FACING DEATH AT SEA

How the Olympia Came Through a Typoon.

SAILOR LAD'S STORY

It was not a Wash of Waves. Great, Ugly, Green Seas Would Pile Up Like Mountains. The Demon Wind Would Hurl Tons of Water.

The captain who was omnipresent, seemed always there, eyes fixed on the binnacle, signaling orders that could not be heard. Then Quartermaster Swift would leave his side, and, with his lantern tucked inside his coat, struggle forth to hold the wheel, often returning to report that instead of making 200 miles a day, we more than one day made not a single mile.

It was not a wash of waves. Great, ugly, green seas would pile up and stand like mountains. Then the demon wind, with a cutlass between his teeth, would cut the crest clean away, and hurl tons and tons of water upon us and when their repeated assaults were loosening the anchor clamps on the cat-heads, we we were obliged to go with rope lashings, to doubly secure them. In doing this, we lay at times buried under hundreds of tons of water, and when we came out, we could not speak for the noise of the temptest.

While all this was going on we were given extra instruction in the order to "Abandon ship." Each division comprises forty-four men and two officers divided into two watches. Lieut. Sherman and Midshipman Todd were in charge of my division, and they went from man to man, screaming their orders into our ears. We already knew our places and what to do, but the general plan for the emergency was explained again to each. Should the moment arrive when the fires could no longer be controlled, we were to go as a fleet.

We have launches, boats, dinghys and catamarans sufficient to carry every man in the crew. The sailing launch, with its tall mast to carry signals, would have taken the lead as flagship. She was already equipped with charts, one to be given to the officers of each of the other boats; in the event of their being buffeted in.

How I wish I could write something that would convey just an idea of a typhoon—what it was like, and how we felt. Four hundred and forty-four human lives were imperiled and not a man whimpered.

From fighting the fire we would joyously go for a trick at the wheel—although it was a tug that called for strength nearly superhuman. I recall a night so dark that the darkness could almost be felt. The frenzied wind blowing off the crest of black seas was hurling them with terrific force, and they stung me with biting brine as I stood in the foretop listening for the stroke of the bell. My ear was glued to the speaking-tube yet the shout from the bridge came in the faintest of whispers: "What's the matter aloft?" and I screamed back, "Can't hear the bell, sir. A-l-l-l's well!" "Oh, the winds, the winds, the winds!

Again, I stood on the signal yards, but it was day. They screamed, and roared, and yelled, drowning every other sound. Like boys creating new noises by breathing across the tops of empty bottles, they cut across the smokestacks and moaned in their cavernous tubes. Then, exhausted by their fury, they flagged and soughed through the rigging, quickening every line and the ratline into a wh-r-r-r and a rattling that swelled into melody such as no aeolian harp has ever played; then, blending into a single note a deep monotone struck masts and yards, rising and falling, rising and falling, like the blue ocean

It brought balm to my weariness, and, looking down the slim mast, I discovered that the ship was gone; I saw only the rushing, surging, seething waters, engulfing the decks, and from my exalted height I felt like a bird of the greenwood, blown out to sea.

Lieut. Buchanan told me one night, when we were buffeted against one another on the bridge, that I should never meet another blow like this, and men are wondering how the ship ever lived through it; but I think I know.

The flagship is a thing alive. It has its parts and being. We have heard it breathe, and who will question that in Captain Reed it has both brain and soul?

Who has not watched the Reaper who is called Death shake his sickle in men's faces, when many would lie down and die, while one, like a panther at bay, would fight him off and live on?

That is why, like a stormy petrel, the Olympia rode through the typhoon.—St. Nicholas.

Professor Barus of Brown University, recommends as a motive power for skyships, some form of high explosive, particularly those which can be worked up into wicks and ribbons. He proposes obtaining a continuity of power values from nitrogen explosives by using cold storage.

Pay of Municipal Servants.

It costs nearly a smuch to pay the salaries of the municipal servants of New York City as it does to support the entire army of the United States. The salaries amount close to $70,000,000 annually.

QUEER CUBAN JUSTICE.

Criminal Laws That Surprise Americans—Autocratic Police.

The Cuban idea of justice is a peculiar thing, although it doesn't differ very much from that in other Latin American countries, and one of the things the Americans want most to do is to revise the penal code. But there appears to be no demand for it just now and the chances for any changes seem small.

Not many months ago one of the courts in Havana rendered two verdicts on the same day. One man was sentenced for stealing a mule and for falsely registering him as his own. He got six years for stealing the mule and eight years for making the false registration, a total of fourteen years in prison.

On the same day the court sentenced a man for killing his mistress. It was a peculiarly brutal crime. The man and woman had separated. They met after a couple of months on the street and the man begged the woman to return to him. She refused. He became violent and she ran, turning into the first open doorway. There he overtook her, stabbed her repeatedly, several times after life must have passed away and was then arrested. He got two years in the penitentiary.

And according to the statutes the Judge did nothing illegal. The man was proved to be "obsecado," or beside himself, and the crime was "pasional." But had the woman killed the man she would probably have been sent up for life or possibly sent to the garrote.

The policeman of Havana is an autocrat. He can do just about as he pleases, and any resistance whatever of his authority is a serious matter. There is a standing sentance for striking or even pushing a cop around. It is now one year, four months and seven days. It used to be two years, eight months and fourteen days. It was so fixed on the books of law and was unalterable. The policeman makes an arrest. If he is resisted by his prisoner he can file charges to that effect and the prisoner must prove his innocence. The theory that one is guilty until proved innocent runs through the whole thing.

An American here awoke one night to find a burglar in his room. He got up to chase him out. A fight ensued in which the American shot the burglar in the leg. The police came and the American was arrested for shooting the thief. This American has influence, but it took all he could muster to keep out of jail, and the case was not finally settled until he had paid the burglar $5,000 for that damaged leg. Under the law the American had no right to shoot, and by so doing he was guilty of attempted homicide. It is very difficult for Americans coming to Cuba to understand the system and they often get into trouble.

Another odd thing happens when there is a fire. The fire Department is, of course, called out and, the police follow along. The police arrest the owner of the establishment which is burning and hold him until he proves entire innocence. It is said that this is on the theory that whenever there is a fire the owner of the property must have started it.

Is She a Lady?

Mr. Kipling, champion of the romance of machinery, has done much to prove his case in his tales and poems of the locomotive, the motor car, the torpedo boat, the submarine, the tramp steamer and the ocean liner.

Nevertheless, says "Youth's Companion," both the literary and seafaring world is still divided on the question, "Is the steamship of to-day as much a thing of beauty, of romance, of inspiration, as were the famous clippers, the swift packets, the stately Indiamen, and the daring whalers of a day gone by?"

Recently a group of travelers looked upon their mighty vessel at its pier, noted the vast sides glistening with fresh paint, the elegant appointments, the immaculate decks, and the shining brasses, and one of them quoted approvingly, "The liner she's a lady."

"Is she?" queried the older man. "That's what I doubt. At least, if this magnificent monster is feminine at all, she's more than a new woman or an athletic girl, even. She's an Amazon—a giantess—a circus lady, fit to juggle cannon balls and lift men in her teeth.

"Every craft is still conventionally 'she,' I know; but most of them are losing their femininity. Now, a ship in her movements, her style, her individuality, really was a lady.

"Well, on the whole, I think 'she' is fitting. Once behold a full rigged ship, under all her canvas, her gilded figurehead curtseying deep into blue sea and racing foam, her lofty maintruck swinging its splendid arc against blue sky and racing clouds, and you could never doubt it.

"But when we change sails for steam we should change sex and pronoun with them. This ponderous leviathan ought plainly to be 'he.' And then, think of a battleship! Absurd!"

Crypt Used as Beer Cellar.

The ancient crypt beneath St. Peter's Church, Shaftesbury, England, is used for a beer and wine cellar, but not with the consent of the church, which is now trying to buy the lease that has been held by the present owners since the dissolution of the monasteries.

RICHES AS HERITAGE

Deprive Children of the stimulation of necessity.

PREVENT DEVELOPMENT

Better to Leave Them as far as Possible Masters of Their Fate, Equal to Life, to its Daily Routine and Its Demands.

The best thing we can leave our children is freedom, and, whether parents realize it or not, it is to leave their children free that most parents aim.

We would not have them, as far as possible, the masters of their fate, equal to life, to its daily routine, to its daily demands, and to its emergencies, vicissitudes and opportunities.

We would qualify them to stand on their own legs and bear their own burdens; we would equip them to be worth their salt, and able to earn it honorably, and save them from the temptation to be bargain-hunters, looking for ease at the cost of freedom and development.

The most obvious and prevalent way of realizing this natural parental desire to leave children free is to leave them more or less rich.

To guarantee them fortitude and ability is impossible, to develop in them sturdiness of character may be difficult, but dollars are tangible things that can be caught, held, and laid up, and many parents do lay up money for their children, and feel that by so doing they have done what they could to give them liberty.

And so in a measure they have, if they have saved up enough; but only in a measure. They can save their children from the need of engaging in bread-winning occupations for the sake of the bread to be won in them

They can save them from the need of having their education overmuch adapted and adjusted to bread winning necessities. They can enable them to take full time for study and development before they set themselves to their life's work.

All these things may be advantageous, but it is not advantageous to anybody to be spared too much from the common discipline of life. Liberty to do what one will, when one will, is liberty to do nothing in particular, or even to do much worse.

When we dower our children with that kind of liberty, we deprive hom of the stimulation of necessity, and leave to their ambition or their sense of duty to determine whether they will truly run the race or sit by and watch the efforts of the other contestants.—Harper's.

Peanut-Oil Manufacture.

Consul D. I. Murphy made the following report from Bordeaux on the French peanut-oil industry for the furtherance of that line of manufacture in the United States:

In a recent article in a Western newspaper on the growing of peanuts, it was stated that the annual value of the peanut crop in Virginia, South Carolina, and Tennessee was between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000. How correct this staement may be, I have no means of determining, but it gave me the idea that a very profitable industry might be established in the manufacture of arachide oil, if such an industry is not already in existence in the States mentioned.

Arachide oil, when well clarified and fresh, is preferred to the best olive oil for table use by many people in this part of France. In Bordeaux the sales of arachide exceed that of all other oils—in fact they are almost as large as the sales of all others combined. Over 50,000 tons of peanuts are brought to this port every year from the French possessions in Africa, the average annual value of the peanut (or arachide) oil manufactured in this city being over $2,000,000.

Not only is arachide a most excellent table oil, palatable, nutritious, and healthful, and very much cheaper than olive oil, but it is employed almost exclusively in the manufacture of a high-class compound lard. For cooking sardines before packing in olive oil, I am told it is unsurpassed. The best quality of arachide oil is selling wholesale at about eighty or eighty-two cents per gallon at this time, and lower grades from fifty-five to sixty-five cents.

The process of manufacturing the oil is simple, the nuts being pressed in the same kinds of presses used for cotton seed. The oil is clarified in the same manner as olive oil, i. e., by filtering through layers of carded cotton, the quality depending largely upon the number of filterings and the degree of clarification attained. The residuum is pressed into cakes, making an excellent and nutritious food for cattle. The cake is selling at from fifteen to eighteen francs per 100 kilos, or from $2.90 to $3.47 for every 220 pounds.

There is not a particle of waste in the manufacture. The shells are finely ground, mixed with molasses, pressed into cake and used as cattle food, not so good, it is true, as the cake made from the residuum of the nuts, but still nutritious, and selling for about one-third its price. To make a fuel which burns well and gives great heat, the powdered shells are mixed with coal dust and pressed into blocks.
—Consular Reports.

THE "TETRAHEDRAL."

Dr. Bell's Attempted Solution of the Problem of Man Flying.

It is a queer thought that grave and famous scientists sometimes betake themselves in dead earnest to the childhood sport of blowing bubbles.—not for sport, but to study some very difficult and hard to understand problems that trouble their learned minds. Perhaps it is even queerer to see a man whose name is known the world over for his learning, his inventions, his wonderful mind and his earnestness in the pursuit of knowledge, chasing after a queer looking kite, and noting its behavior, and doing this, too, in the most serious manner.

For it is a serious matter, this scientific kite-flying, and the work as it is done by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the famous inventor of the Bell telephone and dozens of other useful things, is a task which he hopes will some day result in a practical solution of that most baffling of riddles—how is man to learn to fly?

That a plane surface of not too great weight, properly held at an angle with moving air, will rise in the air and stay up, is a fact known to every boy who ever begged rags from "mother" for the tail of his kite. The problem of flying is to get a kite big enough to hold a man or men, strong enough to stand the strain, steady enough to fly without danger, and stable enough to fly without a cord, and to alight without destroying itself.

It would seem that if a kite of, say, ten square feet surface would lift ten pounds in a certain wind, a kite of twenty square feet would lift twenty pounds, and thirty square feet thirty pounds, and so on. But, unfortunately, for this easy solution of the problem, when two or more kites are added, each to each, they lack strength, and, to get the strength, more weight must be put into the frames and in cross bars and braces; so that, when the kite gets very large, indeed, large enough to lift a great deal of weight, it weighs as much as it will lift? To make a kite which would grow stronger as it was made larger a kite the lifting power of which would increase just as fast as the weight, and which would be just as strong (in proportion) big as it was small—was the first step in Dr. Bell's problem. This has been done, within wide limits, and the result is a kite called by the hard name of "tetrahedral."

The tetrahedral kite flies easily; it will rise from the ground without a man's having to run with a cord, except in the lightest of breezes. It will fly in a dead calm if pulled fast enough. It has no tail, and needs none; but it flies more steadily in some shape than in others, and letter with the cord at one place than another, and there, also, are special problems that will have to be worked out to obtain the best results.—St. Nicholas.

Electric Sunburn.

On board a cruiser recently under repair at Portsmouth, England, it became necesary to make a holt in the shutter of a turret. The mechanical processes commonly employed for work of this kind are so slow that an officer asked permission to melt the hole by using the electric arc. This operation though well-known, attracted many curious spectators, from the captain down to the sailors. All went well, and the solid steel under the action of the current flowed like melted glass.

But on the morrow, everyone who had witnessed the operation was either half blinded or horribly burned. The officer who had directed the work, had the skin of his face completely scorched, and of a deep copper color; it gave off a serous liquid like that from a burn. Several sailors who were at some distance from the turret had their vision so affected that they were sent to the hospital and it was feared that they might lose their sight.

This is a characteristic case of "electric sunburn." It is well known that in its common and weakest form sunburn consists merely in a slight redness of the skin accompanied by a burning irritation. Sometimes, especially if the subject has remained a long time in bright sunlight, the skin becomes really painful and becomes red and wollen as in erysipelas. Later, blisters, filled with a clear liquid, may appear on the affected parts.—Los Angeles Herald.

A Sympathetic Victim.

There is a good story going the rounds in Pittsburg of a young man, formerly a stock broker, who dropped many thousands in speculation during the early spring.

One night, shortly after going to bed, the Pittsburger was awakened by strange signs. At his first motion to jump up he was greeted by a hoarse voice. "If you stir you're a dead man!" it said. "I'm looking for money"

"In that case," pleasantly answered the erstwhile speculator, "kindly allow me to arise and strike a light. I shall deem it a fovar to be permitted to assist in the search.

Modesty of M. Fallieres.

It would be difficult to find a more modest man in high places than M. Fallieres, the French President. "You are asking me," he said, not long ago, to an interviewer, "to blow my own trumpet, and I cannot gratify you. I remember every hour of my life that my grandfather was a blacksmith, while my father was a registrar."

CUTTING MAHOGANY TREES

Obstacles In The Way of Lumbering in Honduras.

METHODS ARE PRIMITIVE

The Trees Do Not Grow in Clusters but are Scattered Throughout the Forests—It Requires a Skilful Woodsman to Find Them.

There are vast tracts of pine timber land in Honduras, the timber on which will some day become of great commercial value," said H. R. Ormsby, a representative of the Belize State and Produce Company, an English corporation holding concessions in Honduras." Mahogany furnishes the material for profitable lumber operations at present.

"The methods of getting out mahogany in the Honduras forests are primitive. The climate of the country is tropical and the forests low lying and swampy. Only eight weeks in the year are available for moving the cut from the camps; and its movement being done solely by oxen, its rapidity may be imagined.

"Mahogany is abundant, but the difficulty of lumbering it and getting it moved is a great handicap. I have been investigating the methods of handling timber in the Southern yellow pine districts, and if we can adapt them to the woods of Honduras the problem of more profitable management of the mahogany industry of Honduras will have been solved.

"The system of labor with which we have to contend down there is peculiar, too. Laborers are hired for one year, under contract, which calls for three months wages to be paid them in advance.

"The men go to the woods and remain there until Christmas. Then they all leave work and return to their homes to celebrate. They bring several months' wages with them and do not go back to work until they have spent it all. Their money gone, the men return to the forests.

"This refers only to the common laborers. The lumbering of mahogany requires the services of expert woodsmen, who are paid according to the tasks they accomplish

"Mahogany trees do not grow in clusters, but are scattered throughout the forests and are hidden in dense growths of underbrush, vines and creepers. It requires a skilful woodsman to find them.

"He seeks the highest ground in a forest, climbs to the top of the tallest tree and surveys the surrounding country. The mahogany tree has a peculiar foliage, and the practised eye of the woodsman, soon picks them out.

"Following the timber looker, as he would be called in American forest work, comes the axemen, and then the sawyer and hewer. A large mahogany tree will take two men a day to fell it.

"The trees have large spure which project from the trunk at its base, and scaffolds must be erected so that the tree can be cut through above them This leaves a stump from ten to fifteen feet long, which contains the finest of the lumber, but which, under the methods of lumbering that prevail, must be allowed to go to waste.

"The day will perhaps come when these stumps will be grubbed out, just as the stumps of American black walnut are being grubbed now, the relics of wasteful days of cutting when that timber was plentiful, and now worth many times more than the trunks that are cut from them.

"The mahogany hunter has nothing to do with the felling or removing of the tree. His duty is simply to locate it. Often he may earn as much as $1,000 a month, as he is paid by the tree, but then again he may prospect for weeks without detecting an available tree.

"Mahogany commands a big price in the markets to which it is exported, but it is not only because of the superior kuality and beauty and purposes to which it is put that it is so costly. To the difficulty and expense of getting it from its native forests and in shape for marketing that a large portion of its high valuation is due."

Jurisdiction on Conduit Roads.

In the case of J. A. Lutz, who was fined by the Glen Echo authorities for fast driving on the Conduit Road, an appeal to the higher court has just been decied by Judge Henderson, who declares that the jurisdiction of the United tates over the Conduit extends to its use as a road, and that the automobile regulations of the town of Glen Echo or of Montgomery County Maryland, are consequently of no force and effect on it. He added that the State has general jurisdictio nver the road, but that it is not a public highway within the meaning of the statute.—The Automobile.

Experiment in Ostrich Farming.

An experiment in ostrich farming has been started at Marianao, near Havana. The farm now has 48 birds, 3 of which were imported from the ostrich farm at Phoenix, Ariz., and the balance from the Nice Farm in France.

The bill for putting up the Khedive of Egypt at Dudley house, (England) in 1867 was $60,000, but it took $110,000 to entertain Prince Nasrullah Khan of Afghanistan at Dorchester house in 1888.

GRASSE, THE FLOUR MART.

Billions of Blossoms Perish There For Perfume.

From the most remote period of its history, the love of sweeting-smelling scents has been a dominant characteristic of the human race. The ancients delighted in them, the French and English courts of the days of Queen Elizabeth and Louis XIV, revelled in them, and to-day, though such extravagant use of scents as was then encouraged would be utterly decried by the canons of good taste, there is annually expended in New York City alone $1,000,000 on perfume.

To-day the French hold the palm as the world's greatest perfumers. To them belongs the creative imagination, tempered by good taste, which is the birthright of the artistic temperament, and the little town of Grasse, near Cannes on the blue Mediterranean, is the flower mart of the world. Billions of blossoms perish annually in the interests of the perfumers in this little city, and from here all the great perfume houses of Europe import a part if not all of their wares. Every year the merchants from Cologne buy up all the essential oil from the orange blossoms, which is the foundational scent of their world-famous cologne.

In Grasse one can get any odor he wishes; he has but to name his perfume, and the merchant takes it from his shelf. Lily of the Valley, rose, new mown hay, violet, mignonette, tube roses, orchid, all are obtainable.

As a matter of fact there are comparatively few real flower odors, Jasmine, tube roses, cassie, Parma violets, jonquils, mignonette; these are true flower extracts, and the purchaser buys what he thinks he is buying. Other odors are generally mixtures—blends of these flowers and of chemical compounds and such Oriental substances as myrrh, frankincense, sandalwood and the like.

Of late years the chemists have learned to compound with scrupulous, almost loving care, certain scents and mixtures, that so closely resemble the flower odors as to be almost indistinguishable, except to a trained sense. This has by no means interfered with the business of flower culture, as the best grade of perfumes still is manufactured form flowers, but it has brought within the means of a new clientele—the poor—a luxury hitherto without their grasp.

Lost Sailors of Spain.

A queer sort of yarn from the Philippines comes to this country by way of Spain. It is nothing new for queer yarns to come out of Spain, but this is one which will arouse special interest in this country. It has to do with the smashing of the Spanish fleet at Manila by Dewey on that memorable May morning of 1898, or at least with the fate of 320 of the sailors on that ill-fated squadron. The one who tells the story, bears the name of Jose Cebolla Vulguera, and he has just arrived, an unrecognized vagabond, in the little town in Spain from which he went away to the Philippines, fifteen years ago. His stories have shaken ancient Castile from end to end. With nearly 300 Spanish sailors of the fleet which Dewey destroyed, he has been a slave since 1898 on the island of San Juan del Monte. He and a few of his companions in misfortune, escaped from their savage captors a few months ago, and after terrible experiences, a few managed to reach Manila.

According to Valguera's story, he was on the Spanish battleship Reina Maria Christina when it was blown up at the battle of Cavite. About half of the crew managed to swim to shore, but soon afterwards fell in with a party of Philippine insurgents. They were made prisoners and escorted to the out of the way island where they were detained to live in a most pitiable condition of servitude for almost ten years. Vulguera relates the indignities to which the natives subjected himself and companions, forcing them to labor in the fields with the beasts of burden, feeding them seldom and torturing them frequently. Of the 300 unfortunates more than half died within a few years. About seventy-five escaped with Vulguera, swimming from San Juan del Monte to one of the large islands. More than half of these seventy-five were drowned in the sea.

There is little reason to doubt Vulguera's story, wild and lurid as it may seem. It is known that hundreds of sailors from the ill-fated fleet escaped to shore and were never again heard of. In Spain it was believed that these men had all perished. The United States troops have not penetrated into the interior of some of the Philippine islands, and it is quite possible that the unfortunate Spaniards have been held prisoners by the insurgents for all these years.

But whether his tale is true, Vulguera's appearance in Spain stirred up a tremendou commotion among the families of the missing seamen. Many of the sailors' wives, believing their husbands dead, have remarried. Vulguera assured these women that the men whose names they originally bore are at present slaves of the Filipinos. It is likely that an effort to liberate the survivors of the crew, who were not so fortunate as to escape, will be made.—Kennebec Journal.

The tourist in Madagascar may travel by the filansana, which is made from two poles six feet long and with seat and feet rest.