Dreaded Derelicts Which Haunt the High Seas.

Fifteen hundred masterless ships are helplessly adrift in all the seven seas; a graveyard fleet, menacing the world's shipping with a peril no foresight can avoid. And everyone of them tells an eery tale of ocean tragedy. Who can forget his first glimpse of one of these ship wraiths, sinister and horrible, a battered hulk swinging this way and that, with splintered mast stumps pointing mutely to heaven, while huge white capped seas swept over and half submerged the moss green decks? The terror of the sea, with every seaman's hand against them, and all the maritime nations devising means for their destruction.

Not long since the well known Porto Rico liner Ponce was nine days overdue, and Captain Hunt, of the Government hydrographic office showed no fewer than nine of these spectral ships, painted in red ink on the chart, and all converging into the steamer's course, inevitable as fate. The hull of one was six feet under water. Another Norwegian bark, the Wellington, had all her sails set, and not a person on board, careering crazily in the track of trade—just another of the ships that make no haven. And our Atlantic ports alone furnished nearly twenty such last year, involving the loss of two hundred and fifty-seven lives.

Now, what has happened to these ships—well found, well manned, sailing frequented seas, and that often enough in fair weather? Sometimes their story is known, but again their fate may be a creepy mystery, striking awe to the soul of every sailor.

A Gloomy Christmas.

It may be fire, as in the case of the big four-masted Marpesia, Captain Jensen, New York for Cette, in southeast France, naptha laden. On Christmas day eleven of the starboard watch went below at dawn—never to come up again; for the bo'sn's pipe was suddenly drowned by a roaring explosion that followed a low rumble. The entire forward section of the ship burst into furious flame as foremast, decks and cargo shot one hundred and twenty feet in air. Debris rained hissing on the sea, as the thunderous wall of flame swept aft. Pitiful streams of water were shot into that awful crater of blazing naptha. The men fought well, but at length were forced to build a plank extension thirty feet out over the stern, where they retreated with singeing hair and blistered faces. Here they crouched all night, while the roaring hulk plunged on, lighting up the sea for miles. Before dawn the Danish steamer Gallia broke through the smoke wall; and as her black nose cut through the choking fog the tortured men leaped into the sea for safety, leaving the Marpesia to burn to the water's edge—and become a dangerous derelict of the seas.

Against such a danger the mariner is helpless. Rocks are betrayed by surf and soundings; lighthouse beams, sirens and buoys proclaim various perils of the mariner; throbbing engines tell of another ship's proximity; and even the dread iceberg is revealed by its ghastly radiance and a sudden frigidity of the air; but the derelict is not foreseen, gives no warning until it wounds a vessel to its death. What tragedies may not be attributed to these creeping corpses of fine ships? And not minor tragedies of barks and tramps, but the destruction of great liners—the big White Star Naronic for instance.

It is only a few years since this superb steamer of five thousand tons left Liverpool with a crew of seventy-four under Captain Roberts, who had already made half a dozen trips in her and found her a grand ship. She had cost six hundred thousand dollars, and had ten water tight compartments. But she was never seen or heard of again—just a dark mystery of the sea. The underwriters at Lloyd's shook their heads and murmured, "Derelicts!" and none but a seaman knows how deadly these are, especially when they are filled with lumber.

Let an abandoned vessel be light, or in ballast, and mayhap a steamer will cut right through her; but to hit a water-logged derelict, upheld by a cargo of sodden timber, is practically the same as striking a rock. Nor will the first victim be the last, for these staggering buccaneers of the sea live for years and travel half way round the world, dealing death and destruction.

Seen by Many.

Take the case of the thirty-five hundred-ton Dunmore, Cardiff to Newport News with coal. She broke her shaft in mid ocean during a furious blizzard, and was abandoned by her crew six hundred miles from Cape Cod. The Dunmore was then leaking terribly; her master thought her about to founder. But no, she lived on and was sighted by no less than twenty-two steamers. By some this prize (worth seventy thousand dollars) was towed. She was boarded by five, and set on fire by one. Then the Dunmore vanished, though five British warships went out from Bermuda to destroy her, well knowing what a peril she was to navigation. Think of this big iron steamer, water logged and on her beam ends, with three thousand tons of coal as dead weight, dancing drunkenly into the track of navigation!

The persistence of the derelict is a very serious problem. Take for example, the American schooner W. H. White, at one time known to all Atlantic sailors as the White Ghost. For over twenty months that vessel was afloat, apparently well masted and manned. And she travelled five thousand miles, zigzagging perilously across the Atlantic, only to sink at last off the wild Hebrides with all her white sails set and her lonely decks in perfect order.

The Alma Cummings.

But the whole story of a derelict is told in the case of the schooner Alma Cummings. She loaded lumber at Port Royal, Jamaica, for Boston, and on her way over was fatally struck off Cape Henry by a February blizzard. Her masts crashed overboard, leaving ten men face to face with death. Heavy spars, held by the torn and tangled rigging, beat her sides like battering rams in every swirling sea, opening her seams and admitting tons of water. And as the big combers swept over the doomed vessel a coating of ice two feet thick was formed on the rocking decks. The pumps, froze and the battling men were chilled to the bone, without even one dry match wherewith to start a fire. Lashed to the stanchions and mast stumps, the crew awaited death with the grim resignation of sailormen. But the storm passed, and then a daring spirit fired a rifle into a can of kerosene and started a blaze. A brief struggle prevented it from spreading, and the fire was carefully tended, that it might cook food and fight the killing frost. On this crazy hulk the men lived for five days and nights, until the sea went down. They now resolved to abandon her and make for land. But no sooner had they provisioned the lifeboat than a monstrous sea dashed it against the side of the derelict and utterly destroyed it. A couple of days later, however, when the helpless craft was drifting about, a hundred miles off the New Jersey coast, the British steamer Queensmore bore down upon her and took off the suffering men. Thereafter the Alma Cummings was reported five times drifting across the Atlantic, and perhaps a year later she was seen far to the south near the Equator, having been burned to the water's edge by crews that had boarded her, hoping to rid the seas of her presence. But below the water's edge the fire would not go, for the decks were too wet to burn, and the derelict persisted because her timber cargo bore her up. There came a long period of silence about the schooner; but one autumn day she grounded near Colon, where she was broken up by the Indians of Panama.

For Four Years.

Not less remarkable is the record of the American schooner Fannie E. Worsten. She was adrift for four years, and travelled nearly ten thousand miles. Abandoned off Cape Hatteras, she drifted north with the Gulf stream; but a sudden gale drove her south again, and she staggered into the dreaded Sargasso Sea—that mysterious region of weeds and wrecks, so dreaded by every sailor. Here the hulk lay hidden for two years. Then, as if alive with malice, she shot out of that forbidden sea, and was sighted off Florida pursuing an erratic course northward. She described two vast circles off the Virginia coast, and at last went to pieces on the terrible shores of New Jersey. This derelict was reported no fewer than forty-four times. She crossed her own track at least a dozen times; and in spite of her long battle with the storm she appeared as staunch as ever to anxious observers, whose days and night she made hideous with fear.

The records of the hydrographic offices of New York and London tell strange tales. There was the Fred B. Taylor, adrift for ninety-three summer days—a most peculiar wreck floating bow upward. All such are carefully reported for the benefit of navigation. Five years ago the captain of a tramp rounding Cape Horn beheld a New Bedford whaler frozen into an iceberg. The vagaries of bergs, by the way, are well known, for just as vast masses, weighing thousands of tons, become detached through the sun's action the towering pinnacles above water throw queer somersaults. It was thought this derelict whaler had grounded on the berg and later on been carried high into the air where icy sprays had fixed her surely upon her high pedestal of blue green ice.

Fantastic as this case is, it is by no means unique. The Newfoundland fishing schooner Albion was described in 1893 in precisely the same plight; and not even in fiction can one imagine a more dramatic episode than the slow procession of her berg and its satellites through the trawling fleets of the Grand Banks, whose crews gazed up in awe at the phantom ship, upreared on her shining pedestal.

A Dead Man.

A derelict steered by a dead man's hand is worth recording. That was the sight that met the eyes of men on board the ship Ariebis last year in the Pacific. The man had lashed himself to the wheel and, had died or been struck dead in some tremendous storm. And there he stood, apparently nerved and erect, with cold hands grasping the spokes and sightless eyes that seemed to steer ahead. The master and officers of the Ariebis scuttled the derelict and sent her lone watcher into the depths to a fitting burial.

There are some derelicts which deserve the name only because they are found on the high seas with not a living person on board. Search the whole maritime annals through, and you will find no more amazing instance than that of the Marie Celeste. Her very name stands for a weirdly fantastic story of the sea. One fine morning in 1887 she left New York for London with a crew of thirteen, including the master's wife and young child. A British bark sighted her in mid-Atlantic a fortnight later; but not a sign of life did she give when hailed in the International Code. The British captain, greatly puzzled, tried every means known at sea, but in vain. He could hardly believe it possible that so trim looking a ship was derelict and abandoned. He sent a boat to her; and strange indeed was the story—or absence of it—revealed by an exhaustive search, high and low. The boats were in their davits, the hull undamaged, the cargo intact. The bellying sails were set; the men's weekly wash hung above the forecastle. A sun awning covered the poop. Rigging and spars, binnacle and wheel and rudder—all were in perfect order, as also were the sailors' kits, and even the savory dinners set out in the forecastle. In the little cabin was the sewing machine of the captain's wife, and under its needle a baby's nightgown. In the chart room the chronometer ticked cheerily; a cash box was found well filled; and the log book was found posted to within forty-eight hours of the visit. Every record showed the passage uneventful and favorable. Indeed the searchers could see at a glance that the trim ship had passed through no storm. Of piracy or murder or a struggle of any kind, there was no evidence. Yet thirteen living creatures had disappeared as if spirited away into the great deep by some agency not of this earth. The United States government spared no efforts to solve this, one of the strangest of all the sea's mysteries.

Never Heard Of.

Not less uncanny and disturbing was the story of the brig Resolven, Newfoundland for Labrador, which was picked up one sunny August day by the British gunboat Mallard. The Resolven, too, had her sails set, her side lights burning, her galley fire lighted as if for dinner. Everything, as in the case of the Marie Celeste, was in perfect order; and a big bag of gold, supposed to have been for the purpose of buying a cargo of fish, was found lying intact in a locker. The warship towed the brig back to St. John's, and there everyone awaited news of the eleven men of the crew. But nothing has been heard of them from that day to this.

These cases are the stranger when one remembers what terrific sufferings sailormen have endured and lived through. One May day four years ago the Norwegian schooner Ziggen was almost knocked to pieces in a hurricane. For six days her twelve hands were afloat on the derelict hull hailed by gales and snow storms.

The humble and patriotic group gathered on the quarter deck and the captain actually read the burial service, believing their death was only a matter of minutes. Yet even while he was reciting prayers a steamer's smoke appeared on the horizon, and before long the big Pennsylvania bore down on them and took off the despairing mariners. The Ziggen was the worst kind of derelict—wooden built and lumber laden. For that reason she haunted the sea for many and many a day. Iron ships will open up and sink rapidly, but the stout planks of a wooden vessel give her rare buoyancy against the onslaughts of the sea and she is virtually unsinkable if the whole of the interior is likewise of timber.

Each Its Own Story.

Every derelict has its own story, some more terrible than others. That of the barque Florence E. Edgett, wrecked on the Carribean Sea in 1902, is remarkable. She left Nova Scotia for Buenos Ayres, and besides the crew of ten carried also the captain's young wife, a girl of twenty-three. A couple of months later the dread hurricane, that left only jagged stumps instead of masts, swept overboard the deckload, demolished the bulwarks, uprooted the deckhouses, flooded the holds. And yet even with cabin and fo'c'sle awash, and most of the provisions ruined, the ten men and a girl remained by their ship for four long weeks, rigging jury masts to work her toward land, and burning flares of distress by night. It would be difficult to describe the long days in an open boat across hundreds of miles of stormy ocean, with each individual reduced to a drink of water and three ounces of bread a day, and with a tropic sun blistering every exposed part of their bodies. During the whole forty days between the fatal storm and the sighting of land they saw not one ship. Yet they were saved; and the derelict they left behind was sighted many times. She drifted at last into the Saragossa Sea, which seems to lure all these carcasses into its tangled and matted bosom. No doubt a storm drove her forth again, another recruit for the sea's army of destruction.

It is amazing how numerous are these dangerous waifs. One February day the ship Inchisla beheld three derelicts at once—two water-logged schoners and a brig turned upside down. And the Strathmuir beheld one vessel burning and another alongside her dismantled off Cape Cod. Many a narrow escape, too, is recorded from these perils. One night the steamer Vigil passed between the two masts of a sunken derelict, and yet most marvellously escaped injury.

The distance covered by a derelict depends upon her condition. Some will drift a mile a day, others will make a hundred. One of them with sails set will follow a course as closely as though a human hand was at her wheel; another will, as has been shown, zigzag through every sea. It is said that thirty per cent. of the floating derelicts are seen upside down, and that in such a way as to be able to rip the bottoms out of ships that collide with them.

Now each maritime nation attends to its own derelicts, and even sends out warships to demolish them with big guns or torpedoes; or the derelict may be destroyed by fire or by ramming. That they offer a very serious passive resistance, however, will be seen by the painful experience of the United States cruiser Atlanta. She sighted the derelict British schooner Golden Rod one day, floating bottom upward near the New South Shoal. And since the American seaboard is especially afflicted with derelicts, the naval captains have orders to destroy them on sight.

For this reason the Atlanta opened fire upon the Golden Rod. Something like forty shots were put into the hulk, but only four exploded in her. The first blow sliced off the derelict's stern; a second sheered away another section; and the third legged caught her amidships and tore her along for some distance.

The fourth stroke split the Golden Rod in two, while the fifth tore off her under body and scattered her cargo of barrels on the sea's face. Unfortunately it was seen that this work had seriously strained the cruiser's stem, and she was forced to go into dock on reaching port, where it was found that she had sustained considerable damage.

Now, however, the government has decided to build for the revenue cutter service a vessel of an entirely new type, expressly for destroying derelict. She will have a steaming radius of five thousand miles without stopping to coal; and among her equipment are several powerful derricks, together with the most improved life saving apparatus, and a magazine filled with gun cotton and other high explosives which if scientifically distributed would clear all the lanes of navigation of this terror of the sea. This new enemy of derelicts will have her field clearly marked by Nova Scotia on the north, the Bahamas on the south, and mid Atlantic on the east.

Th other side of the ocean will be patrolled by derelict hunting ships of Great Britain or other European powers; from which it will be seen that all the governments are thoroughly alive to the importance of clearing the seas of hapless hulks, which at present are in effect dumb, helpless pirates, preying upon the commerce of all nations.—William G. Fitz-Gerald in St. L. Tribune Magazine.

CELTIC AT COLUMBIA.

Professor From the Middle West Will Teach Irish and Welsh.

The division of modern languages and literature at Columbia has established four courses in Celtic, to begin with the opening of the academic year 1908-09. Dr. John Lauriston Gerig will have charge of the new department.

He was graduated from the University of Missouri in 1898, and took his master's degree there the year following. He got a Ph. D. from the University of Nebraska in 1902, after he had instructed a year in Missouri. He was an instructor in Nebraska for four years, and afterward a year at Williams in the modern language department. He is now a lecturer at Columbia.

Dr. Gerig will give courses of one hour a week in elementary and advanced Old Irish, elementary Welsh and in the elements of comparative Celtic grammar.

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MRS. RUBBERINO PASSES ON HER NEIGHBORS.

A Monologue on the Shortcomings of Summer Hotel Visitors.

(New York Sun.)

Mrs. Rubberino, seated on the verandah of the summer resort hotel with her husband, who was fruitlessly trying to get the drift of the stock market out of the morning paper, was sorting over the porch parading hotel throng for his information and for her enjoyment.

"I can't imagine what you could have been thinking, or drinking, when you remarked last night that there were some attractive people here," she said. "It's becoming a sort of pose with you to wear those hued spectacles, anyhow. I guess you just do it to be disagreable. Where are they? I haven't seen any of them. Of all the dowdy, frumpish thrown together, imitation, would-bes of women, I never saw the like in all——

"There comes that crazy old Neverquit woman, fixed up like somebody about 18 years old, and if you make her stop here for a talk, like you did yesterday morning, I shall certainly get up and leave; now, remember. The crazy old affected thing! If she's not a grandmother, she ought to be, and the way she titters and giggles all over the place, ogling the stupid fools of boys that buzz around her morning, noon and night—and, for all their stupidity, I'm perfectly certain they're only guying her—yes, and making those ridiculous old watery eyes of hers at the married men, too—well, if it isn't disgusting I never saw anything that was.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to flatter an old creature like that, as you did yesterday morning, for of course there isn't any possibility of your meaning it, and it isn't decent for a man of your age to be ridiculing women to their faces, no matter how crazy or flighty they may be. You know just as well as I do, only you're to stubborn to admit it, that the woman dates back to the days of hoopskirts and cameo earrings, and yet you stand right up and tell the pitiable old simpering thing all sorts of nonsensical things about the way she's been looking, and you haven't enough sense to see that when you tell her such things she just moistens her dry old eyes and rolls her faded old blueys of eyes around and takes it all as if it were Gospel. I call it a shame for men to set out deliberately to make drivelling old creatures like that believe that they are not in their dotage, and I want you to——

"Well, there's that Mrs. Stickalong coming out in her riding habit, and it's a wonder to me she's not afraid to ride a horse for fear of jarring the enamel loose from her cracked face. How's that? Her natural complexion? Ha, ha, ha! Well, I always knew that you were a ninny, James Rubberino, but I certainly never thought that——Her natural skin? Now I do wish that when you get into one of these kittenish humors of yours you wouldn't attempt to guy me, for I simply won't stand it. You know just as well as you know you're alive that that Stickalong woman must get up long before daylight every morning of her life to spread those cakey layers of porcelain over her yellowish old face.

"Maybe the crack-brained old back number isn't angry at me just because last evening, upon pretence that I wanted to borrow a pen to write some letters before going to bed, I slipped down the hall to her room and knocked on her door just to see what she looked like with her layers of make-up off, and she came to the door, thinking it was only a bellboy or somebody, and, mercy on us! if ever you saw such a fright I honestly think you'd fairly laugh yourself to death, 'deed I do! She'd just finished steaming her face to get that tinny old stuff off of it, and of all the millions of wrinkles and crowsfeet and liver spots all over her forehead and the blotchiest saffron colored cheeks, and her jowls just hanging in pouches, and she had all of the rats out of her hair, of course, and the woman really has only about nine hairs of her own, all told, and gracious sakes, how she did glare at me when she gave me the pen, and I said to her that it must be such a bore for her to prepare for bed, but that it must be even more wearing to get ready to meet the world in the morning, and really I thought she was going to scratch me. As it, was, she hastily closed the door, and ——

"What's that? That Titiansky woman's hair her own? What's that you said—her hair 'looks like the afterglow of an autumn sunset'? James Rubberino, if you sit there and say any more fool things like that to me I certainly shall become just as incensed as I can be, for if there is one thing that I can't tolerate it's to be taken for a simpleton, and you ought to know it by this time. Her own hair, indeed. Do you mean to tell me that you ever saw a natural color like that woman's hair anywhere—that there ever was such a color on land or sea? Did you ever see a woman with black eyes have brick red hair, you crazy? You just say those things to annoy me, that's all, and if you don't——

"Now, listen. Here comes that brazen, bold eyed Mrs. Imethere this way, and if I served her right I'd cut her dead, anything more than good day to her I certainly shall—(Why, my dear Mrs. Imethere, how do you do to-day? Isn't it a delightful afternoon? Just facing the world for the first time to-day? Well, my dear, you know what late hours will do for one, and, really, you do look a bit tuckd up I declare, and—oh, you are going for a sail? Well, I do hope you will enjoy it! Ta, ta!) The shameless thing! Did you see the way she was glancing over my shoulder at you all the time I was talking to her. Not that she could possibly care the least for you—I hope you are not idiotic enough to suppose that—but that she's just crazy to have all the men in the place kowtowing to and grovelling before her, the awful, bull necked, pasty faced, lumpy creature, and I beg of you for your own sake not to let me catch you exchanging so much as a word with her, for if you are so careless that you don't mind being talked about, I am not, and I wouldn't have a common thing like that have anything on me for all the—

"Why, here comes that nice little Mrs. Piemug, and do be nice to her. How's that. The idea of your daring to call one of my friends a knocker and a dub right to my face. She's one of the dearest little women that ever lived, and she has had more than her share of trouble with her brute of a husband, and she can help it, I am sure, if you tack headed men consider her plain and she has a sweet face, anyway if she is plain.

"Huh! The impudence of that common looking Geedy woman in standing there in the doorway—and dressed as if she were going to a ball at 4 o'clock in the afternoon—and staring down this way and grinning all over her face when she sees you—wish you'd have the decency not to hop to your feet and throw yourself all over the place and smirk and grimace whenever that vulgar doll grins at you. And I heard this morning—oh, don't you fool yourself that anything ever gets away from me—that you joined the miscellaneous gang of men that surrounded her and her queer looking companions in the cafe after I went to bed last night. You won't fool me again by that stuff about going down to the cigar counter to get a newspaper—and I want to say to you right now that if you are going to begin to develop a taste for low company at your age, and as fat and hideous and puffy as you are, why, I shall——

"I'd like to know who is chaperoning those two fluffy wuffy looking crazy-haired girls coming out of that cottage over the way—if they have any chaperons at all. There's a sort of myth around here that the mother of one of them and the aunt of the other live over there in the cottage with them, but I haven't met anybody that has actually come into contact with any mother or aunt belonging to those two giddy ones, and I see them riding all over the place with a lot of silly looking men, and no chaperon at all with them; and they go sailing and driving and rowing and strolling around just as if they'd never heard of a chaperon, and I think it's a crime for folks to let light headed young chits like that behave in such a way at a place like this as to cause talk, and if I had my say—How? You say you know the fathers of both those girls, and that the girls are allowed perfect liberty by their people, and that —— James Rubberino, I think we shall go away from here very soon. When you get to the point where you deliberately invent yarns to cover up the conduct of ——

"Who is that you are looking at so intently out there on the lawn? That cowy looking dumpling of a creature, Mrs. Benice? Well, I certainly admire your taste, I declare, with your eyes popping out of your head every time you see that insignificant, dolly looking, fat, shapeless thing. I wouldn't mind it at all if you had the least bit of taste with regard to women, but when you just devour with your eyes—and me sitting right with you—such a plebeian looking person—did you ever notice her fat, red hands, and she doesn't keep her nails clean, either—with a lot of tallowy hair scattered all over her empty head—oh, her hair is natural enough, but I'd like to know who'd want such foolish towy hair, no more character to it than there is in the hair on a caterpillar—if you can't pick out somebody decenter looking than that to become breathless and senile over, why, I think it's time——"

"Ha, ha! Look at that skinny looking Mrs. Banting tripping down the porch with that imitation of an Ellen Terry swing to her—ha, ha! What? Graceful figure! Why, she's emaciated! She looks like those pictures one sees of the famine in India! Just enough flesh on her for her height, you say? Why, the woman is a skeleton, I tell you, even with all the pads she's got on, and one can almost hear her bones rattle as she walks! She looks like something the cat dragged in, and yet there are a lot of noody-naddies of men around here who, like you, try to make themselves believe that the woman is passable looking, and they rave over her big solemn brown eyes with their pleading look, and I suppose she practices that pleading stuff before her glass for an hour or so every morning of her life, and 'deed, if I didn't have any more meat on me than that I'd——

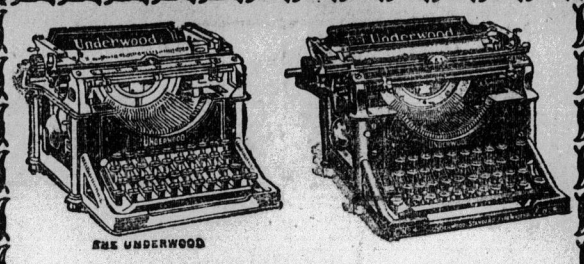
"Huh! There comes that Gititt woman, dressed within an inch of her life, as usual, and that's the fourteenth gown I've counted on her since we've been here, and all of them imported, too, and yet I hear that her husband—nobody ever sees him down here, though, I notice—is only a clerk in a stock broker's office, and that frock she is wearing didn't cost a penny less than $300, and it's ali mighty mystifying, 'deed it is, for the manicure girl told me that Mrs. Gititt's father is only a poor farmer up the State—the manicurist comes from the same place—and so she has no private means of her own, and, mercy on us, the amount of flashy diamonds the creature wore at the german last night—and I think it's a shame that something isn't done to keep places like this free from such——

"What's that? You are going for a cigar? James Rubberino, don't I see three cigars sticking right out of your pocket? How dare you have the impudence to try to—— You want to read your paper? Well, then, for mercy sakes, why don't you read it—who's preventing you from reading it? But that's an afterthought about wanting to read your paper. You wanted to sneak around to the other side of the veranda and get into a chat with that swishy-swishy Gititt woman—my, the horribly vulgar perfumes that the creatures splashes all over herself!—but you are going to sit right there on that chair till I tell you to get up, that's what you are going to do, for if you think for a minute that I am going to let you dance around after a lot of loud, overdressed things that look as if they ought to be in the chorus of a roof garden show, after the way I've slaved and toiled for you and worried about you all these years—if you think that I let you come down here for the purpose of deliberately flouting me every time you get a chance, you are the mistakenest person that ever breathed the breath of life, and the sooner you know it the better, for if ever I catch you——

(At this point one of Mr. Rubberino's male friends strolled up.)

"I was just telling James, the dear old thing," Mrs. Rubberino said in a fond tone to Mr. Rubberino's friend, "that he looked so vastly better since we came down here—don't you think so? The poor dear does work so hard at his silly old office, and he gets away so rarely, that I do love to have him enjoy himself in every way possible, and it pleases me almost to death to see that he's not past taking an interest in the many charming women here, for, 'deed I always say, what would be the use of having a husband that didn't like pretty women and wo didn't attract them, too. A woman must feel perfectly absurd to have a man just tied to her apron strings, don't you really think?"

Lord Haddington, who had his friends' good wishes on the 26th ult., on his 80th birthday, owns land in no fewer than four Scottish counties, and has besides a pretty place in Cheshire.



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Children 2,000 Years Ago.

The authorities of the British Museum are to be congratulated on a very successful experiment. Through a rearrangement of certain collections, it became possible lately to make use of a vacated room for a new purpose. This was the grouping together of a large number of relics belonging to the life of the early Greeks and Romans, and sorting them so as to give a clear and concrete illustration of the surroundings and furniture of Greek and Roman [illegible] in a word, a picture of how the two peoples lived. Hitherto it has not been possible for the sightseer to gain such a notion without a journey, say, to Pompeii or Herculaneum. He can now obtain a very fair idea within the space of a few yeards. It is an experiment which may well be amplified and extended on other lines.

The objects brought together in this most interesting collection, cover, of course, a wide ground. They have hitherto been distributed throughout different rooms, and have now been set side by side in groups; there are cases showing building materials, furniture, dress, surgical instruments, kitchen utensils, athletic trophies, and so on. But of all the other little groups, none, perhaps, has quite the same fascination as the case containing the children's toys and games. No doubt there is a proper distinction belonging to the household possessions of mature and respectable citizens, or to the delicate instruments of wise and learned surgeons, or the toilet apparatus of dainty young women. But all these things belong also to the lexicons and the dictionaries. Helmets, harness, sandals, ladles, lamps, pens, pincers, water-pumps,—they have all been duly looked out in Liddell-and-Scott and illustrated in the dictionary of antiquities, and have acquired a measure of familiarity, perhaps, rather than a certain dullness which sets them apart. There is a whiff of the declensions somewhere about them. But these nursery toys never came out of any grammar or gradus. They belong only to the nursery, and that is to an age which can be assigned the leaden chariot, with its two prancing horses, possibly an inch and a half high, and the leaden horseman, cut out of a tin sheet of metal like a biscuit stamped from pastry. Both of them belong to the same period as the Little Tin Soldier who went sailing down the gutter in the paper boat of the German fairy-tale, and the Grenadier whom Stevenson's child buried and exhumed, lamenting nevertheless than after "all that's gone and come, I shall find my soldier dumb." Nor are they worse made; nor is the tiny chair more clumsy which, belonging also to the lead age, would have brought sudden happiness to the owner of a Roman doll's house. The date, indeed, now and then only an antiquarian, and an antiquarian who knew something about soldiers and furniture, could easily determine.

In this market, whatever the supply may be, the demand does not vary. The first necessity, or nearly the first, is a toy capable of providing a satisfying noise. Such a desire is met, in the collection exhibited, by two or three different specimens of rattles; one, of a rather elegant description, a mixture between an owl and an amphora, which would probably do nicely for a girl; another, heavier and more masculine, modelled into a hollow pig. At a little later period comes a demand for mugs to hold milk and water, and of course, are painted with figures of children, generally crawling for an apple or an orange on the floor, and in one case, perhaps designed for twins, with a picture of a boy and girl teaching a neat-looking dog to jump through a hoop. In a year or so comes the parting of the ways, when the nursery demand is divided. It was supplied, 2,000 years ago as it is supplied now, by models of animals and by dolls. In the one division you get donkeys carrying panneries of loaves, negroes riding mules, a leaden Pomperanian dog apparently once painted white, a fox-terrier collared "all proper" with a fine uncut tail and an inquisitive nose, a monkey eating a bun, and a handsome soldier with a round red shield, riding a charger with a really good hogged mane. For the dogs there would naturally be required a whistle, which modern civilization has forgotten how to model out of mud, as it used to be modelled, and for an even later period there was to be reserved the joy of fishing with real hooks. There is not much more than a little rust to differentiate the best of the Roman fishhooks from the modern product of Limerick. So much for the masculine demand and supply, unaltered throughout time. But the feminine—the dolls? Have they altered? Perhaps for some children a little. Most of the dolls shown at Bloomsbury must have been expensive, in which they do not differ from many dolls of to-day; like modern dolls, too, they had beautifully jointed legs and arms. But the particular specimens exhibited have been little used (each one belonged, it is an unhappy thing to remember, to its proper urn), and they would not, to a modern eye, hold out strong attractions to a child. Some of them are carved already dressed, and some possibly were meant to be dressed, or wrapped up, but their owners. But they ar all of them models of grown-up girls and women, and it is not easy to see why a child should have been supposed to want to nurse them. It is difficult to be certain about these dolls—except one. That is a rag-doll, faded and yellow. The others are elegant things to hold, or to be brought out to show to visitors on grand occasions. But this one was some little child's baby.—London Spectator.

He Wanted the Chicago Train.

"Step lively now," said the gateman at the Union Station. "Where do you want to go?"

"Which is the Chicago train?" asked a lean, perspiring man who was certainly very wilted.

"Second track. Are you going to Chicago? Let's see your ticket."

The traveler had the ticket stowed away in a big flat pocketbook. When he produced it the gateman said: "Why, you're not going to Chicago. That ticket's for South Milwaukee."

"I know it," was the embarassed reply, "but I take the Chicago train. South Milwaukee is on the way to Chicago."

"Suppose it is; that train over there goes through South Milwaukee at forty miles an hour—doesn't stop at all. If you're going to South Milwaukee you want to say so. I thought you wanted the train for Chicago."

"When do I get a train?"

"In about an hour."

As the traveller wearily made his way over to a bench to plant himself for a long wait, the gateman said:

"Cases like that every day. Man comes up here to ask about the train for St. Paul. You'd think he was going up there to close some $2,000,000 deal. Come to look at his ticket, he's bound for some whistlin' post on the way. It's strange that so many people who live on the country or in small towns try to give the impression that they belong in some large city. No, sir, you can't tell where a man is going by the questions he asks. It's always safer to look at his ticket. Now, that fellow from South Milwaukee who made the play about the Chicago train would have been carried to Racine if he'd got on that train, all because he wanted to make believe he was going to Chicago."

The late Hon. and Rev. Augustus Byron, son of the seventa Lord Byron, and second cousin of the poet Byron, was buried on the 20th ult. at Kirkby Mallory, Leicestershire, of which he had been rector since 1861.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered, section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person the sole head of a family, or male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for homestead entry must be made in person by the applicant at the office of the local Agent or Sub-agent. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister of an intending homesteader.

An application for entry or inspection made personally at any Sub-agent's office may be wired to the local Agent by the Sub-agent, at the expense of the applicant, and if the land applied for is vacant on receipt of the telegram such application is to have priority and the land will be held until the necessary papers to complete the transaction are received by mail.

In case of "personation" the entry will be summarily cancelled and the applicant will forfeit all priority of claim.

An application for inspection must be made in person. The applicant must be eligible for homestead entry, and only one application for inspection will be received from an individual until that application has been disposed of.

A homesteader whose entry is in good standing and not liable to cancellation, may, subject to approval of Department, relinquish it in favor of father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister, if eligible, but to no one else, on filing declaration of abandonment.

Where an entry is summarily cancelled, or voluntarily abandoned, subsequent to institution of cancellation proceedings, the applicant for inspection will be entitled to prior right of entry.

Applicants for inspection must state in what particulars the homesteader is in default, and if subsequently the statement is found to be incorrect in material particulars, the applicant will lose any prior right of re-entry, should the land become vacant, or if entry has been granted it may be summarily cancelled.

DUTIES—A settler is required to perform the conditions under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such homesteader the requirement as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirement may be satisfied by residence upon such land.

Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of his intention to do so.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.

COAL.—Coal mining rights may be leased for a period of twenty-one years at an annual rental of $1 per acre. Not more than 2,560 acres shall be leased to one individual or company. A royalty at the rate of five cents per ton shall be collected on the merchantable coal mined.

QUARTZ—A person eighteen years of age, or over, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet.

The fee for recording a claim is $5.

At least $100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof.—When $500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at $1 per acre.

The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2½ per cent. on the sales.

Placer mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee $5, renewable yearly.

An applicant may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior.

The lessee shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental $10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2½ per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds $10,000.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.