

BULLION UNDER THE SEA

Efforts Made to Recover the Lost Lutine's Treasure.

FRIGATE WRECKED IN 1799

Reputed to Have Had \$2,500,000 on Board of Which \$500,000 Has Been Recovered—The Romantic Tradition Connected with Her Loss—Relics at Lloyds.

The two sunken treasure ships which have most stirred the popular imagination are the Spanish Armada ship Admiral of Florence, blown up in Tobermory Bay, Mull, in 1588, and the English frigate Lutine, wrecked off the Terschelling, Holland, in 1799. In both cases attempts have been made from time to time to save their treasure.

In the case of the galleon they have met with but little success. With the Lutine fortune has been more favorable and about £100,000 out of her reputed £500,000 has been recovered.

The salvors believe that the bulk of the treasure is lying outside the boat near the stern on her port side. In 1859 a gold bar was picked up, but since then no bars have been recovered. In 1862 a diver reported a large quantity of silver bars lying closely packed together in the form of a pavement outside the vessel.

He was unable to lift one or to get an iron bar between to separate them. This mass was under a covering of sand and it was owing to a further influx that the operations had to be abandoned.

The Lutine was originally a thirty-two gun French frigate, captured by Admiral Hood in 1793 during the operations against the city of Toulon. Under the British flag she carried a crew of 250 men and she took her part in several engagements when acting as convoy. On October 9, 1799, she made her last voyage under extraordinary circumstances.

It is recorded that the Lutine sailed from Yarmouth Roads in fair weather, but as she approached the Dutch coast a heavy gale bore down from the northwest. During the night she struck on a road bank between the islands of Vlieland and Terschelling, lying off one of the entrances to the Zuyder Zee called the Vlie River.

Fishermen on the shore watched her struggles on the lee shore, and from them comes the romantic tradition of the treasure ship, after hope of rescue was gone, being lit up brilliantly and the sounds of revelry and singing coming through the storm, until the lights suddenly disappeared and the Lutine was gone. Many of the Lombard street bankers are said to have sent representatives to accompany the money, but of the large crew and passengers only one man, clinging to a spar, reached the shore alive, and he died without speaking. The ship was insured at Lloyds, and the underwriters promptly paid the insurance for a total loss.

Salvage work began the next year, and as Holland was then allied to France the English underwriters had the chagrin of hearing that £55,000 of the treasure was recovered by the Dutch. The operations were carried on with tongs, nippers and iron landing nets fastened to the ends of poles worked by fishermen.

In 1801 the wreck settled into the sand, and nothing further was attempted until 1814 when the Official Receivers of wrecks at Terschelling landed a few coins. A company called the Decretal Salvors (still in existence) set to work in 1821 by permission of the Dutch Government, but after spending several thousand pounds abandoned the wreck to the sea. The effort roused Lloyd's who applied to the Dutch Government, with the result that the King of Holland gave the wreck to George IV., who made it over to them.

But after all this Lloyd's did nothing. In 1857 the accidental entanglement of a buoy chain in the wreck led to the discovery that it was once more free of sand and by arrangement with Lloyd's the Decretal Salvors once more resumed operations and brought up £44,000. The work was suspended to 1859, owing to another shifting.

Further attempts were made and a few relics were found; then in 1886 about £1,000 worth of gold and silver coins were recovered, but no bars either of gold or silver. From 1894 to 1900 various operations were tried but only a few coins appeared.

Besides the treasure some very interesting relics of the lost ship were brought to the surface. Her rudder, which was recovered in 1867, was made into the chairman's table and chair in the secretary's room, and her bell, bearing the royal crown and arms of the Bou-bons and the inscription "Saint Jean," has long hung in the underwriter's room, and is heard when the room is called to silence to hear the "posting of lost ships."

A man is never half so madly in love after he has won the girl as he was when he still imagined her forever beyond his reach.

Losing the latchkey is a woman's trick; but a man's failing is to lose the keyhole.

ARE NOT GOOD WIVES

COLLEGE WOMEN DECLARED BY MEN TO BE MASCULINE.

A Discouraging Lot of Testimony to This Effect is Given by the Stern Sex—Reasons Given by the Testifiers Are Many and Various.

Do college-bred women make good wives or do they not? A discouraging number of men lean to the negative. If testimony gathered by Annette Austin and published in "Good Housekeeping" is to be taken as representative. The reasons given by the testifiers are many and various. "The college girl is too religious," says one man. "She is always pushing a spiritual hobby under your nose."

"Too masculine," complains another. "Not content to resemble a boy in tastes and disposition, but must dress like him."

Of kindred mind is a third critic. "Hard, brainy, flaty," he tersely describes the college girl. "Resembles a fourteen-year-old boy more than anything in nature, and always will."

A New York physician brings a number of counts against the college girl. "Inadaptable in the marriage relation," he says. "Her intolerance is directed especially against men."

Seclusion in college breeds a distorted idea of marriage and of the sex relation in general, and it is to this crass ignorance that much misery in the marriage relation is traceable.

Also, this physician thinks she is "too masculine." A woman has failed to fulfill her first duty to humanity when she fails to be attractive," he declares, "and the college-educated woman is usually not attractive by reason of her masculine attitude toward life." She is too athletic, has a "lumpy, clumsy way of moving about . . . is slangy to a degree, and even swears on occasion." All in all, the doctor thinks college girls are dreadfully unattractive.

Another man, an author-physician, is even gloomier.

"The tendency to withdraw into herself, to shun marriage and to seek a career, which is particularly noticeable of the college-bred woman, is a manifestation of a deep-seated abnormality, the result of a misdirected training in a freak institution." That is only one of the things the author-physician says. In particular he is bitter because a college girl—he believes—wouldn't marry a man who said "It's him."

"No matter how worthy he may be as a man, how prosperous in business, how amply suited to make her a good husband, that grammatical error removes him forever from any hope of eligibility to her hand."

Strengthening a Worn Petticoat.

A favorite silk petticoat became worn near the bottom, the seams and breadths giving away beneath the ruffles. It was not worth expending money for new silk, but the owner disliked to discard it altogether, so repaired it in this fashion: Two and a half yards of heatherbloom were purchased as near the shade of the silk as possible. The bottom of the skirt was faced up knee-high on the wrong side with this, thus strengthening the worn parts beneath the ruffles. A deep flounce of the heatherbloom was attached to the top of the facing, on the under side, of course. This was not very full, but caused the skirt to set out nicely around the bottom and took much of the wear and tear off of the already weakened silk ruffles. The skirt has now stood several additional months' wear, and seems good for an indefinite period.

Orange Custard.

Soak one-third box gelatine in a third of a cup of cold water until soft. Pour on one-third cup boiling water, stir until dissolved, then add one cup orange juice and the juice of one lemon, the orange pulps with a little of the grated rind, and a scant cup of sugar. Strain, then set in a pan of cracked ice to chill and stiffen. As it begins to harden, whip to a stiff foam, add the whites of three eggs also whipped until stiff and light, then continue the beating until the mass is stiff enough not to drip. Line a mould with split lady fingers, slices of sponge cake or sections of oranges as preferred, turn in the cream and set on the ice. When ready to serve loosen around the edge of the mould with a limber bladed knife, turn out on a low glass dish and pile a half pint whipped cream on top.

"The Queen's Quair."

At a certain dinner party, a well-known writer who was present was asked by one of the company what he thought of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's novel, "The Queen's Quair." "Don't you think that the author was a little—er—improper—in 'The Queen's Quair'?" was the question. The gentleman thus interrogated pointed out that the manners and morals of the time fully justified Mr. Hewlett's work, and the conversation was changed to other topics. When the dinner was nearly over a mild-looking gentleman sitting next to the writer whispered, "I beg your pardon, Mr. —, but what did Mr. Hewlett do in Queen's Square?"

Deafness.

A deaf child is probably suffering from adenoids, and should be examined by a doctor, and, if necessary, operated on as soon as possible. The earlier such an operation is performed the better. It is quite a small one and not dangerous.

About Grapefruit.

How and When the Delicacy Was Introduced to America.

Many persons, says the Nashville American, now enjoy grapefruit and appreciate its value as a healthful fruit who a few years ago did not know of its existence, and whose knowledge of it now is limited. For these this information is not wholly without interest.

The grapefruit, or shaddock is a native of China and was first brought to the West Indies in 1810 by an Englishman, Captain Shaddock, for whom the fruit was named; the date of its first introduction into this country has not been recorded, but it was regarded at first as of no value as a fruit, being regarded more as a curiosity and used as an ornament.

It is of the orange family, but its bitter taste was objectionable; this has been modified by cultivation, so that it has, in recent years, come into general use as a valuable dessert fruit, especially for eating in the morning. It is now extensively grown in Florida and California, as well as in the West Indies and all tropical countries, being somewhat more tender than the orange.

It grows on a tree much larger than the orange, but in much the same manner as its sister fruit; sometimes singly and at others two or three fruits in a cluster. The name grapefruit was however, not derived from that, but from the fancied resemblance in flavor of the fruit to the grape. The fruit is also known as the pomelo, pumelo and pompelmos.

Wise and Otherwise.

—Be not arrogant when fortune smiles nor dejected when she frowns.—Antonius.

—The power to comfort others does not come from consoling yourself.—Chicago Tribune.

—She—"I think you might stop smoking, when you heard me say I don't like it." He—"That's no reason. I heard you say you didn't like to be kissed."—Boston Transcript.

—A condition of affairs which gives rise to fresh trouble every day is not the right one.—Goethe.

—Weary Walker—"Lady, could you help a poor feller a little? I've got a hackin' cough an' a headache." Mrs. Kindling—"Well, I've got a little wood outside you could hack, and it might cure your headache." Weary Walker—"Much obliged, mum; but, yer see, my headache ain't of the splittin' kind."—Scraps.

—No man can tell how much it costs his fellow-man to smile and make the world a place for laughter.—Florida Times-Union.

—"What sort of a man is he?" "Oh, one of those fussy fellows who always carry their money in a purse and their matches in a silver case."—Detroit Free Press.

—The Fowler spreadeth not his net in sight of the bird.—Bible.

—"You can't see the leading lady now; she is busy in the dressing-room." "Is she changing her costume for the next act?" "No; this is an Ibsen play. She is merely making up her mind."—Cornell Widow.

—Who comes first grinds first.—German.

—The Nurse—"You've been badly hurt." The Victim—"Watcha gointer do ter me now?" The nurse—"Rub you with alcohol." The Victim—"Gee! I wish I'd been turned inside out!"—Cleveland Leader.

He Dropped the Cub.

Charles Bahl, of Dushore, recently had an adventure with a bear cub and its mother. He was hauling a load of furniture to Nordmont, last week, and near Dutchman's Run, about half a mile south of Ringdale, he saw what he at first supposed was a dog in the public road. He jumped from the wagon and caught the cub, which when caught made a noise that brought a hearty response from the mother bear, standing on the bank alongside the road. At this stage of the game Mr. Bahl noticed that the cubs were getting very nervous, and he dropped the cub and looked after his team, proceeding on his journey. The bear and cub, when left to themselves, showed no further inclination to fight.

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In the Days of Wild Pigeons.

When Associate Judge Blee of Montour County was in Danville the other day, he and several others were talking of changes that had taken place during their lives, says the Danville News.

Wild pigeons became the theme of conversation. Of course, the young person of the present day knows nothing about wild pigeons; but when the judge, who is now seventy, was a boy wild pigeons were a factor that the sportsman reckoned with.

Joseph R. Patton recalled that when he was young he used to see wild pigeons galore. They frequently swarmed over head in millions, shutting out the rays of the sun and casting a shadow on the earth. Judge Blee described a net for catching the pigeons used by him as a boy, which was sixty feet long and wide in proportion. At one catch he trapped forty dozen.

The wild pigeons were victims of indiscriminate and merciless slaughter. They were captured throughout the country by every means that ingenuity could devise. They not only afforded delicious food in season but their diminutive carcasses were preserved by smoking and other means and they graced the farmer's table at intervals during the whole year.

The wild pigeon very closely resembled the tame pigeon. Each fall regularly they migrated south, returning in the spring. During the winter they sought the rice swamps of the south and during their flight northward in the spring Judge Blee recalls shooting pigeons that had rice in their craws. The birds spent the summer in the mountains north and west of this section.

Not only were the pigeons obliged to run the gauntlet in their migrations spring and fall, but they were pursued by avaricious persons into the very mountains where they were breeding and were shot and entrapped in nets.

As a result of this indiscriminate slaughter the pigeons became practically extinct about 1860. For some years afterward a few might have been seen spring and fall, winging their flight overhead, but long ago the last wild pigeon passed out of existence.

When Judge Blee was a boy nearly every farm had a few wild pigeons cooped up, which had been captured and were being kept as stool pigeons, to be used as decoys to draw others within the net, when the latter was employed as a means of capturing the birds.

Woman's Home Companion for May.

The burden of our changing social order falls upon our daughters, claims the *Woman's Home Companion* for May, and this magazine shows by striking examples and figures how topsyturvy is our way of training girls.

In this same issue is a charming article by Margaret Sangster, showing that the millionaire mother is by no means as black as she is painted. Mary Heaton Vorse, in her own inimitable style proves that if we are fat it is our own fault.

In more serious mood is a trip through the Metropolitan Museum of Art with Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke as guide. This valuable article is illustrated by exquisite reproductions of famous paintings. Other articles of interest are "The Art of Economy," by Mrs. John Van Vorst, and "The Commuters of New York," by Albert Bigelow Paine. "An Imperial Wraith," by Clara Morris, contains charming reminiscences of the Empress Eugenie. "Lucy Green," a friendless seventeen-year-old girl, tells how she went to Boston penniless, in search of a job, and how she got one.

"Afraid" is a story in Zona Gale's exquisite style. "Hearts and the Highway" has Cyrus Townsend Brady's usual swing and dash, and "The Four Adventurers" is another story by Hulbert Footner, whose freshness and humor have established his reputation.

This issue of the *Woman's Home Companion* is distinguished by two features—a poem entitled "The Grandmother," by James Oppenheim, and a full-page drawing by Harrison Fisher, showing Margaret and Gerard, from "The Cloister and the Hearth."

Gave Salary to Charity.

Senator J. Henry Cochran, representing this Senatorial district, has turned over his salary for the session just closed—\$1587.60—to be used as an ice fund for the benefit of the sick and poor of Williamsport and vicinity. Mr. Cochran, it is said, will not again be a candidate for public office.

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