

# OUR LIFE SAVERS.

## Humble Heroes Who Do Brave Work Along Our Coast.

### DARING DEEDS IN THE SURF.

#### Battle With the Giant Combers and icy Seas When a Storm Wrecked Vessel Offers the Fearless Guards a Chance to Rescue a Human Being.

Through a bleak February night a storm was raging up the Atlantic seaboard. All along the coast the life guards were out, hunching into the gale, patrolling the beaches, alert for signs of disaster. Just before midnight one of them east of Bellport station, on Long Island, saw a schooner foundering in the gray spindrift offshore. It was the Benjamin Cronwell, and as the alarm swept down the beach the crews of three stations hurried to the scene. Their work was to take seven men from the rigging of the wrecked vessel.

All efforts through the night and the forenoon following failed. The wind was too high. Then at noon the schooner's masts, except the foremast, on which all of the crew save one had taken refuge, crashed overboard. This man went down in a welter of wreckage, and to those on shore it seemed as if he must surely be battered to death, but as the breakers raced in they saw him clinging to a plank that had been swept away with him.

A furious surf was running, and timber with which the Cronwell had been laden was pitched up on the beach. To add to the danger thick ice cakes, heaved by the breakers, lifted their jagged ends high in the air and crashed down, splintering one upon the other, and always the awful drive of snow and sleet, ripping the onrushing waves into tatters of foam and spindrift. Surely no man could live in that.

Instinctively the life savers moved nearer the edge of the surf and peered ahead for some sign of life. The beach was fringed with skim ice, sharp and pointed, that cut through rubber boots and clothing as if through parchment. Helpless to aid the man who they knew must be plunging somewhere out in that angry water, they huddled together as men will when a lifeless body is about to be cast up before them. They heard ice and wreckage grind harshly; scattered debris washed up to their feet. Brave men all, yet they saw nothing to do. They knew not to what lengths the ocean would go before giving up its victim.

At this juncture a figure sprang from among them and, wrapping a line about his waist, ran to the edge of the surf. He was Frank Rayner of the Blue Point station, and he was about to commit what the other surfmen instinctively told themselves was suicide. The service demands courage, not foolhardiness. For a moment Keeper Rorker hesitated, undecided whether to order Rayner back to the beach or not, but he couldn't find it in his heart to do it. It was a venture too heroic, too splendid.

They watched Rayner as he stood in the whirl of icy spray awaiting his chance. He was half naked. His clothes he had thrown off as he ran. The cold, biting into his flesh, tortured him. Still the chance held off. Then it came—the bit of wreckage, the clinging sailor, crashing into the boiling breakers, and Rayner dashed forward.

Foot by foot through that roaring tumult of water, of plunging beams and timber, dodging the splintered spars that, leaping from giant combers, made as if to pin him, Rayner worked toward his man. To those on shore he was hidden the greater part of the time. Finally they saw his head bob above a big billow. Near him floated the wreckage bearing its stiff, motionless burden. The next instant Rayner vanished, swept under by a tremendous wave.

From the huddled group on shore men started forward, but Albert Latham, also of the Blue Point station, was first to plunge into the tumbling sea. Tearing through them, he reached Rayner, who, just cresting a breaker, snatched at the sailor, now unconscious. And together these heroes of the coast hauled their man through the rearing timbers and ice to the beach and to safety.

Ten minutes later the Cronwell broke in pieces. From shore the life savers saw men fall from the rigging, five of them, who fell, one by one, like black plummets into the sea. One remained aboard. Then he went, too—a dark form clinging to the wrecked mast now adrift. And again Rayner and Latham plunged into the surf.

Now, weakened by their efforts and the cold, they faced an even harder task. The man torn from the mast nearly drowned them with his frenzied struggling. For twenty minutes the uneven fight between the sailor and the surf on one side and the two weakened life savers on the other was waged. Then a great green combler lifted beneath them and bore all three through the foaming sea to the shore.

For weeks Latham lay abed, and Rayner never performed duty again. Subsequently commended by Washington, they considered that honor sufficient. Such is the typical life saver, the man who patrols the coasts from Bangor to Galveston, from Seattle to Los Angeles. He's a part of a wonderful system.—New York Sun.

Never excuse a wrong action by saying that some one else does the same thing.—Franklin.

# MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TOMB.

It is Located in "the Saddest Spot in Paris."

A contributor to the Manchester Guardian has been visiting the Chapelle Expiatoire, in the Rue des Mathurins, which he describes as "the saddest spot in Paris." He had got it into his head that the remains of Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette had entirely disappeared, but he was undeceived.

"This little chapel was built, after the restoration, on the site of the old burial ground of the Madeleine as an act of expiation for the horrors of the revolution and especially for the murder of the king and queen. In that graveyard it was that they were hastily buried in open coffins filled with quicklime. But loving eyes and hands watched and marked the spot, and the day came when the poor remains were brought to light. Even quicklime is not all powerful, and there remained the skulls, a bone or two and—pathetic detail—the elastic metal garters which the unhappy 'Autrichienne' was wearing when Sanson's tireless ax fell upon her beautiful neck.

"Nor was that all. The lime had formed a hard crust upon the open coffins and around the bodies, and there embedded lay all the rest."

"The visitor descended a flight of steps to a subterranean chapel, dim and chilly, and he continues:

"There before me, in a tiny circular space just beneath a little stained window, stood a white marble altar. Enshrined in that altar, minus the relics at St. Denis, lie all that cruelty and hatred, time and nature, have left of Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette. All was silent. The stray visitors above had gone. The traffic penetrated not to this barren and almost secret cell. It was alone with the injured dead, with the irresolute king who was his own worst enemy, with the frivolous, fascinating, suffering, martyred queen, in whose behalf the 10,000 swords for which Burke cried out in his agony never leaped from their scabbards—alone with the poor remnants of perhaps the most historic woman in history."

"This spot is seldom visited. 'You wonder,' says the writer, 'how much the people on the boulevard a few yards away know or care about it all.'"

# HIS FIRST TASTE OF WAR.

The Time When Schley Was Almost Scared to Death.

"The late Admiral Schley admitted in conversation with me one afternoon, sitting on the veranda of an Atlantic City hotel, that the first time he was under fire he was frightened almost to death," remarked Victor Murdock of Kansas.

"When Admiral Farragut at Mobile bay boarded my ship I was a young officer," said Admiral Schley, "and in the height of the battle the captain of my vessel was killed. I suddenly found myself face to face with a situation which for the moment seemed to take away all of my nerve.

"I was in a moment elevated to the command of a battleship in actual engagement. If I had been unnerved by the shot and shell before, I was almost terrified at that instant. In the midst of my predicament—for that is what it amounted to—Admiral Farragut boarded the ship. I do not know what thought came to him when he saw me, for my face must have betrayed my fear.

"Just at that moment a shell whizzed across the deck, cutting a line as cleanly as if it had been done by a chisel. Farragut turned around to me and said: 'Lieutenant, let's take our stand on this line. They say that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.'"

"I was mighty glad to follow," said Admiral Schley. "Farragut stood there with the shells bursting all around, and I shall never forget how big and grand he appeared."—Washington Post.

# Lion For Dinner.

On Christmas, 1874, a curious dinner took place in Paris. Some score of contributors and draftsman of the Chasse Illustrée dined at Magny's restaurant under the presidency of M. Firmin Didot, the publisher, to taste the ham and heart of the last lion killed in Algeria by Constance Cheret. The flesh was found to be particularly firm and close grained, like that of a horse, but nevertheless quite palatable. The ham was preferred to the heart, which, although skillfully prepared with truffles, was pronounced somewhat tough and difficult of digestion.

# Mighty Texas.

"Texas is a big state," remarked the native. "A man from the eastern part of the state is a southerner; a man from the other side of the state is a westerner."

"How about a man from the northern part of the state?"

"He's a Yankee."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

# Another Mystery Explained.

A woman frequently changes her mind. That's why she is able to give a person a piece of it and still always have enough left for the next one.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

# Interpreted.

"That tramp talks funny, ma'am. He says he castigated his itinerary from Boston."

"He only means he beat his way."—Baltimore American.

# Inherited.

Pa—Son, you talk too much. Son—Well, pa, am I to blame for your marrying into a talkative family?—Boston Transcript.

# OCEAN SPECTERS.

## Phantom Craft That Are Said to Haunt the High Seas.

### A CURIOUS ENGLISH RECORD.

#### The Log of the Warship Bacchante Under Date of July 11, 1831, Bears the Entry, "Flying Dutchman Crossed Our Bows"—The Goblin Ship.

There are numerous legends and stories of ghostly vessels that roam the briny deep, and many hard-headed mariners, free from the common superstition of the ordinary sailor, stoutly maintain that they have at least once in their maritime career encountered what was undoubtedly a phantom ship.

Best known of those mysterious craft that haunt the high seas is, of course, the famous Flying Dutchman, or phantom ship of Vanderdecken. How the story originated is doubtful, but it has been ascertained that there was a seaman of repute who many years ago sailed from Holland to the east via the Cape of Good Hope, but was never again heard of.

Some authorities say that, meeting with contrary winds off the cape, he swore a terrible oath, in consequence of which the divine wrath decreed that he should be occupied till the crack of doom in endeavoring to weather the headland. Others state that this punishment was meted out to him in retribution for a terrible murder he committed before commencing his fateful voyage.

Whatever the cause of this ancient gentleman's monotonous wandering may be, it is probably in connection with him that the most authentic and cold blooded record of any phantom exists either afloat or ashore, for it is stated in the log of H. M. S. Bacchante while on a voyage round the world with the little princess in 1831 there appears on July 11 the entry, "Flying Dutchman crossed our bows." The log book of one of the then largest of her majesty's warships is certainly the very last place to expect to find that which is generally associated with the hysterical of either sex.

During January, 1647, a vessel left New Haven, Conn., on her maiden voyage, but was never again heard of. In the following June, just before the hour of sunset and after a severe thunderstorm, the missing ship was seen sailing up the river. The inhabitants, taking their evening stroll, were overjoyed at her return, but the most observant of them noticed that there was something uncanny about her, especially in that she appeared to be sailing up against the wind.

Then, to the consternation of all, she gradually faded away before their eyes and entirely disappeared. We may be assured that there were not wanting those who maintained that the vessel in spirit had paid a last visit to her port before resting for good on the ocean bed.

In the "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," by Le Maine, it is recorded that on a certain day in the year a phantom ship is seen off Cap d'Espoir, in Gaspé bay. Lights are seen aboard her, and her decks are crowded with men. By the foot of the bowsprit a man is conspicuously standing and facing toward the shore, with a lady clinging to his arm. Gradually the lights go out and the vessel sinks. It is said to be the ghost of the flagship of a fleet which was sent out to reduce the French forts, the vessel being lost with all hands.

To come to British waters, there are numerous instances related in local history of the visitations of ghostly vessels, the west of England, as might be expected, being most prolific in these records. Says a writer in the London Globe: "Indeed, Cornwall boasts of a goblin ship probably unique the world over as she not only sails the water, but proceeds most unconcerned a good distance inland."

This is the specter ship of Porthurno, and in Robert Hunt's book on "Romances of the West of England" are related the experiences of a local inhabitant who witnessed one of her escapades. She is described as a black square rigged single masted vessel, sometimes towing a small boat. No crew are ever seen; presumably they are down below. The personal narrative goes on to say:

"One came the craft. It passed steadily through the breakers, glided up over the sands, steadily pursued its course on the dry land as if it had been water. On it went to Bodelian, where St. Leven formerly dwelt. It then steered its course to Chyngwiden and there vanished like smoke."

# An Awful Blow.

"Yes," said Silvers, "Mickley was my dearest friend, and I shall never cease to mourn his death. It was a terrible blow, from which I shall never recover."

"Why—I thought you married his widow?" said Jimpson.

"Why er ahem! why, yes, I did; but—"

How Silvers unfolded into a deep and un-comfortable silence.—Harper's Weekly.

# Poor Comedy.

"Why did she cut you?" "She doesn't like my comedy."

"How's that?" "She made the statement at a party last night that she was twenty years of age, and I said, 'Yes, I knew that fifteen years ago.'"—Houston Post.

No protesting debts are wanted if there is prudence.—Juvenal.

# FABULOUS TABLE ANIMALS.

Such as Welsh Rabbit, Scotch Woodcock and Mock Crab.

When one comes to think of it, it is surprising how many fabulous animals come regularly to the dinner table or supper table.

Among them, of course, the most familiar is the Welsh rabbit, which in its original form was merely toasted cheese. Some folks declare that the name is a corruption of "rarebit," but this has never been proved.

Then there is the golden buck, which is a Welsh rabbit with a poached egg on top. Chinese rabbit is a Welsh rabbit with rice in it, and a Mexican rabbit (otherwise known as a Spanish rabbit) contains tomatoes and onions.

So much for rabbits. But how many people are familiar with the Cape Cod turkey? Plenty in New England, where codfish goes under that name.

Scotch woodcock is two slices of hot buttered toast, with an anchovy on each slice and a sauce made of half a pint of milk and the yolks of three eggs poured over them.

Less familiar perhaps is English monkey, which is made by soaking a cupful of breadcrumbs in a cupful of milk and adding a tablespoonful of melted butter, a beaten egg and half a cupful of grated cheese. The whole, with salt and pepper added, being poured over toasted crackers.

The mock turtle is one of the most familiar of fabulous table animals, being served in the form of soup. In "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" will be found a striking picture of this remarkable reptile, represented by the body of a turtle and the head of a calf.

Mock duck is a roll of chopped meat and bread crumbs baked. Mock crab is made by mixing equal parts of grated cheese and butter, seasoning with salt, pepper and vinegar and adding a few drops of anchovy sauce. The paste thus prepared is spread on slices of dry toast or sometimes served in crab shells.

Last, but not least remarkable, of these mythological animals, known only to the kitchen naturalist, is the corn oyster, which is a small fritter of green corn fried like a real oyster.—New York American.

# GOLD NUGGETS.

## There is a Curious Resemblance Between Them and Meteorites.

How do nuggets of gold originate? Sometimes a mass of the precious metal worth a thousand dollars or more is found. By what process was so much gold compacted into a lump?

An attempt was made not long ago to answer this question. An investigator in Australia cut and sliced and polished gold nuggets with the sole purpose of finding out just what is their structure. The first thing he discovered was that there is one curious point of resemblance between gold nuggets and meteorites. Both, when polished and etched with chlorine water, exhibit a crystalline structure. In the case of meteorites the lines thus exhibited on the etched surface are called Widmannstaftian figures, and their presence is said to be one of the most invariable characteristics of those metallic bodies that fall from the sky to the earth.

But it is not meant to be implied that gold nuggets have fallen from the sky because they exhibit a crystalline structure recalling that of meteorites. The resemblance is apparently only superficial, and the crystals of the nuggets differ in form from those of the meteorites.

Another curious fact is that when a nugget is heated in a Bunsen flame explosions take place on its surface. Blisters are formed which continue to swell until they burst with a sharp report and bits of gold are violently scattered about. It is evident that the nuggets contain either gases or some liquids or solids which are easily converted into the gaseous form, the expansion of which produces the explosions.—Harper's Weekly.

# Fake Curios.

Dr. Wakening, the Egyptologist, tells us that it is useless to warn the tourist against the fake curio. He buys and is sold with an unflinching regularity, and hardly any imitation is too gross to deceive him. Dr. Wakening tells us of a lady who bought a scarab from a boy who assured her that he had himself stolen it from the excavations in the temple of Aknaton. And she displayed her treasure triumphantly and always with the words, "And I am sure it must be true, for he had such an honest little face."—Argonaut.

# No Use For the Doctor.

"Why did you send the doctor away without permitting him to do anything for you?"

"He said he could get me up and out in three days, the sufferer groaned, and my accident insurance amounts to \$20 a week more than my salary as long as I'm disabled."—Chicago Record-Herald.

# A Business Tip.

She looking at photo proofs—Do you mean to tell me that I have such an ugly nose as that? Photographer—My apparatus cannot lie, madam. She—Then for goodness sake have enough sense to go and get one that cannot.—Boston Transcript.

# Pessimistic Thought.

Every rose has its thorn. And the mean part of it is that the thorn stays on the job when the rose has withered.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Folly often goes beyond her bounds, but impudence knows none. Ben Jobson.

# MENDING A CABLE.

## The Snapping of a Submarine Line Entails Hard Work.

### LOCATING THE BREAK IS EASY.

#### This Is Accomplished by the Use of Sensitive Instruments, and Then Comes the Difficult Task of Grappling and Raising the Severed Ends.

The 700 mile cable that connected Hamilton, Bermuda, with Halifax, Nova Scotia, had snapped. Somewhere under many fathoms of water lay the two broken ends, perhaps only a few inches apart—more likely half a mile or so from each other—carried from their accustomed bed by the wash of the waves. Until the two ends were connected the thousands and thousands of dollars invested in the cable were bringing no income.

As the result of the accident Hamilton was practically isolated from the rest of the world, for the only other cable went to Jamaica. By sending a message to Jamaica and having it relayed to Newfoundland and thence by telegraph to New York it was possible to get a few words through in a fairly short time. But the tolls were enormously high.

The moment the operator at Halifax found that the key on the Bermuda cable did not respond to his touch he reported the fact to his superior in the Halifax office. Orders flew back and forth, telephone bells rang, messengers scurried in and out of the office, and in a few hours the cable repair steamer was on its way to Bermuda.

The operators at Halifax and Hamilton had located the break. It was about six miles from the Hamilton end of the cable. This they calculated with sensitive instruments used to record the "resistance."

The writer was in Hamilton when the Mackay-Bennett steamed into the harbor and through the courtesy of the captain was on board when the steamer went out and grappled for the ends of the cable and restored it to usefulness.

Even when the captain of a cable repair ship knows that the break is about six miles from one end it's no easy affair to pick up the big wire ropes. The floor of the ocean is uneven, and he must allow for slack.

The crew was ready when the ship stopped. With a splash the big grapnel went overboard, and yard after yard of line was paid out until the hook touched bottom. The water was 120 fathoms (720 feet) deep at that spot.

Luck was with the cable ship. So well had the captain calculated that the very first cast of the hook brought up one end of the broken cable. It was hauled on board. The electricians attached their instruments and called Hamilton. The station answered immediately.

A huge buoy was attached to the heavy wire rope and lowered into the water. Then we set out to find the other end.

Cast after cast of the grappling hook and not even a nibble from the missing part of the cable. Farther and farther the cable ship worked away from the buoy. At last, after three hours' work, the grapnel resisted the pull. The fish had been caught. There was a cheer from the crew as it was pulled on board about a quarter of a mile from the other end.

This end was connected with a telegraph instrument, and the operator at Halifax, about 700 miles away, answered. There was nothing more to do except to join the broken ends.

A new section of cable was carefully spliced to the cable that had just been picked up. The cable was paid out over the stern as we steamed back to the buoy. This was hauled on board and the broken end spliced to the new piece of cable, an operation consuming less than half an hour. The repaired cable, as good as new, was draped overboard to resume its place on the ocean's bed.

Rarely does a cable repair ship have such good luck. Often storms arise which drive the ship from her course, tear the buoys from the ends they hold and compel the work to be done over again.

In northern waters these conditions are felt at their worst. The ship becomes encrusted with ice, it is difficult to maneuver and doubly so to deal with a cable on bow or stern when the roll of the seas threatens to fracture it again, and the launching of boats with men in them to buoy a loose end is hazardous.

From these causes occasionally cable ships get short of coal and have to abandon work temporarily at critical periods, or they are encased among the ice floes or bergs and have to let go all and retreat. Kari K. Kitchen in New York World.

# A Star Idea.

Small Edgan happened to see the new moon "Mamma," he queried. "Did God make that moon?" "Yes, dear, was the reply. "What did he do with the old one?" queried the youthful inquisitor. "Did he cut it up into stars?"—Chicago News.

# Why He Was Glum.

"Why so glum?" "My wife threatened yesterday to go home to her mother."

"Oh, well, probably she won't go."

"She didn't."—Houston Post.

An unbridled tongue is the worst of diseases.—Lutpidea.

# COST OF A COCKTAIL.

The Drink a Young Business Man Had to Have Before Lunch.

In New York city there is a man who once paid \$1,000 for a cocktail. He did not know it then, and he never will know it unless he happens to read this story.

A certain prosperous manufacturing company needed a new departmental manager. The salary was \$3,000 a year. The officers of the company considered a great many candidates and at last decided to offer the position to a clever young man of unusual business ability. He seemed to be exactly the man for that particular place. The president and general manager invited the young man to lunch with them at a downtown club, ostensibly to talk over a less important business matter. They wanted to "look him over" just once more.

The man met them at the appointed hour, and the president, anxious to make the occasion a pleasant one, ordered an elaborate luncheon. The water was a long time in bringing the first course, and the guest began to appear ill at ease. He seemed absent-minded and uninterested in the conversation. He twisted about in his chair and tapped his fingers nervously upon the table. Finally he turned toward the president and said almost desperately, "Would you mind very much if I ordered a cocktail?" Then he flushed a little and offered a laughing apology for making the request.

The other men exchanged surprised and significant glances, but they called the waiter and ordered the cocktail. When it came the guest drank it eagerly. In a few moments he had become another man—the man of keen vision and quick mind, who could be so useful in their great business. There was no more preoccupation in his manner, no shifting about in his chair. He was alert, eager, clear headed.

But as the luncheon went on neither the president nor the manager mentioned the real object of the interview. Each was thinking the matter over seriously, and neither could be sure of the other's secretly formed opinion. The situation became awkward. Finally the president excused himself on the pretense of going into the library to speak to a friend who had just entered. But after speaking to his friend he went straight to the desk and wrote a message on a telegraph blank. He gave the message to a uniformed attendant and went back to the dining room.

In a few minutes a page brought a telegram to the manager, who read it hurriedly, while the president looked on telling his guest about a good vacation in Maine. This is what the telegram said:

"The job is too big for a boozier. We can't run our business by cocktail power."—Youth's Companion.

# Working Up a Joke.

A regular amateur jester broke past the guards and got into our office yesterday. He came for the purpose of making us bite on some of his prepared catches. We hate to discourage genius, and also we weren't extremely clever, so we took the card he found. Here's the way he did it:

"Of course you hate adulteration. I have found that many of the wines are watered. Now, what do you think of watering wine?"

"It's a gross swindle."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And what do you think of putting sand into sugar?"

"It's a gross swindle. Ha, ha, ha, na, na, na-a!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# An Artist's Record Rapidity.

As an instance of the amazing rapidity and ease with which a Japanese artist works Mr. M. B. Hulsh, in "Japan and Its Art," quotes the marvelous achievement of Fukui Kotel, who was selected to exhibit his prowess before Prince Arthur of Connaught when the prince was in Japan on the Garter mission. In one summer day, working from sunrise to sunset, he painted a picture for each of 1,224 guests to be entertained that evening! Kotel worked with two brushes.

# Oiling the Swamps.

The oil that is distributed through the swamps of Panama to prevent the crops of mosquitoes which made things so unpleasant is sent on its errand in a novel fashion. At the head of every little water-course an oil tank is placed that gives its oil drop by drop. When the sudden showers come, as they do, in bucketfuls, the water flows off the higher lands into the swamps, carrying a coating of oil where it is most needed.—Christian Science Monitor.

# Contentment.

It is said that John D. Rockefeller was once asked by an ambitious young woman, a schoolteacher, or an infallible recipe for contentment. The oil king promptly and forcefully replied: "Never borrow trouble and never lend money."

# The Other Way.

"When I put on this diamond earring upon your finger, my darling, I am in one way sealing my doom."

"Dear me! You frighten me. How so?"

"I am ringing the bell of my doom's hopes."—Baltimore American.

# She Knows.

Father—Katherine, I wish you'd ask that young Mr. Spenser why he doesn't go home earlier. Daughter—But, papa, I know why he doesn't already.—Boston Transcript.

giving status never lessens the price.—Spanish Proverb.