

## QUEER TIMEKEEPERS

EFFORTS OF MANKIND TO ESCAPE WINDING CLOCKS.

The First Actually Accomplished in Germany—Clock That Run a Long Time—Oliver Cromwell's Clock—A Watch That Required No Winding by Its Owner.

Long before the Christian era water clocks were in use. They were followed by the sun dials. About the eleventh century clocks moved by weights and wheels began to be used in the monasteries of England. In 1286 the first of the wheel clocks publicly seen in England was placed in St. Paul's cathedral. In 1675, when the present St. Paul's was begun, a project was on foot to make a clock for the cathedral that should go 100 years without winding up and cost £4,000. The plan was not carried out. The clock made cost £300 and ran for eight days. It was considered a great wonder.

It is said that the first pendulum clocks were made in England about 1622. Oliver Cromwell owned one of them. Through the fickleness of fortune it has since found its way to the Philadelphia library, which boasts its possession as the oldest clock in America. Another of these early pendulum clocks was made in Germany in 1640, and was recently taken for repairs to a clockmaker in Hartford, Conn. He found that it was wound by means of an endless chain and would go for six months without stopping.

In the London Times in February, 1827, an advertisement appeared of the sale of a valuable and curious clock for £20. It was warranted to go for twelve months without winding. The advertiser stated further that only three such clocks had ever been made; that one was at Hampton Court, one in a nobleman's family, and one at the advertiser's. What fate befell the two latter is not known, but the one in Hampton Court is still shown as a great curiosity. It is in the bedroom of William III. The guard that shows the clock always gravely remarks that surely it is a very great improvement on the old Westminster clock, whose keeper spends two hours arduous labor every week in winding it up.

The atmospheric clock, which is a sort of perpetual hour glass, is one of the inventions that goes of itself. In appearance it is like a long thermometer with the bulb of mercury at the bottom. The glass tube is about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and secured to the frame by two bands through which it passes easily. The divisions of time are marked on each side of the tube. Inside the glass tube is a smaller tube shaped very much as an hour glass. Some mercury and a scrap of blotting paper for the purpose of taking up any moisture that might gather in the tube are placed at each end. The mercury in the top end of the tube is placed opposite the mark of the proper time and it falls to the bottom of the tube exactly as the time passes. When it has run out from the top the frame can be turned and the mercury set to the time on the other side. So it registers the seconds and hours quite as accurately as any other timepiece. But there is the turning of the frame to be thought of, a task as irksome as that of winding a clock.

A windmill clock, the idea of which originated in Germany, illustrates a unique way of winding without hand labor. In some spacious chimney where there is always a good current of air a windmill wheel is placed. By aid of the cogwheels the circular movement is then passed down the chimney and attached to the winding apparatus of the clock that stands on the mantel shelf. This is known as one of the perpetual motion clocks. The turning of a weather cock by the wind has also been utilized for the same purpose.

### More Money Than He Can Spend.

The average man is bothered because he hasn't money enough to spend, but Mr. James F. Burns of Cripple Creek, Col., is embarrassed for the very opposite reason. To tell the plain truth, it keeps Mr. Burns—Jimmy, they call him out West—bussing ways to get rid of his surplus revenue. He has ever so much more money than he can spend in any reasonable way. His income is about \$25,000 a month, and, being a bachelor with modest wants, it can be seen that he is actually suffering with a plethora of cash.

Mr. Burns is an agreeable, pleasant-spoken man of about 45 years, and is President of the biggest gold mine in the world, the Portland, of which he is also chief owner. One month its output of the yellow metal was \$125,000, or just one-tenth of the entire production of the Cripple Creek district.

Said Mr. Burns: "I have lived in Colorado eleven years, and before that was in Cuba for ten years. There is lots of gold down there, but I spent a fortune trying to get it out of the ground. The thieving Spaniards won't let anybody prosper down there, and they bled me to my ruin."

"Yes, I also got my white hair down there. I was sleeping on the ground one night when a boa constrictor began to coil himself about my body. I managed to get a tight hold about his neck and held him until a companion killed the monster. But I was in an agony of terror, and the shock turned my hair to its present color."

### A Good Deal for the Money.

"Over on the east side of the town," a stroller said, "I saw the other day a sign that read: 'Two eggs on hash, 3 cents.' I thought that was cheap, and so it was, but further on I saw a sign saying: 'Five good cigars, 7 cents.' And that seemed cheaper still."

Believers may not be patriotic, yet they are willing to answer all calls.

## THE WOODS POLICE.

THE WORK AND THE WAYS OF THE GAMEKEEPERS.

Men Who Watch Against Unlawful Killing of Animals in Our Forest Tracts—The Friendly War Between Them and the Guides—Attempts at Sharp Tricks.

There are two kinds of backwoods-men whom the traveler, or tourist, meets when he enters the wilds—the guide, who makes his living by conducting camping parties, and the gamekeepers or wilderness police. Of the latter the majority have been guides. The advent of the gamekeeper began with the adoption of laws for the preservation of animal life in the forests. He corresponds closely to the foresters of Europe, being empowered by law to protect such game within his district as comes under the prohibitory act. His position is more difficult, however, than that of his fellow official in the Old World; his territory is larger, his associations with those upon whom he must keep a watch closer, and his isolation from civilization more marked. To be a gamekeeper, just in his dealings with his fellow woodsmen, requires nerve and shrewdness; the guides must be met on their own ground in a country with which they are familiar. To circumvent them is no small undertaking, nor do the laws which make the backwoods constable necessary allow him too wide a scope in his operations.

A well-known game constable got upon the track of a camping party which he had reason to believe were shooting deer out of season. Coming upon their camp he found the cook engaged in roasting a fat haunch of venison. A complaint was entered against the party, but when the case came to a trial the lawyer for the defense asked the gamekeeper if he could swear that the roasted meat was not lamb, or a leg of veal. The constable knew that no lamb or veal was to be found in that part of the woods where the party had made its camp, but he could not swear it had not been brought in with the campers. Ninety-nine chances out of a hundred were that the meat was venison, but the defendants got off on the one remaining point.

It is the gamekeepers' busy season during the months of June, July and the early part of August. He must be ever on the alert for law breakers. His territory may include tens of square miles covered by the unbroken wilderness. He must make his journeys on foot, fording streams, if he finds no boat at hand, sleeping where night overtakes him, often trusting to the good nature of the guides to provide himself with a dinner, supper or breakfast. Such a life makes a good soldier, and to it is added a native cunning acquired by long months of practice. Being of the guides, it is difficult for a stranger to the wilderness to distinguish him from those whom it is his business to watch. In appearance he is as picturesque as his native wilds; he carries everywhere with him the atmosphere of the woods in which he lives; he is bronzed, rough clad, and withal good natured, and, with few exceptions, goes about his work honestly. His reputation for fair dealing goes far to make him a successful official; the guides will try to fool him, but they know their man and understand he means to treat them squarely. But if the gamekeeper seeks to gain his ends through treachery and underhand dealings, he had better give up his job and seek other fields; the guides may be as cunning as he, and innumerable are the tricks played upon him.

### The Richest Nation.

Michael G. Mulhall, the noted English statistician, is clearly of the opinion that no other nation compares with ours in all the essential elements that go to make up aggregate wealth. He also notes the fact that while the most European countries have attained their growth, the United States is apparently on the threshold of an industrial development which it has never dreamed of before.

United States	\$81,750,000,000
Great Britain	59,080,000,000
France	47,950,000,000
Germany	40,260,000,000
Austria	32,125,000,000
Russia	22,550,000,000
Italy	15,800,000,000
Spain	11,300,000,000

These computations are based upon values as shown by real estate records, buildings, merchandise and railways as well as the circulating medium in each nation. As will be seen, our wealth is more than seven times greater than that of Spain, double that of Germany, two and a half times greater than that of Russia, nearly double that of France, equal to the combined wealth of Russia, Italy, Austria and Spain, and \$22,720,000,000 larger than that of Great Britain.

### Politician and Motorman.

A member of the Ohio Legislature named Cox is handling a motorman's crank on a Columbia street railway. Soon after the adjournment of the Legislature Mr. Cox sought employment with the car company and is now working the regulation number of trips per diem that all his brother motor-men make, for which he gets \$2.50 a day. His legislative term is not out till January 1, 1900, but whether he will hold on to the street car job till then or not, no one but himself knows. He is on the Democratic side of the House and occupied a very respectable status among his colleagues. In his home county Mr. Cox has been a school teacher, justice of the peace and postmaster.

No American cat can equal the Chinese tomcat for noise.

### "ONE KILLED."

A brilliant victory! Hear the shout Ringing through all the land! Enemy utterly put to rout— Vainly essayed to stand.

The streets are crowded, men hurry across;

A nation with joy is thrilled Because 'twas achieved with a trifling loss;

But Jim—our Jim—was killed!

The flags are flaunting exultantly, Proud in their arrogant scorn. Thanks arise for a victory With naught—almost—to mourn.

Yet in my heart, like a cut from a knife,

A pain that won't be stilled— An insignificant loss of life

When Jim—our Jim—was killed?

"A marvelous thing that in such a fight,"

Come comments over the wire, "The list of casualties should be light

In the face of a venomous fire. One dead is the sum, from a bursting shell!"

O God, that Your wisdom willed, When otherwise all would have been so well,

That Jim—our Jim—was killed!

## The House in the Sand Dunes

It is a small island. The best part of it is the broad, flat beach, on which the Atlantic rolls and thunders, or curls and murmurs with a continuous low monotone, as the rough gales of autumn, the north winds of winter or the light breezes of summer blow and dictate.

Its worst feature, the one causing most unceasing criticism and justified abuse, is the shifting, heavy white sand which covers most of its extent, never for two days consecutively lying in the same place.

In spite of perpetual shoveling, it constantly covers the horse-car track which runs from the wharf, where small steamers load and unload passengers and freight every two hours of the day during the summer time, for the island lies across the bay, close to a big, thriving city.

It drifts under closed doors and windows, invading even the precincts of the kitchen of a big, handsome summer hotel, picturesque, cool and airy, making the cooks swear and the guests grumble; and it even creeps in between the sheets at night with a persistence which defies all opposition, and laughs at anathemas.

The sand and the wind wrestle and laugh together.

They feel that they own the island; that to them rightfully belong the great tossing surf, the circling sea gulls and the sand-pipers which run along the edge of foam left by the receding tide.

The tall palmetto trees and short, thick-set myrtle bushes, whose determined roots sticking deep down beneath the thick and dense an obstinacy to keep their footing among the shifting dunes, quite admirable in the dull green of their dissimilar foliage, make a soft and pleasing contrast to the harsh glare of the sun on the white sand and its everlasting glitter on the heaving waters of the ocean and the tumbling breakers, edged with long white crests of foam.

Bitter and persistent has the warfare raged between the sand dunes and the wind on one side and the myrtle bushes and palmetto trees on the other.

"Stand fast!" is the injunction of the palmetto, when the sweep of the gale dashes the salt spray far inland beyond the rolling surf upon the sand hills and over the dull green myrtle bushes.

Bending low, they let the hurricane sweep by and the sand whirl along, knowing that in its impetuosity to shift from place to place it will not long be piled around or over them.

"Be patient!" warn the stout trees when with sudden caprice the wind veers to the south and the sand under its steady blow drifts off little by little until the roots of the bushes begin to show, where they hold desperately to the brown earth underneath.

Then come the dews of night to comfort the myrtles, and soon soft summer showers to refresh the leaves and wash off a little of the clinging salt brine of the ocean waves.

But for all their warfare the myrtles are handsome in their austere isolation, in their thick, dark-green foliage, and they are proud in that they alone can grow and thrive among the sand dunes, where all other shrubs and flowers perish.

And in the short spring and long summer days the young branches hasten to grow thick and sturdy, before the equinoctial gale comes with the full harvest moon of September to wrench and tear them from their mother stem and hurry them withered and broken into the broad salt marshes which lie behind the island in a continuous sweep far off toward the town.

There is but one house among the sand dunes, a cottage of four rooms and a little hall, built on strong palmetto pilings, with oaken shutters to keep out the roar of the wind, and a small porch, on which stands a big armchair and fishing tackle in the summer time. It lies hidden among the hills and the myrtle bushes, and any one coming suddenly upon it will stop to wonder who could possibly care to live in so lonely a spot, shut in by the shifting sands, with only the sea-gulls for companions.

Unless, indeed, the memory of other scenes and days gone by serve to people the desolate place, as sometimes tenuous recollection will do.

"What in the world do you want to

go wandering through those gloomy, barren sand hills for?" asked Alya, as we sat on the piazza one early summer evening. "You will sink above your ankles in sand, and you will get so tired plowing along you will wish you were safely back on the beach in no time."

"The spirit of adventure is upon me," sententiously declared Alya, "and I am tired of the beach and the surf and the Marine Band and the stupid people in this hotel, and"

"That's quite a sufficient explanation," I said, examining critically her pretty footgear.

"I'll advise you to don your bicycle suit, young woman, and to be prepared for the storm coming up from the southeast. When do you wish to start?"

"Storm! There's not the least indication of a storm," declared Alya, scornfully. "You are inventing a storm just to frighten me. You have grown so abominably lazy, cousin mine, since we have come here that you don't want to move. I honestly believe, Dan, that if I left you alone you would do nothing but eat and sleep and go surfing and read the papers from morning to night. You'll grow fat and dull and stupid if you keep on at this sort of thing."

Considering I had come with my aunt and this handsome, wayward cousin of mine to spend some weeks of restful idling on this island, on which the Atlantic roars and tumbles and beats so gloriously, in order to recuperate from a winter of very hard and wearing work and the slight illness which followed it, I could see no just reproach in the statement that I was doing nothing but taking care of myself according to the laws of nature and the rules of hygiene.

"That's exactly what I'm here for," I remarked with lazy content, looking out with a deep satisfaction at the magnificent panorama of the great ocean melting off into the distant tints of the horizon, the beautiful sweep and curve of the bay and the far distant spires and domes of the old city, silhouetted against the blue of the evening sky.

"I came here to eat, to drink, to sleep and to be buffeted about by the heavy surf on the beach, and to regain my belief in humanity by an everyday association with two such nice and agreeable women!"

"Nice and agreeable!" interrupted Alya, with wrathful indignation. "The idea of being called nice and agreeable! If I thought I was only that I'd go and get myself drowned!"

"I was going to add, adorable and fascinating and lovely. Of course I was going to call you 'lovely,' but you cut me short," I explained.

"That's better," said Alya, shifting her chair to escape a long, slanting sunbeam which came dancing to us from over the water.

"Adorable" is not so bad, from a musty old professional," said Alya, shading her brown eyes and auburn hair with a concoction of white lace and frills she called a parasol.

"I'm not old," I protested indignantly. Alya only laughed.

And truly the child is wondrously pretty when she laughs.

"We'll start out for those sand hills before the sun sets, and we will get back for dinner at 8," Alya declared.

"If we get back at all," I supplemented, when she rose, and went lightly and slowly down the broad piazza toward her room to get ready for our excursion.

"Do you propose to walk all the way there and back?" I called out to her.

"Why, certainly, Dan. That's nothing of a walk, you lazy boy."

Whereupon I rang up Harvey, and told him to have the bays hitched to the drag and drive to the end of the island, as near as possible to the sand dunes, and to be there by 7, and to wait there for us with waterproofs and umbrellas until we appeared.

A wise precaution, as it turned out. The tide was low, leaving a broad path, which looked like a band of brown velvet beach, smooth and bare, as we started out, turning our backs to the setting sun, with pleasurable anticipation, I for the walk with Alya, she for an exploration of the distant sand dunes.

An hour's easy walking on the firm beach brought us sufficiently near the hills for a plunge into the drifting heavy sand.

"Hold on," I said, as I stooped to roll up the edge of my trousers. "Now pick up your skirts and come on." I added, striking out.

Alya had donned a dainty pair of boots, and her light elastic step was just the gait for a tramp across to the distant hills.

"Heavens! It's deeper than I thought," remarked Alya, after we trudged along for some little time.

"Oh, this is nothing," I remarked; "just wait until you get closer in to the hills. There you'll sink up to your knees."

"I don't believe it," said Alya stoutly.

"The exertion is giving you a beautiful color," I said admiringly, after a pause, when we had stopped to take a breathing spell.

Alya laughed.

"I suppose you mean I'm fearfully red in the face," she said, fanning the sand flees away with her handkerchief. "But I don't mind it a bit. Mrs. Harry Carrington says there's a love of an old house hidden away somewhere among these hills, where a fearful murder was committed years ago by some smugglers, and I mean to find it."

"I never was in any but a respectable place in my life," said Alya, stopping short and turning round to me, her bright eyes dancing and her speech half-tongued by the wind.

"So you are tired of the sleeping and comfort of this and you want some kind of adventure. You would not object to being captured and kept prisoner in that Jovian house in the sand hills by some contraband smugglers, and ransomed a la Marlon Crawford. Only you must remember that this is not Italy, but the seashore of the United States."

"However, there are all sorts of unexpected experiences in real life, as who knows?"

"There is always the adventure of being overtaken and drenched by a heavy summer storm, if no other else," I added, looking up at the sky.

The last rays of the sun were tinting the broad, restless ocean behind us, and already the heavy clouds from the southeast, coming up rapidly under the lash of the wind, were throwing dark, lurid shadows over the waters, giving a sinister black look for the rolling billows, which grew in height and volume each minute.

Far out to the right the revolving light of the tower came and went with intermittent flashes, and the swirling, tossing breakers on the shoal of Drunken Dick, where sings the sad bell buoy, were one mass of foam.

Before us rose the gray sand dunes, in queer, irregular shapes, barren and sad, crowned here and there with the somber fringe of dark green myrtle bushes.

"This way," I said, piloting Alya along something that looked like a narrow path, winding in and out among the desolate hillocks and ridges.

"Why, Dan, do you know that this would make an admirable picture if some artist like Benjamin Constant would only paint it," remarked Alya as we trudged along.

We had plodded perseveringly over the winding pathway for some half hour, reaching finally the crest of a range of undulating dunes or hillocks.

Just beneath, on the other side, stretched a clump of thick myrtle bushes, and in their centre rose a small dwelling house, picturesque in its complete isolation, while on its porch was a tangle of fishing tackle, a big arm chair and a tiny one, suitable only for a child.

The windows were wide open, a lamp burned brightly on a center table and the cheery, bright room was adorned with sea shells and an accumulation of queer and beautiful objects, brought evidently from foreign and far-distant lands, and a glance sufficed to show that the owner of this queer dwelling, buried among these desolate hills, had wealth and to spare, and that he had been a roving, sailor's life.

The wind was blowing in fitful gusts and the storm clouds were drifting up fast.

We stood looking down at the brightly lit, solitary cottage.

"I warned you it would rain like this," I said as the roar of the distant surf increased and a sudden blackness spread over the island.

"Oh, look there!" exclaimed Alya, suddenly catching hold of my arm and pressing close up to me.

Slowly and limply a queer and hideous creature crept out on the small front porch. Whether human or animal, it were hard to say. A small white face peered out from a tangle of long black hair, a face and pitiful peering out into the darkness, surmounting a body so hideously deformed that Alya restrained with difficulty the shriek which rose to her lips.

A thunderous peal and vivid crash of lightning almost blinded us and a terrible sweep of wind hustled over us, while the thunderous crash of the breakers on Drunken Dick, and the surf on the distant beach filled the whole atmosphere with one continuous reverberating sound.

No wonder we failed to hear or see the approach of a tall, powerful man, who, dashing up hurriedly along the path we had come, stopped suddenly, confronting us as we stood, gazing alternately at the coming hurricane and the cottage just below where we stood. With a suppressed oath the man paused. An inarticulate call, or cry of joy, came from the little creature crouched on the porch, which, while rendering me dumb with dismay and perplexity, had a serious effect on Alya.

Stepping forward quickly, the gently placed her hand on the arm of the man who stood before us, gazing menacingly and with an anguished look on his furrowed and careworn face, and said in simple, earnest tones:

"You must excuse us. We did not mean to intrude, but running from the storm we thought we would take shelter in the sand hills. I hope we have not frightened the little child. It has such a sweet little face. Please tell it we would not frighten it for the world."

I was struck dumb with amazement.

A second peal of thunder shook the heavens, and a wall rose from the poor creature on the porch.

Turning from us, he sprang down to the cottage, and, gathering up in his arms the little creature on the porch, with an infinite tenderness, went in doors and closed the door behind him.

Down came the rain in torrents.

Alya clung to me.

"I think I warned you it was going to rain," I remarked, as the thunder roared and the wind lashed the myrtle bushes.

The roar of the water grew deafening, and Alya was trembling with cold and agitation.

"Come indoors until the rain stops," said the man, suddenly coming out to us and taking Alya by the arm.

Of course, we followed him. Indeed, when inside, with the doors and windows closed, our astonishment was as

great as when we were outside. There were guests at the house, some of which were adorned any mansion.

"You will take a glass of wine," our extraordinary host, looking at us with a wonderful smile, as he poured out a wonderful vintage, as he poured it in cups of embossed silver.

The wind shook the cottage and the thunder rumbled off, more faintly in the east. The rain fell and the heat of the surf was distinctly audible.

A moaning cry came from the adjoining room.

"We will not stay longer," said Alya. "It is only a summer shower. I hope the little child will get strong and well. I am sure it is happy."

She held out her hand, and as he took it a tear trickled slowly down his rugged, weather-beaten face.

He stood bareheaded in the doorway as we passed through.

"God bless you," he said as Alya passed out.

"Well, you have had your adventure," I said, as I hurried Alya along the straggling path back to the beach shore, the rain still falling heavily, although the wind had subsided.

"Oh, poor, poor, miserable little thing," said Alya.

The thunder of the surf beating on the shore filled the air, and the breakers on Drunken Dick were fighting and leaping in a wild mad dance of delight.

"Bundle in quickly," I said, as we reached the trap Harvey had waiting for us.

"How glad I am," sighed Alya, as she sank back on the cushions.

The tide had risen, but there was still margin enough on the beach to drive back rapidly to the hotel.

The bays spun along, and in three-quarters of an hour we were under shelter.

The Marine Band was playing one of Sousa's quicksteps.

"Run up and get out of those wet things. I'll send you up an old sherry bottle. Dress quickly, and you'll give me the first dance after dinner. Don't look so blue, little one. I said, as I kissed her cold little hands. "You had your fantastic desire. You have seen the sand hills and got a good drizzling. What more do you want?"

"I don't know," said Alya, with a slight shiver and a faint laugh, while I still held her hands.

"Well, I know what I want," I said with decision. "Hurry and come down, sweetheart, and I will tell you."—*Black Roman in New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

A British Tar's Story.

Officers aboard the British warship, *Urgent* tell a good story on the British cruiser *Talbot*. While on her way from Havana a while ago, so they say in the Bahama channel, a ship was fired across her bow.

Captain Gamble paid no attention to it, but when a second came whistling across his bow, he brought his ship to a quick stop. It was hard for him to distinguish the other vessel in the darkness, so he waited patiently as the boat drew on him.

"Who are you?" a voice from the darkness demanded.

"Who are you?" answered the captain of the *Talbot*.

"This is the United States ship *Leiden*," returned the American commander. "Never heard of such a vessel. What do you want?"

"I want to know who you are, and what you are doing here."

"Oh," shouted Gamble; "this is the British cruiser *Leiden*." He then told them anything we can do for you."

"Well, I suppose you are a British ship," said the American.

"No."

"The two vessels parted, and the captain of the British vessel went on to his cabin to look up the *Leiden*. He then went back to the bridge and found the British cruiser *Leiden* had disappeared over the horizon. He said:

"Do you know what class of vessel the *Leiden* is?"

The first lieutenant did not, and said so.

"Well, she is a dinky little tugboat with one little gun; that's all," answered the captain. "What nerve for to shoot across the bow of a British warship!"

The Old and New.