

# A Mystery of the Sea

By EUNICE BLAKE

The night was pitchy dark as Captain MacArthur, master of the bark Penguin, stood on the deck of his ship listening to a sound that greatly disturbed him. He thought he heard a bell attached to a buoy. But it was so faint that he was not sure that what he heard was not one of those ringings within his ears that some persons are subject to or a freak of his imagination.

There it was again, this time a trifle more distinct.

The Penguin was coming westward and was midway between Gibraltar and New York. The Azores and Madeira had been left several hundred miles behind. True, clouds had prevented an observation for several days, but Captain MacArthur had so much sea room that he had not the slightest fear of a near shore. Indeed, he was in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. Nevertheless he was approaching a bell buoy, for the tolling came with the irregularity of the waves.

Fearing to approach any nearer to it, he gave orders to the helmsman to steer in a circle while the lead was being thrown. The boson reported no bottom, but the captain's fears were not allayed. The sound of the bell was rapidly growing more distinct. There was the same irregularity of the strokes throughout, indicating that it was tolling by the waves. MacArthur had heard these sounds as long as he had been at sea, and they had always arisen from the same instrument, a bell buoy.

There can be nothing more calculated to throw a man off his equilibrium than one of these paradoxical occurrences. We hear or see or feel something, we know what it is, and yet we know that it is not what our senses tell us it is. It is liable to come to us in dreams, but rarely when we are awake. Captain MacArthur momentarily dreaded to strike a sunken rock, and yet he knew that there was no such danger within a thousand miles of him. He asked the few men who were on deck with him if they heard the tolling, and all said they did, but none of them could give any explanation of it. Some of them knew little of navigation or geography, but there was none so uninformed that he did not know that there were no sunken rocks in the middle of the Atlantic ocean.

Yet there is always an uncertainty to break down one's courage. Might there be in that vast wilderness of waters one rock remaining for centuries undiscovered? Might not ships that have sailed never to be heard from have been lost on this infinitely small point in so vast an area?

Nonsense! If such were the case there would be no bell buoy to warn ships away. And if there were such a rock protected by a buoy it would be on the charts.

Something like this was running through Captain MacArthur's mind. Probably his was more keenly alive to the matter than any of his crew because on him rested the responsibility for the lives of all and of the ship. There were one or two of the more superstitious who gave a different explanation of what they heard. One imputed it to evil spirits who were using it to drive the ship away from deep waters or waters clear of other ships on an area of danger. Another considered it a tolling for a ship that had at some time gone down on that very spot. But while every one listened and thought not one spoke his interpretations of the mystery.

As the sound of the tolling indicated approach by its increasing distinctness, so having reached a maximum, it indicated recession by a gradual dying, till at last it was heard no more. Then the captain breathed a sigh of relief, which was imitated by the others. The mystery, whatever it was, had passed as mysteriously as it had come. But it came again. The next day came a storm from the west, and the Penguin, after beating up against it, at last was obliged to turn and ride before it. By evening the storm had spent its force, and the ship was again put on her course. Near midnight was again heard that irregular melancholy tolling. This second visit, finding the crew tired and depressed from their experience with the storm, had a keener effect upon them than the night before.

Moreover, superstition seizes upon us when we are worn out. Captain MacArthur looked troubled. His officers listened to the strokes in silence, while some of the crew muttered prayers to heaven for protection from this unknown evil. Again the sounds approached, reaching a maximum of distinctness, then died away. But in this case they were longer, and the strokes changed louder, as if made by fierce waves.

In the morning the outlook reported a ship on the starboard quarter. She was without mast or sail and seemed to have been disabled, doubtless by the recent storm. As the Penguin approached her the crew heard again the mysterious tolling. The captain, who had brought his glass to bear on her as soon as he heard it, lowered the glass and said:

"The riddle is solved. What we have heard is the bell of a derelict." And so it turned out. When a boat's crew stepped on the stranger's deck they found that the bell cord had rotted away and left the clapper to swing as the ship was tossed about by the waves.

## DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss F. M. Cavanaugh, a New York servant girl, recently fell heir to \$37,000.

Dr. Mary O'Malley, assistant senior physician at the government hospital for the insane, has under her care 800 women patients and directs the work of a staff of 300 women nurses.

Bayonne, N. J., takes the lead by appointing a policewoman, Miss Ruth McArdle, secretary of the playground commission. As her duties will be to enforce regulations at the playgrounds, no doubt she is thoroughly qualified for her new job.

Miss Louise Aldrich Blake, who has been appointed acting dean of the London School of Medicine For Women, is one of the few women doctors practicing in general surgery. She is surgeon to the New Hospital For Women, in Euston road and to the Medical Mission hospital at Canning Town and is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine.

## Fashion Frills.

Modern fashions of women are not to be taken seriously they are extremely figurative.—Columbia State.

If some of the new style skirts had to be worn with a bustle they wouldn't reach to the wearer's knees.—Galveston News.

"Day nightgowns" are the latest Paris creation. They'll be having evening breakfast gowns next.—Detroit Free Press.

Florists are somewhat concerned about the new fashions because some of the new bouquets do not contain enough material to pin a rose up.—Youngstown Telegram.

## Flippant Flings.

Civilization cannot be said to have any reason for boasting so long as laundrymen continue to starch the bosoms of negligee shirts.—Chicago News.

"Science Attacks the Sandwich" is a headline. Here's hoping it has better luck with it than we have had with some purchased at railway lunch counters.—Boston Transcript.

Here's a way to raise a war fund that will beat the plan of doubling the income tax. Decline to tip the waiters and flick a quarter into the war chest three times a day.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Three Reels.

Moving pictures shown on a slightly concave screen are relieved of some of the distortion that is noticeable on flat screens.

In Great Britain it may be estimated that about 7,000,000 individuals attend the "pictures" every week, while the picture theaters employ over 120,000 people.

Colored films are very expensive to manufacture. Ordinary films that have red fire scenes or blue night scenes in them are not regarded as colored pictures. They are technically called "tinted" or "toned and tinted" subjects.

## The Writers.

Philip Freneau, the poet of the Revolution, has been called the father of American poetry.

Mrs. Mary J. H. Skrine, the author, is the wife of the rector of St. Peter in the East, Oxford, which is reputed to be the second oldest church in England. She has written all her life.

Baroness d'Anethan, formerly the doyenne of the corps diplomatique at Tokyo when the late Baron d'Anethan was the Belgian minister, is returning to that city. Baroness d'Anethan, who is a sister of the English novelist Sir Rider Haggard, is a well known writer herself.

## Laundry Lines.

Do not wash colored clothes in very hot water or leave them wet very long. Beeswax and crushed salt mixed and rubbed over a rusty stain will make it as smooth as glass.

Mildewed clothes should be put to soak for several hours in a weak solution of chloride of lime.

Be careful not to wash crepe de chine in water that is too hot, as this will turn the white crape yellow. Wash carefully with pure soap in tepid water and the garment should not change color.

## Pert Personals.

You'd have thought Mayor Mitchell had troubles enough without announcing himself an antisuffragist.—New York World.

There is no doubt that Vincent Astor can support a wife in the style to which she has been accustomed.—Philadelphia Record.

Phya Prabha Karavongse is Stam's new minister to the United States. No, we don't know how to pronounce it.—Washington Herald.

## British Briefs.

A recent census of England and Wales disclosed three female shipwrights.

Four law officers' salaries last year in England and Wales amounted to \$3,612,000.

While repairing an antique nursing chair which a woman had purchased for a sitting London furniture dealer discovered in the stuffed seat a silver cigarette case containing \$110 in gold. The chair had been stored in a cellar for sixteen years.

## SIRES AND SONS.

Michael Youhouse of Pittsburgh claims to have gone without sleep for a year.

F. E. Simmons of Boston has taught three wild robins to sing to him before receiving a breakfast of crumbs.

Dr. Stephen Smith, who holds three important hospital positions in New York city, is ninety-one years of age, is mentally vigorous as ever and so physically fit that he walks to and from his appointments some days covering eight miles.

Stephen Pichon, who held the portfolio of foreign affairs in France under the Clemenceau and Briand cabinets, as well as in the recent Barthou ministry, has, it is understood, separated himself from his former political connections and has returned to journalism.

General Sir Charles W. H. Douglas, who has been appointed to succeed Field Marshal Sir John French as chief of staff of the British army, served with the Gordon Highlanders in the Afghan war, 1879-80, and with the same regiment in the Boer war of 1880-81. In 1884 he served in the Swakim expedition and next saw active service in the South African war.

## Forest Notes.

In preparation for the coming fire season in California 110 miles of fire lines have been built in the Sierra national forest.

A two-year-old plantation of Douglas fir on the Oregon national forest shows 91 per cent of the trees living. Extensive plantings of young trees in Washington and Oregon are costing only \$8 an acre.

Direct seeding of lodge pole pine has been successful, without exception, on the Arapahoe national forest, Colorado. Several of the areas sown two and three years ago show from 5,000 to 10,000 seedlings per acre.

Hyndman peak, Idaho, the highest named peak in the state, is more than 12,000 feet high. Several unnamed peaks near it are of about the same elevation. All are on the divide between the Sawtooth and the Lemhi national forests.

## The Royal Box.

King George of England recently visited Kensington, one of the slum districts of London, and called on tenants of royal property.

Marie Adelaide, grand duchess of Luxembourg, is young, beautiful and one of the richest princesses in Europe. She is called her throne two years ago as the most youthful queen in the world.

The czar's kitchen in St. Petersburg is believed to be the finest in the world. Its walls are of black marble and are lavishly ornamented. Some of the kitchen pots and pans are of solid gold and originally belonged to the Empress Catherine.

## The Art of War.

By the use of steel instead of brass in rifle cartridges the German army has increased the number of rounds of ammunition that a soldier can carry from 120 to 160.

Well developed plans are being laid for using the aeroplane for surgical work in war. The idea is to provide the aeroplane with the equipment of a small field hospital.

A new sighting arrangement called the focometric telescope is to be a feature of the French heavy artillery. The new telescope is attached to the gun and enables the whole of the horizon to be seen by the gunner.

## Town Topics.

Will the holdup men kindly advise whether they prefer to have us carry our money in our hands or pinned on our backs?—Cleveland Leader.

Third apparently of recalling the commissioners, Topeka, Kan., is now agitating a recall of its commission form of government. There will next be nothing left to recall but the town itself.—New York World.

Rochester will struggle hopefully to stick on the map with neither a federal reserve bank nor a Federal ball team. It has a pair of two humped camels and some sewage disposal plans.—Rochester Post-Express.

## Simple Salve.

Pure glycerin is one of the best remedies for cleansing a cut and causing it to heal quickly.

Incipient boils if painted with iodine, will be checked before they have a chance to develop.

A good massage every two weeks in which all the pores are opened and the dirt removed will keep the skin in a beautiful, velvety condition.

Toothache that is caused by some acid penetrating a cavity may frequently be relieved by rinsing the mouth with a little bicarbonate of soda and water.

## Short Stories.

Europe is less than one-fourth as large as Asia.

There is little or no begging in northern Italy, yet it is very prevalent in Naples.

The United States government's official hymn is "The Star Spangled Banner."

Signs for temporary use can be made by coating glass with black iron varnish and lettering them with a mixture of oxide of zinc and mucilage, which easily washes off.

## How Mally Goes to Bed.

First into the mirror she stares with long appraising look. Satisfied she seems to be. For she yawns and scans a book. Next a peck of pins she takes. From the jungle of her hair This from tangles then she snakes. And fastens it on a chair.

Then she sits upon the floor. Where she finds a printed scrap. Reads it closely, yawns some more. Puts her stockings in her lap. Yawns gets up and takes a brush. Brushes her own native locks. For an hour—she will not rush. For the midnight tolling clocks.

She her folding bed lets down. Looks beneath it for a thief. Then, disrobing, puts on her gown. With a sigh of great relief. Going in a whirl of lace. She her mirror tells good night. Puts some cold cream on her face. Says her prayers—out goes the light:—Chicago News.

## One of the Relics.

A tourist "doling" one of the many old inns of England had ordered tea and a sandwich. The waiter was boring her with his tiresome descriptions of the historic connections of each piece of furniture and the legends surrounding every article in the house. "So everything in the house has a legend connected with it?" she remarked when he paused. "Well, do tell me about this quaint old inn sandwich."—Everybody's.

## Oculatory.

He printed on her lips a kiss. And from his own confession. He thinks he has the proof to show. A very good impression.—Yonkers Statesman.

The maiden seemed to like the type. And hearing his petition. She said she thought the time was ripe. To print a large edition.—Youngstown Telegram.

And then said she, "It's time, I guess. The while the old folks slumber. And that edition's off the press. To print a special number."—Detroit Free Press.

## Fashion Comment.

"You don't seem to hold me in the same regard that you did when you married me," said the sentimental woman.

"You must remember," replied her tactless spouse, "that you don't look the same as you did then. Fashions change so remarkably that I don't see how any man and woman can feel really well acquainted."—Washington Star.

## A Desperate Case.

Quoth she: "I've gone to lake or beach. For summers nine or ten. To four as a summer beach. And flirt with summer men."

"In summer things are just sublime. The men would flirt and joke. But autumn always came in time. And ended things in smoke."

"There's nothing in a beach career. Nine bum campaigns I've waged. I think I'll stay in town this year. And try to get engaged."—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Very Dangerous.

Friend—Why, Elvira, what's the matter? Elvira—Oh, I "on't know, only I'm worried to death! I've had the same girl six weeks and she doesn't talk about leaving yet."

Friend—She doesn't? Elvira—No, not a word. She must be in love with my husband.—London Opinion.

## Family Jars.

Jars of jelly, jars of spice, Jars of poited beef and ham, Jars of early gooseberry pie, Jars of mince-meat, jars of spice, Jars of orange marmalade, Jars of pickles, all homemade, Jars of curdial, homemade wine; Jars of honey, supped, Would the only jars were these That were found in families!—Brooklyn Eagle.

## The Horrors of War.

"My country calls, darling, and I have enlisted for the war."

At these words the beautiful girl burst into tears. "And you had just begun," she said, "to do the maxixe half decently."—New York Press.

## A Mystery.

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said. And as she said it smiled and dropped her head. But as we walked and talked beneath those bowers I wondered who it was had sent those flowers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## In Error.

"He's never made any effort to support himself."

"Oh, yes, he has. To my certain knowledge he's proposed to every girl with money he knows."—Baltimore American.

## Wasn't That Too Bad?

A corn fell young lady named Meggs. Wore a skirt much too tight for her pegs. The skirt shrank in the rain, And she cried "What a strain!" Why, I can't even move my poor ankles!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## He Could Do It.

"Next time you call," said the editor to the correspondent, "bring something snappy."

"All right," replied the man, "I'll bring my wife."—Yonkers Statesman.

## He—There's no use introducing me to any one. I can't dance.

She—What nonsense! I saw you dancing with Miss James the other night.

He—Yes, but she hasn't spoken to me since.—Life.

He stood behind too many bars. And then he sought to find some. In several bars he started jars, And now he's lodged behind some.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Younger Brother (in an awe struck whisper)—Say, "Orace, are you sure we're right for the gallery? There is a gent behind wiv spats on!"—Punch.

Said a bad man: "I'm certainly tough. I'm afraid of myself I'm so rough." But another hard guy. Soaked the tough in the eye. And said, "That tough is tough, you big blough!"—Washington Star.

"You and Mrs. Jones almost invariably win at bridge. How did you happen to lose today?" "Well, you see, we played at a strange place, and the table was a little too wide."—New York World.

"That preacher's going to make his mark. His rhetoric words have power." "Well, tell us what he spoke about." "He spoke about an hour."—Houston Post.

"Please, sir, give a poor blind man a quarter." "A quarter won't cure your blindness, will it?" "It will enable me to see the bartender around the corner."—Houston Post.

B. Little's wife worked for a living. That lazier did nothing but whittle. And yet his wife dared up if any one dared. To besman or belittle B. Little.—New York Tribune.

"A scientist has invented a typewriter that can spell," remarked the caller. "Gee!" exclaimed the business man. "I wish I knew her name and address."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

There are no budding authors. The pace is such today. They're only time to blossom. And winter up straightway.—Puck.

Slowboy—Then my dream of happiness is over? Miss Smart—That's about it. You dreamed so long that I accepted another while you were asleep.—Boston Transcript.

Cupid on the street I 'spied. Begged of him to stop. Mentioned you, dear, but he cried, "Please cease talking shop!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Do you think a man should wed a girl after only four weeks' courtship?" "I guess so. You can't tell what they are anyway until after marriage, and there's no use wasting time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The boomerang so gayly flies, 'Tis fun to swing the bolo. But no man tries to popularize The merry game of polo.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I'm in favor of war," said Mrs. Needenodde. "Why?" queried her obedient husband. "Because maybe we'll have those nice, pretty stamps to put on checks again."—New York Press.

Who made the sauceman with left sided spout? "I," said the mere man; "I thought it out."

Woman, oh, mere man—why not use your right? Four with the left hand and stir with the right!—Judge.

"We all think our own job the hardest," observed the humorist on his vacation. "Yew bet!" agreed the farmer. "I hev to talk like this, and yew hev to spell it!"—Puck.

Mother, may I go out to dance? "Yes, my dear, you can go. The onestep I will let you practice. But don't go near the tango."—Detroit Free Press.

"Now, Thomas, tell me in what battle King Richard III. was mortally wounded." "His last one, mum."—New York Post.

It's an age of demonstration. And we enter some with zest. For we hope we have a stomach. To come through the acid test.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

He—I say, your grannie seems rather put out tonight. What's up? She—Hush! Poor dear, she's just heard my other grannie is engaged, and she's so afraid she may be left on the shelf.

Vice President Marshall has said. That kissing's a cure for divorce. The thought has just entered our head That kissing is also the source.—Boston Transcript.

"Can you apply a check to your wife's extravagance?" "Can I? She just keeps me and my account busy supplying them."—Baltimore American.

It is easy enough to be cheerful. When an amateur tortures a song. But the man who revile Is the wit who would smile. At his jest, though our faces stay long.—New York Evening Sun.

Physician—For your ailment absolute rest is a sine qua non. Patient—But, doctor, my system won't take any quinine.—Buffalo Express.

She sang "tra-la" the whole day long. Miss Yeiba, she "broke into song." Why she "broke in" is clear to me—She tried, but couldn't find the key.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## A Chinese View of American Women.

"The intellect of the American woman is equal, if not superior, to that of the men," says Dr. Wu Ting Fang, late Chinese minister to the United States. In "America Through the Spectacles of an Oriental Diplomat." "American women are good conversationalists, and many of them are eloquent and endowed with the gift of gab! One of the cleverest and wittiest speeches I have ever heard was from a woman who spoke at a public meeting on a public question. They are also good writers, and their work shows profound insight and wide culture. Naturally such women cannot be expected to play second fiddle. They exercise great influence, and when married they 'rule the roost.' It should be mentioned that their husbands submit willingly to their tactful rule and gladly obey their commands without feeling that they are servants. I would advise any married woman who complains of her husband being unruly and unpleasant to take a lesson from the ladies of America."

## His Labor Saving Device.

The late Charles H. Britting, proprietor of the New York actor's restaurant known as the "Little Hall of Fame," took a keen interest in popular trends and movements of all kinds. Mr. Britting thought little of scientific management and efficiency engineering. He said one day of an efficiency engineer:

"Blank is a fool, and I thought he'd go broke, but, by jingo, the fellow has deceived me. He has discovered a labor saving device, and his address will be Easy street from now on."

"Good boy, Blank!" said an actor. "And what labor saving device has he discovered?"

"An elderly widow," Mr. Britting answered—"an elderly widow with a million who has consented to marry him."—New York Tribune.

## Strange Race of Ancient Britons.

Among the races of human kind which away back of history's records passed like clouds over various parts of the earth one of the most puzzling to ethnologists is that of the early bronze age men who dwelt in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and are supposed to have constructed the special forms of stone circles whose remains are now found there. These men differed significantly from all the prehistoric races previously determined in Britain. They were remarkably broadheaded, and their average stature was only five feet three inches, as shown by skeletons. The British neolithic race was markedly long headed, and the bronze age race, which built the round tumuli, was also long headed and tall.

## It Is Well.

It is well to carefully cultivate taste. Ruskin says, "Tell me what you like and I will tell you what you are."

It is well to study human character. Bodensat says: "In the face of every human being his history stands plainly written; his innermost nature steps forth to the light. Yet they are the fewest who can read and understand."

It is well to "brush up against the world." Goethe says: "Talent forms itself in secret, character in the great current of the world."

It is well to be never cast down. Elizabeth Barrett Browning says: "Let no one tell his death. Be called unhappy. Measure not the work Until the day's out and the labor done."

## Wingless Victory.

Aunt Dinah was a colored saint in Charleston, who could shout above the entire congregation. It was the custom during the collection to sing "Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel," and Aunt Dinah always threw back her head, shut her eyes and sang away lustily till the plate was returned to the altar.

Descend Alphonius Green, noting this, stopped when he reached her pew one Sunday and said: "Look a-beeh, Dinah! What use you a-singing 'Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,' ef you ain't give nothin' to make 'er fly!"—New York Post.

## Close Call.

"Hold on!" cried the proud young father as the minister was about to proceed. "Before the baby is christened I want to change his name."

"What is the trouble?" the good man asked. "Ebenzer is a good name." "No matter. We'll call him Harold. I've just heard that Uncle Ebenzer, the old fool has married a woman who is young enough to be his daughter."—Judge.

## A Study in Rings.

Customer—Are these five or six wedding rings all you have in stock? Why, you've got a whole trayful of engagement rings. Jeweler—Yes, sir, and it will take that whole trayful of engagement rings to work off those five or six wedding rings.—Chicago News.

## Smiles That Slip.

Insan—I do wish Marcella would wear the smile that won't come off. Ouds—Is she unhappy? Insan—No, but when I kissed her last evening I got rouge on my lips.—Judge.

## Doing Good Service.

Bill—Is that watch your father gave you ten years ago still doing good service? Jill—Yes. I pawned it again today for the twentieth time.—London Opinion.

## When Mother Is Needed.

As a general thing, a girl never needs a mother so much as when she gets an idea that she has a perfect figure.—Galveston News.

## Little Minds are Tamed and Subdued.

by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.—Washington Irving.