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The absolute necessity of verifying theories by the observation of facts is beautifully illustrated again. A recent issue of Science shows that the sea lions, which have fallen into disrepute with California fishermen because of their supposed fish devouring habits, do not, as a matter of fact, endanger the fishing industry at all. A critical examination of the stomachs of twenty-five slaughtered sea lions shows that they eschew fish altogether and live mostly on squids and similar food.

American owners, trainers, jockeys and horses are getting many honors and prizes in England, France, Austria, Germany and elsewhere. James R. Keene, William C. Whitney, Pierre Lorillard and William K. Vanderbilt are conspicuous among American owners of thoroughbreds who have seen their colors borne in triumph on the turf outside of their own country. And there are others, observes the New York Tribune. Yankee dash and spirit and enterprise in racing, as in many other things, know no ocean barriers, no obstacles of time or distance. Few turfmen of any other land have been bold and adventurous enough to send great stables oversea and to challenge the foremost foreign breeders and owners on their own grounds—in their own preserves, so to speak.

Answering a correspondent who, while not asserting that systematic education is a bar to business success, yet uses again the familiar—and wearisome—argument that many of the magnates of industry and commerce are as short on letters as they are long on money. The Electrical World and Engineer sensibly remarks that before making deductions from this phenomenon one should remember that "the success of these men is rooted in the conditions of thirty and forty years ago—in a period when a college education had for its object the fitting of young men for the so-called 'learned' professions or imparting to the sons of the wealthy and well-to-do the traditional academic culture having no direct utilitarian object." The result was that the college man of those days, having been educated out of sympathy with the industrial and commercial spirit, was viewed askance by men of affairs and was really handicapped in the few instances when he turned his attentions to business.

Tried Both Ways.

Some of the inmates of a Yorkshire asylum were engaged in sawing wood, and an attendant thought that one old fellow, who appeared to be working as hard as anybody, had not much to show for his labor.

Approaching him the attendant soon discovered the cause of this. The old man had turned his saw upside down, with the teeth in the air, and was working away with the back of the tool.

"Here, I say, J——," remarked the attendant, "what are you doing? You'll never cut the wood in that fashion. Turn the saw over!"

The old man paused and stared contemptuously at the attendant.

"Did ta iver try a saw this way?" he asked.

"Well, no," replied the attendant. "Of course I haven't."

"Then hod thy noise, mon," was the instant rejoinder. "I've tried both ways, I hev, and"—impressively—"this is t' easiest."—London Spare Moments.

England has one clergyman to every 610 people; Ireland, one to every 1270.

In the City of Mexico there are 1,071 private artesian wells and 11 public ones. This number will soon be increased, for, at the present time, many property owners in the neighborhood of Guerrero are having wells bored in their yards.

New Zealand's cattle runs are let by auction, for varying terms not exceeding 25 years.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Life's opening voyage, Lord, Thou didst safely keep
O'er childhood's sheltered bays;
As now the tides of age around me creep,
Protect my shortening days.

Thou didst befriend my youth when sped my bark
Out toward the open sea;
As I approach the shore, unknown and dark,
Still guard and care for me.

Becalmed by idle winds on placid seas,
Thy Agil did not cease;
Now tempests beat, and when I shrink from these,
Impart uplifting peace.

When Joy, bright-winged, poised lightly on the prow
Thou gently didst restrain;
Though Sorrow often voyages with me now,
My troubled soul sustain.

When many ships were nigh and skies were bright,
I knew Thy presence sweet;
As one by one they vanish in the night,
Draw near me, I entreat.

Lord, Thou hast been companion, friend and guide
O'er life's unresting sea;
When Death, the gentle Pilot, stands beside,
Oh, make the port with me!

—Francis E. Pope, in the Boston Evening Transcript.

THE WRECK OF THE JOHN ANDREWS

BY ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON.

FROM the man who had done a little of everything we heard this story of the great lakes:

The John Andrews was a lumber barge going back from Buffalo to Duluth. She was dingy and stupid to look at, as all barges are, and yet not an old boat, but in good condition and sitting high in the water by reason of the small cargo. There were groceries aboard, and some house furniture, four men to run her, and not much need for them when the weather was sleepy.

Barges do not often carry any motive power—only a bit of sail, you notice, to help when the wind is aft, and for the rest they potter along behind a tugboat. As for me, I was going to Duluth on business not connected with barges, and was on a barge because the business was not pressing, and this method of travel seemed likely to be interesting. It was so.

Now the groceries were stowed forward, the furniture amidships, and there was not much of either, as I said before. The eastward traffic on the lakes is the larger in tonnage at all times, for the West sends raw materials and the East the product of factories. You know all about that. Finally the John Andrews came last in a tow of three, so that there was nothing of the tug to be seen; it was hidden by the big stern of the barge ahead, drawing so slowly that the tow-rope sagged in the water between.

Five men with less on their minds than we, on the John Andrews, were that day, you could hardly find—the captain and the fellow who cooked, two deck-hands named Harly and Burns and myself, and three were going to meet sudden death, and two to—

But never mind, that's getting ahead too fast. It was all on a strip of blue water, which looked as innocent in my eyes that day as any water could look. No water looks innocent to me any more.

We left Port Huron in the early morning, and when it came afternoon there were pudgy little clouds about the lower sky. I noticed over the Michigan shore that the clouds were moving from both sides to a point in the west, as if drawn by a magnet, and at that point, too, there was a spreading out of cloud into haziness, and a banking up of thicker haze from below. The breeze was moving west lightly. I knew nothing of weather; I merely thought it would rain.

You can't think how peaceful and bright it seemed, the tug being too far ahead to be heard. The deck-hand, Harly, was at the helm as a matter of form. The captain appeared to be asleep. Burns and the fellow who cooked loafed against the rail, and didn't say a word.

When the wind is light and the sun shining the lake puts up little water hills with a diamond point on each, and if a man is relaxed and lazy all he needs for entertainment is something to twinkle, shine and change before his eyes. That's your true theory of rest—to turn baby and be pleased with any bit of glitter and jingle.

I remember that Burns took his pipe from his mouth, and said he thought it might blow. The fellow who cooked allowed it might. I said, "Wind saves coal and the tug gets the profit." Then there was silence, and I fell to looking at the glinting water again.

Burns jumped and dropped his pipe, and said: "Well, I'll be shot! Cap, look here!"

The captain rolled from his bench, gave a glance at the sky, flung up his hands, and fairly howled: "Get fore, you blazin' idiots! Stow that canvas! Don't you see what's comin'? Get fore!" And he showed in other ways that he was stirred up.

There was no more peace and contentment on that boat. The three men piled down through the waist of the ship. I clung to the rail and stared westward. I tell you, there was trouble collecting over there. To that point in the west the clouds on either side streamed like running water, and the centre grew dark like the mouth of a pit.

Darkness shot out from that mouth higher and higher, darkness in rags and streamers, darkness that thickened and boiled; out of it came a low murmur, a growl, an increasing roar. The darkness twisted, whirled and folded into itself; it became like a living tongue that licked the ground, a thing bulky above, tapering below; a wriggling half-mile of thunder-cloud on beam-end run mad, raging, crazy.

It bounded from the shore, struck the lake a mile away and split it. The water went up like dust. On it came, and on and on. The sun went out.

Harly left the wheel and dived down the galley stairs. I rolled under a bench fixed to the rail, and lay there afraid. One moment more and we were in darkness altogether, in tumult beyond hearing, air thick with powdery water, crash, whirl, roar, shriek. The John Andrews heaved and spun around. I lost consciousness, never thinking to see the sun again.

I don't know what time passed, but it could not have been long before I rolled from under the bench and sat up, moaning to myself and holding my head, not from any bodily pain, for I was not hurt, but it was as if my mind were wrenched, beaten and sore.

The mist was thick and white and cold; the John Andrews rocked to and fro, creaking and groaning; why she was still a barge and not riding out the storm in pieces, I could not explain. The cyclone was gone, anyway, and had left us in the mist.

Left us! I stared around blankly. The mist seemed to make a solid wall twenty feet away. To live through that turmoil of lunatic elements would barely happen to more than one. There was nothing but bubbling and beating water to hear and white mist to see. "This won't do," I thought, and told myself to get up and look about, but I sat still, nevertheless, and shook all over and was afraid.

Now I heard another sound, a crackling, and saw a luminous place in the mist, and crept toward it as a baby creeps to any shining light. It was the doorway to the galley stairs. The smoke poured up through it, and it glowed from the brightness below. When a ship goes around like a top a stove doesn't stay unmoved. This one had set fire to the barge.

To be burned to death! For choice I would rather have gone ballooning on a cyclone with the crew. There was no daze about me now. I jumped to my feet, had a passing glimpse out of my memory of Harly diving down those stairs, and knew that if there was any further chance of human companionship for me I must reach Harly.

I put my arms up uselessly against the smoke and went down the stairs. The smoke was white like the mist above, but pleasant in so far as it was dry and hot, but it felt only warm because of the chill in my flesh. The far end of the interior was in a blaze.

I stepped on something that slipped. I stooped and gripped Harly by the collar where he lay in a heap, having fallen so, and I plunged up the stairs dragging him after me somehow. So I came out again into the mist dragging the limp weight, and quite blank in my brain as to what I should do, but it was instinct to get as far from the fire as I could.

So I went, with Harly on my shoulder, down into the ship's waist where the water was breast-high or near it, and swashing the chairs and tables about. I judged they were well broken up, but did not care to see; and from there I carried Harly up to the forward deck, which was a flat surface forty feet across with only the mast and a hatch or trap-door breaking the planking. The mast had become a splintered stump, the planking was gone.

I spread Harly out on that deck. There was a cut on his head, but he was alive, and I thought there might be water enough in the air to bring him to. Anyway, if the John Andrews were to burn it seemed common sense to make a raft. There was commonly an axe under the bench by the wheel, so I went down again into the black water, with its scum of broken furniture thrashing about.

How the fire was gaining I could tell by the great glow in the mist. I dodged the heat by the galley door, and went along by the rail; the smoke was coming up through the planks.

The axe was in its place. The finding of it consoled me greatly, and I waded back, gripping it and thinking, "Here's some one who won't drown or burn if he knows himself," feeling grim also in my mood, so that though I found Harly sitting up, I said nothing to him, but fell to knocking up planks. He seemed dazed a little, and was wiping the blood from his face.

"Chopping her up?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"On fire."

"Oh!"

That was all we said. I got up four planks with the nails sticking in them, and nailed them together in a square. If you keep on nailing planks together, in the end you will get a raft—not comfortable in a choppy sea, but shipwrecked people have no right to be comfortable.

I thought myself smart to see things so clearly and find so simple a way of dealing with shipwrecks and I thought poorly of Harly to be doing nothing but stare down into the waist of the ship and at the glow beyond in the mist; no sort of a sailor, seeing the barge might go down any minute. I said: "Look here, Harly, if you float on my raft, you help make her."

"Terrible lot of water below here," he replied, after a time. "There's a dining-room table floating around right side up under my feet."

Then I thought I had to do with an idiot, and went on hammering planks.

It was no time to argue, for shortly there came a forward movement of the John Andrews, and I knew what is the feel of a sinking ship—it makes your stomach go into a knot.

I ran and caught Harly by the collar, and cried, "She's sinking!"

"Sink nothing. Let go my collar!" he said. "She ain't sinking. There's water coming. 'Twill put out the fire."

The calmness of him staggered me; he might be right.

"Why won't she sink?"

"All wood. Wood don't sink 'less it's waterlogged. Where was you brought up? She's nothing but a raft, this here John Andrews. What you want to make another for? Why, look! If she settles enough to put the fire out, that's good. If she don't, let her burn. She can't burn past the waist, which is mostly under water, anyway. Stands to reason, don't it? No. Fact," he ended, with heavy sarcasm, "you might say it seldom does."

Now according to shipwrecks as I had heard of them, when a ship settles she goes down. Anyway, it makes a man nervous to watch her settle, holding only to another's man's theory that she won't sink. Even if he knows she won't, he's more or less afraid she will.

I went and sat on my raft. Harly pretended he thought it all very ordinary.

"There's canned things below," he said. "Fact. There's deviled ham and canned peaches and cold soup. Fact. Here's what gets 'em."

He slipped over the side of the great hole I had made in the deck, and I heard him splash in shallow water, grunting a little at that.

The John Andrews did not settle at our end at first, but rose so far as I could see in the mist she might have been riding altogether.

Harly put his head up. "Sink! Sink nothing. She's going up like one of them Sunday-school angels," and dropped again.

I could plainly hear the whistle and hiss of steam, and knew that the fire was being put out. I judged now that it burned down from the port-holes till stopped above water-line. After that the water would come in but slowly for a time, till as the stern sank it would come in faster and faster, and naturally as the stern sank the prow went up, but she couldn't stay up there forever like a forsaken old kite.

You notice that barges have high decks fore and aft, and that the sides run low between. So that when the stern of the John Andrews sank deep it began to pour into the waist in rivers with a great noise. The prow dropped, and the water rushing forward spouted on the fore-deck. Harly came up pretty wet and scared, but he had his shirt full of tins.

The John Andrews settled slowly, you might say inch by inch, the black, tumbling water coming nearer us up the side. It made me fidgety, that's the truth. Down we sank till the water lay over the sides of the ship's middle, maybe two feet, and then stopped.

Harly said, "I told you so. Fact. I did," and began chiseling at tins with his jack-knife. "That there raft of yours, that's a fancy steam yacht, that is. Fact." All the same, he was sitting on my raft, and he didn't chisel tins till the John Andrews quit settling.

We felt better, of course, and ate near a can of tinned meat apiece, and drank peach juice out of its natural can, and some kind of cold soup.

"Trouble with you," said Harly—he had a can of peaches in his hand and his knees bunched up under his chin—"trouble with you is them novels about the Pacific Ocean. Land! I don't read anything else myself."

The night came on very dark, with hours a week long, and some hundred or more of them. It's well enough not to be drowned or burned, but to be cold and wet and sleepless isn't real happiness. We lay close together shivering, and told everything we knew or remembered to make the time pass by. Harly said the current set east, what there was of it, and we might drift to Canada in a day or two, if the mist didn't rise before and let some craft sight us, but we might not drift ashore anywhere, and the mist might not rise.

Never mind about the rest of the night. It wasn't a success. Morning came and we looked longingly for the mist to rise, but it didn't. We were miserable, cold, discouraged, but in time we felt the sun through the fog gratefully, and I fell asleep at last, stretched flat on the deck.

I woke to hear a low roaring and to see Harly standing over me. "Going ashore?" he asked, coolly.

I sat up and stared, and knew the roaring to be the surf, although nothing could be seen but the white mist. "How?"

"Raft," said Harly. "Good idea of yours. Fact."

The John Andrews was tilted so that the lower side was a few feet from the water. The lake was still rough, the water dismal and black.

Harly fell to chopping a plank, and made what might be called paddles. We slid the raft along, heaved up one side and over with it. It started away on striking the water, but he jumped on it and paddled it back, and we set to work getting away from that weary old wreck in silence. Only once Harly stopped and pointed back.

"They were a decent sort," he said.

"The captain and Burns?"

"And the cook, and the John Andrews. That was their luck. Fact. This here's ours."

The surf wet us well, but the shore was near, nearer than it seemed because of the mist. We touched sandy bottom, waded out and saw dimly a man bailing a catboat high on the beach, who turned and stared at us.

"Well!" he said. "Now, where'd you come from?" For no doubt we seemed to come like ghosts out of the mist which hid the lake, with noting to account for us.

"Raft come ashore. Fact," said Harly, and we went right on to Kincardine, in Canada.

"No good explainin' things to folks," said Harly to me. "Wear a man's jaw out that way. Fact," and I know that this true yarn of the John Andrews was never told before.—Youth's Companion.

MONUMENT TO A HORSE.

Granite Shaft Erected by a Grateful Man to a True Friend.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer says: On one of the highest spots in Lake View Cemetery stands a granite shaft which was erected by a grateful man to mark the resting place of a true friend. An inscription on the northern side of this monument reads: "In Adversity Faithful."

The shaft was erected by W. Irving Wadleigh. It marks the grave of his horse Buck. Few monuments have ever raised greater controversy than this. Passers by read the inscription on the faces of the stone. On the southern side is engraved:

"BUCK."
My Favorite Cattle Horse.
Died September 20, 1884.
Aged
18 Years and 6 Months.

On the eastern side is:
"For thirteen years my trusty companion in blackness of night, in storm, sunshine and danger."

On the north side are the words:
Corraled
In Adversity Faithful.

There are those who criticise, and some harsh words have been said by a few. The greater majority, so the sexton says, are touched by the sentiment. All wonder what the story may be.

Mr. Wadleigh, who erected the monument, is well known among Seattle's pioneers. In 1871 he first saw Buck in Portland. The horse was a magnificent sorrel—a thoroughbred. He stood fifteen hands high, and, according to the story, was Mr. Wadleigh's constant companion for many years, through prosperity and adversity.

Pennsylvania Weasels.

Possibly few who read of "king's robes of royal ermine" appreciate that the rightful and first possessors of the beauteous coat is sometimes a denizen of the Keystone State. It may be that some subtle force suggested to turn-coat monarchs to choose the pelt of this animal for their own. In fact, during the greater portion of the year the ermine is a plain egg-sucking weasel. As winter comes on he assumes a white coat, with a black-tipped tail.

Putolus noveboracensis, as the scientist calls the weasel or ermine, ranges from North Carolina way up into Canada. It is rare, however, to take ermine or white-coated weasels in Pennsylvania, although two specimens have just been received at the Academy of Natural Sciences from Sullivan County. In fact, south of Pennsylvania the weasel never changes color in winter, and this fact goes far to substantiate the theory of protective coloration. Thus, when snow covers the ground, the white ermine become nearly invisible, while in his weasel's guise during the summer he is not nearly so conspicuous as he would be did he wear his white coat all the year round.

Another interesting fact is that, while the animals that live in the North always change color, yet those in the South do not, the reason being that their white color would not protect, but destroy, them, as there is almost no snow in the South.—Philadelphia Record.

Ticked For Four Hundred Years.

A burgh that possesses a clock four centuries old many fairly claim a respectable measure of antiquity. Such is the boast of Musselburgh, the ancient and evil-smelling neighbor of Edinburgh. This week, however, the clock has ceased to go, and in due course will find a resting place in the town museum. It well deserves thus to be preserved, for it told the time to the Duke of Somerset and his army, so far back as 1547, when on the field of Pinkie, hard by, they tried to force the Scots to give their young Queen Mary in marriage to Edward VI. of England. Prince Charlie and his Highlanders, too, marched under it in 1745 to do battle with Sir John Cope at the neighboring village of Prestonpans.—London Chronicle.

Bird's Nest in Cromwell's Cannon.

The gun which Cromwell placed in the Curfew Tower of Windsor Castle when he held the royal residence has been turned to a peculiarly domestic use. A pair of starlings have this nesting season brought up a fine brood of young in the old weapon. The gun, which was put in its position to command Windsor Bridge in case of a royalist attack from Eton, points from the upper story of the tower, and people walking in Thames street far below have watched with interest the anxious devotion of the old birds in teaching their young to come out of the mouth of the gun to take lessons in flying.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Florida's Lovely Ladies.

Just after the fire the ladies of Jacksonville had a woe-begone and rumpled look. It is not the least proof of our immediate recovery that their smiles have come back, and they shine like the rose with the dew upon it.—Florida Times-Union Citizen.

REMARKABLE SALT DEPOSIT.

It is One of the Most Wonderful Sights of California.

Few readers of the Scientific American had heard of the sea of Salton up to 1892. At this time the Colorado river broke its barriers and flowed into the desert of California, flooding it to an extent of hundreds of square miles. In the vicinity of Salton was one of the largest salt deposits in America; the water encroached upon it, and for a time threatened the industry, but after creating an excitement which spread over the entire west, it receded. The rumor was to the effect that the new sea was so vast that it would change the climate of southern California.

The deposit of salt at Salton is one of the sights of California. It lies in a depression almost 300 feet below the sea level, and was at some time in the past the bed of a sea, or extension of the Gulf of California. From the train, which passes near by, the tract looks like a vast snow field, and in the early morning is frequently the scene of beautiful mirage effects. The salt deposit, which is essentially rock salt, covers about 1000 acres, and is at present the centre of interest on account of the dispute of rival companies over the possession of the property. The company in possession has shipped from this place annually about 2000 tons of salt, valued at from $6 to $34 per ton, according to quality. The outfit of the salt mine consists mainly of a crusher, a drying building and a dummy line from the salt beds to the Southern Pacific railroad, not far distant. The work is carried on mainly by Indians, who can withstand the intense heat of the desert—150 degrees in June—and the glare better than white men. The work is interesting and novel. The drying house is a building 600 feet in length, about which hundreds of thousands of tons of salt are heaped, having all the appearance of snow. Here the salt is dried and milled. The salt is collected at first with a plow—a singular machine with four wheels, in the centre of which sits an Indian guiding it; the motive power is a dummy engine some distance away, which hauls the plow along by cables. As it passes, the steel breaker is seen to cut a broad but shallow furrow, eight feet wide and three feet long, throwing up the ridges on either side. Indians now follow along, and with hoes pile up the salt in pyrimidal forms, which later is transported to the mill. Each plow harvests 700 tons of salt per day. A singular feature of this bed is that the salt is being deposited daily by springs which run into the basin, and as the water evaporates it leaves a crust of almost pure chloride of sodium, which ranges from 10 to 20 inches in thickness, over the lake. It will be seen that there is no danger of exhausting the supply, which is forming all the time; and, in point of fact, the plows have in the past years worked almost continually over the same area, only about 10 acres having been plowed.

The salt, when delivered at the plant, is hoisted to the upper floor, and placed in a bulkhead breaker, where it is reduced to particles of the same size. It then passes through a burr mill and is well ground. After this it is sifted and is finally passed through an aspirator, which cleanses it of all foreign material, when it is ready for packing in bags. The salt is used for a variety of purposes, and is of several different grades, the lowest being unrefined—a product called hide salt, used in manufactories. Large quantities are sold for sea bathing purposes, a certain amount producing a very similar chemical equivalent to sea water. Other grades are prepared for table, dairy and for the use of druggists. —Scientific American.

First Born Children Strongest.

It would seem that first-born children excel later-born children in height and weight, says Arthur MacDonald, in Everybody's Magazine. This may be due to the greater vigor of the mother at the birth of the first child. We are reminded of a fact, mentioned later, that out of 50 great men of this century, 30 percent were the youngest sons.

In England it was found that growth degenerates as we go lower in the social scale, there being a difference of even five inches in height between the best and worst fed classes in the community.

An investigation of 10,000 children in Switzerland showed that children born in summer are taller for their age than those born in winter; as a majority of children in the public schools are poor, in winter their parents are forced to economize more on account of expense of heating; their rooms are also liable to be small and poorly ventilated, while in summer they are out in the fresh air; food is cheaper and more varied. The influence of unhealthy conditions on a very young child would be much greater than when it is older and better able to resist them.

The Appreciative Boston Lady.

Miss A——, who is a teacher of English in a school of high rank in her native state, Mississippi, and who, in spite of her vivacity in conversation, is perhaps, if anything, too fastidious in her choice of words, was spending the summer at the New York Chautauqua. Her flow of spirits made her the delight of the dining table at which she was first seated; but at the end of a fortnight she was moved by her landlady to another place. A lady from Boston, who had been sitting opposite the southerner expressed her regret at the change. "I'm so sorry you are going to leave us," she said, with warmth, "we have all enjoyed your dialect so much."—Harper's Magazine