant petticoats.—Irene A. Wright's "Cuba."

Warning Before Command.

In bringing up my children I found that at night when they were tired they were spared many tears by being warned before I gave them a strict command. Instead of saying "Now it is time to go to bed. Put away your blocks at once," I would say, "It is nearly time to go to bed. Finish your house first and then put away your blocks." In this way the children were fully prepared to go, and there was consequently no begging and no temptation for me to show my lack of firmness by being persuaded to allow them to build "just one more house."

Imagine a mother in the midst of an absorbing chapter being told by one in higher authority to put down her book at once and go to bed. Would it not save a frown of impatience to be told to finish the chapter first?—Harper's Bazar.

A Curiosity of Sound.

If when riding in a balloon at a height, say, of 2,000 feet a charge of gun cotton be fired electrically 100 feet below the car, the report, though really as loud as a cannon, sounds no more than a pistol shot, possibly partly owing to the greater rarity of the air, but chiefly because the sound, having no background to reflect it, simply spends itself in the air. Then, always and under all conditions of atmosphere, there ensues absolute silence until the time for the echo back from earth has fully elapsed, when a deafening outburst of thunder rises from below, rolling on often for more than half a minute.

Impartial.

Professor C. Alphonso Smith once wrote an English grammar. The book was published while Dr. Smith was teaching at the University of North Carolina. One day he received from a farmer a letter containing the following:

"I am glad somebody has written an impartial grammar at last."

Dr. Smith immediately wrote to the farmer asking what he meant by an "impartial grammar." The answer was:

"You give the children this sentence to parse: 'One Confederate killed ten Yankees.'"—New York Post.

Where Honesty Failed.

"You are still having trouble in your search for an honest man?" "Yes," replied Diogenes. "There are plenty who are scrupulous about business and politics. But I have never yet found a man so honest that he wouldn't try to ring in a portrait taken when he was ten years younger when you ask him for a picture for publication."—Washington Star.

Indispensable.

"That banquet tonight can't get along without me." "You have a pretty good opinion of yourself. Billed for a speech?" "Oh, no. I was invited to listen."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Proof.

Kicker—Have you a cook engaged at present? Snicker—I think so; there's a man out in the kitchen every night.—Harper's Bazar.

Politeness is good nature regulated by good sense.—Sydney Smith.

LISZT AS AN IDOL

The Great Musician Was Pelted by English Royalty.

A SOUVENIR OF THE MASTER.

The Singular Memento That Was Sacredly and Secretly Treasured by a Cold, Rigid and Rather Disagreeable Old Englishwoman.

"When I was a very small boy indeed," writes Ford M. Hueffer in Harper's, "when I wore green velvet trousers, red stockings and long golden curls, thus displaying to an unsympathetic world the fact of my pre-Parisian origin, I was taken one day to a very large hall in front of us was a wooden platform draped all in red. Upon the platform was a grand piano.

"In front of me the first row of the stalls had been taken away, and in place of them there had been put three gilded armchairs, before which was a table covered with a profusion of flowers that drooped and trailed to the ground. Suddenly there was applause—a considerable amount of applause. A lady and gentleman were coming from under the dark entry that led to the artists' room. They were the Prince and Princess of Wales. There was no doubt about that even for a small boy like myself.

"And then there was more applause. What applause! It volleyed, it rolled round the hall. All were on their feet. People climbed on to their chairs, they waved hands, they waved programs, they waved hats, they shouted, for in the dark entrance there had appeared, white and shining, a head with brown and sphinxlike features and white and long hair and the eternal wonderful smile.

"They advanced, these three, amid those tremendous shouts and enthusiasm—the two royal personages leading the master, one holding each hand. They approached the gilded armchairs immediately in front of me, and the prince and princess indicated to the master that he was to sit between them at the table covered with flowers.

"He made little pantomimes of modesty, he drew his hands through their grasp, he walked quickly away from the armchairs, and because I was just behind them he suddenly removed me from my seat and left me standing under all the eyes, solitary in the aisle of the center of the hall, while he sat down. I do not think I was frightened by the eyes, but I know I was terribly frightened by that great brown, sphinxlike face, with the piercing glance and the merciless, distant, inscrutable smile.

"And immediately just beside me there began what appeared to be a gentle and courtly wrestling match. A gentleman of the royal suit approached the master. He refused to move. The prince approached the master. He sat indomitably still. Then the princess came and, taking him by the hand, drew him almost by force out of my stall, for it was my stall, after all.

"And when he was once upon his feet, as if to clinch the matter, she suddenly sat down in it herself, and with a sudden touch of good feeling she took me by the hand—the small solitary boy with the golden curls and the red stockings—and sat me upon her lap. I, alas, have no trace of the date on which I sat in a queen's lap, for it was all so very long ago; the king is dead, the master is long since dead, the hall itself is pulled down and has utterly disappeared.

"I had a distant relative—oddy enough an English one, not a German—who married an official of the court of Weimar and became a lady in waiting on the grand duchess. As far as I know, there was nothing singularly sentimental about this lady. When I knew her she was cold, rigid and rather disagreeable. She had always about her a peculiar and disagreeable odor, and when she died a few years ago it was discovered that she wore round her neck a sachet, and in this sachet was a half smoked cigar. This was a relic of Franz Liszt. He had begun to smoke it many years before at a dinner which she had given, and, he having put it down unfinished, she had at once seized upon it and had worn it upon her person ever since. This sounds inexplicable and incredible, but there it is."

Setting a Bill.

When Andrew Jackson lived at Salisbury, N. C., he once attended court at Rockford, then the county seat of Surry, and left without paying his bill, which was duly charged up against him on the hotel register, which seems to have been the hotel ledger at that time, and so stood for many years. When the news of the victory of the 8th of January, 1815, was received in this then remote section the old landlord turned back the leaves of the register, took his pen and wrote under the account against Andrew Jackson. "Settled in full by the battle of New Orleans."

She Meant Well.

The late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the rigid apostle of temperance, while on a week end visit made the acquaintance of a sharp young lady of seven, to whom, on leaving, he said: "Now, my dear, we have been talking some time. I am sure you have no idea who I am." "Oh, yes, I have," the little missy replied. "You are the celebrated drunkard."—London Graphic.

Not by years, but by disposition, is wisdom acquired.—Plautus.

QUEER CAVALRY CHARGE.

Attack Upon a Stranded Gunboat by a Mounted Squad.

After the action at Sabine Crossroads (in April, 1864) the Lexington was leading the fleet on the way down the Red river. A ride fire was directed upon her decks from the Confederate skirmishers on the shore. At one point the river widened out and the channel meandered through an open stretch of comparatively shallow water. As the Lexington reached this open stretch the man at the wheel, who had been replaced once or twice during the trip, was struck by a well directed shot from the bank. The little vessel turned sidewise to the current and grounded bow and stern across the narrow channel. A squad of Confederate cavalry, led by General Green and ex-Governor Mouton, seized the opportunity for a brilliant coup. They rode out through the shallows, the water being up to the shoulders of their horses, keeping up such a sharp fire that the decks of the gunboat had to be abandoned. The cavalry reached the edge of the channel, and it seemed for a moment as if they would be able to get on board and take possession of the vessel. If their attempt had been successful the vessel would have been sunk where she lay and the channel would have been blocked. The next vessel in the column was still above the point waiting until by the movement of the smoke from the stacks of the Lexington it could be known that the channel was clear. The men on the gunboat finally succeeded in bringing to bear a gun from below, and a volley of shrapnel killed General Green. Discouraged by the death of their leader, the cavalry turned back to the bank. The Yankee gunners again took possession of the deck and the wheelhouse, and, getting out their stilt (long poles fastened by swiveling bolts to the side of the vessel), they succeeded, although still under a sharp fire, in pushing the bows of the vessel around and getting her again under way.—American Review of Reviews.

TECUMSEH'S MISSING BUST.

The Reason It Was Taken From Its Niche in the Capitol.

"Where is the bust of Tecumseh that used to be in a niche on the east side of the capitol?" Richard Livingston, a student of American history, asked recently.

"I know that years ago there was a fine bronze bust of an Indian, and the name Tecumseh was on the pedestal, and as Tecumseh was about the most famous Indian chief of our school history books every American boy took more interest in surveying his features than in looking over the faces of eminent white men in the big building. I walked all over the building and saw Indians enough in paintings and statuary, also some live ones, but no Tecumseh. Then I hunted up my congressman, and he went through a guidebook—no use. Then we questioned the guides. They had not heard of a Tecumseh bust, and most of them asked, 'What state was the senator from?'"

"I was about to give it up. Then a somber sort of chap with a silk hat and a red flower in his buttonhole relieved my anxiety. He explained what I had not thought of before, and that was the fact that Tecumseh was killed in battle wearing the uniform of a British general. He died fighting the American flag. Why should he be honored with a bust in the capitol?"

"And then I was told that the Tecumseh bust really had been in the capitol for many years until one day a wise senator, familiar with the history of his country, made a protest. That sent the Tecumseh bust to the cellar or to some museum here in town."—Washington Post.

The Bull of Phalaris.

Perillus of Athens is said by the ancient authorities to have invented for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigento, B. C. 570, a brazen bull which opened on the side to admit victims who were to be roasted to death by the fire which grew from the sufferers closely resembled the "roaring of a maddened bull;" hence the name that was given to the invention. It is refreshing to know that later on the populace rose against Phalaris and burned the tyrant in the bull that he had made to be the cause of death to so many others.—New York American.

A Roundabout River.

The Kentucky river at Jackson is a freak. It runs for five miles or more to advance sixty feet. The circuit of the water forms what is known as the "panhandle." Standing on the back-bone you can flip a stone into the river on the north side and one into the river on the south side, five miles below. You are on the north side of the river and on the south side of the river and going up the river and down the river at the same time.—Winchester News.

Her Status.

"Are you a friend of the groom's family?" asked the usher at the church wedding.

"I think not," replied the lady addressed. "I'm the mother of the bride."—Yonkers Statesman.

Partnership.

Mr. Lately Married—But, dearest, I thought we had planned to go to the opera this evening? Mrs. Ditto—Yes, love, but I have changed my mind.—Puck.

His Carelessness.

"Why didn't you answer my letter about the money you owe me?" "Cause you didn't include a stamp."—Judge.

BAFFLED THE INDIANS.

An Old Army Paymaster's Safe That Was Apache Proof.

Years ago in the west, when the government sent out safes for the use of its army paymasters in remote districts, it was the custom for the paymaster in cavalry service to ride in an ambulance with the safe, escorted by a guard of six mounted men.

On one occasion such a guard was attacked by a large force of Apache Indians. Two men were killed, and the Indians captured the ambulance with the safe. This safe contained about \$8,000 in greenbacks, and it weighed some 400 pounds and had a combination lock.

Now, the Indians in question had never seen a safe at close quarters until this one happened along, but they knew that it contained money; also they wanted that money.

They first pounded off the knob with stones, under the impression that the door could then be pried open. Their attempt was, of course, a failure. The next step was to try their tomahawks on the chilled steel in the hope that a hole might be cut in it. This means, too, proved of no avail, so they determined to try fire. Accordingly, they gave the safe a three hour roasting. Luckily for the government, it was fireproof. They threw big rocks upon it while it was hot, but they were as far from the money as ever.

Next the Apaches dragged the safe up the side of a mountain and tumbled it over a precipice 200 feet high. They expected, of course, to see it burst open, but the only damage was a slight injury to one of the wheels. The safe was left sinking in the river for three or four days, and great was the Indians' disappointment at finding themselves still baffled.

Then they tried gunpowder; but, knowing nothing of the art of blasting, they brought about an explosion that burned half a dozen warriors and left the safe none the worse.

The Indians worked over that safe off and on for a month or more, but failed to get at the inside. Finally, in disgust, they left it in a deep ravine.

Fourteen months later, when peace came, the army accidentally found the safe. It was lying in the bed of a creek with a great pile of driftwood around it. It was a sad looking safe, but when opened showed its contents intact.—Harper's Weekly.

PUZZLED THE LINGUIST.

A Hindu Dialect Story That Appeared in the London Times.

John Walter of the London Times once found a unique way out of a difficulty brought about by a strike of compositors and pressmen. At the critical moment, it appears, the "copy" fell short by half a column. There was none at hand ready to utilize, and time pressed. It was really an inspiration that came to Walter. He laid hold of a column of "pi" (jumbled type that has been reset in a spilled mass to facilitate distribution back into the type cases) and prepared it in the most expeditious way, so that it might pass muster for an article in a foreign tongue. He ran it in with a few lines of introduction, stating that "his incomprehensible mass was a paper in some Hindustanee dialect, translation of which would follow in due course. No translation, it is superfluous to say, ever appeared.

Many years later, long after Walter had forgotten this incident, he was visiting in Cheshire, where he was introduced to a most learned pundit and oriental scholar. "Ah," said this gentleman, "I have long and ardently wished to solve a problem that has puzzled me for years." And he drew from his pocket a tattered clipping of Walter's "pi," indicating to the embarrassed proprietor of the Times that baffled his most strenuous and assiduous efforts to decipher, although he had tried every known dialect of the language. There was nothing for Walter to do but flee, which he did without ceremony.

A Tough Meal.

Tastes differ strangely from age to age. Flinging tongues are said to have been an epicurean luxury in Roman days, but the authors of "Unexplored Spain," who experimented with them, found no pleasure in the meat. "The tongue," they say, "is a thick fleshy organ, filling the whole cavity of the mandibles, and furnished with a series of flexible, bony spikes or hooks nearly half an inch long and curving inward. We found them quite unpalatable—tough as India rubber. Even our dogs refused to eat the delicacy."

Missed the Oil Cup.

The motorist emerged from beneath the car and struggled for breath. His helpful friend, holding the oil can, banged upon him.

"I've just given the cylinder a thorough oiling. Dick, old man," said the helpful friend.

"Cylinder?" said the motorist heatedly. "That wasn't the cylinder; it was my ear!"—London Tit-Bits.

Failed!

"The last time I was in New York I entertained at dinner at a swell cafe a country cousin. When we got outside he said to me: 'Do you know you accidentally dropped 80 cents on the table just as you left? That thief of a waiter tried to grab it, but I beat him to it.'"—Acheson Globe.

Before a Shop Window.

Billy—Buy me that little rocking horse, papa. Papa—If you are a good boy you shall have it for your next birthday. Billy—No, Buy it now. I may have a new papa before my next birthday.—Meggersdorfer Blatter.