

AN OCEAN RACE.

In the spring of '68 or '69 I forged what I now know was mate of the schooner *Willington*, 279 tons register, the *Bermuda* trade. At that time our vessel was comparatively new, having only been in commission about a year, and was considerably ahead of anything else in the trade in the way of speed. We had a first-rate captain and a good crew, whose personnel was superior to the majority of coaster crews; also we were better manned for our size than most of those vessels are, and our owners were liberal in everything conducive to the comfort of the men. The *Willington* had the record of the fastest passage from *Bermuda*, and we were all proud of our beautiful schooner.

During the winter sundry rumors were afloat of a vessel building in *Boston* for a rival firm of produce dealers, of about our tonnage, and it was supposed, she was to be put on the line at the opening of the season of which I am writing.

On arriving at *New York* from our first trip of the year, we heard that the *Invincible* (for so had her owners named her) had arrived from *Boston*, been put in commission and cleared for *Bermuda* the day previous. She was apparently a beauty and our captain was very anxious to try conclusions with her, but somehow it seemed a difficult matter to get a trial, and during the busy season all rivalry had to give way to the pressure of business.

However, patient waiting was at length rewarded, and one day after we had finished unloading and were awaiting orders, the skipper came aboard with his weather beaten face all aglow with excitement. We've got a chance to show our mettle at last, Joe, he said as he joined me on the deck. Smith & Co. (our owners) have heard a good deal of blowing about that new craft and asked my advice about putting up \$1,000 or \$2,000 on the *Willington*. I told them that I had not tried her against the *Invincible* at all yet, but from what I had seen of the latter, I thought we could win his money for him. Anyway we would try mighty hard. So he has taken a bet of *Brown's* (the *Invincible's* owner) of \$2,500 for a race from our pier, around *Bermuda* and back, the start to take place a week to-day.

This was short notice to prepare for a race with a vessel just off the stocks and clean below the water as a new pin. Nevertheless, we set to work with a will, and that very evening had her hauled up and a gang of men cleaning her bottom, the crew, under my directions, seeing to her rigging and spars.

Monday was the day fixed for the start, and on Saturday at noon we tied up at *Smith's* pier ready and anxious for Monday to come.

A good twenty-four hour's rest after the exertions of the week prepared the crew for anything, and on the call for "all hands" in the morning as fine and sailor like looking lot of men trod the deck as ever manned a coaster of our tonnage.

The start was to be by a powder flask from opposite our pier in the *North* river at 10 o'clock a. m. so as to get the ebb tide through the *Narrows*. By 9:30 both vessels were maneuvering about the line for a start, standing back and forth across the river under all their canvas, the breeze being of fair strength from the *South*. The *Invincible* was a beautiful craft to look at, and I had my doubts as to our victory, (for win we must) being an easy one as I watched the way she plowed through the sunlit waters, although not being sailed full half of the time.

Our skipper stood near the helm, watch in hand, the rest of the crew being at their posts, ready for the beat down the upper bay and through the *Narrows*.

At precisely thirty seconds before 10 our captain again measured with his eye our distance above the line, replaced his watch in his pocket and gave orders for the start; "Stand by to haul your wind—Jub you may, now—flatten all sheets fore and aft," and as the helm was put down and sheets hauled in, the good schooner *Willington* came up to the wind in beautiful style and lay over at an angle that showed she meant business as she headed for the line on the "starboard tack." "Keep her full, now," roared

the skipper, another pull on that fore sheet—so, that will do" and as a cloud of smoke rose from the end of the pier showing that the time was up, we dashed over the line ahead of our rival, who crossed on the port tack several seconds later. Down the upper bay we sped keeping almost tack and tack, through the *Narrows*, past *Forts Hamilton* and *Lafayette* and out into the waters of the lower bay. Then a breeze from the east brought the wind abeam, sheets were started, and with the *Invincible* a couple of cable's lengths astern and to windward, we reached down for *Sandy Hook*. The buoys inside the *Hook* were rounded soon after 1 o'clock p. m., and we settled down for a beat out to the lightship. That was rounded in due order, and with a fresh breeze blowing east by north the two schooners were headed, close hauled on the port tack, on a south-east course for *Bermuda*, and the race had fairly begun. Our position was now about three quarters of a mile to leeward of the other craft, which gain she had made in the beat out to the lightship, we having almost lost the wind when under the *Hook*. There was a choppy sea, on the increasing wind crossing the long Atlantic swell and kicking up considerable of a potter, and once clear of land, and at the mercy of the "rolling forties," the schooner began to get pretty lively. The sky had become overcast, the clouds seemed to be getting lower, and the wind increased as it gradually headed us off, and it began to assume the appearance of what would now be called "cutter weather."

I was watching the other vessel through a glass when I saw her luff and come up in the wind. "She's taking in her tops'le," I shouted, and when she fell off and again headed on her course it was under mains'l, and forso'ld and the jib only, and even then seemed to have all the sail she wanted.

And indeed, it was high time we were doing something, too, for our skipper was driving our vessel beyond what I thought advisable, and I expected something to go every moment. She lay over at a fearful angle, the water was leeward hissing and bubbling along her rail, while clouds of spray broke continually over the forecastle, varied occasionally by a hugh wave flooding her deck fore and aft. The crew, with the exception of a couple of hands at the wheel, were crouching under the weather bulwarks and every one of them wet to the skin, when at length the expected order came: "Stand by to take in your gaff tops'ls and other jibs, helm-a-lee, get them stowed smartly, now," and hardly were sheets slacked off and halliards manned, ere at a sign from the captain, the helm was put up and we were again tearing through the surges while the light canvas was being stowed. This eased her considerably for a time, but by sundown it was blowing half a gale while we plowed the whitecaps in grand style under a couple of reefs in main and forso'ld, our goal bearing about three points to windward of the best course we could lie. Before night closed in I took another squint at the other vessel and had the satisfaction of seeing that we had weathered on her some and were also gradually drawing ahead. The view around us was superbly grand, but things were rather too lively for any one not a seaman to enjoy it. The wind was blowing half a gale—good measure—the whole surface of the seething waters had that opaque, gray tint which the froth and bubbles of a heavy blow always give. Monstrous seas rose and fell and rose again, their tops, torn to shreds as they broke into foam and spray under the fury of the gale, while the schooner, under her shortened canvas, was pitching in a way to make a landsman's hair stand on end as one moment her sharp stem split a hugh wave in twain, her forefoot the next moment suspended clear of the water over the succeeding trough of the sea as her stern sank deep in the embrace of the divided wave.

As darkness came over the scene our last sight of the *Invincible* showed that we were at least holding our own, and, it being my watch below, I turned in, after changing my wringing wet clothes to make the most of what I had for to be only a short rest. I was awakened by the hoarse shout of "all hands on deck," and

tumbled up in a hurry to find the wind abating and the crew busy shaking out the reef in the fore and mains'ls. It being nearly my time to take charge the skipper went below, while I walked the deck in command, occasionally stopping to glance at the compass to see how we kept our course. About midnight we got the gaff and jib tops'ls on her and before the captain again appeared we had the flying jib set as well.

By daylight it was only blowing a gentle breeze, but the swell was still heavy, and as the schooner had all sail set, including a maintop mast stays'l, all that could be done was to watch and wait. It is needless to tell that, as daylight broke over the still heaving surface of the ocean, every eye abroad the vessel was eagerly searching the expanse of water for a sight of our competitor, but, from the deck, there was not a sail in sight. A hand sent aloft to the fore cross trees hailed the deck with the news of a bark off the port beam, heading to the northwest, but that was all. Speculation was rife as to the whereabouts of the other craft, the generally accepted theory of her absence from view being that she must have laid to weather out the gale and that we had consequently run her out of sight. This idea imparted a pleasurable feeling to every one on board, as each one of us had the promise of a liberal share of the winnings in case of crossing the line first—this being an offer of our owners as an inducement to the crew—besides the natural desire to win against a crack new boat.

The remainder of our run to and around *Bermuda* was uneventful, light winds prevailing all the way, and our course was laid from *New York* with the expectation of meeting the other craft on her outward journey. But no *Invincible* did we see, and on the early morning of the ninth day out *Sandy Hook* light was sighted. By noon we were running up the lower bay under a light, baffling breeze, shifting from east to east southeast and anxiously scanning every schooner in sight, but nothing was seen of the beautiful craft for which we looked. We reported at the finish and found that we had won our money, as the other vessel was not yet in, and right well were we satisfied with the race.

When did the *Invincible* arrive? some one asks. She was never heard of again. Whether she struck a floating wreck, or whether thrown on her beam ends and foundered, or sprung a leak under the pressure of the gale of the first day and night, has not, nor never will be known. Her fate is one of those mysteries in which the life of a mariner abounds, and until the sea gives up its dead naught will never be known of the crew who manned the good schooner, *Invincible* in her ill fated race with the now old and weather beaten coaster *Willington*.—*Carl Thorp in Detroit Free Press.*

HABIT OF ROUTINE WORK.

Habit is the master of the world. Take a slimy built fellow, nervous, needing sleep, accustomed for years, to irregularities of eating and resting, and put him at work in the office of a morning newspaper, where his hours are from 7 at night until 2 in the morning. You think very naturally that he would grow thinner and paler and be more nervous. On the contrary, after a few days and nights, the habit of routine work, the habit of routine hours will settle upon him and in six months from the day of his commencement he will gain in weight, his nerves will be stronger, and his muscles harder, and his general condition improved, not alone because of the violence, but because of the regularity of his work—the habit of his occupation. Men who turn night into day, as tens of thousands newspaper workers are compelled to, benefit very largely by the change. They are spared the boilings of the midday sun, they avoid very largely the crowds upon the streets, and although they are stung at times to the very verge of nervous excitement by the exaction of peremptory duty, and the pushings and forcings of much work in little time, the night-workers of the press, as a rule, are the healthiest of the two sets. *Joe Howard's Letter.*

A five legged pig attracts attention on a farm near Jacksonville, Fla.

A HAND TO HAND FIGHT.

At the culmination of the battle of *Sailors creek*, when we got into the "hand to hand" part of it, there was a brass cannon belonging to the rebel battery stuck in the mud and the artillery men had left it, when it was discovered it was loaded. It was not in a position to be of any service to either friend or foe, while if it could be extricated from the mud it would be good for at least one shot at some body. Three "Johnnies" and two "Yanks" took in the situation about the same time, and throwing down their empty rifles rushed for the gun. A Yank and Johnnie caught the sponge staff simultaneously and began a fight for it, while the other two Johnnies caught hold of the one wheel and turned the muzzle of the gun towards us. The other Yank caught the opposite wheel. Thus they stood and tugged away for two or three minutes, until our men coming up drove the Johnnies away. For a few minutes things were mighty lively; the Johnnies got a battery in position and began throwing shells into the crowd, where blue and gray were mixed together, but a section of one of our batteries coming up on a dead run soon drove them off and settled the matter for the day.—"Trefoi" in *Buffalo News.*

AN OMAHA HORSE PUZZLE.

It is becoming customary to propound puzzles having horse trades as a central theme. While this paper has no horse editor, there are several people upon its staff who can tell a horse at sight and who are not slow at arithmetic. A puzzle has occurred to one of them, and he gives it to the world at large. Suppose A sells a horse for \$100 to B. Then B in turn sells him to C for \$110, and the animal dies. What does each make and lose? The problem looks simple, but it is not. In the first place, A had stolen the horse. His profits would naturally be \$100. A difficulty presents itself just here, for B paid A in counterfeit money, while C paid by a note. B was indicted for passing counterfeit money. In revenge he had A arrested for stealing the horse, and both went to the pen. To add to the complication, D, the real owner of the horse, came along claimed the hide and hoofs. The claim was disputed by C, and consequently upon the ensuing argument C's doctor bill was \$7.75. In the meantime a lawyer had gotten hold of the note and tried to collect it. C compromised the matter by licking the lawyer, and grabbing the note tore it up. At present there have been no more developments.—*Omaha Herald.*

THE SENSES AS EFFECTED BY SEX.

If the senses are taken *seriatim* it will be evident that they are not parallel in men and women. The latter possess, in much greater degree, the perfection of the sense of touch; those occupations, that require extreme delicacy of manipulation, such as lace making, embroidery, bead stringing, etc., are therefore usually followed by women. As regarded the sense of hearing, we are not aware of any experiments of observations on the relative perfection of the sense in the two sexes; and the same may be stated as regarded the sense of sight, which appears to be equally acute in men and women. In the extreme delicacy of taste it is probable that men excel. Whether they do so naturally or in consequence of the cultivation of men's palates is, perhaps a moot question, but that they excel not only as gourmands; but also as gourmets, may be accepted as an established fact and the accurate perception of the delicate shades of difference distinguishing different brands and vintages of wine is much more frequently found in men than in women. As regards the sense of smell, some exceeding conclusive experiments have been made by some American savants which appear to subvert our preconceived opinions. The experiments were performed with prussic acid and other strongly odorous substances on forty-four males and thirty-eight females and it was found that in nearly all cases the sense of smell was about double as acute in men as in women. The cause of the difference in this matter between men and women is quite unknown, as

is the object of the distinction; but it has one practical bearing that may be borne in mind. The employment of strong and potent perfumes by women may depend on their less acute sense of smell, and they would do well to bear in mind the facts that odors and perfumes which may be quite pleasant to them may be almost overpowering and decidedly unpleasant to individuals of the other sex.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25, 1887. The officials of the Signal Service Bureau report that with but a single exception, Monday last was the hottest day that has been experienced in *Washington* since that Bureau has been in existence. At mid-day thermometers in various parts of the city indicated the temperature to be from 100 to 107 degrees, while the thermometer placed upon the asphalt pavement and exposed to the rays of the sun registered 134 degrees. This extreme heat resulted in the almost universal suspension of work upon buildings in course of construction, and in several of the Departments the clerks were dismissed at an early hour for the day. Although there were numerous instances in which persons were overcome by the heat, there were but few cases which resulted fatally. Fortunately the extremely high temperature was of short duration and was succeeded by a cool wave which rendered life much more enjoyable. The work upon the new terraces and the magnificent stair-case at the west front of the Capitol is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible, the only interruption being that occasioned by the excessively hot weather. The work has reached that point which renders it necessary to remove the fountain as well as the oval fish pond which it will be remembered occupied the space between the old stair-case wings. The old fountain and basin, together with the beautiful gold fish which for many years have been admired by visitors, who have rarely passed the basin without stopping for a moment to admire the countless bits of animated gold, as they darted about in the clear water of the basin, will be removed to the grounds of the National Insane Asylum near the city.

It is said at the State Department that the number of Americans who have left this country for Europe has never before been equalled in the history of the Department. It is estimated that 25,000 tourists have sailed from the United States since the first of April. The records of the department show that more than four thousand passports were issued during the months of April, May, June and the early part of July, and more than four-fifths of the tourists sail without passports. This unusually large exodus is probably to be in a measure accounted for by the recent jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria. A majority of those who have applied for passports are Germans, who desire to be protected against the army regulation of the fatherland, while Americans who intend visiting Turkey, Russia, Italy or Spain invariably procure passports before leaving the United States as the regulation of these countries are sometimes severe upon tourists.

The count of coin and to her securities, which has been in progress at the Treasury Department since May 23rd was completed during the past week. Although upon examination of the bags in the silver vaults it was found that several of the bags were short two or three pieces each of these were gradually recovered during the progress of the count until all were found, and the committee reported that there is not a deficiency of a single penny in the amount supposed to be contained in the vaults.

A man in *Ioni, Michigan*, has a urkey which has been trained to draw a sled.

California reports a production of nearly \$25,000,000 worth of candy last year.

The Naval Academy at *Annapolis* was formally opened on October 10, 1845.

Nearly 50,000 farms have been opened up in *Kansas* during the past year.

Coru in *Florida* is reported to be twelve feet high, with three ears to the stalk.

The salmon run in *Columbia* river is reported almost equal to that of last year.

Eighty-four of *Yale University* student have taken the course on Sociology this year.

Greenwood, South Carolina, farmer claims to have struck a gold mine on his plantation.

The first telescope used in this country for astronomical purposes was set up at *Yale college* in 1830.

The Lower Danube which has

heretofore been without that fish, has been stocked with 500,000 eels.

John Barden has been a regular subscriber of the *Rutland (Vermont) Herald*, that paper says for 59 years.

The citizens of *Oswego, Kansas*, raised \$7000 in half a day for the purpose of sinking a shaft in search of gas and coal.

Jack Rabbits that are sent from *Oregon* and *Idaho* to *Chicago* are said to return in the form of "canned chicken".

Steam pipe by a local ordinance must be kept at a distance of three inches from any woodwork in *San Francisco*.

A 58-eight pound cannon ball was found the other day buried in the earth in *Battery Park, Burlington, Vermont*. It is said to be of English manufacture, and is probably a relic of the Revolution of 1812.

Rockland, Maine, has had twenty fires within less than a year, and all or nearly all are believed to have been of incendiary origin. The mayor now offers \$500 reward for the detection of an incendiary.

Daniel B. Alger who died some time ago in *Bruxville, New York*, is thought by his physician to have been fatally poisoned by the dye from black and gold-striped stockings that he purchased in *Paris*.

The *Corean Government*, it is reported, has concluded a contract for three iron steamers. It is also stated that one of the commissioners of Customs has started out to find a favorable place in the north west coast for a harbor.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—*Oscar J. Harvey*, the defaulting chief of the horse claims division, treasury department, was arraigned to-day before Judge *Montgomery* and pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to twelve years imprisonment at *Albany* penitentiary.

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