

FACING DEATH AT SEA

How the Olympia Came Through a Typhoon.

SAILOR LAD'S STORY

It was not a Wash of Waves. Great, ugly, green seas would pile up and stand like mountains.

The captain who was omnipresent, seemed always there, eyes fixed on the binnacle, signaling orders that could not be heard.

It was not a wash of waves, great, ugly, green seas would pile up and stand like mountains. Then the demon wind, with a cutlass between his teeth, would cut the crest clean away.

While all this was going on we were given extra instruction in the order to "Abandon ship."

We have launches, boats, dinghies and catamarans sufficient to carry every man in the crew.

How I wish I could write something that would convey just an idea of a typhoon—what it was like, and how we felt.

From fighting the fire we would joyously go for a trick at the wheel—although it was a tug that called for strength nearly superhuman.

Again, I stood on the signal yards, but it was day. They screamed, and roared, and yelled, drowning every other sound.

It brought balm to my weariness, and, looking down the slim mast, I discovered that the ship was gone.

Lieut. Buchanan told me one night, when we were buffeted against one another on the bridge, that I should never meet another blow like this.

The flagship is a thing alive. It has its parts and being. We have heard it breathe, and who will question that in Captain Reed it has both brain and soul?

Who has not watched the Reaper who is called Death shake his sickle to men's faces, when many would lie down and die, while one, like a panther at bay, would fight him off and live on?

That is why, like a stormy petrel, the Olympia rode through the typhoon.—St. Nicholas.

Professor Barus of Brown University, recommends as a motive power for skyscrapers, some form of high explosive, particularly those which can be worked up into wicks and ribbons.

Pay of Municipal Servants. It costs nearly a smudge to pay the salaries of the municipal servants of New York City as it does to support the entire army of the United States.

FIERE SATURATION.

The Effect of Moisture Upon Wood is Easily Perceptible.

The effect of water in softening organic tissue as in wetting a piece of paper or a sponge, is well known, and so is the stiffening effect of drying.

The same law applies to wood. By different methods of seasoning two pieces of the same stick may be given very different degrees of strength.

It is not until the moisture in the substance of the cell walls is drawn upon that the strength of the wood begins to increase.

When, in drying, the over-saturation point is passed, the strength of wood increases as drying progresses.

Manufacturers, engineers and builders need to know not only the strength but the weakness of the materials they use.

It is clear that where timbers are certain to be weakened by excessive moisture they will have to be used in larger sizes for safety.

So far, engineers of timber tests, while showing that small pieces gained greatly in strength, do not advise counting on the same results in the seasoning of large timbers.

Plucky Puma Cub.

Hissing like a sullen geyser, the great puma mother crouched with flaming eyes. Ridge of her tawny back brushed up in rage.

"Nasty temper," I remarked to the keeper; "has she been long like that?"

"Started this forenoon," he shook his head in anxiety. "I don't like it. I'll have to separate them, I fear."

"They don't turn on their cubs often. Only knew it once before. You notice, mein Herr, her claws are not out when she strikes. That may come—then we will lose some promising babies here."

He greeted me mournfully. "The little beggar was too spirited. She got him last night. Just a second in her paws and the taxidermist won't attempt to stuff the skin."

Water-softening devices are successfully used on British railways to save boilers. They reduce the cost of repairing boiler nearly one-half.

Cultivation of rubber trees is being carried on in various parts of the world under expert surveillance.

Some people seem to think that so long as they are willing to acknowledge their blunders they are justified in continuing to make them.

A BAN ON FLIRTING.

South Dakota Passed An Ordinance Making it a Misdemeanor.

The town council of a town out in South Dakota has just passed an ordinance that makes flirting in public places a misdemeanor and punishable by a fine.

The misdemeanors, or crimes, named in this law seem to need a lot of overhauling in the way of official definitions before any satisfactory enforcement will be possible.

In higher circles, however, flirtation is generally regarded as a very subtle procedure, a matter to be undertaken in some quiet corner like a conservatory.

According to the highest English authority a flirt is "a highly female, a pert, giddy girl, a coquette."

Thus we learn on the best of authority that flirtation is altogether a matter of feminine practice.

Cot and Bath Combined. The United States is regarded as the leader in the matter of inventions, but occasionally we get some very striking novelties from the countries over the sea.

INGENIOUS NURSERY DEVICE. To meet the demands of the summer-time, when it is desired to take the baby to the country or shore without all the paraphernalia of the nursery.



Three Hints Worth Trying. An easy way to make a rosette of baby ribbon is to wind the ribbon around the four fingers.

To make b. by some cheap bands, take the best part of soft old woolen underwear. Cut two pieces 7x8. Stitch sides together with embroidery silk.

Instead of tacking the oilcloth on the kitchen table paste it on with a good flour paste.

Troublesome Sleeves. If a narrow tape is run in the bottom of your kimono gowns in the sleeves they may be tied in a bow and kept out of the way when one is working about the house.

Poetry Worth Reading.

The Diver. Stout panoplied in metal guise, Armored and helmed so knightly-wise

Whither goest thou, Diver? Into the gloom of a living grave Full forty fathom 'neath the wave God go with thee now, Diver!

Rattle of chains over the side— Into the waiting, wicked tide, Into the deep, the Diver! Pay out the line—send air, more air— God knows he needs it, buried there. Safe may He keep the Diver!

Up came the Diver, the man-fish. What sawest thou, Diver, there? A drowned ship I saw, and through Her wounded sides a ghostly crew Of sad eyed sailors stare— Thank God for the sound of voices, But most of all for the air!

I've heard full many a silence, In many a lonely place— The desert and the mountain top; But try a forty fathom drop Through yonder watery space, And, take my word for it, comrade, There you'll see God face to face!

Mated. Interpreter of deep, unknown delights, Of loveliness that wavered through my dreams, The iris glamor over far off streams, The glory beckoning to uplifting heights,

Thine is the strength of granite hills unsealed, Thine is the tenderness of hidden tears; Thine youth immortal and rich garnered years, The mystic veiling and the joy unveiled.

Thou art the summer's sweetest lingering song, The crystal starriness of wintry nights; Thou art the strange fire of auroral lights, And the clear hearth flame, warm and close and strong.

Smite thou my soul and send its high notes ringing, Dwell in my heart and tune each pulse to singing! Ada Foster Murray.

Old Fishing Kit. Old fishing kit, you're dear to me. There's many an hour of ecstasy We've spent together, you and I. On mountain stream, with rod and fly, We've watched the speckled beauties' pranks In shady brooks, 'neath mossy banks. Content were we for hours to sit, Old fishing kit.

And then along the brooks we'd wade, First in the sunshine, then in the shade, Till near a quiet pool we'd kneel. A cast. A splash! And then the reel Would click as though to say, "Look out!" Ah! Money could not buy that trout! You will remember how he bit. Old fishing kit! Don't think because I'm working hard That you're forgotten, dear old pard, When spring is here then Oh we'll meet Far from the city's dust and heat And whip the brook to heart's content. Each happy hour shall thus be spent. Until He calls we'll never quit, Old fishing kit! Frederick M. Dean.

Call of the Great North Woods. There's a lonely northland valley and a restless rushing stream Where the cow moose and the yearling drink at dawn. There's a stretch of broken water where the leaping salmon gleam And at dusk the doe comes stealing with her fawn.

There's a living, haunting memory of the sweet wind in the pines. There's a yearning for the swish of split bamboo; And a never ending longing 'round my hungry heart entwines For the wash of water 'gainst a bark canoe.

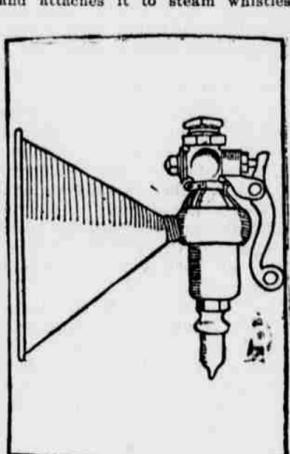
There's an Indian impatient, and he wonders why I stay, For the square tail's rising eager for the fly; While the ouananiche is waiting where the teal and mallard play And the days of our delight are slipping by.

Oh, I know the geese have nested, all the laggard leaves are out And the partridge cock is drumming in the spruce. I can smell the fragrant odor of the balsam all about, For the spirit of the Northland woods is loose.

There's a green, enchanted valley in the blue hills leagues away. There's a never ceasing call that lures me forth; And I wait with leaping pulses for the coming of the day When I go to seek the magic of the north. George T. Marsh.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. THE GERTHAU COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Megaphone Whistles. An ingenious method of increasing the power and carrying capacity of steam whistles has been patented by a Kentucky man.



MEGAPHONE ON WHISTLES. The ability of the megaphone to gather up a sound and transmit it with a velocity increased 10 times or more is well known.

Uses For Fused Silica. Two English scientists discovered about ten years ago, that fused silica might be treated in the same way as glass.

An Algerian Industry. The fiber of the dwarf palm—a tree until lately regarded as worthless or harmful—is developing an important Algerian industry.

Washed With Beer. The gutters of Rio de Janeiro ran with beer for several days recently. The municipal laboratory, having discovered that practically every beer in the local market contained a dangerous amount of sulphuric acid, the authorities proceeded to destroy all stocks on hand.

Fortune For His Sight. Magnate Markle Ready to Pay Any Price for Vision.

John Markle, the anthracite millionaire, of Hazleton, Pa., who is apprehensive that he is about to become totally blind, and has been compelled to abandon all business affairs has sailed to consult the leading specialists in Europe.

A puny child is always an anxiety to the parents. There seems generally no reason why the little one should be weak when it is so well fed. But the fact is that it does not matter how much food the child takes if the stomach cannot extract the nourishment from it.

Polly Pinkights—"That super got so thin he lost his job." Fanny Footlights—"What did that have to do with it?" Polly Pinkights—"The manager said he didn't like a thin supe."

SHAKE OFF THE GRIP OF YOUR old enemy, Nasal Catarrh, by using Ely's Cream Balm. Then will all the swelling and soreness be driven out of the tender, inflamed membranes.

"And what is your favorite game, little boy?" asked the old lady who takes an interest in children. "Oh, any game that mother thinks is too rough for me to play," replied the little boy.

A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm. It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers 75 cts. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.