

# Missing

By JONATHAN C. MURRAY

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Some persons of this generation do not know that, though one now seldom sees the American flag at the peak of an ocean vessel, just before the civil war we were fast absorbing the carrying trade of the world. Steam had then displaced sails as it has almost entirely done today, and our clipper sailing ships were the finest and fastest on the seas.

In 1854 I was third mate on one of these ships. We were bound for Hong Kong at the time of which I am speaking, having sailed from New York. There was no Suez canal at those days and we were obliged to go around the Cape of Good Hope. We were approaching the South African coast when we overhauled a derelict.

A derelict is always an interesting object plunging helplessly about among the waves with no hand to even attempt to guide her. Then one's curiosity is always excited as to why an old boat was left by those who were on board, and the imagination gets it work at once. Our captain gave it and said to me:

"Mr. Morton, take a list, go aboard of her and investigate. Take tools to scuttle her and powder to blow her up as the case may require. I was much pleased at the order and it was not long before I was aboard the derelict. I found a good deal of damage done on deck, evidently by a storm. A number of the light had been broken, and the sea had drenched the cabin. Everything was in confusion as if those on board had been under great excitement. In one of the staterooms hanging against the wood partition was a daguerreotype of a girl evidently seventeen or eighteen years old. The happy young face was a great contrast with the wrecked condition of things about. I took it from its hook and put it in the pocket of my pea jacket.

I couldn't make out anything about the identity of the craft. Some of the boards of the stern where the name was painted had been knocked off apparently by the waves, while other letters were illegible. The letters left were:

**R T A S I G O**  
I made a copy of them, giving the proportionate spaces between them. But there was nothing else aboard to identify the ship. She had been knocked about by wind and waves so long that her hulls were pretty well washed out. I put fifty pounds of powder in her, attached a fuse, lighted it and pulled away from her. Before we reached the ship there was an explosion and she sank.

As soon as I went off duty, choosing a secluded spot, I took the daguerreotype out of my pocket to have another look. There's nothing remarkable in a young sailor out at sea on a long voyage making a companion of a girl's picture and falling in love with it. At any rate, this is what I did.

On our way back I determined to hunt through the whole of North America to find the flesh and blood of that corresponded with my likeness. We had a quick voyage, but not quick enough for me, though a hunt for her would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. Nevertheless as soon as we reached our home port I went to work, overhauling the records of all the ships reported lost. But I found so many of them that I despaired of hitting on the right one. If I could supply the missing letters to the ship's name I might get into communication with some one who could tell me about my girl. But this seemed impossible. I made a list of all ships reported missing and compared my letters with their names, but I must have been very stupid, for I couldn't make them fit with any of the names on my list.

Two years later, while on the New England coast, I went ashore with some of my mates to enjoy ourself in a summer garden. We had just got seated when I saw at a neighboring table the original of my picture. She looked up and, seeing me staring at her with a singular expression, looked embarrassed, but when I arose, took always carried it with me and handed her her own picture. I thought she would faint.

"Where did you get that?" she asked flushing and turning pale alternately. "Is it your likeness?" I asked. "Yes." "Are you sure?" "I know it by the dress and by the artist's name stamped upon the casing. It was taken four years ago. I gave it to my brother just before he sailed on his last voyage."

## Pushing and Pulling.

It has been wisely observed that most operations can be more efficiently performed by drawing them along through their proper course than by attempting to push and jam them through, just as it is much easier to pull a rope than it is to push it. There are probably not many persons who have tried to push a rope, but very many have attempted things almost as perverse. In many manufacturing establishments, for example, there may be seen numerous examples of men wasting a large part of their energy endeavoring to move heavy pieces of work upon small trucks, pushing and laboring in the exertion of effort, a small fraction of which goes to cause the actual progression. Even when such an effective aid to transport as an industrial railway is installed it is often used by less than its proper efficiency because there is too much pushing and not enough pulling. *Cassier's Magazine.*

## Bags That Last.

"The young chap whose morals I tremble for just now is my nephew," the city salesman remarked. "He has a position as errand boy in a banking house. He is a bright lad and as steady as they make 'em, but since he got that job, in the bank his women relations are urging him into crime. They do not advise him to pick his own way, but to run away with one of the day's deposits but the principle involved is just as reprehensible. They ask him to abstract a few bags that the silver money is carried in. The women want these bags for sofa pillows and covers. They are made of material that will never wear out and feathers and down simply cannot stiff through. By bodily asking for what he wanted the boy has secured enough bags to make his mother's sofa pillows, but if he supplies the rest of the family I see nothing ahead of him but a career of crime." *New York Sun.*

## Do You Want to Get Slender?

A food specialist said of dieting: "The simplest, easiest and most efficacious diet to bring down the weight is the one dish diet. At no moment that is, should more than one dish be eaten. The dish may be what you will Irish stew, macaroni and cheese, roast beef, vegetable soup, haccus and eggs—but no courses are to precede or follow it. You may eat as much as you choose of the dish, and yet, for all that, you will lose weight steadily. It is the variety of dishes, the oysters, soup, fish, turkey, mince pie, ice cream, etc., variety of dishes, creating an artificial appetite when the body has really had all it requires, that causes corpulence. If we confine ourselves to one dish we know when we are had enough—we don't know otherwise—and the result is that we soon drop down to the allness natural to children, animals and temperate and healthy men and women." *Kansas City Star.*

## A Miracle Under Orders.

In "The Glory of the Sea World," translated from a Persian manuscript, is a story that will interest Christian Scientists.

## Might Be in a Nice Fix.

Two men of Milwaukee were discussing the case of a person of their acquaintance whose obituary it appears, had been printed by mistake in one of that city's newspapers.

## Sorry He Asked.

"Have you any special terms for automobiles?" asked the man in bearing a skin and goggles.

## Parimony and Economy.

"Papa," said a child, "what is the difference between parsimony and economy?"

## His Suggestion.

The great road builder had his mind on his work that morning, as the following dialogue between him and his wife will show:

## The Only Kind.

Ella—Did you get a plain view of Miss Leglie? Emma—Certainly. That was the only kind I could get.—*Exchange.*

When life ceases to be a promise it does not cease to be a task.—*Amal.*

## BATHTUBS IN MEXICO.

Made of Cement, They Are a Real Luxury in a Hot Climate.

"Unless you have been in the tropics," remarked the man who had just returned from a trip to Mexico, "you can't possibly realize how great a luxury a cold bath can be. It's not that the climate is necessarily warmer than a New York summer, but the natives have worked out the problem of bathing in its ultimate conclusions. They have invented the ideal tub.

"On the great private estates in Mexico baths are in use today which were hewn out of the solid rock ten years ago by slave labor. They are located for the most part in the vicinity of running water and are fed by bamboo pipes, but in many cases they have to be filled by the old fashioned method of carrying a bucket to and from the spring.

## TIGERISH TUNAS.

Wild Carnage When They Meet Their Natural Prey, Flying Fish.

One time at St. Clement's, I saw a flying school of tuna, an exhilarating sight. A flying fish weighing a pound and a half or more would spring from the water and near an extraordinary distance, nearly out of sight, but every inch of that flight line was covered by a big tuna keeping his place just beneath the flying fish. The moment the fish began to drop the tuna would spring at it like a tiger turning and tossing the spume into the air with a splendid and electrifying rush, a maneuver that was repeated all over the blue channel.

The sensational chase meant that a school of tunas had discovered a school of their natural prey, flying fish. At once the lust for blood and food was on, and the carnage was the result. I have observed some curious scenes at sea, but never have I seen fear so forcibly expressed as by a school of flying fish exhausted and at the mercy of the voracious tunas. I have had them gather about my boat and cling to its keel as closely as they could, while the air was full of leaping tunas and soaring flying fish. At such times when a school of tunas is rounded up the fishes are so terrified that men have rowed up to them and scooped them to be the peaceful holder in court.

## Delhi and Its History.

Shah Jehan in 1638 built the present city of Delhi, close to the old Delhi, and made it the royal residence. The Mohammedans still call it Shahjehanabad, the city of the king of the world. Nadir Shah the Persian conqueror captured it in 1739, massacred thousands of the inhabitants and looted away plunder to the value of \$10,000,000 including the famous Koh-i-noor and the great Keshid diamond. The British first came to Delhi in 1803, when the Marhattas were defeated near Delhi by Lord Lake. When the sepoy mutiny broke out in 1857 Shah Mohammed Bahadur then ninety years old, took command of the city and until the English again triumphed enjoyed the temporary state to which he had long been a stranger.

## Harriman Told Him.

Harriman had an almost supernatural instinct for knowing what was going on and who was doing it in the mysteries of stock manipulation. One day Harriman Pacific had been going up fast, Harriman and various banking houses buying in concert, he called up on the telephone one of his private brokers, "Somebody is selling," he said. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Well, had the market 25,000 for me." Immediately he called up the head of a banking firm much interested in the market. "Whose selling Southern Pacific?" he asked. "I don't know, we haven't been able to find out," was the answer. "It'll tell you," snapped Harriman. "It's your house. And he cut off the connection before any reply to him could be made. *Exchange.*

## The Tough Kid.

Nabor I saw the doctor at your house yesterday.

## New to Him.

"I see your son has gone to work?" "Yep."

## In High Life.

"Met your wife lately?" "No; but I see by the society papers that she will be at home twice this month."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

# MARCHING TO GLORY

By F. A. MITCHELL

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I didn't know whether it was waking from sleep or dreams or whether during an abnormal condition I had looked upon a vision of that after-death period which is almost universally believed to be sealed from mortal eyes. My theory as to this condition of mine is that, being abnormal, it produced abnormal pictures. We see no colors. What we consider colors are simply millions of waves impinging on the retina of the eye. Comparatively slow moving waves produce red; rapidly moving waves produce violet; those between the two produce intermediate colors. Now, may not the retina when tamed away be readjusted to receive that which it is not intended to receive? In other words, may not what I am going to relate have really existed instead of having been a dream or a vision produced by strained conditions?

I was in the thick of the fight. Men were shot down beside me in front of me and behind me. The noise was like a thousand thunderstorms. There were the deafening explosions of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the shrill shouting of horses, shouts, groans, sobs. Presently something struck me and turned me half around. My legs refused to support, I felt myself sinking, the terrible sounds about me grew faint then oblivious.

Suddenly I was again conscious. I sat up supporting myself with an arm. The dust had moved a short distance beyond me. Men were hurrying to the front, and I saw men carrying a man another on a stretcher. As I looked I saw something terrible coming about the one borne along. There was nothing desirable about it, something as it seemed to me, to a sense of which I had never before been conscious. Like a smoke wreath it rose and slowly drifted away.

I knew that a wounded man had died while being carried by me. I did not know how I knew it, but I had no doubt of it. Turning my eyes to the front, where a hundred yards from me a thin line of my comrades, from whose ranks I had dropped, were receding a sharp line, I saw men falling some crawling away, while others were limping rearward. On some of them I immediately saw the mistlelike substance I had seen on the man who had died while passing me. I did not see it here, his body I should have taken it for a puff of smoke from the mouth of a gun.

Then I noticed that all these wreaths were moving in the same direction, gathering, clustering about common centers, grouped in what seemed to be one faint luminous band. From it broke away a line like men marching by platoons or companies front then on either side and another line moved out from the whole, which gradually grew less till a column of the dead was marching on a distant curve.

## For Peace Only.

It is well known that the Friends have always been devoted to the principles of peace. As they had a controlling influence in the public affairs of Nantucket, there was no military organization on that island for several generations. How the matter was managed is told by the author of "September Days on Nantucket."

## Her Stipulation.

The pale young man with sleepless eyes gazed timorously at his faint companion. They had sat together in the conservatory for fully five minutes, and had hardly exchanged a word.

## Close Relations.

"You advise that man's constituents to stand by?" "Yep," replied Farmer Cornrossel. "I advise 'em to stand by close enough to watch everything he does."—*Washington Star.*

## His Inheritance.

"Does he inherit his father's genius?" "No; only his father's eccentricities of genius. That is why we are giving a benefit for him."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

## What a happy world this would be.

If every man spoke as well of his live neighbors as he does of his dead ones!

## MOURNING CUSTOMS.

They Are Very Ancient, and Experts Differ as to Their Origin.

The origin of going into mourning was discussed recently by a body of anthropologists. Some students hold that the wearing of black was originally a disguise assumed as a protection from the dead person's spirit. The idea was that the deceased was naturally disgusted to find himself dead and that he wreaked his resentment upon his relations. Therefore the relations thought that to alter their appearance would be a means of escape, and all over the world veils were used to hide the faces of mourners—a practice still surviving in the impenetrable veil of the widow.

Another theory of mourning was that it was put on to warn people that its wearers had been contaminated by death. There was an idea of pollution attached to the great mystery. All early people shared the horror of death and the fear of the return of the spirits. Thus in the Sudan widows sprinkle their food with ashes to prevent their husbands' ghosts from eating it. *—Exchange.*

## THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS.

They Extend East and West For More Than a Thousand Miles.

Few persons are aware that the shortest route from San Francisco to Japan is by way of Alaska. Nearly a thousand miles are saved by vessels trading with the orient by coasting along the Aleutian islands rather than following the Hawaiian route.

## GIANT TREES OF JAMAICA.

They Show Masses of Beautiful Cotton Every Year.

The silk cotton trees of Jamaica are one of the most striking natural features of this beautiful island, and visitors express much curiosity concerning them. The fiber of the cotton is too short for textile uses but its quality is delicate and fine.

## The Courage of Life.

The two virtues that help us along most in life are trust and courage. Apart from the tragedies visited by sin and violence and self-indulgence, a large part of our trouble comes from anxiety, distrust, apprehension. It was not all frivolity that doated the answer of a young girl who being urged to prepare herself for a profession of a definite work responded: "I'm not going to look ahead and worry. I can do a lot of useful things. I can mend, wash and make salad and amuse children and be patient and economical and help people to enjoy themselves, and I don't believe nice girls starve." Courage and faith are always assets. Even if life goes back upon them and fails to come up to expectations the practice of these virtues is just that much to the good, and we have at least no lived in the evil moment until it arrived. *Harpers' Bazaar.*

## Finishing the Lesson.

Parson Saunders was a little perturbed one Sunday morning over some worldly matter and made a mistake in the reading of the Scriptural lessons. He read the second lesson where he should have read the first. As he heard the end of his reading the parson saw that he was in error. He saw that his congregation knew he was in error. How, then, to conclude? To conclude in the orthodox way—here endeth the second lesson—would hardly do, as it was not the second lesson, but the first. Nor, could it be on the other hand be called the first lesson since properly it was the second? Parson Saunders, after a moment's thought, wisely and frankly concluded:

## Very Considerate.

"I suppose, Jennie, you wouldn't want to go to the concert Wednesday in your old hat?" "You dear thing! I couldn't possibly think of showing myself in it." "That's what I thought, so!" "What?" "Bought only one ticket to the concert."—*Megendorfer Blatter.*

## The Aspect.

"The school board, the police board and the jail board are all in the line of light at one for trouble."

## The Harvest.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny. —George D. Boardman.

## True friends have no solitary joy or sorrow.

—Channing.