

## JAGGED CAPE RACE

One of the North Atlantic Traps That Mariners Dread.

### ROCKY, FOGGY AND DEADLY.

This Gray, Grim Menace to Vessels That Come Within Reach of Its Icebergs, Gales and Wild Currents is One of the Graveyards of the Ocean.

In Harper's Magazine George Harding describes Cape Race, that menacing point of Newfoundland that is a terror to the mariners of the north Atlantic coast:

Every great trade route of the world has in season some peculiar danger to navigation which brings disaster to vessels plying its lanes. In the north Atlantic, for ships bound east and west over the busy northern route, the particular menace is Cape Race. In this neighborhood there is an extraordinary conjunction of perils. Fog, icebergs, submerged rocks, northeasterly gales, a sheer shore and singularly treacherous current create a large possibility of catastrophe.

Cape Race is a bluff, jagged bit of coast scarcely provided with strand, and a multitude of submerged rocks are scattered from the breaking water at the foot of the cliffs as far to sea as the Virgin rocks, which outlie ninety miles. The polar current, "which runs like a river" past the gray cape, is so variable in the direction of its flow that it may race southwest at one time and flow northeast at another. In the spring and early summer—and often as late as the fall of the year—icebergs come down with the current and lie sluggishly off the coast, hidden from the sharpest eyes of the ships' lookouts in the dense accumulations of fog.

It is the fog, almost continuously raised by contact of the polar current with the warm waters of the gulf stream, which for centuries has made a menace of this cape of evil name. There is little relief from it. It is so continuously present, indeed, that the cape foghorn is frequently blown for hundreds of hours at a stretch.

The route of the transatlantic lines from American ports runs past a hundred miles to sea, and it is the vessels that go astray in the fogs off the beaten track which come to grief and give the coast its gruesome name. In a single month an Atlantic liner, crowded with passengers, and four tramp steamers were totally wrecked with in twenty miles of one another. And once ashore a craft has small chance. The stupendous cliffs, with deep water to their jagged edges and exposed to the swells of the open ocean, have allowed but one vessel of the seventy that have been wrecked there in the past twenty years to be refloated.

The craft on the rocks is furiously pounded to pieces by the first heavy sea. The Regulus, a tramp steamer of near 2,000 tons, utterly vanished with the whole ship's company between dark and dawn, leaving her propped fixed in the cliffs twenty feet above sea level, where it remains to this day.

Steamers have gone so close to the cliffs in the fog that the fishermen on the heads, unable to even discern an outline of the blind craft, have clearly heard that panic on the bridge when the captain reversed the engine room signals and in the same breath ordered the lifeboats manned. After that they have listened to the churning of the screw, to the orders from the bridge and to the gradual departure of the vessel from her dangerous position.

Once, at a point beyond range of the fog whistle, a fisherman heard from the fog not only the orders to reverse the engines and man the lifeboats, but a loud command to one of the officers to guard the liquor. Vessels often slip past in the mist, themselves unseen, their presence, peril and escape from disaster told only by voices coming muffled from the obscurity at sea. Sometimes skippers send boats ashore to inquire the way, but often they go by in care free ignorance without the faintest notion that they have escaped catastrophe by the miracle of a hair's breadth.

"I heard a feller go by today," said a fisherman of Chance cove. "I allowed he'd fetch up on Fish reef by the sound of his course and waited to see, but he skipped her, and a close skim too!"

It is a coast to beware of. The better it is known the more it is feared. The skipper of a New York-St. John's liner, for a moment at a loss for a reckoning in the fog, took no chances, but instantly turned tail and headed for the open sea, where he lay for six days waiting for the fog to lift.

It is no wonder the deep sea skipper shakes in his sea boots when the fog captures him in a treacherous current off that coast. Some of the rusted hulls of his forerunners in predicament serve as landmarks for off shore fishermen, and on the wind swept barren of the heads, in graves marked by crosses raised by kindly hands and snugly stowed away for good and all in the little graveyards of the settlements, lie the bones of hundreds of men who have been cast up by the sea.

**No End to Grabbing.**  
Mopus—I suppose there will never be an end to grabbing until everything is grabbed. Smith—Oh, not even then, because the people who haven't grabbed anything will be trying to grab what has already been grabbed.  
—Boston Post.

There would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.—Bishop Hall.

## A WORK OF ART.

"It Must Be Indescribable, and It Must Be Inimitable."

Pierre Auguste Renoir's views on art are shown by Walter Pach in Scribner's Magazine in this question to and answer by the great painter:

"There are things about your work that we should like to know. When we find the colors in such perfect relation to one another we wonder how you arrive at such a result. When you have laid in the first tones do you know, for example, which others must follow? Do you know to what extent a red or a green must be introduced to secure your effect?"

"No, I don't. That is the procedure of an apothecary, not of an artist. I arrange my subject as I want it; then I go ahead to paint it like a child. I want a red to be sonorous to sound like a bell. If it doesn't turn out that way I put more reds or other colors till I get it. I am no cleverer than that. I have no rules and no methods. Any one can look over my materials or watch how I paint. He will see that I have no secrets. I look at a mile. There are myriads of tiny tints. I must find the ones that will make the flesh on my canvas live and quiver.

"Nowadays they want to explain everything. But if they could explain a picture it wouldn't be art. Shall I tell you what I think are the two qualities of a work of art? It must be indescribable, and it must be inimitable. Take a thing like the Eiffel tower. It is not art, because it can be duplicated by any one who has it described to him and who knows how to make such things. But you cannot make any more Titians, and you cannot copy Notre Dame. There is the Pantheon at Rome. They thought they could make a copy of it in that votive church at Naples opposite the royal palace, but the Pantheon is a great thing, and that church is a dead thing. So when they try to build like the Pantheon they find that those lines which seem so straight and regular and simple are very subtle and hard to follow. The more they measure the more they realize how much the Greeks departed from regular and banal lines in order to produce their effect.

"So in our Gothic architecture—each column is a work of art, because the old French monk who set it up and carved its capital did what he liked, not doing everything alike, as results when things are made by machinery or by rules, but each thing different, like the trees in the forest."

## WRECK OF AN ACTOR.

Macklin's Last Attempt to Play Shylock as His Mind Failed.

Macklin, the famous English actor, made his last appearance on the stage as Shylock. He came ready dressed for the character into the greenroom, where all the performers were assembled and prepared. Looking round, he said:

"What—is there a play tonight?" All were astonished, and no one answered.

"Is there a play tonight?" he repeated.

"Why, sir, what is the matter? The Merchant of Venice, you know," said the actress who was to play Portia.

"And who is the Shylock?" asked Macklin.

"Why, you, sir—you are the Shylock!" "Ah!" said he. "Am I?" and sat down in silence.

Every one was very much concerned and alarmed. The curtain went up, however, and the play began. Macklin got through the part with every now and then going to the side of the stage, lifting up his hair with one hand and putting his ear down to the prompter, who gave him the word. He then walked to the center of the stage and repeated the words tolerably well. This occurred often through the play. Sometimes he said to the prompter:

"What is it? What do you say?"

From that time Macklin's great talents were lost to the public. His memory zone, he spent most of his time in an elbow chair in his home in Covent Garden, where he died.—Kansas City Star.

### He Died Out.

An incident took place in a restaurant in New York city one evening not long ago that, besides being amusing, was the cause of considerable thinking on the part of three men who were regular patrons of the place. They were seated together at a table when they noticed that the waiter who had come to take their orders was not the one who usually served them.

"Where is John this evening?" one of the group asked.

"He has had his hours changed," the waiter replied. "He is out for dinner now."—New York Tribune.

### Paid For His Flirting.

"I was behind you coming up the street just now," asserted Mrs. Jellus, "and you rubbered at every pretty woman you passed."

"At every stylish woman," corrected Mr. Jellus. "I was just taking notes of the fashionable gowns, with a view to buying you a handsome one."—Washington Herald.

### Social Progress.

"Have you interested yourself in any social problems?" asked the man of severe ideas.

"Yes," replied the tractable man. "Thanks to my wife, I now almost know how to keep score in a bridge game."—Washington Star.

### Suppressed.

Little Clarence who has an inquiring mind—Papa, the "Forty Thieves"—Mr. Callipers—Now, my son, you are too young to talk politics.—Pack.

## EYE STRAIN.

First Felt Not in the Eyes, but in the Organ That is Weakest.

No human organ, except possibly the heart, is called on for such hard and continuous activity. Even the most musical ear is never taxed beyond the three or four hours of a Wagnerian opera and at the worst is rested by frequent intermissions. The brain, even in the case of professional men, is called on for only six to eight hours of work a day. But we use our eyes in business all day and then all evening in our amusements. In point of fact, the heart itself is less severely taxed.

The eye has, to be sure, a most marvelous strength. As long as its mechanism remains measurably correct it seldom or never gives out, and its vitality is supreme. But when to the strain of near work in artificial light are added defects in its own mechanism even this wonderfully adaptable and hardy servant gives symptoms of strain.

The brain is generally our first informer. It automatically supplies the energy that fogs the lens muscle to its ceaseless task, and it is in the closest possible sympathy with the retina, the sensitive plate on which all vision is recorded. The brain declares its exhaustion in headache and vertigo. The masterful eye, so to speak, shunts off its surging upon the nearest neighbor. Yet in many cases even the brain gives no direct symptom. It is the central organ, the highly vital and complex master, of the entire system, and it also has a superior way of passing on the kick. Just how it does this oculists do not profess to know. The rule seems to be that eye strain declares itself first in the organ which is nearest and weakest. The stomach, the liver, the intestines, the kidney, the heart or the membranes of nose and throat may develop symptoms while the eye and the brain seem normal.—Metropolitan Magazine.

## TOOK HIM LITERALLY.

And the Great Sculptor Houdon Found His Name Changed.

Houdon, the famous French sculptor, rendered great service to the fine arts not only through the masterpieces he left behind him, but also by perfecting the casting of statues in bronze. This art, fallen into disuse since the renaissance, he revived. When he reached his seventy-third year, writes Mr. G. H. Hart and Mr. Edward Biddle in their life of the artist, Houdon withdrew from active work. As a means of agreeable relaxation he began also to frequent the performances at the Comedie Francaise.

It so happened that in consequence of certain alterations the building had to be closed for a considerable period. On the day of its reopening Houdon came as usual, but a new ticket taker had been engaged since his last visit.

"Monsieur, your ticket, please!" this official cried.

"I don't need any," and the venerable figure continued to advance.

"But, monsieur, no one enters without a ticket."

"I have my entree, sir," replied Houdon, growing warm.

"But how do you call yourself?"

"How do I call myself? How do I call myself?" Then pointing to the statue in the peristyle, which he himself had made, "I'm the father of Voltaire!" he cried, and he passed in triumphantly. The amusing part of it is that the next evening as Houdon passed in the ticket taker turned to his assistant and instructed him to inscribe on the register of entries for the evening, "M. Voltaire, in pers." It is easy to imagine the hilarious reception of this at the Comedie, and for some time after the old sculptor was referred to by this name exclusively.

### The Healing Laugh.

Merriopathy is the science of the healing laugh. Merriopathy is better than homeopathy or allopathy for curing all the gloom diseases and grouchy complaints that make life miserable. The wise physician well understands the therapeutic value of fun and a cheerful spirit. Medicine may be a necessary and powerful agent in the treatment of illness, but it may fail where fear and melancholy join hands with the disease. Laughter is one of the best medicines in the world and lengthens life as well as brightens it.—Christian Herald.

### Pointing the Path of Duty.

"Don't you think women ought to vote?"

"Of course I do," replied Mr. Growcher. "Man is oppressed by economic conditions which only women can understand. What women want to do is to get together and legislate to prevent hat shops from collecting \$40 for a handful of straw and a bunch of feathers."—Washington Star.

### So Funny.

"I wonder," said the head of the family, surveying a contemplated purchase of a family steed, "if he will kick?"

"Oh, pa," giggled his daughter, "it's funny, but that's exactly what George asked about you."—Baltimore American.

### Cordial.

Mrs. Jenkins—Mrs. Smith, we shall be neighbors now. I have bought a house next you with a water frontage. Mrs. Smith—So glad. I hope you will drop in some time.—Everybody's.

### Literally.

Policeman (to suspicious stranger at midnight)—What are you doing in this store? Burglar—Can't yer see I'm takin' stock?—Boston Transcript.

Next to excellence is the appreciation of it.—Thackeray.

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