

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Cradled on an iceberg.
A THRILLING story of a vessel's encounter with an iceberg is told by Captain Chester of the schooner Edwood. The San Francisco Chronicle, whose narrative we condense, reports that while the schooner was on a fishing cruise in the northern waters, Captain Chester sighted an immense iceberg apparently fast on a reef known to exist just off Hoonia. "It's a lucky find!" thought the captain, as he headed the Edwood for the berg, that he might fill the hold with ice, to preserve the fish he expected to catch.

When the schooner was within a few yards of the berg, the anchor was dropped. The vessel swung around until she came alongside the berg, to which she was made fast with lines. The tide was at the full; a gangplank was thrown over to a ledge in the ice, and the men began breaking off chunks of ice and hoisting them aboard. All went well until evening, when thirty tons of ice had been stowed in the hold.

Meanwhile the falling tide had caused the berg to settle upon the reef, and to tip toward the side opposite the vessel. The gangplank rose in the air, and had to be made fast to a ledge nearer the water to keep it horizontal.

Captain Chester, suspecting that all was not going to be well, ordered the crew to make sail. Before they could man the halyards, the iceberg, with a grinding roar, rolled off the reef and started to turn over.

A jagged spur of ice, which had formed the bottom of the berg, arose on the starboard side of the vessel and beneath it. The ice struck the keel, and the vessel, lifted out of the water, rested in an ice cradle. Chester ordered his men to get into the boats and out of harm's way. Cutting the lines that held the schooner to the berg, the men pulled to a safe distance and waited.

The anchor held fast, and the schooner tugged at the chain. The tide dropped a few more inches, the iceberg careened still farther, and the Edwood rose higher. This proved the schooner's salvation.

The tendency of the iceberg to roll over and raise the vessel brought such an enormous strain upon the anchor chain that something had to give way. Something did, and to the joy of the fishermen, it was not the anchor or the chain.

The iceberg lurched, and the schooner was seen to slide several feet along the crevice in which it rested. There was another lurch and another slide. Then the vessel reached a downward grade, and the next instant shot off the iceberg and into the sea, bows on, like a rocket.

She shipped a heavy sea, as the result of plunging her nose beneath the surface, but quickly righted, and after stumbling over her anchor chain and tugging viciously to get away, settled down to her original state of tranquillity, to all appearances unhurt.

Sleeping With a Snake.
 While on a prospecting expedition in Western Australia a few months ago, my mate and myself had a rather strange experience. We had thrown ourselves down on the sand to sleep one evening after a hard day's travel. I awoke in the middle of the night with a start—some very cold object seemed to be moving under my trousers below the knee.

"Keep your feet off me, Bob," I cried to my mate.
 Bob rolled over lazily, and by the dim starlight I could see his feet about a yard away from me, but still the numbing sensation continued in my leg. I put my hand to the place cautiously, and felt a snake's coils underneath my khakis.

I quickly explained the matter to Bob. He was a man of much experience. "Keep quite still," he said, and he got up and kicked our camp fire into flames. Then he brought a shovel of burning embers and laid them beside my leg.

The heat was almost unbearable. About a minute passed, and then I felt a movement in the snake.
 "It's coming," said Bob. I strained my neck and looked. The coils of a black snake were slowly unwinding out of my trouser leg; a few minutes more and my unwelcome visitor lay coiled in a heap beside my foot.

I dared not make a movement. I saw beads of perspiration on poor Bob's face. "I'll shoot it," he said, and, drawing his revolver, fired.
 "You're all right now," he said, with a sigh of relief. He had blown the head clean off. The snake measured four feet six inches.

Sailor's Pitiful Death.
 A dispatch from San Francisco says: "On Unimak Island, which guards one of the entrances to the Bering Sea, a rude mound of rocks marks the last resting place of Charles William Anderson, sailor, fisherman and hunter.

"Anderson starved to death on the bleak and barren island, waiting for friends who deserted him. He died on June 19, 1899, and his skeleton in his bunk and his diary beside it were found by two hunters who were driven on the island during a storm.

"Several vessels passed by his island prison, the pathetic record reads, but none saw Anderson's flag of distress. Once a vessel was becalmed close to the shore, and he tried to reach it, but he had not the strength left to launch his little boat. His legs had failed him, and he could only pull himself along by his elbows.

"He deliberated on shooting his dog, Dempsey, but he could not get up

enough courage to slay his faithful friend. He brought seals to me through the breakers," Anderson wrote, "and I fed him as long as I could." Finally the dog disappeared.

"The diary records the terrible sufferings of Anderson from thirst and his expeditions after fresh water. The last entry says:
 "June 19—Now I must go for water again. I am more afraid this time than before. But with God's help I may come back again. I would not like to die outside, but God's will be done."
 "He had his wish, for he returned and died in his bunk."

In Exchange For Pork.
 Many years ago the United States ship Jason went cruising in search of British merchantmen. One of her crew kept a private log of the voyage, and the journal has happily come down to us. Here is an entry made one summer's day:

"The ship's company had had pork served out to them, and thirty-two pieces were hung over the ship's side to soak overnight. The next morning a man went to his rope, and on pulling it up, found the rope bitten and the pork gone. Every man ran to his rope, and all were found bitten in the same way.

"They went aft, and looking over the taffrail saw a shark under the stern. Our captain came on deck and ordered the boatswain to bring him a shark hook. He baited it with three pounds of pork.

"The shark took hold of the bait and hooked himself. We made the chain fast to the main brace, and when we got him half way up he slapped his tail and stove in four panes of the cabin windows. We got a bit of rope round his tail and pulled him aboard, but when he found himself on deck he drove the man from the helm and broke two spokes of the wheel.

"Then the carpenter took an axe and struck him on the neck, which cut his head nearly off, the boatswain tickling the shark under the belly with a hand-spike to keep his eyes off the carpenter. When he had nearly bled to death, the carpenter gave him another blow, which severed the head from the body.

"Our captain then ordered the steward to give the ship's company two casks of butter, and the cook to prepare the shark for the people's dinner. He was eleven and a half feet long.

The Skipper and the Ray.

Captain P. Dominick of a fishing smack, had a fierce fight with an American whip sting ray near the Charleston (S. C.) lightship the other afternoon. So far as the local fishermen are able to say this is the first fish of the kind ever seen around the waters of Charleston, and being unknown to Dominick he was naturally in bad fighting shape before the sea monster was finally killed. The ray had a wire-like tail five feet long, and when this went slashing through the air and descended with mighty force on the back of the captain he was more alarmed than he cared to be, and it was any man's game until the tail was finally cut off with a knife.

Captain Dominick says he was fishing in quiet waters and his lines were hanging loosely from his boat. Suddenly there was a vicious pull at the line and the whip stinger, weighing 125 pounds, came to the surface. The fish fought to get away, and some of his fins and teeth were broken in the scramble. The tail began whipping the skip as soon as it came from the water, and Captain Dominick had to throw his hands to his face to keep from having it lacerated. Fortunately a big knife was lying open in the boat, and with one cut the tail was severed. This somewhat subdued the fish and in a short time Captain Dominick had it under control.

The captain says he had never seen a living specimen of the whip sting ray before, and he was not prepared for the onslaught from the monster's tail. Further up the coast these members of the piscatorial tribe are not uncommon, but they are rare hereabouts.—Atlanta Constitution.

Risked Life For Husband.
 Charles Rota, a well known rancher living near San Lorenzo, undoubtedly owes his life to the heroism displayed the other day by his wife. In his herd was a bull known to be extremely ferocious, and Rota has heretofore always exercised the greatest precaution on every occasion when he approached the bull. On the occasion referred to Rota went into the corral to feed the animal, and while off his guard the bull suddenly attacked him with his horns, ripping a deep and ugly gash on the rancher's left thigh and fearfully lacerating his face. The man's agonizing screams attracted his wife's attention, and she hurried to the rescue. Climbing into the corral, she began beating the bull with a heavy club. Suddenly the animal wheeled about and directed his attack upon her. Rota, though very much exhausted, grabbed the club his wife had wielded and smote the bull one more blow which seemed to stun the animal for a few moments, and during the brief interim man and wife reached a place of safety, where they both sank to the ground, completely exhausted from exertion and loss of blood. The brave woman, who had so heroically risked her life for that of her husband, sustained a deep gash on the neck.—Chicago Chronicle.

Knew How to Fall.
 At Womelsdorf, Penn., Henry Moyer was painting the roof of a house, when he fell forty feet to the ground. He was unhurt and in a few minutes was again at work. "You must know how to fall, and not lose your presence of mind," he remarked to a bystander. Moyer was formerly an acrobat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Average Depth of Russian Petroleum Wells is a Little Over 900 Feet.

CASH FOR DEAD TRAIN ROBBERS.

The Burlington and Missouri Company Offers \$1000 Apiece For Them.
 A reward of \$1,000 is offered by the Burlington & Missouri Railroad Company for the capture or the frustration of a robbery. The orders were issued last Tuesday from the Omaha headquarters of the company's lines west of the Missouri River.

The reward is specially intended for employees of the company, but may be earned by anybody at all. Heretofore an employee was not necessarily rewarded for frustrating a train robbery or aiding in the capture or killing of a robber, and, naturally, the employees didn't take the chances which, it is believed, they would take otherwise. It was considered part of an employee's business to protect the company's property.

The recent robbery of trains running west of the Missouri River was the cause of the offer of reward by the Burlington. A half dozen train robberies have occurred within the last two months, and the Burlington has taken the initiative in guarding against the robbery of its trains. The robbery of the passengers in the Burlington sleepers near Brush a few weeks ago, too, impelled General Manager Holdrege of the Burlington to offer an inducement to the employees to thwart train robbers. This last condition was suggested by the heroism of Ray Miller, the brakeman on the Denver & Rio Grande, who smashed a would-be robber over the head with his lantern, knocking him off the platform.

Trainmen said the Burlington's new order would have the effect of spurring the trainmen to action. Every one of them on trains running into Denver has bought a revolver. Several of the conductors and brakemen who have had their own special lanterns have gone back to the heavy lantern furnished by the company.

The notice of the offer of reward has been posted in the yard offices and other places where conductors, brakemen and others interested may see it.

It is said that other roads will follow the example of the Burlington.—Denver Republican.

WISE WORDS.

There is no policy like politeness.—Magoon.
 The best hearts are always the bravest.—Stern.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.—Franklin.

Faithfulness is the soul of goodness.—J. S. White.

Every noble work is at first impossible.—Carlyle.

Conduct is three-fourths of life.—Matthew Arnold.

An honest man is the noblest work of God.—Pope.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm.—Bulwer.

Truth needs no color, beauty no pencil.—Shakespeare.

In noble souls, valor does not wait for years.—Cornelle.

Humility is the true cure for many a needless headache.—Montague.

To give up interest for duty is the alphabet of morals.—James Hinton.

Whilst we are considering where to begin it is often too late to act.—Quintilian.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fail.—Goldsmith.

The value of conscientiousness is principally seen in the benefits of civilization.—Charles Kingsley.

The "Freedom of the City."

The "freedom of the city" means an immunity from taxes and the allowance of certain privileges, granted to distinguished personages. It has long been in vogue in the British metropolis, and is conveyed as a mark of honor to noted visitors. When any person is presented with the freedom of the city of London he receives a parchment slip, on which are written his name and titles, and it guarantees to the holder and his descendants forever the right to live within the city without having to pay any tax on their goods, as they are "brought through the gates." It likewise exempts the holder from military and naval service and tolls and duties throughout the United Kingdom, and insures his children the care of the City Chamberlain, who, in case they are left orphans, will take charge of their property and administer it in their interest during their nonage.

Mutual Forbearance.

The house will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of mistakes, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick and you will have an effective blaze. There are other fires subject to the same condition. If one member of a family gets into a passion and is left alone, he will cool down, and possible be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them all in its burning heat.

Earliest Eruption of Vesuvius.

The earliest eruption of Vesuvius on record, and one of the most fatal, took place in the year 79 A. D., being the first year of the reign of the Emperor Titus. All the southern part of Italy was alarmed by its violence, and Campania, as the adjoining district is called, was devastated to a great distance. On this occasion the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed and destroyed, and the greater part of their inhabitants killed.

INDIAN BUILT A ROAD.

ONLY MEMBER OF RACE WHO ROSE TO SUCH DISTINCTION.

Mathias Splitlog This Shrewd but Illiterate Redskin—Line Was Constructed to Develop "Salted" Gold Mine—Red Man's Money Hidden in Missouri.

An Indian whose name is familiar in portions of Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas and the Indian territory and who enjoyed the distinction of having built a railway line which has grown to be one of the most important in the middle west was Mathias Splitlog, whose death occurred a short time since.

Splitlog was born in Canada in 1819, and was of French and Indian descent. He was brought up in the woods of the far North and was unable to read or write, but he could count money like a banker and was shrewd at driving a bargain. Like most Indians, he was reticent, cautious and suspicious.

Although without schooling or mechanical training, Splitlog was a natural mechanical genius, and to that he was indebted for his start in life. He had built a ferryboat at Windsor, Canada, in the early '40s, and ran a ferry between Windsor and Detroit. He had also built a sawmill there and displayed other indications that caused the United States government to no-



MATHIAS SPLITLOG.

tice him, and he was selected as a suitable man to go to the Wyandotte Indian reservation in Kansas to build houses for the Wyandottes.

After completing his work among the Wyandottes, Splitlog moved to the Seneca Indian nation, close by, and built a gristmill and sawmill there. His counsel and energies were so highly appreciated by the Senecas that they adopted him as one of their tribe and he married a Seneca woman. A few years later he became chief of the Senecas.

When, in 1866, Splitlog conceived the mine proved a failure and the old wealthy man. He bought an alleged rich gold mine and it was with the idea of bringing his gold fields in touch with the large cities that he started his line. In 1887 thirty-five miles of railroad had been put into operation, or under way, and Splitlog had put \$265,000 into his scheme. But his troubles began to grow, and finally he was compelled to sell out. His gold mine proved a failure and the old

chief lost considerable of his wealth. In 1890 the road passed out of his control. It was pushed through to the gulf and almost to the great lakes by the new owners and proved a paying venture.

Splitlog had many peculiarities, but was always thoughtful, considerate and charitable, and may be classed as one of the most remarkable of Indians. Upon his death he left over \$100,000.

HAVE NO RELIGION.

Several Nations Have Not the Slightest Vestige of Creeds.

The savage's conception of religion is very different to that of the civilized man, and the lower orders of savages are exceedingly shy with white men on this subject, hence Max Muller may have been right when he said that wherever there is human life there is religion. At the same time the evidence of many noted travelers and keen observers goes to show that there are tribes in existence which appear to have no conception of religion in the usual acceptance of the term. Among these may be termed the Pigmies of the Aruwimi forest, the Bushmen of South Africa, the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Fuegians (in which Darwin was unable to discover any trace of religion), the Indians of the Gran Chaco in South America and some Indians in California. In former times many of the south sea islanders had no religion, but have since become Christians. It is also said that those extraordinary people, the gypsies, have no definite conception of religion. At the same time it should be remembered that if the word "religion" is held to cover belief in good and evil spirits, witchcraft, and so on, then it is apparently universal.

He's It.
 "Our town," said a man from Lambertville, N. J., "boasts of being the residence of the original fellow who doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain. I'll tell you how it was. This young man is employed in the Pennsylvania railroad shops, and the other day he was sent to Phillipsburg to repair the roof on the station, and give it a coat of paint. After he had been at work an hour or so a heavy rain began to fall and the following telegram was received by the foreman at the shops: 'I am on the roof and it is raining; shall I stay up or come down?' You can imagine there was considerable sport at the fellow's expense when he came back in the evening."

Shoeing a Horse in China.
 In China the shoeing of horses is a very different process from that employed by an American blacksmith. The Chinese leads the horse up to a framework composed of two posts and a horizontal beam. Then with a long pole attached to the horse's head he runs around the other post and thus binds him between the two. The rope is then brought around the body and over the beam to which both body and head are firmly secured, and the horse is thus unable to move sideways or lie down. The smith then puts a small stool under the foot to be shod and thus trims the foot and drives the shoe.

As the utility of gargling in diseases of the throat has been questioned by several physicians of prominence in Europe, a series of experiments were recently made by Dr. Sanger, and are described in a Munich medical journal. The therapeutic utility of gargling depends on whether the fluid employed reaches the mucous membrane of the pharynx and the tonsils or not. To determine this fact, the tonsils of a patient were painted with methylene blue, and he then was told to gargle with plain water. The water ejected from the mouth was found to be quite colorless, and the tonsils still retained their blue appearance. In other experiments, the velum, a portion of the tongue, and the tonsils were dusted with wheat flour, and a gargle given the patient in which iodine was mixed with glycerine. It was found that the velum and the tongue showed the blue color of the reaction on the starch, but the flour on the tonsils was neither colored nor washed away. Dr. Sanger believes that gargling is useless, and when a local treatment is desired a swab of cotton wool should be employed.

Icelandic Honey.
 To the average reader Iceland is a little known as the interior of Africa. Yet Iceland is a famous country, famous for the achievements of its heroes, for the poetry and prose it has given the world, and, above all, for the education that pervades all classes.

"The love of learning is almost a mania in Iceland, and it is the rarest thing in the world to meet a native who cannot read and write.
 Another admirable trait is the remarkable honesty which prevails in Iceland. Crime is almost unknown; the people never lock their doors, and but two cases of thieving are known to have taken place within many years.
 One was an Iclander who had broken his arm, and whose family in the winter were suffering for food. He was at once put under medical care for his injury, and in time he was given work. This was his punishment.
 The other case was a German who stole seventeen sheep. He was in comfortable circumstances, and the theft was malicious. His punishment was to sell all his property, restore the value of his thefts and leave the country or be executed. He left at once.

London Children Taught to Swim.
 A few years ago it was rare to meet with a native of London who could swim, but this condition of things is rapidly changing. In connection with all board schools are swimming clubs, and once a week, at least, both lads and lasses are taken to one of the adjacent swimming baths and taught the art of natation. In the St. Bride's Institute swimming is taught as one of the subjects, and there are no less than 700 who go steadily through the course during the session. Nearly half of this number are females, mostly engaged in the postoffice, and among them are many expert swimmers. Up the Thames, too, between Teddington and Windsor, from the houseboats and riverside residences, swimming is constantly indulged in by both sexes.—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

FAMOUS LABOR LEADER.

John Burns, who was recently elected to the British parliament by a London district, is one of the best known labor leaders in the world. As a municipal statesman and parliamentarian he has also gained fame. He is to the working people today what John Bright was to the commercial classes some forty or fifty years ago. John Burns has had a stormy career. Many times has he been arrested and put into prison for taking part in strike riots, but the powerful speeches which he made at the trials secured his acquittal with his colleagues. As a member of the London county council he has accomplished wonders. The local authority works its men only eight hours a day, and insists that all contractors it employs for building, etc., shall do the same. Besides reducing the hours of labor in London from sixty-eight per week to fifty-four, the wages have been increased. All men receive ten days' holiday in the summer and six general holidays. They receive medical attendance and

sick pay, and a large number of them are provided with free quarters, coal and gas. The council has built a num-



JOHN BURNS.

ber of cottages to accommodate them near the public works, and provided a dining room where they may take their meals in the middle of the day.

AN OLD QUAKER CHURCH.

In an old log church, built in 1775 and now standing in the edge of Cata-



A CHURCH WITH A SINGLE WORSHIPER.

wissa, Northumberland county, Pa., there is one lone worshiper to keep up the spiritual Quaker fire that once blazed on its altar.

Mrs. Mary Emma Walker is a granddaughter of one of the austere charter members of the church. She sits on one of the original benches and looks upon the crude furnishings of the church, which are almost as well preserved as if a caretaker had been in charge of the building. Her prayers are silent Quaker prayers and no one disturbs her. Down the center of the building is the partition which served to separate the sexes in meeting. The straight-back pews are as uncomfortable as ever. Outside are the dead of 100 years ago. Inside on each seventh day only is there life. When it is gone the town of Catawissa may preserve at least the temporal church.