

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, three months... \$3.00; One Square, one inch, one year... \$10.00; Two Squares, one year... \$15.00; Quarter Column, one year... \$9.00; Half Column, one year... \$12.00; One Column, one year... \$10.00; Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion; Marriages and death notices gratis; All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly; Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance; Job work—cash on delivery.

All that seems necessary is to mention to Lieutenant Hobson whether it is desired to have the cap come up or go down.

American capital is about to engage in railroad building in China. This will mean more orders for American mills and more employment for American workmen.

"The hand that rocks the cradle," etc. Is woman going to rule the whole world in form as she already does in substance? England, Spain, Holland and China all have women on the throne.

Thirty prominent women of Bowling Green, Ohio, led by the wife of a State Senator, have donned calico dresses and begun work peeling tomatoes at three cents a bucketful. They do this to set an example to many girls of the place who need employment, but are too proud to seek it in a canning factory.

The bureau of police and health officers of Pittsburgh, Penn., have placed conspicuously around that city printed signs requesting all persons not to spit on the sidewalks or street crossings, says Municipal Engineering. This effort is made in the interest of public health, and if it does not have the desired effect, an ordinance will probably be passed fixing a penalty for spitting on the sidewalks.

An interesting development of civilization in mid-Africa under British rule in the holding of a fine agricultural fair at Inlaga. You will not find that place on any ordinary map, but it is not far from the famous Murchison Falls on the Nile River, in that region south of Lake Nyassa which was the scene of Livingstone's early labors. The show is reported to be particularly strong in exhibits of cattle, poultry, horses, wheat and oats, and fruit. The country is highly prosperous, and its salubrity and fitness for colonization by Europeans are established beyond dispute. It is by no means improbable that the early part of the coming century may see the basin of Zambesi the seat of a populous and enlightened empire.

The return of the Chicago and Atlanta to service marks the accomplishment of a very interesting step in navy making, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. These—with the Boston—were the first cruisers in the new navy. They have been so surpassed by the newer cruisers that in ten years from their completion they were obsolete. Now they have been so remodelled that they are new again; their armament increased, military masts added, and new engines put in which give them eighteen instead of fifteen knots speed. This is the first example of modern navies of bringing an old ship perfectly up to date. If the same thing can be done with battleships it will improve greatly the efficiency of the navy. England has some twenty battleships whose low speed, thin armor and muzzle-loading guns make them almost useless in combat against the ships which every great nation is now building. These ships are carried on the admiralty list as effective, but are admittedly relied upon for coast defense only. It will be interesting if Yankee inventiveness shall teach European nations to rebuild obsolete battleships and make their paper squadrons effective.

What is called the "A B C" of the Swedish educational gymnastics has been in use in the Boston primary and grammar schools since 1891. It has pleased both teachers and pupils, and this year an advance will be made to the higher course, such as has been used in the schools in Sweden and Norway for more than thirty years. Its introduction is expected to place Boston schools at the head in the matter of physical training. One of the prominent parts of the new order is that it introduces into the schools a schedule of games with balls, bean-bags, etc., intended to develop a quick and responsive mind. Ten minutes of the forenoon session will be devoted to instruction in the Swedish movement, and during about six minutes each afternoon the pupils will have the use of the school-rooms for marching and for games. Of course, the yards will be used for the marching and games exercises when that is more convenient. In the past the exercises have been the same for girls as for boys; but the new order provides for a slight difference in this respect. A further plan under consideration is to install in the grammar schools a set of Swedish apparatus such as a stall-bar, a "boom," or horizontal bar, a balance board, etc. When these are installed and ready for use, the physical training will be practically the same as it is in the high school for girls.

AT THE DOOR.

Oh, what care I for wealth or fame! They vanish as a dream, When night is drawn through gates of Dawn. On Slander's ebbling stream! Let others sing of Death and War, Or Sorrow's tragic lore; But Love has come and calls me home To meet him at the door.

Oh, what care I for clashing creeds, Of hostile schools of art, If I may wear through smile and tear The ermine of the heart! Let others sing of Death and War, Or Sorrow's tragic lore; But Love has come and calls me home To meet him at the door!

Oh, what care I for houseless winds, With rain and darkness hied, If through the light on me may light The shy dove of content! Let others sing of Death and War, Or Sorrow's tragic lore; But Love has come and calls me home To meet him at the door.

"BAWLEY NO. 416."

THE STORY OF A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

BY GEORGE A. BEST.



HE following remarkable story of a prolonged struggle against death is well illustrative of the power of human endurance under conditions of the most exhausting and terrifying nature. The far-reaching rays of the Nore Light have revealed many a grim sea tragedy, a meagre account of which has perhaps reached the outside world in the form of a newspaper paragraph, hastily scanned and quickly forgotten by all but the small circle of mourners immediately concerned. Even the families so suddenly bereaved are seldom acquainted with the full details of such disasters. The Thames estuary by night, alive with huge craft hurrying hither and thither to the weird accompaniment of shrieking foghorns and moaning sirens, bears an evil name even among those who are best acquainted with its treacherous mud-banks and crowded channels. A glance at the wreck-chart will prove that this sinister reputation is by no means unfounded. The section delineating the shores of Sheppey Isle is covered with a multitude of black dots, each dot representing a shipwreck, and each shipwreck probably the loss of several human lives. Yet, in spite of this gruesome official record, how little is known of the ghastly details which have forever lost their identity behind a tiny black mark representing the sum total of each disaster!

On the wreck-chart of the year 1889, one of these marks appears at a spot situated some three miles below the Nore Lightship, and four from the shores of Sheppey. The melancholy history of that particular dot has for many years been known only to the fishing population of Leigh; but having obtained full particulars of the tragedy from one of the chief actors, the writer is now in a position to relate the story to the reading public for the first time.

On the evening of the 4th of October, 1889, George and Alfred Cotgrove were engaged in traveling for coals near the spot already described. Daylight was fading rapidly, and the black clouds overhead, moving swiftly before a strong south-westerly wind, indicated to the practiced eyes of the fishermen the prospect of a dark night and "dirty weather." But their craft—one of the famous Leigh "bawleys"—had weathered many a fierce gale before, and her navigators—hereditary sailors, as all the Leigh fishermen are—were conscious of no presentiment of danger as darkness fell; and No. 416, catching the foam-crested waves on her weather bow, drove the spray aft in blinding showers. Sailing close to the wind, with topsail stowed and two reefs in her mainsail, the sturdy little craft made light of the gathering storm; and having taken those precautions which are the second nature of every born sailor, the brothers had no foreboding of the appalling disaster which was so suddenly upon them.

It was at 7 p. m. that the wind, veering suddenly round from southwest to northeast, struck the boat and heeled her over to such an extent that the water rushed into the open hatchways. The squall was so unexpected, and the change of wind so sudden and complete, that the boat was flung on her beam-ends before a single step could be taken to avert the steering, while Alfred was engaged with some tackle on the weather-deck. George Cotgrove had only time to cry out, "Oh dear, Alf!" before a wave, breaking aboard the swamping craft, swept him into the dark waters astern.

With that last despairing cry still ringing in his ears, Alfred made a frantic effort to lower the mainsail, calling loudly to his brother at the same time. But George Cotgrove had now passed beyond human aid, and the weather-beaten "bawley" was sinking rapidly. The tiny boat which hung astern had gone down, and just before the larger craft made her final plunge beneath the seething waves, Alfred Cotgrove realized that his only hope lay in the direction of the topmast. Acting on the inspiration of the moment, he made a superhuman effort to reach the summit of the mast before the "bawley" sunk. Not a second too soon his fingers clutched the few inches of iron forming a tiny "staff" for the flag which decorates the mast-head on "regatta days" and festive occasions. No. 416 sank at the same moment. The tide had just commenced to flow, and some fifteen feet of the topmast remained above water. Cotgrove was now safe for while, but his position was

change of the position, however, was a certain sign that the tide had turned, and I realized that the water would now begin to fall. This change occurred within a minute of the appearance of the vision."

The knowledge that the maximum depth of water had been reached, and he resolved to retain his hold of the mast until daybreak. It was midnight when the tide turned, and the fact that some seven hours must yet elapse before the welcome light of dawn could appear was almost too terrible for contemplation. Although the water fell gradually away from the body of the lonely watcher, the cold of those early morning hours was intense.

"I kept holding on with one hand while I put the fingers of the other in my mouth to warm them," he said. "I felt no strain on my hands and knees at that time; the muscles seemed to be fixed in position, and my limbs were completely numbed with the cold. My thoughts were naturally of home and what my wife would say if I ever got there again. I had only been married a twelvemonth. My brother George left a wife and four children. Daylight broke at length, but it was nearly eight o'clock before the fisherman, more dead than alive by this time, descried a "bawley" boat scarcely a mile and a half away. He tried to wave his cap to attract the attention of those aboard, but his numbed fingers refused to close on the brim. Scarcely daring to hope that deliverance was now at hand, Cotgrove could only gaze despairingly at the distant brown sail, and pray that he would not once again be doomed to endure the bitter agony of hope deferred.

The "bawley" altered her course and approached rapidly. The weather-beaten form had been descried through a pair of marine glasses, and a couple of willing hands were already preparing to put off in the smaller boat. Then the sails of the smack disappeared suddenly from sight, and a few minutes later a little craft manned by two sturdy figures in oilskins, bounded swiftly over the waves toward the partly-submerged mast which, for thirteen hours, had held Alfred Cotgrove above the jaws of death.

When asked what had become of his brother, the sufferer could only point dumbly into the broken waters. And it was not before he had been carried below, and revived somewhat with such simple restoratives as were at hand, that he was able to whisper hoarsely of the disaster and its miraculous sequel.

Strange to relate, the first "bawley" which came within speaking distance at that which had effected the rescue was manned by Cotgrove's father. "Get under deck, mate—don't let your father see you!" cried one of the rescuers, addressing Cotgrove, who had crept on deck.

Alfred hid himself as advised, and his father called out: "An awful night, mates! I've had a barge run into me, broke my skiff adrift, and nearly sunk the old 'bawley' herself."

"We've worse news than that for you," was the reply. "Poor George's boat was capsized in that squall. George has been drowned, and we've got Alf aboard here."

Such was the simple fisherman's notion of breaking bad news as gently and as expeditiously as possible, and it is far from probable that a man of greater culture could have seized a more opportune moment or employed better words for the purpose.

Alfred Cotgrove was dangerously ill for many weeks after his terrible experience. His heart was seriously affected by its prolonged contact with the mast. At St. George's Hospital, to which institution the sufferer was ordered by the local doctors, he was informed that the vital organ was actually bruised by the continued pressure brought to bear upon it. He also suffered greatly from acute melancholia and headache. Night after night the grim tragedy was repeated in imagination; and no sooner did sleep close the weary eyes of the invalid than the bed appeared to turn completely over, and Cotgrove would awake with the last cry of his brother ringing yet again in his ears. He has never recovered his lost nerve sufficiently to face the stormy waters of the Estuary again by night; and his mates, realizing this fact, have shown their sympathy in a practical way by purchasing for him two handsome pleasure-boats.

The body of George Cotgrove was recovered, close to the Nore Lightship, a month and three days after the disaster. A knife belonging to Alfred, which had been borrowed by the deceased a few moments before the boat capsized, proved the only means of identification.

Such is the true story of the experience of a real individual. There is not a single line of fiction in the narrative, neither is it the excessively "padded" or elaborated yarn of a longshoreman. Any of the older residents of our picturesque town will verify every detail of the story. Yet what writer of fiction would be bold enough to place one of his characters in the position of Alfred Cotgrove for a like period. Or what novelist would dare to afflict his hero with so unique a complaint as a bruised heart?—The Wide World Magazine.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Moonlight on the Water—Confession—The Egolst—His Part—An Artist's Luck—Her Idea of It—Two Hard Games—What He Stood For, Etc., Etc.

A little boat is seen afloat Upon the moonlit water, In which a youth does sit, forsooth, With his neighbor's daughter. He hugs the shore a mile or more, Along the laughing water; Then lets the boat serenely float And hugs his neighbor's daughter. —Chicago News.

The Egolst. "Did you convince him you loved him, Clementine?" "Of course; I told him I loved him as well as he loved himself."—Detroit Free Press.

Confession. He—"A woman says no when she means yes, She—"No!" He—"Aha, then you admit it?"—Detroit Journal.

Her Idea of It. He (in the grand stand)—"Great Scott! Did you see how that ball curved over the plate?" She—"Why don't they put somebody in that can throw straight?"—Chicago Tribune.

An Artist's Luck. "You artists never make scenery look natural." "Of course not, madam; we know people wouldn't pay for anything they could get out of doors for nothing."—Chicago Record.

His Part. "Do you take any part in the production yourself?" asked the interviewer. "Only a subordinate one," said the new manager. "I merely pay salaries."—Indianapolis Journal.

Two Hard Games. The Golfer—"You must acknowledge that it requires a great deal of skill to drive a hundred yards." The Farmer—"Don't require half ez much skill ez it does" drive a pig fifty feet."—Harper's Bazar.

A Matter of Economy. Business Man (nervously)—"What do you mean by kissing my daughter?" Underpaid Clerk (meekly)—"I desired to show my appreciation of your daughter's loveliness, and kisses are the only things I could afford to give her."

An Attractive Woman. Mrs. Slimdick—"I can't see what Mr. Bullion wanted to marry that shabby widow for, anyhow. She isn't young, and isn't pretty, and she—" New Boarder—"You just ought to see how thick she makes her pumpkin pies."

A Steady Job at Last. Caller—"Is your father at home?" Boy—"No, sir. He's employed on a county contract." Caller—"Well, I'm glad to hear he has work. What's he doing?" Boy—"Six months and costs."—Chicago News.

What He Stood For. "No," said the bedizened general, "it is unnecessary for me to make any statement. Everybody knows what I stand for." "Yes," hissed the aid beneath his hated breath, "the photographer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Incapacitated. "I'm sorry," said Meandering Mike, "but I can't take that job you offer me in the factory." "Why not?" "Whenever I get a cold I'm slightly deaf. I mightn't hear the whistle blow at quitting time."—Washington Star.

A Great Improvement. Philanthropist (with tears of joy)—"Oh! you good man! You say you have been a second-story thief all your life, but you wish to do better?" Criminal (fervently)—"Yes, lady; if I ever get out yer here alive I'll be a first-class bank sneak or nuthin'."—Puck.

Her Advantage. "Papa," said the beautiful girl, "George and I are two souls with but a single thought." "Oh, well, don't let that discourage you," replied her father, kindly. "That's one more than your mother and I had when we were married."—Brooklyn Life.

A Woman's Fate. "A woman, madam, votes through her sons." "Yes, sir, I've heard that argument a thousand times. But when she's the mother, as I am, of five grown daughters, all unmarried, and has no sons, how does she vote? Answer me that!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Missing Virtue. "What's the matter with my darling?" asked the fond mother as she came upon her little one, crushed in a heap in the middle of the floor and kicking the air with her stockinged feet. "Where's her pretty new shoes?" "I won't have 'em, ma—nas—nas—nas—old things! Ne—Nettie's squeaks like ev—ev'ryting and mine don't squeak a bi—bi—bit."

Reason for His Thought. "You will observe," said the professor, "the higher the altitude attained the colder the temperature becomes." "But isn't it warmer up in the mountains?" asked the youth at the foot of the class. "Certainly not," replied the professor. "Why do you think it would be warmer there?" "I thought the atmosphere was heated by the mountain ranges," answered the youngster. —Chicago News.

TREES WHICH DRAW LIGHTNING.

Select Beeches For Shelter During a Storm and Avoid Oaks.

Alex. McAdie has asked the Weather Bureau to investigate the question why some trees are more frequently struck by lightning than others. Apart from the importance of this subject from other points of view, it demands attention primarily as a matter of saving human life. As Mr. McAdie shows, many people, particularly farmers and those who work in the fields exposed to thunder storms, will work until the storm is almost upon them and then run to the nearest tree for shelter.

If the tree is an oak, and the charged thunder clouds are moving toward it with high electric potential, the person or persons under the tree are in the line of strain and all unconsciously are contributing to the establishment of a path for the lightning discharge through themselves. On the other hand, if the tree selected for shelter happens to be a beech tree, there is some reason to believe that it will afford safety as well as protection, though the reason why is not at present made clear. It is known that the oak is relatively the most frequently and the beech the least frequently struck.

Based on the somewhat loose collection of figures on the subject heretofore available, it is estimated that in the matter of relative attraction of lightning, if the beech is represented by 1, the pine stands at 15; trees, collectively, rank about 40 and oaks 54. The trees struck are not necessarily the highest or the most prominent. Oak trees have been struck twice in the same place on successive days. Trees have been struck before rain began and split, and trees have been struck during rain and only scorched.

It is suggested that the division of forestry and the division of vegetable pathology shall combine with the Weather Bureau in an exhaustive investigation of this subject, and that those familiar with forests in their respective neighborhoods will tender their experience as to the relative frequency of lightning strokes on different kinds of trees. But before any statement is made as to the danger of standing under certain trees during thunder storms, the more general questions of the effect of lightning upon trees will have to be gone into. Such a study will deserve the co-operation of statisticians, physicists and vegetable pathologists. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A herring weighing six ounces or seven ounces is provided with about 30,000 eggs.

An iron-mill company in Ohio has succeeded in making a fine quality of cement from furnace slag.

Some scientists assert that the purest air in cities is found about twenty-five feet above the street surface.

Gold is now extracted by mixing the ore with common salt and sulphuric acid, then adding a solution of permanganate of potash.

The carbon obtained by burning sawdust is claimed to be purer than coke, and consequently is available for the manufacture of calcium carbide.

Instead of sunlight for photographic printing, the apparatus of Schwartz, a German operator, uses several electric arcs, behind each of which are three plain reflectors covered with white enamel.

In one of the Canary Islands there is a tree of the laurel family that occasionally rains down in the early evening quite a copious shower of water drops from its tufted foliage. The water comes out through innumerable little pores situated at the edge of the leaves.

Sleeping in Japan.

Speaking of sleeping customs, the Japanese fashions are quite different from ours. When night comes the bedding is brought out from the closet, where it has been put away during the day. One or two large, thick futons, or cushions, are spread directly on the mats of the bed-rooms, and coverings which look like enormous kimono, or clothes, are spread over them. Every traveler has told of the pillow made of a wooden box with a little cylindrical cushion on the top, but this kind of pillow has gone out of fashion. Softer cylindrical pillows, made of stuffing a cloth bag with husks of buckwheat, are now more commonly used. In the summer it is necessary to have mosquito nets, which generally inclose the whole room.

A Woman Who Hired a Substitute.

Mrs. Amanda Purcell, of Portsmouth, O., who died three years ago, aged seventy-three, was the only woman who ever hired a substitute and sent him to war when there was no claim upon her whatever to do so. Her husband had died in 1856, and when the Civil War came on her sons were small boys. She believed, however, that it was her duty to contribute to her country's cause the best she could. She therefore paid \$800 to a man to go to war, with the provision that she was never to know his name or his fate. Her nephew secured the man, paid him the \$800, and saw him off to war. Mrs. Purcell died in ignorance of the soldier's name or fate. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Beautiful Gift.

Among the presents sent to the young Queen of Holland is a splendid and curious offering from the Sultan of Siak. It is a prize elephant's tusk, which contains ornaments in the shape of hearts in gold, incrustated with precious stones. The tusk itself is richly sculptured, being surrounded with all kinds of Indian flowers and fruits delicately painted in the softest shades.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The autumn leaves are falling— Soon the old refrain we'll hear From the poets ever calling On the world to drop a tear. But what's the use of walling Hopeful natures to appal? There's no gain in woeful railing— Let 'em fall!

'Tis no loss beyond endurance; They would linger useless here And we have the old assurance; They'll be back again next year. New ones just as gladly shining When the Fates a gift recall Wait to silence weak repining— Let 'em fall! —Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Mrs. Banks—"Why did you let your cook go?" Mrs. Brooks—"She said one of us would have to leave."—Truth.

"Do you think a man ought to keep his hands in his pockets?" "No; but some of them have to, with such extravagant wives."

You can't tell how cheerfully a person pays his revenue tax by the size of the flags on his stationery. —Washington Democrat.

"Yes," said the returned traveler, "I spent two years in London." "Ah!" said his friend; "then you have seen dark days."—Puck.

He—"There is a limit to everything, you know." She (looking at the clock)—"Yes, even this aiglet can't last forever."—Cleveland Leader.

His Injury: Attorney—"What ground have you for asking for a pension?" Applicant—"Why, when the engagement began, I lost my head." —Harper's Bazar.

He—"Your husband is strictly business, I understand." She—"Yes; whenever he receives a letter from me, he first reads the postscript to see how much money I want."

Boarder—"Really, madam, I cannot wipe myself dry with such a small towel." Landlady—"Very well, I'll tell the chambermaid to bring you less water."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"My dear," said a repentant husband to his wife, "if I have ever used any unkind words to you, I take them all back." "No, you won't. I know you. You want to use them all over again."

Subscriber—"How is it that you have printed that long poem three times in your columns?" Editor—"Well, really, I didn't suppose any one would find it out."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Oh, sir," said a woman pleading for her husband, who was before the police judge for beating her with a poker, "he wasn't always that way. There was a happy time when he only struck me with his fist!"

Mamma—"Johnny, see that you give Ethel the lion's share of that orange." Johnny—"Yes, ma." Ethel—"Mamma, he hasn't given me any." Johnny—"Well, that's all right. Lions don't eat oranges."—Spore Moments.

"I understand you won the blue ribbon, so to speak, in the examination for the civil service." "I—ah—would hardly call it that," answered the mild young man. "Let us say I won the red tape."—Indianapolis Journal.

Suitor—"I fear it is a great presumption on my part, sir, to aspire to your daughter's hand, as I only keep a shop." "Her father—"That does not matter, young man; the question is, Does the shop keep you?"—London Punch.

"Poor Alice had to give up her bicycle-riding. She just could not learn." "And why not?" "She was so used to driving a horse that she kept jerking at the handle bars all the time as if they were a pair of reins."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mamma—"It is very naughty to tell lies, Eva. People who do so don't go to Heaven." Eva—"Did you ever tell a lie, mamma?" Mamma—"No, dear; never." Eva—"Won't you be fearful lonely in Heaven, mamma, with only George Washington?"—Oswego Palladium.

"Edith," he said to his only daughter, "if you should learn that I was on the brink of financial ruin and might not have a penny to leave you, what would you do?" "I'd break my engagement with the English lord and marry an American," she replied promptly, thus showing that she was a resourceful young woman. —Chicago Evening Post.

First Discovery of Aluminum.

The first discoverer of aluminum had the reward of genius. Pliny tells us that in the reign of Tiberius (41 B. C. to 37 A. D.) a worker in metals presented a beautiful metal cup resembling silver, but lighter, to the Emperor, who questioned him, and learned that he had extracted the new metal from clay. The secret, he said, was known by him and the gods. The sage Tiberius reflecting that if this metal could be made from earth it would lower the price of silver and gold, decapitated the artificer in order that his secret might remain with the gods, and so deprived the world of a most useful metal for eighteen centuries.

Birds' Social Instinct.

An example of the high development of the social instinct in birds has recently been communicated to the Asiatic Society of Bengal. A young Indian sparrow hawk, which had been trained to catch various birds, was sent after a party of "seven sisters" (the jungle babbler) feeding on the ground. One was readily caught, but the rest of the flock returned to the assistance of their "sister," and after a sharp and fierce conflict compelled the hawk to relinquish the grasp on the victim. Mr. B. R. Ormiston, who communicated this phenomenon, states also that he has had the same result whenever he has flown a shikra at a group of babblers.