PLAYING WITH MY BABY BOY.

It may be that fortune leaves me,
It may be that fame deceives me,
And that pleasure's early vintage has leaked
from my cup of joy;
But my losses and my crosses
Are to me no more than dross is
When I rolic when I frolic with my little
baby boy.

It may be that I'm a sinner
With my chances growing thinner,
That the gold within my nature suffers much
from base alloy;
But I know that I'm a mellow,
Simple-hearted, tender fellow
When I romp and play and frolic with my
bright-eyed baby boy.

It may be that I grow weary
Sometimes of the world so dreary,
And that moody meditation may too oft my
mind employ;
But his merry eyes beguiling
Change my humor into smiling
As I practice many an antic with my laugh
ing baby boy.

When the little fellow's dreaming,
And the golden cascade's streaming
From his head upon my bosom, and he
sleeps without annoy,
Then I kiss the lips of laughter,
Thinking that the great hereafter
Will be cheerless if I cannot frolic with my
baby boy.
—[Wm. T. Dumas, in Atlanta Constitution.

Saved From Old Ocean's Maw.

On the 29th of January, 1885, the schooner Alfred Vittery, Captain Boor, was lying becalmed in the South Pacific Ocean. She was eleven days out from the Solomon Group and was bound for Maryborough, Queensland, Australia, with ninety-seven Polynesians on board that had contracted to work for a term of years on plantations. It was a glorious day from an artist's standpoint. A marine painter might have drawn inspiration from the deep, dark blue of the sky, the translucent tints of the ever-changing sea and the radiant splendor of the sun.

Captain Boor, however, was no marine artist, but a shrewd common-sense skipper, who hated a calm and had no appreciation of the beauties of Old Ocean at rest. What he chiefly doted on was a piping breeze, especially when he had a hundred hungry Polynesians on board, as was then the case.

The skipper strode the deck impatiently. The sails flapped idly as the schooner rose and fell in the gentle swell of the Pacific. The Polynesians were clustered in picturesque groups on deck, some of them singing the low, monotonous and barbaric chants of their race, others engaged heart and soul in the calm delight of chewing betel. A queer lot they seemed to the sailors, with their dark copper-colored skins, their heads well thatched with moss of woolly hair and their deep-sunk eyes and short noses. During the eleven days that had passed since they embarked on the schooner from their crescent-shaped and beautifully-carved canoes many a malediction had been hurled at their heads by the seamen, who were unable to get any sleep in their watch below owing to the ceaseless singing and the perpetual thrumming on bamboo drums much resembling the tom-toms of India. Nobody to look at them in their scanty but neatly fringed girdles—their sole attire—would imagine them to be cannibals, whose highest ambition was to feast on cold boiled baby. But such was the frozen truth.

The speculators, however, were getting avenged on them for many a missionary murdered and digested. Those ninety-seven Polynesians were going into slavery as pronounced and cruel as ever existed on the island of Cuba. The plantations of Queensland are noted for their horrors, but the Government winks at them. The innocent islanders, men and women, chewed betel, sang songs and beat the drum as though there were no such "institutions" in existence as the flesh-destroying thongs attached to the whips of burly and brutal overseers. They made their acquaintance later.

"I fear those copper-colored devils will eat their heads off before we get to Maryborough, if this weather lasts," observed the captain to the mate. You see he had contracted with the speculators to carry them to their destination at so much a head, for each one delivered alive, the ship supplying them with their food, consisting chiefly of rice and salt fish.

The skipper was a capital fellow. He had no sympathy with the business in which he was engaged, but his owners had chartered the schooner, and he naturally wanted to make as much money as possible. So all that golden afternoon he was in rather a bad temper, pacing the quarter-deck impatiently and casting his eyes all around the horizon in the hope of seeing welcome catspaws indicating a breeze.

Something all at once caught his eye. Seizing the telescope that was in its accustomed place on the skylight, he climbed halfway up the main rigging and had a look at an object broad on the starboard beam. The sheets were hurled aft on the port side and the vessel was heading southwest. He remained aloft about ten minutes and then came down. He told the mate that there was a ship's boat in sight with a sail set and apparently in distress, and said that he was going to see if there was anybody on board of her, if possible.

A faint breath of wind came along from the northward, just sufficient to fill the topsails and the main topmast staysail.

"Haul aft the main and fore sheets, trim down the head sheets, luff all you can," sang out the captain in one breath. And so the schooner was headed as close as possible for the boat, which was not yet visible from the deck.

The presence of so small a craft 160 miles from the nearest point of land was rather surprising, and all hands felt anxious about her. She was now about seven miles dead to windward, and the schooner made a number of short tacks toward her. The wind was so light that it was a long and tedious task to come up with her.

At length, about 5 o'clock, she was close alongside. An emaciated, haggard man was steering her. His beard and hair were long and shaggy, and to use a homely simile, his eyes were like two burnt holes in a blanket. A line was thrown to him as he passed under the schooner's stern. It was with the greatest difficulty that he managed to crawl forward and take a turn around a cleat with the line. Several of the crew jumped down into the boat and assisted the man to climb aboard the schooner. As soon as he reached the deck he fainted. He was placed on the after hatch and a few drops of rum were forced between his lips. Under this potent influence he rapidly revived.

"Now, my lad," said the skipper, "don't try to talk; drink some of this soup and then take a rest; you will soon be a man again."

The poor fellow tried to mutter a word or two of gratitude. He gulped down a few swallows of soup, and after telling the captain that his name was Bernard Gilboy, and that he sailed 162 days before from San Francisco, Cal., he was taken below and put into a bunk, where he soon fell asleep.

His boat was hoisted inboard in short order, the islanders tailing on to the tackle falls and singing a joyous song. She was a strange-looking craft. The carpenter pulled his rule out of his pocket and measured her. He dimensions were: 18 feet over all; beam, 6 feet; depth, 2 ft. 6 in. She was decked over, and her hull was divided into two compartments by a water-tight bulkhead about 6 feet from the stern. She had been rigged as a schooner, but only the foremast was standing.

The after compartment was 6 feet long, with a hatch in the centre and with a locker on each side. She appeared to have been fitted out with a view to a deep-water voyage, but looked much the worse for wear. Her bottom was covered with thick clusters of barnacles. Her rigging was rather rotten, and her deck was covered with slime.

The islanders flocked round the boat, whose name was the Pacific—painted in small letters on her stern. They expressed a good deal of curiosity concerning her, as was evident from their excited talk and gestures. The Pacific was firmly lashed to ringbolts in the deck, everything on board of her being taken out. There wasn't a scrap of food aboard; a ten-gallon keg contained four and one-half inches of fresh water, and there was about half a gill of alcohol in a druggist's bottle. That evening a fine breeze arose and the schooner headed for her destination, dancing over the waves gallantly and clipper-like.

Next morning the steward woke up the poor fellow so providentially rescued from the rapacious jaws of death, whose fangs were about closing on him when the schooner cited him. He was much refreshed, and after taking a cup of coffee and a slice of toast went on deck, where the cook, who was a bit of a barber, cut his hair and trimmed his beard. Then he had a good wash and was ready for breakfast.

While he was partaking of a plentiful meal, which he said tasted better than any he had eaten since leaving San Francisco, he told his story, often hesitating for a word, and speaking in a strange tone that reminded one of ghosts.

His name, as before mentioned, was Bernard Gilboy. His home was in Buffalo, N. Y. From boyhood his hobby was the sailing of small boats, and he had gone to sea at an early age. It appears that reading the account of Capt. Johnson crossing the Atlantic alone in a boat 15 feet keel, 5 feet 6 inches beam and 28 inches depth, induced him to undertake a voyage to Australia from San Francisco. Accordingly he contracted with Burns & Kneass of that port to build him the boat picked up the day previous of the dimensions given above. She was launched on Friday, Aug. 3, 1882, and she sailed on Friday, Aug. 18. Is there any wonder that she came to grief? The only cause for astonishment is that her owner didn't fetch up for a full due in Davy Jones's locker, for as every sailor knows, Friday is a most unlucky day.

On August 2 he got his clearance from the Custom-House. The craft had very little free-board. She was laden with 14 ten-gallon casks of water, 165 pounds of hard-tack packed in fifteen-pound watertight tin cans, two dozen cans of roast beef in two-and-a-half-pound cans, two dozen roast chickens in one pound cans, two doz. one-pound cans of salmon, two dozen cans of boneless pigs' feet, two dozen cans of peaches, two dozen cans of condensed milk, twenty-five pounds of loaf sugar, one gross of matches in six bottles, half a gallon of alcohol in a druggist's glass jar, ten gallons of nut oil, five gallons of kerosene oil, three pounds of coffee, two pounds of tea, one bar of castile soap, two pounds of lard, three pounds of nails, one wooden pump, twelve feet of half-inch hose, which he used as a syphon to get fresh water out of the kegs with, grains, hammer and hatchet, a few copper tacks, kerosene oil stove, pocket alcohol stove, two lamps, one pound of candles, two compasses, barometer, and sextant, patent taffrail log, double-barrel shotgun, powder and shot, revolver and cartridges, clock and watch, nine knives, anchor and sea drag, with about forty fathoms of one and a half inch line, a ball of spun-yarn and a marlinspike, navigation books, sheet chart of the South Pacific, an American flag, clothing, one pair of twelve-foot oars, and an umbrella, which he found handy when the wind was light and the sun strong.

Thus equipped Gilroy put to sea in the frail boat Pacific. His usual course was to sail at night and heave to and rest during the day. This he accomplished as follows: First he threw his sea anchor overboard on the weather side, hauled down the jib, lowered the foresail, trimmed the main sheet flat down and lashed the helm admidships. Thus, as the boat drifted to leeward, the sea anchor kept her head to sea and the mainsail steadied her. Trimmed in this way the boat made quite good weather of it, even in a heavy sea.

The Pacific made fair progress, with little eventful happening until October 6, when Gilboy caught a turtle, which he cut up and cooked. His previous prey had been bonitos and flying fish, which he caught at rather rare intervals.

On the 20th day out he spoke the barkentine Tropicvance, Capt. Burns, from Tahiti to San Francisco, in latitude 14 deg. 50 min. south and longitude 149 deg. 2 min. west. The captain supplied Gilboy with as many oranges, bananas and limes as he would take, and promised to report him on his arrival in San Francisco.

The monotonous voyage went on until Wednesday, December 13. The adventurous Gilboy had reached 22 deg. 23 min. south latitude, and 178 deg. 43 min. east longitude. The Pacific was jogging along under short sail, with the trade wind blowing strongly and a high sea running. At 9 o'clock at night a heavy sea capsized the boat. Gilboy, who was clad in a long oilskin coat over a heavy suit of clothes, came up on the weather side and crawled on the bottom of his unlucky craft. After working for several hours he contrived to right her, but found that nearly all his stores and provisions were either lost or destroyed. The only instruments he had left to navigate with were his sextant and patent log, both his compasses being lost, but nevertheless he kept bravely on his course, though the mainmast was gone.

On Christmas Day he overhauled his stock of provisions and found that he had remaining twelve pounds of canned meat and fish, half a gallon of alcohol and fifteen gallons of water—a scanty store with which to reach the nearest point of Australia, 1,200 miles distant. On Wednesday, January 3, he had left four pounds of beef, one quart of alcohol and ten gallons of water. On January 7, just as he awoke, he saw a bird standing on the stern of the boat. He wondered that it did not fly away. As it turned its head to peck its tail feathers he made a grab at it and caught it. It was as big as a small pigeon. He skinned it and made soup of it. That day his remaining stock was one two-pound can of beef, a little alcohol and seven gallons of water. On January 10 he caught another sea bird, which, after flying about the boat, alighted on his head. Next day he caught another. On January 13 he ate the last of his beef, which was about two ounces.

From that day until he was picked up he existed on the flying fish that happened to drop on deck and an occasional sea bird. He husbanded his supply of water most carefully. This is an extract from his log of his last day on the Pacific:

"Monday, January 29, sunrise: Light, steady breeze, the weather being clear and pleasant; looked round the deck for flying fish, but could not find any; I felt very weak and hungry. After taking my morning's allowance of alcohol there was but enough for another meal, which was about two teaspoonfuls. I measured the water, and found four and one-half inches in the ten-gallon keg; so after this day I shall have nothing but water to sustain life, and there being but little of that makes me think I shall not last long unless I get relief.

"For the first time I began to give up all hope of escaping from starvation and wonder how long it would be before the end. I fell into a reverie, and remained in meditation for about an hour, when I looked to leeward and there saw a sail quite plainly, about eight miles off. I could hardly believe my eyes, but, realizing it was no dream, I quickly altered my course and ran before the wind, which was very light, heading to cross her bow. I caught hold of the umbrella which was lying on deck, opened it and kept waving it, in hopes of attracting their attention. After waving it for a short time it slipped out of my hand and went overboard.

"Then I got the flag and fastened it on a stick, and kept waving it without attracting any attention. I took my revolver, which had the last six cartridges in the chambers, and fired them off without any effect. I then hauled down the jib and made the flag fast to the upper part of it with the union down, hoisting the jib up again. By this time the vessel was right ahead of me and I feared that she would pass without seeing me, when finally I saw her tack, which convinced me that I had been seen. I sailed before the wind and the vessel beat to windward toward me. The wind being light and the boat's bottom covered with barnacles, it was 5 o'clock before I got alongside. I sailed under her lee quarter and was saved."

Gilboy, having a strong constitution, made a complete recovery. He had sailed 7,000 miles all alone. On February 2 the Alfred Vittery arrived at Maryborough. The doctor passed the Polynesians and they were sent ashore. Gilboy also left the schooner and his boat followed him. He exhibited her in various parts of Australia. The Sydney Punch of February 17, 1883, had some verses about him, and he enjoyed a good deal of newspaper fame. I don't know what he is doing now. I have not seen him for years, but I trust he is alive and well, for he was a brave and manly American that deserved much from that fickle jade, Fortune.—[New York Recorder.

A Lost Lake.

A curious spectacle was to be seen on the outskirts of Gainesville, Fla., recently. Alachua lake, from ten to fifteen miles in length and covering some 40,000 acres of land, is no more. On its banks were lying thousands of dead fish, dead alligators floated ghastly in pools of black water and the atmosphere was heavy with noxious gases. Men and boys were there in throngs with hoes and rakes, dragging to shore hundreds of fish which had sought the pools for refuge. The waters were fairly alive with their struggles for existence. Except for a small stream known as Payne's creek, flowing from Newman's lake into the Sink, the two main basins of the Sink and a few stagnant pools no water is now to be seen where a few years ago steamers were ploughing their way. This is the second time since 1823 that a similar occurrence has taken place. At that time the bed of the lake was a large prairie—Payne's prairie—having in it a body of water called the Sink and a small creek. In 1868 heavy rains filled up the prairie, but the water disappeared after a short time, and the prairie was again dry land. In 1873, after a series of heavy rains, the Sink overflowed and the creek swelled to the dimensions of a lake. During several years the waters increased till a larger lake was formed, and for fully fifteen years sufficient depth of water stood over the prairie to allow of small steamers. During the last two years, however, the waters have been gradually lowering, and about four weeks ago they commenced going down with surprising rapidity, the lake falling about eight feet in ten days, until now nothing is left of Alachua Lake but the memory of it. The Sink is considered the cause of this change. There is evidently an underground passage connected, and for some reason not understood this underground passage has been acting as a drain until all the water in the lake has been drawn off.—[Providence Journal.

A Young Cossack's Ride.

When the Czarewitch on his recent journey visited the Krasnogorskiy settlement of Cossacks in Siberia, a boy Cossack, 13 years old, begged to accompany him as body guard to the border of the settlement, a distance of 143 versts (seven versts are five miles). The privilege was granted him, and the boy, trim and nice on his little horse, rode the whole distance by the right wheel of the Czarewitch's carriage at an average speed of twenty versts an hour without the least sign of weariness. He had a small satin ensign with the imperial escutcheon on one side and the inscription, "God Save Our August Ataman," on the other. The ensign had been wrought by a Cossack woman, the aunt of the lad. The boy received a gold watch and chain for his bravery, and his aunt received a diamond ring.—[New York Sun.

A Musical Novelty.

Dr. Alfred Stelzner of Naples, Italy, has invented a new stringed instrument, with a compass between that of the viola and the violoncello. He calls it the "violotta." By means of this instrument a new setting of quartets is made possible. An experiment has been made with it in Dr. Stelzner's house at Wiesbaden, at which Dr. Joachim was present, and played the new instrument in some quartet music composed by Dr. Stelzner. Dr. Joachim showed his approval of the new invention by ordering a "violotta" for himself.—[New York Recorder.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Mrs. Helen M. Remington of San Francisco claims to have been the first to devise the use of threads running through bank-note paper as a safeguard against counterfeiting. She received a patent for the idea and the process, and is going to Washington to assert a claim against the Government for the use of her invention, which, she says, it began five or six years before her patent rights expired.

The three great Indian chiefs of the Northwest—Joseph, Moses and Lot—arrived in Portland, Ore., recently to visit the exposition there, and created a stir among the pioneers who had met the red warriors in earlier days. Of recent years these grim chieftains have been turning their scalping knives into pruning hooks. Lot in particular has made farmers of his people, and done much to promote industry among his tribe. Joseph is the chief whose strategy and skill kept his small army from being annihilated by the United States and volunteer troops.

It is reported that an enormous amount of timber has been stolen from public lands in Wisconsin and Minnesota—fully 20,000,000 feet within the last three years—and a Government post is to be established to prevent further raids. The grants to railroads of alternate sections have led to the opening and settlement of vast superficies, which would else have remained in a state of nature; but, while the railroads have disposed of their land or money, the Government, to a considerable extent, has held on and been the prey of the completed roads and timber-thieves at large.

Waco, Tex., has an immense bath-house that draws its water from an artesian well 1,870 feet deep. In the pool, that holds 80,000 gallons and is refilled every two hours, the people of both sexes disport themselves in bathing costumes. The floor slopes from a depth of two to a depth of twelve feet, so that children are able to splash in the water at one end of the pool while expert swimmers take a plunge at the other. The flow of water from the well is a million gallons a day, and it has a natural temperature of 112 degrees Fahrenheit. In addition to the natatorium there are the usual hot and cold private baths. The water used is said to be of volcanic origin, and the Waco "boomers" are already predicting that their city will become a second Hot Springs.

Japanese pheasants are being domesticated in California. They are choicer game birds for eating than the grouse, and, being wary, make excellent sport. There is no bird like them for breeding, three broods a year being not uncommon. Some time ago twenty pairs of pheasants were turned out in Oregon, and now they fairly swarm in that State. The Fish and Game Commissioners are doing the work in California. Last autumn five pairs of pheasants were liberated in the brush on the Rancho del Paso, and a number of flocks have been seen there this season. They are at present protected by law, but in another year the hunters will be allowed to flush them—that is to say, if they can be found outside of Mr. Huggins's ranch, where the shooting is intended for his friends only.

It is now proposed to connect Sweden and Denmark by a tunnel through the Oeresund. Through, not under it, a huge iron pipe, big enough for passenger trains to run in, is to be laid from Elsinore to Helsingborg, two English miles, on hollow iron pillars filled with concrete. It is proposed to so balance the weight of the pipe with the displaced mass of water that the pillars will have scarcely any burden to carry. The tunnel is to be laid so deep as to be secure from the action of the waves and out of the reach of the biggest ships. One danger will remain, however, against which the skill of the engineers can provide no protection—the peril from a sinking wreck. Should such a one strike the tunnel it would be all up with it and with anything that happened to be en route between the two coasts in an instant. The cost of the tunnel is put at $4,000,000 or thereabouts.

The London Lancet denounces as false the theory that abundant hair is a sign of bodily or mental strength in man. It says that despite the Samson precedent the Chinese are mostly bald, yet they form the most enduring of races. The average madhouse furnishes proof that long and thick hair is not a sign of intellectuality. The easily wheedled Esau was hairy, while the mighty Cæsar was bald. "Long-haired men are generally weak and fanatical, and men with scant hair are the philosophers and statesmen and soldiers of the world," it concludes, though of course to this rule there are many exceptions. We suspect, facetiously adds the New York Tribune, that the Lancet will soon have an enormous circulation in bald-headed circles, while on the other hand those of its readers who have plenty of hair will promptly write to "stop their paper."

"Farming pays in the West, and farming doesn't pay in the West," said a man from South Dakota. "In ten years I have made $50,000 farming, starting with nothing. Men all around me have starved to death, or pretty near it. One thing is certain. Big farming doesn't pay. There's Dalrymple, whose place is not far from mine. He tried farming on a large scale—60,000 acres, I believe. He was a good farmer, too. He had real executive ability, a fine organization. He had a tremendous advantage in getting most of his machinery for nothing. I've known the agents of a reaper and mower factory to put sixty machines on Dalrymple's farm without charging him a cent, simply for the advertisement. Yet Dalrymple has not made any money. I don't know why it is, unless a large farm cannot make use of the small economies which make a small farm self-sustaining—the eggs, the butter, the garden, the women's work in kitchen and round-about."

Speaking of Labrador, a correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says: "There is no law or any courts there. True, it is a Canadian territory, and the lighthouses upon the coast and through the Straits of Belle Isle are under the care of and supplied by the Colonial Board of Quebec, but there has never been any attempt to establish courts, build schoolhouses or in any way to interfere with the domestic or political relations of the inhabitants. There are no taxes there. Every man does as he pleases, so far as fear of the law is concerned, but notwithstanding this I heard of but few bad actions on the part of the people. Fish and seal abound there. The 'schools' of cod are remarkable. I have seen enough codfish in one school to satisfy the stomach of England and America for a whole year. At Blanc Sablons Harbor, or what is called the 'Jersey Rooms,' in the Straits of Belle Isle, they tell of a haul of herring in a mammoth seine from which they filled 5,000 barrels of fish, and then had to cut the seine, letting out ten times as many fish as they had barreled."

Dangers of Hypnotism.

Many a medical man could tell of alarming conditions resulting from improper attempts at hypnotising by the unskilled amateur. One such case has quite recently been reported by Dr. Solon. An amateur at a friend's house volunteered to hypnotise another visitor, and after two trials succeeded so well that the subject became extremely excited, lost the power of speech, and then passed into the condition of catalepsy; subsequently he had severe convultions. He had simply been hypnotised by being made to look at a diamond ring, and afterward the sight of anything glistening threw him into a state of violent excitement. The floor of the room in which the physician discovered him was covered with cushions, as he frequently threw himself from the sofa onto the floor, and was in a condition of grave hysteria with maniacal excitement. He was treated with a full dose of sedatives, chloral, sulphonal, bromides, and morphine, but at first showed no improvement. After ten days the convulsive attacks were replaced by periods during which he sang persistently; he would sing every song he knew without stopping. After a fortnight of this he had a high temperature for several days, and altogether was very ill for three weeks. Such cases are not so uncommon as is generally supposed.—[The Hospital.

A Wonderful Town.

Bessemer, Alabama, is to be found only on the newest maps. In 1887, the spot which the town of 40,000 inhabitants now marks was overrun by a primitive forest. The accidental discovery of all the materials—coal, ore, and lime—necessary to the establishment of a great iron-producing and manufacturing center led to this sudden inrush of population. To-day the town counts over 900 coke ovens and numerous mighty rolling mills, which are in full swing day and night.

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Gents—I would like to make known to those who are almost persuaded to use Kendall's Spavin Cure the fact that I think it is a most excellent Liniment. I have used it on a Blood Spavin. The horse went on three legs for three years when I commenced to use your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used ten bottles on the horse and have worked him for three years since and has not been lame.
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Germantown, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1889.
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