

A Submarine Episode

By F. A. MITCHEL.

There was a time when warfare, its appliances, its novelties, indeed everything pertaining to it, was public property. The Japanese changed all that making everything secret. Since the Russo-Japanese fight the war correspondent has had a hard time of it and many officers are pledged not to reveal what occurs in the line of their duty. When I was assigned to the command of a submarine I was obliged to make pledges that prevent my giving certain points connected with this story.

Before I was ordered to attempt to blow up an enemy's ship I was given time to get used to my submarine. This did not take long, though at first I confess sinking down under water made me creep a bit. When I had had a couple of weeks of it I was ordered on several attempts that were all failures. The difficulty in handling a submarine is that when beneath the surface you can't see anything and what's above it, if you are near an enemy's ship, you are liable to get knocked out by a shot.

I was ordered one afternoon to go for a cruiser. The time I chose was between daylight and dark, my object being to steal upon her to within a few hundred yards, get my bearings, duck, lessen the distance between me and her and fire my torpedo.

The weather favored the attempt, it being a murky evening, with just enough light for me to see a big ship and not enough for her to see all of my boat there was above water—the periscope. I gave the order to lower the horizontal rudder, and we went down, intending to make a curve and had figured out, coming up near the cruiser's amidships. Everything looked well for success, and, having completed the first half of the arc, I gave the order for a gradual elevation of the rudder.

What was my horror to find that my boat did not obey it! I knew at once that my attempt would be a failure and I knew furthermore that I, my crew and the submarine were in danger of going to the bottom and staying there. Unfortunately when I gave the order to stop her, to keep from going any lower, the engineer lost his head and, turning the wrong handle put on power instead of taking it off. This gave us so much momentum that before we could take any measures to right our direction we were scraping bottom.

There was nothing for it but to let the water out of the tanks in order to rise straight up to the surface. What I feared occurred. We were under so much pressure that the pump was not able to overcome it. This indicated another danger—if the pumps could not overcome the outside pressure we would not be able to lift the cap of the periscope, which in case we couldn't get the boat to the surface meant that we would not be able to escape through the conning tower.

I sprang to the hand pump. I didn't need to give an order to the crew, for they knew as well as I that this was our only hope, and a very thin hope because it was hardly to be expected that we could do what a mechanical force could not do. Knowing that our lives depended upon our success, we worked with that superhuman power that is given to man when some great object is to be achieved.

All in vain we worked till we found that our efforts were growing less, then one after another in quick succession abandoned the effort.

Not a man of us but saw certain death ahead. We could not make the rudder work, and neither of the pumps was sufficiently powerful to expel the water from the tanks. The most fearful part of it was that we must die a lingering death.

Our chief thought was of those we would leave behind us, and, thinking that the boat might eventually be recovered, some of the men set about writing letters to leave in her, bidding loved ones goodby and telling them of our last moments in the flesh. I, knowing that it would be some time before death would come to us, thought only of a possible means of escape. The only hope was that when it became evident that we had sunk and could not rise an effort would be made to save us. But how could wreckers work within a few hundred feet of an enemy's guns?

Suddenly a thought struck me. Depending to have as much depth room as possible, I had consulted the almanac and found that the flood tide corresponded with the hour of approaching darkness. We had gone under at high tide, the difference between flood and ebb being sixteen feet. In other words, we had sixteen feet more of water pressure on us than we would have at the ebb. I electrified the crew by telling them the situation. Here was a hope. If our engine could empty the tanks at low tide we would be saved.

That was a long six hours. In four hours we made a trial, but without success. In five hours we tried again. There seemed to be occasional rises of, say, a foot or two. In another half hour we tried it again and could feel ourselves rising, but very slowly. However, as the pressure above lessened we went up more rapidly till we reached the surface.

Shall I ever forget that first sight of the upper world!

Two days later I tried again and blew up the cruiser and 400 men.

MIND AND BODY.

Human Emotions Have a Potent Effect Upon the Physical Being.

A man is handed a telegram. He is seeing and enjoying his dinner. He reads the contents of the message. Almost immediately afterward his body is a-tremble, his face either reddens or grows "ashy white," his appetite is gone; such is the effect of the mind upon the stomach that it literally refuses the food; if forced upon it it may reject it entirely.

A message is delivered to a lady. She is in a genial, happy mood. Her face wrinkles, she trembles and her body falls to the ground in a faint, temporarily helpless, apparently lifeless. Much are the intimate relations between the mind and the body.

Great stress or anxiety or fear may in two weeks or even in two days time so work its ravages that the person looks ten years or even twenty years older. A person has been long given to worry or perhaps to worry in extreme form, though not so long; a well-defined case of indigestion and general stomach trouble, with a generally lowered and sluggish vitality has become pronounced and fixed.

Any type of thought that prevails in our mental lives will in time produce its correspondence in our physical lives. As we understand better these laws of correspondences we will be more careful as to the types of thoughts and emotions we consciously or unwittingly entertain and live with. The great bulk of all diseases are generated in the body through certain states and conditions of mind.—Ralph Waldo Trine in Woman's Home Companion.

PANGGANGS OF MALAY.

Ruled by an Old Witch, They Are the Queerest People Known.

Ruled by a great enchantress and having no form of money, the Panggangs, a tribe in a mountainous jungle in the northern part of the Malay peninsula, is one of the queerest known to white men. The tribesmen are of a negro type, whose social organization is that of a simple form of commonwealth and who are nomadic, wandering about from place to place in their dense jungles and forests.

Among them dwells a woman whose strange characteristics are strongly reminiscent of Haggard's famous "She." The woman is supposed to be a great enchantress. She is held in dread by the Panggangs. She lives alone in a bamboo hut, shaded by the leaves of the sacred bang tree. Food is brought her daily by the oldest man or woman of the tribe.

The Panggangs are said to be a peaceable and honest people, and do not, among themselves, either fight or steal. They literally have no use for money for trading purposes, but if by chance they get money they bury it, so that they may use it in trading after death. After getting a supply of food, they do no work whatever until the supply is ended. They eat any wild creature.

These people do not seem to have any religion, but they have a queer belief in the transmigration of souls. In their country tigers are numerous, and they believe that sometimes their relatives, when they die, become changed into tigers.—Argonaut.

The Bodleian Library.

In size and importance the Bodleian Library at Oxford is the greatest university library in the world, and the greatest library not directly aided by the state. About seven rank above it in the world, but among English speaking peoples only the British Museum. It contains 2,760,000 printed literary pieces in perhaps 800,000 volumes. There are also about 40,000 manuscripts, not counting separate charters and deeds, which number about 18,500. The staff consists of sixty-eight persons. The number of readers averages more than 250 a day.—London Standard.

Obliging Conductor.

The fussy lady had noticed that the rude man sitting beside her on the street car had expectorated on the floor. The fussy lady immediately signaled the conductor, and that official came in to see what was wanted.

"Do you allow spitting in this car?" demanded the fussy lady.

"Well, no," replied the conductor. "But you can come out on the platform if you want to, lady."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Knew His Limitations.

"I don't want to brag about myself. I've done many foolish things in my time, but I've been wise in one way."

"What's that?"

"I never had an idea that I could paper a bedroom myself."—Detroit Free Press.

The Careful Wife.

"Wife, I wish you'd buy me a couple of five cent collar buttons. I need 'em badly."

"All right; just as soon as somebody has a sale."—Kansas City Journal.

Satisfactory.

Mrs. Gabb—Are your new neighbors all right socially?

Mrs. Tabb—Oh, yes—their children stand even lower in their studies than mine do.—Kansas City Star.

Twisted Logic.

Pat—So ye don't expect Miss Mulligan will accept ye? And why not?

Mike—So that she will. It is always the unexpected that happens. Pat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The desire of appearing clever often prevents one becoming so.—Rochester.

LOSSES IN BATTLE.

Men Called "Missing" Are Not Always Dead or Wounded.

In accounts of battles one almost invariably reads of the dead, wounded and "missing." That the latter are not always among the dead or wounded, nor even among the prisoners taken by the enemy, is shown in this extract from General Horace Porter's "Campaigning With Grant."

"We learned something at Skiloh about the way in which reports of losses are sometimes exaggerated in battle. At the close of the first day's fight Sherman met a colonel of one of his regiments with only about a hundred of his soldiers in ranks and said to him: 'Why, where are your men?'

"The colonel cast his eyes sadly along the line, wiped a tear from his cheek and replied in a whispering voice: 'We went in 800 strong and that's all that's left of us.'"

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Sherman, beginning to be deeply affected by the fearful carnage.

"Yes," said the colonel, "the report appeared to have a special significance."

"Sherman passed along some hours afterward when the commissary was issuing rations and found the colonel's men returning on the run from under the bank of the river, where they had taken shelter from the firing, and in a few minutes nearly all of the lost 700 had returned and were boiling coffee and eating a hearty meal with an appetite that showed they were still very much alive."

BABYLON AND NINEVEH.

The Incident That Led Sir Henry Layard to Explore Their Ruins.

The first man to undertake extensive and important explorations among the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh was Sir Henry Layard. It was due to his friendship for a young man who had a great fear of sea-sickness that he was led to begin what was to be his life work. Layard was educated in the law and started for Ceylon to practice his profession.

He was accompanied by another lad, who had a horror of the ocean, and Layard readily agreed when his companion suggested that they make the trip by land across Europe, Asia Minor, Persia and India. It was while on this journey that Layard was inspired with the ambition to delve among the ruins of the ancient cities of Asia.

"When I first beheld the mounds of Nineveh," he wrote, "a great longing came over me to learn what was hidden within them."

He yielded to the desire and largely at his own expense carried on these excavations at Babylon and Nineveh, which were chiefly responsible for the discovery of the lost records and relics of a people who lived 3,000 years ago. Many cities and palaces, including the palace of King Nebuchadnezzar, were unearthed by Layard, and the most valuable treasures in the British Museum serve to commemorate his name and fame.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Parting of the Ways.

It was over, then—the dream. The wife rose unsteadily and put on her hat.

She was weary—wearily to the bone of it all—his threats, his unmanly exactions, his weak, despicable subtleties.

But her eyes were resolute.

"It's no use, Henry," she said bitingly. "I'm going."

At the door she paused—paused with set lips and unspying eyes, while he poured forth a husband's soul in one last anguished appeal.

"Think of me!" he cried desperately. "Think of your father and mine! Think of our son!"

"It's no use, Henry," she repeated wearily, as the door closed. "I shall vote the straight ticket."—Judge.

An Ancient Builder.

Probably the greatest builder the world ever had was Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon from 604 to 561 B. C. There is scarcely a ruin in Babylonia which does not show traces of his work. Nearly everywhere in Mesopotamia and even in Persia are found bricks bearing his name. He delighted in restoring the old temples. He surrounded defenseless cities with walls and moats. He confined the rivers to their courses with huge brick embankments. Shortly before his time Babylon was completely destroyed, but he rebuilt and enlarged the city.

And One to Carry.

The high school freshman was not doing very well with his studies and the principal called him into the office one afternoon to find out what the trouble was.

As a preliminary question he asked: "Er—Ralph, how many subjects are you carrying?"

"Why, I'm carrying one and dragging three, Mr. Buford," was the unexpectedly accurate reply.—Woman's Home Companion.

Warsaw.

Warsaw, the capital of Poland, is the third city of the Russian empire. Beautifully situated on the left bank of the Vistula, it is 700 miles from Petrograd and 400 from Berlin. It is a recognized center of science, art, industry and commerce and has a population of well over half a million.

Soothing.

The professor looked worried.

"I don't think," said he, "that my lecture last night was very much of a success."

"But, think dear," replied his wife, "what a splendid audience you began with."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE TWO CLAIMANTS

By LOUISE R. CUMMINGS

Howard Prower and Hugh Cunningham, two young Englishmen, were in the gold country of Colorado and had been mining there for some time. Howard Prower was a younger son of a nobleman, and Cunningham claimed to be a graduate of Oxford. Besides the fact of their being fellow countrymen, there was a strong resemblance between them. They were nearly the same height and build, and both light complexioned. There was one difference between them, though it was scarcely noticeable. Prower's right eye was of a slightly different shade of blue from his left eye.

But there was a great difference in the character of the two men. Howard Prower was a kind hearted, noble man; Cunningham was a devil. They projected together for a time, agreeing that if one struck paying dirt he would share it with the other. Finally Cunningham dug a hole in the ground for which he was offered a hundred thousand dollars. He had no intention of sharing it with Prower and was deliberating how he could beat him out of his portion when a miner named Howard Prower, and he brother.

Prower was away on a prospecting tour when the letter came. Both men had been away from England for two years. If Prower were out of the way Cunningham might return, claim himself off for the new mine and then appropriate the title and estate. While he was deliberating on this plan word was received that Prower had been attacked by disease, and was dead.

Cunningham went to the place where the fight had occurred and tried to find his friend's body. He was told that a number of persons had been killed in the fight and they had all been buried side by side. He was shown the grave, but saw no reason why he should exhume his friend's body. Returning to his cabin, he opened the letter that had been received and learned that Prower's father and two other brothers had been taken ill and all had died within a period of a few weeks.

A month from that time Cunningham had appeared in England and claimed to be Howard Prower, now Earl of Brocton. There was no one of the family to receive him except a steward of the late earl, who did not doubt that he was her nephew.

No one disputed the identity of the claimant except Lady Gladys Pembroke, the daughter of a neighboring nobleman, who would have been Howard Prower's wife except for his poverty. She had not married him when the heir returned, regarded a happy meeting. To play the part of her lover was more than Cunningham could accomplish, and she at once pronounced him an impostor.

But notwithstanding this assertion, Cunningham established himself as the Earl of Brocton. He had played the part of a peer for four months, when who should appear but the real earl. Prower had been left for dead by those who had joined in his capture. Before they had returned to bury his dead he had crawled away. When he had recovered he looked for his chum, but did not find him. Later he had heard of his father's and brother's death and at once started for England.

When one day Howard Prower walked into his home and met his old friend face to face the latter turned pale.

There was one of two courses which he might choose—step down and give up the claim that the new peer was an impostor. He chose the latter course. He ignored his visitor, saying that he had come to personate the real Howard Prower, but that he would be unable to substantiate his claim.

Prower, angry at such treatment, withdrew and entered suit against the man who had usurped his title and his property. His suit unfortunately adhered to the opinion that Cunningham was her nephew. This left Lady Gladys Pembroke the only witness in Prower's favor, and her evidence was not counted so valuable as that of a member of the claimant's family. Nevertheless, Lady Gladys warmly espoused Howard's cause, and the relations of lovers that had existed before he left for America were resumed.

One witness was found in an old woman who had nursed Howard when he was a baby. But she had never seen him since that time, and her evidence was not considered of much value, especially since in her old age she had lost her eyesight. However, at the trial she was called to the witness stand and testified as follows:

"I have not seen Howard Prower since he was a baby, when I used to give him his bath and wash him in his perambulator, but if I could see plainly now as then I would know him; for I noticed on him a defect I have never seen in any one else. His eyes were of a different shade of blue."

The two claimants were at once examined carefully. Nearly all the examiners pronounced that the blue of Howard's right eye was slightly lighter than that of his left.

This settled the case definitely, and he was adjudged to be the Earl of Brocton. He married Lady Gladys. Cunningham was sent to prison for a term of years for making false pretenses.

AN OLD DUTCH LEGEND.

How a Dutchman Found the Remains of a Shipwrecked Ship.

An old sailor in the winter near the bank of the Rhine, in Holland, which was frequently visited by the Dutch, was one day working by mechanical means, when he came to strike the ball at every hour and a half with a beam.

Just as he was about to strike the ball during the winter season with the beam, he struck a hard object, which he took to be a stone. On the next day he was at the same place, and he struck a second time, and he took it to be a stone.

When the next day he was at the same place, he struck a third time, and he took it to be a stone. He was so struck by the fact that he decided to dig down to see what was under the ball.

He dug down to the depth of about six feet, and he found a large quantity of iron, which he took to be the remains of a shipwrecked ship.

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Caesar's Plan for the Invasion of Old Prussia.

On the 17th of August, 1756, died one of the most remarkable sovereigns Europe ever produced, Frederick II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.

The man is not of godlike physique, money any more than of imposing stature or costume. Close shaven mouth, with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of large form and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man, but by all appearances, what is called a happy.

On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are burned; of much hard labor done in this world and seems to anticipate but money still coming. Only seldom, capable enough of that joy which was, but not supporting any with a great pride tempered with a cheery melody of humor—was written in that old face, which carried forth the old man in spite of the slight decay of the neck; sawy hair, faded eyes, and the air under his old coat, but—his old manly face on the whole, had such a pair of eyes as no man or woman of that century had elsewhere.

This is the man who, among the greatest people who ever lived and whom he had not had contempt in that instance.

Born to Fighting.

Monsieur began fighting. Caesar founded it as a camp and a short time later Cicero's brother sustained a slight by Ambrosius. In most famous sieges was in 1072, delivered by Frederick of Toledo, one of the distinguished generals of Alba. The siege lasted from the end of June to the middle of September; parties and riellet were vain; the town capitulated under the most honorable conditions. In 1097 the Marquis de Luxembourg attacked the town, inflicted great damage and forced surrender. In 1708 Marlborough and Prince Eugene attacked and carried the town after a siege of 126 days. In 1746 the Prince de Conti laid successful siege. In 1762 Mons was the first fruit of the republican victory at Jemappes, and in 1794 the Austrians were subjected to a crushing defeat.—New York Sun.

The Rose of Sharon.

In Asia the rose of Sharon is considered the emblem of resurrection. Throughout Syria, Judea and Arabia it is regarded with the profoundest reverence. The leaves that encircle the blossoms dry and close together when the season of blooming is over, and the stalk, withering completely and drying in the shape of a ball, is carried by the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over the sandy deserts until, touching some moist place, it clings to the soil, where it immediately takes fresh root and springs to life, and beauty again.—London Mail.

That Explained It.

"I say, I have just come from my landlord's, and—would you believe it?—I had the greatest difficulty in the world to get him to accept a little money from me."

"Nonsense! And why, pray?"

"Well, because he wanted a lot!"—Liverpool Mercury.

Russian Tipples.

A popular drink among the peasants of Russia is called quassa. It is made by pouring warm water over rye or barley meal. It is a fermented liquor and is very sour, but has been used for years by these poverty stricken people.—Liverpool Mercury.

Widow's Cap.

The widow's cap is a kind of hat made of white muslin. It is worn by widows and is a symbol of their grief.

When the Water Came.

"Were you ringing the bell, when I asked the waiter of the restaurant who had been busy with the bell he had broken?"

"Ringing it, man?" asked the waiter.

"I have been telling it, I thought you were dead."

Queer Warning.

In an English village an old man was warned against using the well for domestic purposes unless previously boiled.

Lesson.

"Edith, is that young man you called the landlady a nice fellow?"

"Yes, completely. He is the nicest I ever met."—Michigan Argus.

According to Green's Anatomy, there are seven green veins in the body, and they are all in the feet.

It is said that the first man who ever walked on the moon was a Frenchman.

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