

FORCE OF THE SEA

Terrific Power is Generated When a Cyclone Rages.

THEN THE WATERS RUN WILD

All Regularity of Wave Motion Ceases as the Sea Buries its Boundaries—Cyclone Waves Weighing a Thousand Tons Tossed About Like Pebbles.

A pond troubled by a pebble gives a comprehensive idea of the mechanism of the perpetual motion of the ocean, now slow, regular and majestic, running from horizon to horizon, now rushing in ungovernable fury against the land. When a pebble falls in a pond it produces a fine circular line, which widens, multiplying until stopped by its boundaries. Just so is produced the surging of the sea.

To judge from appearances, the swells transport the water toward the circumference of the pond. In point of fact, they do nothing of the kind, as is easily proved by a match or splinter of wood being cast upon the water. The match is hardly raised or lowered by the passage of the swell. The action in evidence is simply the transmission of motion, not the transmission of matter.

The fine waves of the sea are generated by the wind as fine waves are generated by the wind when it ripples a field of grain ready for the harvest. The waves that run over the field of grain are not waves, they are in fact, the grain itself. The spurs of grain are themselves first to the ground by their roots, but every blade transmits its oscillatory movement to the next blade. Just so liquid molecules are formed.

In the middle of a vast ocean, such as the equatorial Atlantic, for instance, great regular undulations are seen multiplying in parallel like the furrows in a vast plowed field. On the broad ocean the liquid mounds of the sea rise with every swing with more or less even regularity.

The mariner's imagination has given the great waves of the high sea the reputation of fabulous height. Reliable authors have talked of waves mounting high and of waves 150 feet in height. Exact measurements have given a closer estimate.

The waves of the high sea, of the open ocean, attain the height of fifty feet under the exceptional conditions of a tempest in the vicinity of Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. The waves here estimated are those in free circulation on the high seas.

When a wave, whatever its strength or its weakness, meets a solid obstacle, whether that obstacle be a rocky cliff or a ship, the swell rebounds to extraordinary heights. Lighthouses are often swept by the sea from base to summit.

The length of waves is between twenty and thirty times their height, and the slope of the sea's hills is very gentle. A wave sixty feet high is somewhere between 1,000 and 1,200 feet long.

At the axis of the revolving tempest called a cyclone there are many wave systems, moving in all directions, meeting and combining. When the cyclone is in action the sea is said to "burst its bounds."

At such a time all regularity of wave succession ceases, and the sea runs wild, with force beyond human power to estimate. Blocks of granite weighing from 1,000 to 1,200 tons are caught by the sea and rolled like pebbles, distances of 300 feet and more, and sea walls are splintered as by hatches. The "lure power" of a furious sea is estimated by multiplying the mass of the surge by the square of its speed.

When the surf impelled by the drive of the broad sea, meets a solid obstacle its pressure is thirty tons per square meter of water. This estimate, which is close, explains how winter, when continually sapping the foot of a cliff, breaks down the land, forces back the shore line and little by little constantly and surely increases the sea's domain.

A wave from 33 to 35 feet high and 625 feet long—such a wave as the sea produces every eighteen seconds—represents power of about 1,350 horsepower, steam, per square yard. Harper's Weekly.

Orators and Stimulants.

It is believed that no modern legislators keep themselves up to the mark in the same dangerous way as some of their predecessors in the British parliament. "Euskisson told me," writes Lord Broughton, "that Lord Castle rough and Lord Liverpool both took other to keep them going when speaking. He also told me that he once asked Mr. Wilberforce what made his fingers so black, and Wilberforce told him that he was in the habit of taking opium before a long speech, and to that, said he, 'I owe all my success as a public speaker.'"

A Suggestive Song.

"Miss Soubly has not a particle of 'act.'
"What has she done now?"
"The other evening when Mr. Jagles, who is notorious for not paying his debts, asked her to sing she went to the piano and sang 'Trust Him Not!'"—London Telegraph.

Not Affinities.

Mistress—And why did you leave your last place? May—Me and the missus was not congenial.—Harper's Bazar.

What is a woman who knows when she does not know?

A BIRD OF LIGHT

The Arctic Tern Shows the Right by Flight From Pole to Pole.

It need be thought that the golden plover betwixt the palm for length of flight between summer and winter homes, but an article in the National Geographic Magazine awards that distinction to the arctic tern. This bird breeds as far north as it can find anything stable on which to construct its nest. It has been found within seven and a half degrees of the pole itself. And that nest was found surrounded by a wall of newly fallen snow, which the mother bird had carefully accepted out from round her chick.

The tern arrives in the far north about June 15 and leaves again for the south toward the last of August, when the young are able to fly strongly. Two or three months later the birds are to be found skirting the edge of the arctic continent, 11,000 miles away from their homes.

What their track is over that vast space no one yet knows. A few individuals are occasionally seen along the New England or Long Island coast in the fall, but the flocks of thousands and thousands of these gregarious birds which alternate from pole to pole have never been met by any trained observer or competent to learn their preferred path and their time schedule. They must travel at least 150 miles each day apart from their flight in search of a pursuit of food—to carry them within ten or twelve weeks from one end of the world to the other.

The arctic terns enjoy more hours of sunlight than any other creature on the globe. The sun never sets during their stay at their northern nesting grounds, and during their stay in the south they have two months of continuous sunlight and practical daylight for two months more. The birds have twenty-four hours of daylight for between six and eight months of the year.

FORESAW HER DOOM

Warnings of Her Tragic Fate That Came to Empress Elizabeth.

In "My Royal Client," M. Paul, the famous French detective, writing of the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who was so foolishly murdered in Geneva in 1898, says that two strange incidents incline one to the belief that the empress received a premonition of her tragic end.

"On the eve of her departure for Geneva she asked Mr. Barker to read her a few chapters of a book by Marjorie Crawford, entitled 'Corona,' in which the author describes the deplorable customs of the Sittian Mafia. While the empress was listening to the harrowing story a raven attracted by the scent of some fruit which she was eating, came and circled round her. Greatly impressed, she tried to drive it off, but in vain, for it constantly returned, filling the echoes with its mournful creakings. Then she rapidly walked away, for she knew that ravens are harbingers of death when their ill omened wings peril in flapping round a living person.

"Again, a lady in waiting told me that on the morning of that day she went into the empress's room, as usual, to ask how she had slept and found her imperial mistress looking pale and sad.

"I have had a strange experience," said Elizabeth. "I was awakened in the middle of the night by the bright moonbeams which filled my room, for the servants had forgotten to draw the blinds. I could see the moon from my bed, and it seemed to have the face of a woman weeping. I don't know if it is a presentiment, but I have an idea I shall meet with misfortune."
"And it was a few hours later that Lucchini killed her with a three cornered file clumsily fitted to a wooden handle.

Where the Cold Is Warm.

I have seen sunshine, oh, sunshine as splendid as yours, among my beloved mountains in Switzerland! You know what cold is and what warmth is, but do you know what warm cold is?

Did you ever live a whole winter through glowing because the frost was so warm? Do you know the wonders of blue ice, pink snow and 40 degrees of frost, while the men skate in pannels and the girls with open parasols?

And the splendor of colors in the morning sky; everything in the solar spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet; at each moment a new combination. And then the sun is up, and the intoxication of it all makes you wonder if you ever lived before.—Dr. Aked in Christian Herald.

Wouldn't Aot a Lie.

Theater Manager—You say you object to having real food on the table in the banquet scene. Mr. Greeseypant? Why, the rest of the company are delighted at it!

Mr. Greeseypant—Yes, but my part requires me to rise from the table after a couple of mouthfuls and say "I cannot eat tonight—'t strange dread comes over me. I will seek the quiet of yonder apartment for a time."—McCall's Magazine.

Unfair.

"I s'pose it's all right," said Mr. Newrich, "but it doesn't seem fair."
"What doesn't seem fair?"
"For Matilda to scold because I want to eat dinner in my shirt sleeves. I don't make any fuss about her party dresses, and they haven't any sleeves at all."

Both Exempt.

"Do your daughters help their mother with the housework?"
"We wouldn't think of expecting Mrs. Muriel to be temperamental, and Zasa is a beauty."—Pittsburgh Post.

Nothing is further from the earth than the very thing it is nearest to have.

THEY ARE NOT DEAD

They are Still Alive, and are Being Searched for by the Army.

A "sensational" card about a woman named "Evelyn" was sent to the editor of the "New York Herald" because he felt in with a judge before whom he had been arraigned for drunken driving. He said he had met Evelyn with a party in the smoking room on the second day out and had secured from her a note which was a professional was in the law. The man who told him was pointing at him as if he had decided not to play any more on the trip, and the judge remarked that it was a very wise resolution.—New York Sun.

DEFINITION OF NEWS

The city editor of a local paper tells us that he recently tested the intelligence of a bunch of applicants for jobs by giving them a bit of copy paper and requesting them to write thereon a definition of "News." Here are some of the answers turned in:

"News consists of events that are either very usual or very unusual."
"News is what the public will read and pay for without looking."
"News is anything the public ought to know."
"News is a report of what happened, not of what ought to happen."
"News is anything a paper can print that's new, except (a) new stuff that might start a libel suit, (b) anything that might lose an advertiser, (c) anything that might alienate a bunch of subscribers."

This last epigram landed a job for its author. The city editor saw at once that this chap had worked on a paper before.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHEN ALMANACS WERE NEW

The first printed almanac, published at Nuremberg in 1475, was thought such a wonderful thing that it was sold at ten golden crowns a copy—more than its weight in gold. The first English printed almanac was the "Shepherd's Calendar," translated from the French and printed by Richard Pynson in 1497, and the first popular almanac of the "Old Moore" type was the "Pronostication of Master John Trybull, mediciner and astronomer of the Emperour's Majesty of the year of our Lord MCCCCXXXIIII."

Besides prophesying "warre, rebellion and the death of kynge," that early almanac told you the proper day to take physic, Monday was the day for ailments of the leg, Tuesday for affections of the head, etc. But what the unfortunate sufferer was to do who had a pain on the wrong day it does not state. You must take pains at the proper time.

FAITH OF ENDURANCE

One of the most striking feats of human endurance was that of Tom Burrows, the club swinging champion of England, who by whirling his clubs for forty-six hours without a moment's respite broke all records. He reminds one of Arthur Lancaster, who achieved athletic fame by swinging a blacksmith's hammer for twelve consecutive hours and afterward added to his laurels by beating all British records for ball punching. He punched a twenty-four ounce ball for fifteen hours continuously at the average rate of 145 punches a minute. Occasionally he would go a way on a burst of 250 and 260 a minute, and so powerful was his fist work that three times he broke the rope of the ball and had to turn his attention to one kept in reserve.—Exchange.

NEW YORK'S SHORTEST STREET

The shortest and probably most obscure street in all Greater New York is Chestnut street, and it's as small as its name implies. This street is less than fifty feet long and runs from New Chambers to Madison street, separating in two a triangular block, the whole of which would not have an area large enough for a modern building, even if located in a section that would warrant the improvement.—New York Post.

THE THREE ISOLATED

"After all there isn't much difference between the editor and the office boy."
"You're joking."
"Not at all. The editor fills the waste baskets and the office boy empties them."—Life.

ART AND SCIENCE

"What a beautiful picture of an angel!" said the lady who was visiting the art gallery.
"Yes," replied the artion enthusiast. "But between you and me those things aren't practical."—Washington Star.

REALISTIC

"You have too much rouge on, my dear, to enact properly a milkmaid."
"Have I, sir? But I thought a milkmaid should be very checked."
"On the contrary, a milkmaid is naturally a pall girl!"—Baltimore American.

THE YUKON VALLEY

There are no blizzards in the Yukon valley in winter, and there is little wind. Snow about two feet deep covers everything from early October till spring.

Nothing is further from the earth than the very thing it is nearest to have.

FRIGHTENED BY STARS

They Shook With His Confession That He Had Seen the Stars.

Tradition has it that after young Bobby D. Evans went to Annapolis to study at the Naval Academy, he was one day in the dining hall when he saw a strange light in the sky. He was so frightened that he ran to the secretary of the academy, Evans wrote home about the episode, and the paper, "An Annapolis meeting was held in his home town and a protest made by the president in the name of a special dispensation was granted, allowing the cadet to keep his 'decoration.'"

Being a Virginian, young Evans was urged by his mother to throw in his lot with the south when the civil war came. This he declined to do, and he went to the north to get an education. On one occasion Bobby Evans entered a restaurant in Washington and observed his brother eating.

"An exchange of glances between us was quite enough," said Evans afterward. "Not a word was spoken by either of us. He paid his bill and he left the place, knowing very well that I would report his presence in the city. I ordered more coffee than I wanted and took plenty of time to eat it. He had come across the Potomac in a skiff, I was sure, and had told me to an old acquaintance, two years ago, to give him a brotherly chance to get back to Virginia soil. He gained his boat and escaped, though a soldier fired at him in the darkness. On leaving the restaurant I met an officer of the provost guard and informed him that there was a Confederate soldier in Washington."

WHY 1861 WAS CHOSEN

In 1861 a so-called prophecy of North or South in every copy of Moore's Almanac was in every copy of Moore's Almanac. The world then to an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one. A traveling tailor denied inspiration to this prophecy, nor, as now appears, was it remarkable for accuracy. But he went further. He demonstrated in the dust of the road way that exact date was chosen. Not only was it a multiple of nine, etc., but it was the only date available to Moore's almanac which in Arabic numerals was the same backward; forward and upside-down.—Eleven-hundred-and-eleven was past, and not till 1861 would the coincidence occur.—The West. Moth. & Shipper, will select 1868, which is not tomorrow or next day.—London Saturday Review.

TRANSLATION

Schubert's well known "Lied des gefangenen Jagers" is a setting of Herder's German translation of Scott's lyric. "My hawk is tired of perch and hood," the second line of which—

My idle greyhound loathes his food—

runs in the German as follows:

Mein müssiger Windhorn sein Futter ver-schmähmt

In by far the largest collection of Schubert's songs published with English words this line appears with the following English text:

My musical woodhorn its futter bath-utiles

Which could only have been perpetrated by some one to whom English and German were equally unknown.—London National Review.

EASY TO KEEP AFOAT

If every person knew that it is impossible to sink if one keeps his arms under water and moves his legs as if he were going upstairs and that one may keep this motion up for hours before fatigue ends it there would be few casualties. Such is the fact. Except where cramp renders motion impossible the man who gets an involuntary ducking has small chance of drowning. He can generally keep afloat until rescuers appear. The people who drown are those who frantically wave their arms out of water and lose their self possession.

MATHEMATICAL SNAKES

Gazing at a collection of serpents at the zoo, the rural visitor observed, "My gracious, those snakes must multiply rapidly!"
With a twinkle in his eye the keeper replied, "Some kinds do, but those particular ones are adders"—Judge's Library.

THE PROPER CAPER

Ascum—Tell me which is proper. Would you say "It is possible for two to live on \$10 a week" or "on \$10 weekly?"
Wise—Well, I'd say "It is possible for two to live on \$10 a week weekly."—Catholic Standard and Times.

VERY MEAN

He—I believe that every man should do something to advance scientific knowledge. When I die I shall leave my brain to science. She—Kinky thing.—Judge.

WE SHOULD BE IMPRESSED NOT AT OUR OWN DEATH, BUT AT OUR OWN LIFE

—H. W. H. W.

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How to Keep a House Clean and Comfortable.

It is a well known fact that a clean and comfortable home is one of the greatest pleasures of life. The secret of a good housekeeping is not in the amount of money spent, but in the way it is spent. A few simple rules will go a long way toward making a home a pleasant one.

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