

TWENTY FATHOMS DEEP.

UNCANNY THINGS SEEN BY A DIVER IN A GREAT LAKE.

Difference in the Waters of the Lakes—Sunken Vessels—Recovering the Bodies of the Drowned.

"Foundering vessels on the lakes, especially sailing vessels, frequently sink so squarely," said a Toledo man who belongs to the precarious and perilous profession of lake diving, "that we find them resting on the bottom as trim and neat as if their keels were still plowing the surface. This is particularly the case in Lake Huron, whose waters are unlike those of any of the other lakes in the great chain, although all its water comes from Lake Superior. What the scientific explanation of the fact is I don't know, but a diver can work on the bottom of Lake Huron at a depth of at least twenty feet greater than he can in Lake Superior, and much deeper than he can in any of the other lakes. In Superior a diver can't see further than ten feet into the water surrounding him, but in Huron he can distinctly distinguish objects fifty feet away. At a depth of 100 feet in Lake Superior a diver can only work an hour at a time, the feeling of oppression becoming unbearably painful, but I have worked five hours at a stretch in Lake Huron 115 feet below the surface without suffering to any great extent from the pressure of the water. A man drowned in Lake Superior never appears on the surface, while the dead float on the waters of Lake Huron.

"It is a weird and startling sight to come suddenly upon a full-rigged vessel far down in the solemn depths of the lake, standing erect on her keel as if she were dashing away before the breeze on the gleaming surface. It is uncanny and ghostlike. There are no waves down there, but a mysterious swelling and swaying of the waters that give a sea-sawing, tossing motion to the spectre craft, which is all the more spectral because there is no creak of timber, no sound of straining ropes or grinding keel. You may climb the rigging, walk the deck, go down into the sunken cabin, as readily and easily as if you were a sailor and the vessel were sailing along with only the sky above her, but you can't help thinking constantly of death and the tomb. There is no sound down there but the intermittent wail and moan, and moan of the swaying waters, all around and above you, and yet seeming far away. I would much rather find a sunken wreck a wreck indeed. You naturally expect to find a broken ruin on the bottom of the lake, not the ghost of a perfect ship. I can work and search with better cheer among splintered beams and shattered spars and broken keel, where I have to pry and chop and batter down to uncover the object of my quest, whether it is merchandise, treasure, or human corpses, than I can on a sunken craft that gives me free and easy access to her sunken stores and watery sepulchres.

"The only time that I ever undertook to do a piece of work on the lake bottom reluctantly, and was badly broken up by the result of it, although I had anticipated and thought I was prepared for a startling sight, was the time I went down twenty fathoms in Lake Erie to find the bodies of a woman and her two children who had gone down with a propeller. The propeller sank in a heavy storm at night, foundering suddenly as craft usually do on Lake Erie, and the woman and her children were in their stateroom. The husband and father of the lost family offered me a big price to go down and recover the bodies, but the touching appeals of the heart-broken man alone induced me to undertake the work. I found the vessel in easy shape for working, and reached the door of the fatal stateroom without difficulty. The door was locked. The fact that I must break it down before the imprisoned dead could be released increased the dread that possessed me, and I stood irresolute at the awful threshold. If the money I was to receive for the work had been my only impelling motive, I would have hurried from the wreck that moment; but I was haunted by the memory of that stricken soul above, awaiting in agonized suspense the poor consolation of seeing his cold and lifeless loved ones, and I put aside my foolish-fear and with a few blows of my crowbar battered down the stateroom door. I had pictured in my mind how the three corpses would in all probability look, floating with staring eyes about the room, and I think if I had come upon them in that way I would have accepted the contact with complacency. But the reality of their appearance was far different from the one I had imagined. The vessel gave a hard lurch as I broke the door loose, and the water rushed out of the stateroom. With the rush came the dead inmates of the room. The three were in a group, and such a group! One child, a golden-haired little thing of three years old, the mother clasped to her breast with one arm. The little one's cheek was pressed against its mother's, and its chubby arms were around her neck. The second child, older than the first, held its mother's other hand. They were all in their night clothes, and the mother floated from the room standing upright, clasping her one child to her breast and leading the other by the hand. Her long yellow hair was loose, and trailed far behind her in the water. Her eyes were wide open, as I had pictured them, but I had imagined no such depth of horror in them as they expressed. Her face was frightfully distorted, showing the intense agony of her death. The faces of both children were peaceful, and the eyes of the one in its mother's arms were closed as if in sleep. The sight was more than I could stand, and I retreated to another part of the wreck. It was a long time before I could summon courage enough to fasten a line to the dead bodies and signal for them to be raised. I sent them to the surface just as they had died, and as I found them, and quit the wreck myself as soon as the work was done.

In spite of the fact that no lake diver ever goes below without feeling that the

chance is by no means remote that he has looked for the last time on the sky and the earth and all he loves, there is a fascination about the life that few men have ever been able voluntarily to resist after becoming familiar with it. This seems the more singular because no diver, shut up in armor and held in the depths by a hundred pounds or more of weights, can ever banish the feeling that a little stoppage of the air pump, a leak in his hose, some slight carelessness on the part of his tender in the boat above, is sufficient to bring down upon him the weight of a mighty mountain and crush the life out of him in the twinkling of an eye. There is always danger, too, of the diver fouling his life line himself by catching it on some projecting splinter or around a sharp-edged timber, and in his haste to release it precipitate the catastrophe of which he stands the most in dread. The fouling of a line frequently occurs, and never to me but what I turn cold, in my effort to release it, at the thought of what a slender thing holds back the clutch of death down to those moaning depths.

"Lake divers get big pay for their work, but, as there are a good many in the business and jobs sometimes far between, they do well if they average more than ordinary wages year by year. I have made \$1000 in a month, but there have been many months in succession when I have not made a dollar. Full of peril as the life of a diver is, it is safety itself in comparison with the life of a lake sailor. I'd rather work in a nitroglycerine factory than sail before the mast on the great lakes."—New York Sun.

WISE WORDS.

Few suffer uninvited insult. Truth is a merciless iconoclast. Alas! For those advanced in years only. Generosity serves others better than itself. People who are purse-proud set the exact mark of their intrinsic value. Some persons have plenty of genuine diamond ornaments, but only glass-bead principles. While the unhappy have still hope, the prosperous tremble with fear. Such is compensation. Children and plants turn instinctively toward the light. Let us emulate their incipient wisdom! Those who go hunting for trouble are very poor sportsmen, though they generally bag the game. You may suspect those persons who boast of some special virtue of having secretly the opposite vice. By all that we circumscribe anticipation, we exalt fruition, the measure of which was never yet quite filled. Grand thoughts, like orchard trees, amount to nothing unless they blossom and bear fruit. The fruit of thought is action.

The Ordeal by Chewing Rice.

The East Indian method of discovering a thief by the ordeal of chewing dry pounded rice has almost disappeared of late. A case of its successful application many years ago, to discover who had stolen a gold watch that was missing, is described in Chambers's Journal. A native official who was employed by the government for detecting thieves by the rice ordeal, was called in to conduct the process. The loser of the watch was one of four Englishmen who occupied a house together. All the servants of the establishment, some forty odd in number, were seated in two rows on the ground in one of the long verandas of the house. A small piece of green plantain-leaf was first placed in each man's hand. The thief detector then went round with a bowl of pounded rice, like flour, and with a wooden spoon poured a quantity into the mouth of each servant. The order was given that each man was, within five minutes, to chew the rice-flour to a pasty mass and eject it on to his plantain-leaf. The most of the men set to work with a will, though a few were rather frightened at first; but long before the five minutes had elapsed almost every one had got through with the operation and held the evidence of his innocence in his hands. But why are so many eyes turned toward one man, who sits back as if anxious to avoid observation? We also look, and there is the favorite servant of the loser of the watch, with his face almost convulsed, and trying in vain to get the rice flour out of his mouth. His lips are dry, and his glands refuse to produce the saliva which is needed to moisten the rice-flour. At last the detector's eyes fall upon him, and pointing at him with a long, bony finger, he says solemnly, "There is the thief!" The victim quails and grovels on the floor before him; he faintly appeals to his master for forgiveness, and promises that he will restore the watch. The convicted thief slowly rises, and requesting the master to follow him, goes to the well in the garden, and produces the gold watch from under a loose brick. This operation savors of magic, but it has a psycho-physiological explanation. It is one of the instances of the influence of mind over body; the anxiety of the culprit evidently arresting the flow from the salivary glands.

The Human Arm as a Razor Stop.

Few persons know how excellent a razor stop is the human hand or arm. If a razor is in fairly good condition and not in need of the oil stone it may soon be whetted to a fine edge on the palm of the hand or the inner side of the forearm. The latter is best if it is free of hair, as it frequently is for it presents a whetting surface quite as long as the ordinary razor stop. The fat portion of the palm, between the little finger and the wrist, however, makes an excellent stop. The process of stropping a razor on the forearm appears a bit alarming to the look-on though there is little danger that a skillful man will do himself harm.

The next annual B'nai B'rith Convention will be held in Cincinnati in 1895.

A RANCH IN THE CLOUDS.

THE LOFTY HOME OF AN ADVENTUROUS PIONEER.

Raising Crops at an Altitude of 10,000 Feet in New Mexico—Transportation by Burros.

At the head waters of the north branch of the Rio Gallinas, eighteen or twenty miles above the Las Vegas Hot Springs, Mr. E. H. Harvey, a former Boston merchant, several years ago located his ranch at an elevation the most ambitious perhaps of any farm on the continent. Coming to New Mexico originally for his health, Mr. Harvey, after extolling the conditions of the cattle and sheep business on the open plains, and those of agriculture in the lower valleys—in which an elaborate system of irrigation is required—decided to make his home in the mountains. In a high valley near the massive precipitous mountain known as Hermit Rock he laid the skills of his cabin amid the evergreen and poplar trees, took up under the homestead law a tract of Government land, and set to work to improve it.

This ranch is peculiarly isolated, the only other houses in a wide region about being one or two deserted prospectors' cabins and the works of an abandoned mica mine. Near the foot of the mountains the wagon trail leading from the settlements comes to an end, and beyond that point a bridle trail is the only path to the home of this adventurous pioneer from Boston. Here, literally among the clouds, he has made the wilderness blossom as the rose. Part of his tillable and hay lands was open grassy park at the time of his coming, and the remainder he has cleared by cutting down and burning the trees. The range of pasture for his stock includes all accessible grazing spaces up and down the valley.

At this high altitude of 10,000 feet, only 800 feet below the timber line, the climate differs widely from that of the plains. Through the summer, during times, it may be, when the plains have been parched with drought, there are frequent showers and often long continued rains in the mountains, and after early nights the vegetation at sunrise is dripping with heavy dew. Under these favorable conditions no artificial irrigation is required, and with the abundant moisture the grass grows thick and high, spangled with innumerable awers of great beauty and variety, and there are found many specimens of treed plant life usually associated with far more northerly latitudes. The altitude of the ranch is too great for the successful raising of corn, but nearly every agricultural product of the Northern States flourishes. Grain and vegetables, including potatoes, grow abundantly and rapidly, are of fine quality, and in great size. Timothy grass four feet and stalks six feet high are not uncommon specimens of the productive capacity of this ranch.

The luxuriant growth of forage and the circumstances attending the transportation of farm products to market, have tended to make the dairy the chief feature of this upland ranch. Mr. Harvey's herd of cows give a profitable return for his care and labor. The rick current of a mountain rill turns a wheel connected with the revolving blades of a cylindrical chut in which is made the butter that on Tuesday goes on the backs of pack animals to the market at Las Vegas. There is but one way by which to transport freight between the ranch and the town, by "packing," which is effectively means of trains of burros (donks). With the garden and dairy products to be carried to Las Vegas, or of the goods to take to his home, packmen hampers, the owner starts the process of pack animals in single file along the mountain path, and himself brings the rear on his sure-footed pony quicken the pace of the stragglers and watch that none of the burdens is awry. Bulky articles, as trunks, furniture, or farming implements, are laid upon a frame like a litter, suspended between two burros placed tandem, and this fashion are carried by the steady little animals over the winding mountain trails, up and down at hill-sides, and across rushing torrents their destination.

The house is a rude but comfortable structure, with a wide open fireplace, which the fire of hickory wood or pine crackles cheerfully in the winter time, and on summer evenings as for at these mountain heights the air is at all times cool, and so chilly. Rich milk, vegetables fresh, crisp, the tenderest and juiciest beef and mutton—all raised upon place—are features of the ranch fare, with the hunger that the mountain imparts, the appetizing effect of the past is enhanced by its plain and homely service. The larder is helped accordingly, as the season and hunt luck may favor, by venison, bear and wild turkey, mountain grouse and quail, and by the delicious black-spotted turkey of the Rio Gallinas.

Owing to the limited range of pasture, sheep-raising on the large scale practised in the wider parks and plains is impracticable, and in places like Harvey's sheep and goats are usually kept only in sufficient number to serve as a source of food supply for the ranch, moist, sweet, tender grass gives flesh of these animals a peculiar quality, comparable to that of English sheep on their native sod. The grass good at all seasons, but becomes accessible only as the heavy snows of winter recede on the mountain sides with the approach of summer. In these sylvan ranches in the uplands an interesting element of danger and uncertainty attends the raising and keeping of domestic animals, from the necessity of guarding them against the ravages of wild beasts. Colts, calves and lambs are liable always to fall the victims of a prowling mountain lion or a hungry bear; and when a predatory animal so formidable has once acquired the habit of depending upon flocks and herds for his food supply, the only way to save the loss of much young stock is to take the aggressive, hunt him down and kill him.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S DON'TS.

Don't allow the broom to stand on the brush end when not in use; hang it on a nail by means of a ring in the top of the handle. Don't forget that a broom will last much longer, if, after using, it is dipped in boiling water for a few minutes. Don't fill the best windows in the family living-room with plants. Don't neglect to air the house thoroughly every morning. Open opposite doors and windows for five or ten minutes, even if it is stormy.

Don't undertake extra work to give pleasure when you know that you have neither time nor strength for it, and that, as a result, some one will be sure to be overtaxed and cross. Don't forget, if you are a tall woman, to have your work-table and ironing-board a few inches higher than they are usually made. This little precaution will prevent many a backache. Don't neglect to have your name plainly painted on all jugs or bottles that are sent to the store for vinegar, molasses, etc. Then you will be sure to get back your own.

Don't think when you sit down to rest that it is necessary to pick up that unfinished mending. Ten minutes' absolute rest is worth much to the tired muscles. Don't allow soiled clothes to remain in the bed-rooms. They taint the air and make it impure. Don't keep for company the best room, the best dishes, and especially the pleasantest smile and most entertaining conversation.

THE RAVAGES OF THE BUFFALO-BUG. It is found that few of the usual preventives are of any use against the attacks of this beetle, and for this reason it is a difficult pest to eradicate. In some places it has proved so destructive that carpets have to be dispensed with, and in their place rugs are used, as being more conveniently examined. Tallow or tallowed paper placed around the edges of the carpet, which are often the parts first attacked, is said to be effective. In many cases the carpets are cut, as if with a scissors, following the line of the seams in the floor, and as a remedy for this it has been recommended that the seams be filled during the winter with cotton saturated with benzine. Kerosene, naphtha or gasoline are offensive to the beetle as well as benzine, but benzine is perhaps the simplest and safest preventive in use. It can be poured from a tin can having a very small spout, it being necessary to use but little.

Before tacking down a carpet it should be thoroughly examined, and if possible steamed. If in spite of precautions a carpet is found infested, a wet cloth can be spread down along the edges, and a hot iron passed over it, the steam thus generated not only killing the beetles and larvae, but destroying any eggs that may have been laid. Clothing is sometimes attacked as well as objects of natural history—such as stuffed birds and mammals. It was believed that the beetle must feed on some plant, for in a number of cases it was captured out of doors, and it was finally discovered feeding on the pollen of the flowers of spiraea, the beetle living on the plant for a while and then returning to the house to lay its eggs. When this was proved, it was suggested that spiraea should be planted around houses infested by the beetle; by doing this the plants could be often examined and the beetles destroyed.

RECIPIES. Sardine Salad—Use a cupful of chopped sardines, free from bones, to a pint bowl of lettuce or sliced cucumbers; season with salt, pepper, a little mustard and vinegar, and serve the salad as soon as it is made, because the lettuce begins to wilt directly it is dressed with salt and vinegar. Lyonnaise Potatoes—Slice cold-boiled potatoes into neat rounds; cut a medium-sized onion into thin slices, and put it with a good tablespoonful of butter or bacon dripping into the frying-pan; when the onion is colored, add the potatoes, about two cupfuls, and stir them about until they are a light brown. Strew with chopped parsley, and serve. Cold Chicken Wings—The wings, drumsticks, necks, livers, hearts, and gizzards of a pair of chickens, with any good portions remaining from the first service, make an excellent dish for cold use. The pieces are first to be boiled in enough water to cover them, with a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, until tender; then each piece is to be rolled in cracker meal, dipped in beaten egg, again rolled in cracker dust, and fried in plenty of hot fat like doughnuts.

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla, highlighting its benefits for various ailments like loss of appetite, sick headache, and general weakness.

Advertisement for PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, featuring a testimonial and details about the medicine's effectiveness.

Advertisement for Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, describing its benefits for various ailments and providing contact information.

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, emphasizing its role as a 'great pain reliever' and its effectiveness for various conditions.

Advertisement for R.R.R. (Radway's Ready Relief), a medicine for various pains and ailments, including rheumatism and neuralgia.

Advertisement for Pensions, Old Claims Settled Under New Law, offering assistance for veterans and their families.

Advertisement for Good Wives, a brand of soap used for cleaning purposes, highlighting its quality and effectiveness.

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