

**BED OF THE THAMES.**

It Often Yields to Dredgers Relics of the Ancient Romans.

"Yes, sir," said the skipper of a Thames dredger as he wiped his grimy hands on the legs of his trousers. "there are many worse jobs than dredging. It is interesting and exciting work, too, for one never knows what the bucket scoops are going to pick up."

"Do we make any rich 'captures'?"

Occasionally we do, but of course we bring up more mud than anything else. But, personally, I believe that the bottom of the Thames is a small gold mine in disguise, but one that it is impossible to 'work.' A 'nugget' is brought up now and again, and a 'nugget' may mean a gold watch or coins.

"Some time back a bucket scoop brought to the surface a small sack, and this sack contained a number of watches, mostly minus the cases. Evidently they had been thrown into the river by thieves, who had no use for them."

"Human bones are brought to light at infrequent intervals, and so are old metal implements. Roman coins are fairly plentiful close by Billingsgate and London bridge, and some of the copper ones which have been recovered are as clean as new coins from the mint. Julius Caesar coins and weapons have been found in the upper river and some stone age implements down by Hampton court."—London Answers.

**Room For Improvement.**

A certain estimable old gentleman is at all times worth listening to, though occasionally his grammar is scarcely perfect. He was dining on one occasion with the local squire, when, much to the disgust of his worthy host, a trifling error on the old gentleman's part was pounced upon and loudly repeated by the son and heir of the house. There was a painful silence, broken at length by the host.

"My son," he remarked quietly to the young fellow, "there are times, I admit, when our old friend's speech is a little peculiar. At such times you might be of mutual assistance to each other."

"In what way, sir?" asked the son.

"Well," was the severe rejoinder. "you might give Mr. X. a lesson or two in grammar, in return for which I have no doubt he would assist you to patch up the holes in your manners."—London Tit-Bits.

**The Plantagenets.**

A flowering English shrub, the broom plant, is called in French "plantagenesta." From it the kingly family of Plantagenet took its name. It is said to have been first used as a badge by them because the Count of Anjou had himself scourged with its branches. The name was taken by Henry II., king of England, in 1154, he being the son of Geoffrey of Anjou, who wore in his helm a spray of the broom when he started for the Holy Land. The best known of the Plantagenets was Richard I., king of England, called "the Lion Heart."

**Very Queer.**

"My husband has been out late every evening this week, attending important club meetings."

"Yes, so has mine. They belong to the same club, you know."

"Why, how queer! My husband says he hasn't seen your husband in six months!"—Cleveland Leader.

**Phantom Bubble In Sapphire.**

In the National museum at Washington is a sapphire weighing nine carats that incloses a bubble which changes of temperature cause to appear and disappear.

**Dangerous.**

"Sssh—this is a gossip place."

"Sssh—why?"

"Sssh—even the rooms communicate with one another!"—Harvard Lampoon.

**A Lac and a Lack.**

"In India a lac of rupees is a fortune."

"And in America a lack of dollars is a misfortune."—Boston Transcript.

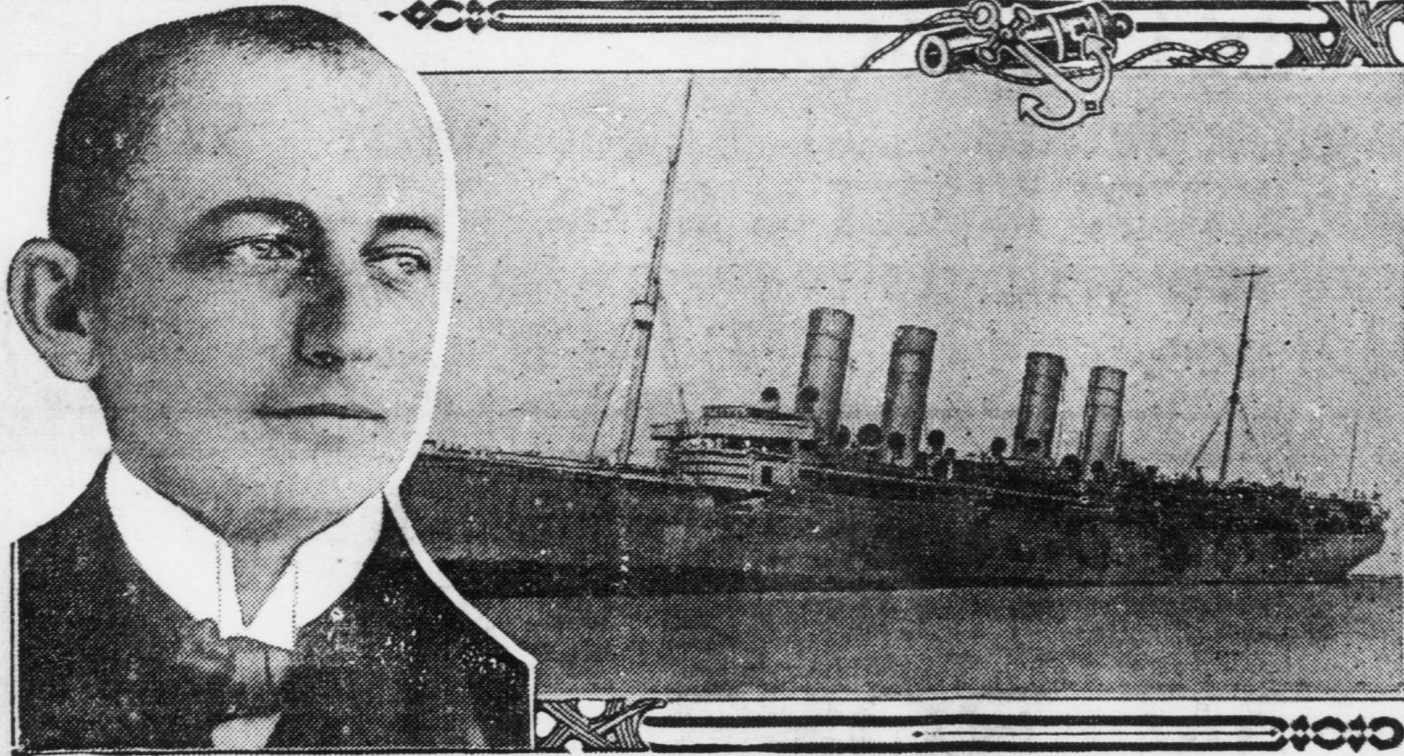
Trust not too much in an enchanting face.—Vergil.

**Center of Big Movement In New York Stock Market**



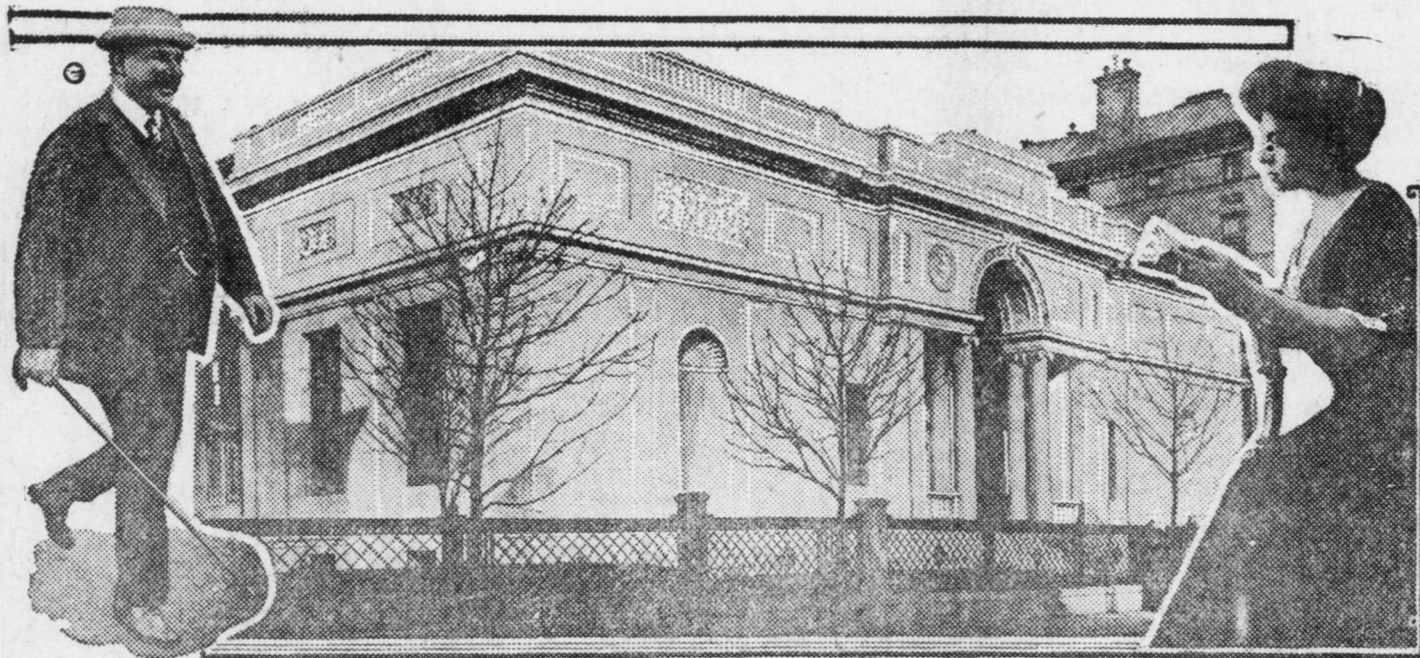
Photo by American Press Association. CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

**LAST OF MERCHANTMEN SEA RAIDERS.**



Photos by American Press Association. The Kronprinz Wilhelm at Newport News, Va., and her commander, Lieutenant Captain Thierfelder.

**PUBLIC NOT TO GET MORGAN LIBRARY.**



Photos by American Press Association. Building in which the immensely valuable collection of books and art of the late J. P. Morgan is kept. His son (on left) has decided to keep it. Miss Belle de Costa Green, high paid librarian, is on right.

**SIMPLICITY MARKS LIFE OF GREEK KING.**

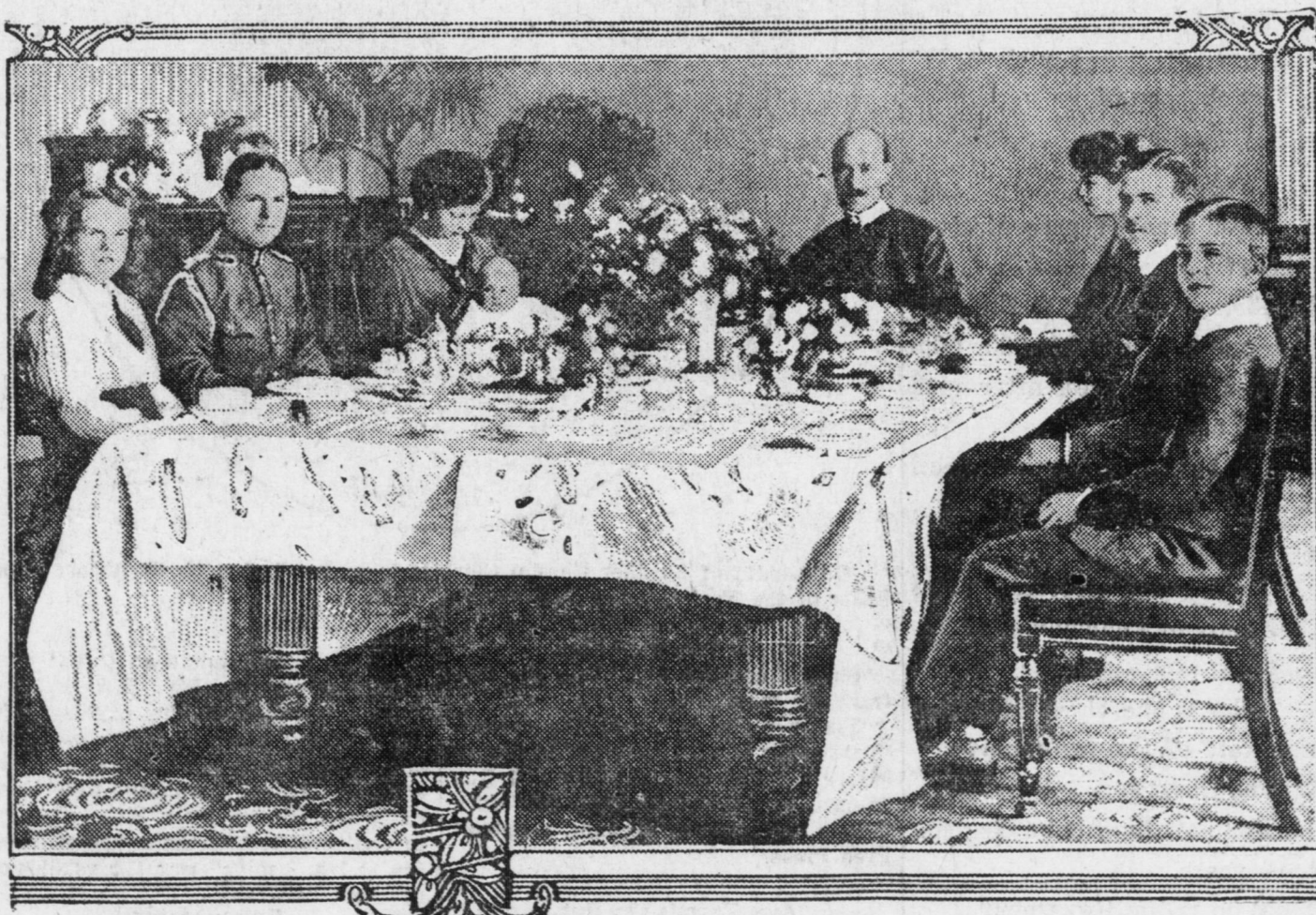


Photo by American Press Association. Unusual photograph of a ruler at dinner—Constantine of Greece and his family. This might be taken for the home of any American family of moderate means.

**BILLY SUNDAY EMPHASIZING A POINT.**



Photo by American Press Association.

**HEARS BIERCE IS WITH KITCHENER**

Daughter of Soldier-Journalist Thought Dead Gets Letter.

**DISAPPEARED IN MEXICO.**

Long Given Up For Lost—Aiding the Allies, Says Bloomington Report. Now Seventy-three Years Old—Career Reads Like Romance—Brevetted For Bravery In Field.

Major Ambrose Bierce, the author and journalist, who has been sought by his family for over a year, has been found. The mystery of his disappearance was cleared up by the receipt of a letter from him by his daughter, Mrs. Helen Cowden of Bloomington, Ill.

This brought the surprising information that her father was a member of the staff of Lord Kitchener and was aiding in the recruiting service in London. He left Mexico early last fall. Major Bierce wrote that he was in good health.

The state department in Washington has been engaged since last fall in trying to find Major Bierce in Mexico. He was thought to have been murdered there while procuring material for a book on conditions in Mexico.

**Bierce's Romantic Career.**

Ambrose Bierce was born in Ohio in 1842. He served as a line officer throughout the civil war and received the brevet rank of major for bravery on the field.

As a journalist he wrote of peace and the ways of civilians until a war stirred some corner of the earth and then he took to writing tales of soldiers. One of his most successful books, "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," dealt with companions in arms he had met during the civil war. The book was popular both in America and Europe, as it depicted the actual conditions encountered on the firing line by men who had enlisted.

Major Bierce was living quietly in retirement in Washington when the American army started on the move toward the Mexican border. He heard the call as did many other men of the writing profession who had been in previous wars as correspondents, and he departed for points he thought an American invasion might later reach.

In September, 1914, the state department received a formal request to help in ascertaining the whereabouts of Major Bierce. The request was from a California friend, who transmitted it through Secretary of Interior Lane.

**Washington Starts Search.**

The state department telegraphed to John R. Silliman, an American consular officer in Mexico, to institute a search for the missing writer. Secretary of War Garrison cabled instructions to General Funston and other American army officers in Mexico to assist in the search.

The last trace of him that the investigators could find located him in Chihuahua City in December, 1913. At that time a battle was impending between the federals and Constitutionalists. A report persisting in Chihuahua City was to the effect that Major Bierce started for his former home in California just before the battle.

When no word was heard of him for eight months literary men took up his case on the supposition that he had in some strange manner lost his life.

Bierce likes to tell this story on himself:

While in San Francisco he visited the new house of an old friend, a gentleman of Irish extraction. The hostess evidently took pride in the house, the furnishings of which were new and beautiful and gave every evidence of taste and refinement. Mr. Bierce, who has an eye for the beautiful, has unstinted praise for everything he saw.

"But," he said, "I am sorry to see that your house, beautiful as it is, lacks one ornament which no Irish house should be without."

"What is that?" she asked, unsuspectingly.

"A pig," replied Mr. Bierce, with a satisfied chuckle.

The hostess' eyes sparkled. "It did," she said indignantly, "but you have supplied the want."

**BABY WEIGHS 15 OUNCES.**

Girl Is Only Ten Inches Long—Fed With Medicine Dropper.

The population of Lynn, Mass., has been increased in weight by fifteen ounces through the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Mower of No. 144 Williams street. Physicians declare that the child—the smallest ever born in the city—has more than an even chance to live. Her lungs are lusty, and from her nest of cotton batting atop a radiator in the house she makes known her presence at every opportunity.

The baby is only ten inches long and can be held with ease in the palm of a hand. She is fed with a medicine dropper.

**A Demonstration.**

"I distinctly saw you with a policeman's arms around you."

"Oh, yes, mum! Wasn't it nice of him? He was showin' me how to hold a burglar if I found one in the house."—Life.

**HEAVING THE LEAD**

How a Ship Feels Its Way Over the Bed of the Ocean.

**TAKING SOUNDINGS AT SEA.**

For Deep Water Work Machines That Carry 300 Fathoms of Wire and a Twenty-four Pound Weight Are Used. Casting by Hand In Bad Weather.

"By the d-e-e-p, nine!"

The peculiar, long drawn out cry of the leadsman in the chains echoes out as the cruiser gathers speed and begins to move through the water.

"By the m-a-r-k, ten!"

We watch the man as he twirls the lead in the air, and reels off the sounding with mathematical accuracy. He is standing in the port "chains"—a small platform, perhaps four feet square, jutting out from one end of the cruiser's bridge. To us his position seems rather precarious, for his perch overhangs the dark water thirty feet below, but the man himself—a seasoned petty officer—feels perfectly safe, for he leans his body against a canvas "apron," waist high, while his feet are firmly placed against a wooden bar secured to the platform itself.

But let us watch him as he makes a cast. He first sees the end of the lead line is properly secured and then proceeds to coil it up in his right hand. The line itself, whitened by long use, has sundry little marks at various distances along it. At two fathoms (twelve feet) from the lead are two strips of leather, while at three fathoms there are three. At five fathoms, and again at fifteen, is a piece of white bunting; at seven and seventeen fathoms, a piece of red bunting, and at ten a piece of leather with a hole in it. At thirteen fathoms comes a rag of blue bunting, while at twenty-three is a small bit of line, with two knots tied in it, spliced into the lead line itself.

The lead line is twenty-five fathoms long, while the lead secured to its end is about fourteen pounds in weight. The bottom of it is hollowed out to receive the "arming" of tallow or soap, and this allows the nature of the bottom to be ascertained, for the sticky substance will come to the surface with particles of mud or sand, etc., adhering to it.

"Heaving the lead" looks easy enough, and anybody who is accustomed to doing it will say that it is quite simple; but it takes a long time before a man becomes a proficient leadsman. A novice is apt to be frightened at the whirling fourteen pound weight on the end of its line, and if he loses heart and omits to give it that peculiar little jerk which brings it flying round in a circle it may fall perpendicularly in close proximity to his head.

Heaving the lead may be all right enough in good weather, but in the winter, when it is blowing hard, raining or snowing, it is anything but pleasant. The driving rain and snow search out every portion of the leadsman's anatomy, even though he may be wearing oilskins, while his hands get numb with cold until there is no feeling left in them.

The deep sea lead line, which was invariably used for deep water work before the introduction of patent sounding machines and would still be used if they broke down, consists of 100 fathoms of line and a twenty-eight pound lead. It is marked up to twenty fathoms in the same way as the hand lead line, and then at twenty-five, thirty-five, forty-five, etc., fathoms with one knot, and at thirty, forty, fifty, etc., with three, four or five knots, and so on, to the greatest depth of the line.

The ship is usually stopped when using the deep sea line, for it takes a considerable time for the lead to reach the bottom.

The patent sounding machine consists of 300 fathoms of thin piano wire wound on a drum, and to the end of the wire is secured a twenty-four pound lead, with, just above it, a perforated brass sheath fitted with a cap. Before sounding takes place a glass tube open at one end and coated on the inside with a red chemical compound, is placed in the brass sheath. The wire is then allowed to run out until the lead is on the bottom, and as it descends the pressure forces the water up the glass tube and turns the red chemical into a milky white color for a certain distance up.

The lead is then hauled in by hand, or by a motor, and the depth is ascertained by comparing the line of demarcation between the two colors in the glass tube with a wooden scale marked in fathoms.

With these simple but extremely reliable machines soundings can be obtained at greater depths, and with the ship traveling at a far greater speed, than with the hand lead and line, though, as already stated, the older method is always held in reserve.—London Answers.

**Fantastic Fling.**

"I understand your husband is learning to dance?"

"No," replied Mrs. Glumby. "That report was started by some neighbors who happened to be looking through our basement window just after he had dropped a hot cinder on his foot."—Washington Star.

**Still a Nomad.**

"Why did your wife leave you?"

"Force of habit, I guess. She was a cook before I married her."—Detroit Free Press.

The great secret of making the labor of life easy is to do each duty every day.—Maruden.