

TRAGEDY OF THE DEEP SEA

Old Aaron Bensen, Sailmaker of Bark Friedig, Fell Dead as He Talked of Christmas in Port.

Two barks flying the flag of Norway sailed into the office of Stapleton, dropped anchor and shook out their top-gallant sails to dry. One was the little Friedig, coffee carrier from Java and Sumatra, and the other the Fortuna from Madagascar.

In the last days of November the Friedig found herself 250 miles to the north-westward of Bermuda, with the pleasant prospect of celebrating Christmas in New York. This was especially pleasing to old Aaron Bensen, the sailmaker, who said: "At New York I shall have letters from the wife and my two boys." The sailmaker's home was in Grimstad, Norway.

At this point in her trip the Friedig had to head to the winds, which came stronger and stronger. They grew into heavy gales, which rolled over the deeply laden coffee carrier day after day.

On the third day of the gale old Aaron, at mess with his shipmates in the fore-cabin, was smoking his pipe, and said: "Yes, before Christmas we shall be in New York, and then I shall get my mail from Grimstad, and there will be some gifts from the wife and the boys."

As he uttered the words he fell off the bench dead.

He was buried at sea next day while the ship was still rolling and taking the heave of green and white over her. The captain read the Lutheran service while the crew hung onto lifelines. —New York World.

SIGNBOARDS ON THE SHOPS

Rich Display of Painted and Sculptured Emblems Relieved Mean Appearance of Old Boston's Streets.

The mean appearance of the houses of old Boston (1784) was, to some extent, relieved by the rich display of painted and sculptured signs which adorned the front of the taverns and stores. The numbering of shops and houses had not come into fashion, and every business street was an endless succession of golden balls, of blue globes, of crowns and scepters, dogs and railroads, elephants and horse-shoes. They served sometimes as advertisements of the business, sometimes merely as designations of the shops which were indicated popularly and in the newspapers by their signs.

The custom still lingers among the glovemakers, bootmakers, opticians, furriers and barbers. But we are accustomed now to regard the sign as bearing a direct relation to the character of the business it advertises. We should never seek for eyeglasses in a shop over whose entrance hangs a gilt boot, nor inquire for gloves in a shop before whose door stands an Indian in war paint and feathers. One hundred years ago no such relation was understood to exist and it was not thought remarkable that Phillip Freeman should keep his famous book store at the famous "Blue Globe" on Union street.—From McMaster's History of the American People.

Love Your Enemies.

There is an injunction in the Bible that is often laughed at, and that is, "Love your enemies." It is thought to be so impracticable and transcendental as to be beyond the very dream of human nature. And yet, there is no axiom sounder than that injunction. It is the very logic of good sense. Think over the fruits of hatred and see if there is one that you like. Think over the fruits of love and see if you don't like them all. The power of love is as definite and calculable as the power of steam or of electricity.

An argument based on hatred is never an argument. One can never hold a correct opinion of another unless he loves him. He can never see the truth through the eyes of hate. He might as well try to see the white light through a green glass. Love is not simply a good-goody sentiment; it is a reality as big as the atmosphere or the sun. What there is of it, our civilization is based on. If we lose it, humanity would disappear like the pythons and megatheriums of old.

Old Custom Maintained.

One of the peculiarities of the average Englishman is that he loves to perpetuate the quaint customs of his forefathers. The will has just been proved at £144,631 of Sir Henry Tichborne, of Tichborne Park, Hants, over whose succession to the Tichborne estates and title the famous Tichborne case was fought. A curious provision in the will is that in which Sir Henry desired that the family custom should be continued of distributing a small silver coin to every person present at the funeral of a member of the family, one coin for every year of age deceased. The custom also includes the distribution of 54 quarters loaves to the poor of the district.

Parisian Chief of Festivities.

The Indian potentate, the Maharajah of Kapurthala, who married a beautiful Spanish dancing girl and is the most Parisian of the Eastern princes, has invited Andre de Fouquieres to direct the grand court ball the Maharajah will give in his capital for the wedding of his son with an Indian princess. Fouquieres has accepted this invitation and he will lead the cotillon. This will be the longest journey the famous Parisian Beau Brummel has undertaken for such a purpose.

OSTRICHES ON GERMAN FARM

Hagenbeck Tries Experiment Which Proves Success—Birds Sheltered Only From Wind.

Berlin.—In Hamburg, a town which experiences a cold winter, the breeding of a tropical bird such as the ostrich has just proved to be not only possible, but profitable.

In the course of a tour of the German zoological gardens Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, secretary of the British Zoological society, has just paid a visit to Carl Hagenbeck's ostrich farm at Hamburg, in company with Seth Smith, the zoo's curator of birds.

"This ostrich farm," said Dr. Mitchell, "is undoubtedly the most remarkable zoological experiment of modern times. Mr. Hagenbeck went to the experienced manager of an ostrich farm, and engaged him to start a farm. 'Where is it to be?' asked the expert. 'In Hamburg,' was the reply. The astonished manager, though polite, almost hinted his doubts of Mr. Hagenbeck's sanity."

However, the farm was started on some bleak flat fields—eight or nine acres in all—fenced into separate paddocks and stocked with eighty or ninety birds. The fields were sown with lucerne, on which the birds fed freely, and their diet was supplemented with crushed bones, boiled maza, etc.

In the center is a big shed, in which the birds feed and shelter, but the doors and windows remain open. This shed is carpeted with peat moss and is divided into small "cubicles."

A great incubator hatches the eggs, taking the place of the tropical sun, and the young birds run about on a miniature Sahara of sand.

"When we saw the farm," said Dr. Mitchell, "there were forty or fifty young birds, some nearly full grown, and all bred at Hamburg. There was a fine show of feathers, for which good prices could be obtained. The whole farm was a most eloquent sermon on the value of fresh air as opposed to mere heat."

Dr. Mitchell said he saw no reason why equally good results should not be possible in other countries.

"You must have an experienced manager," he said, "a dry, sandy soil, in a spot preferably sheltered on the north and east, and then there is no reason why an ostrich farm should not be made to pay."

COLD FINE HAIR RESTORER

Explorer Shackleton Asserts Trip to Polar Regions is Best Remedy—Germs Absent.

London.—If you would have a good crop of hair—go to the Polar regions. Extreme cold, it appears, is one of the remedies for strengthening hair.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer, said: "All of the men who went with me on the South Pole expedition, with one or two exceptions, possessed stronger crops of hair on their return to civilization."

"Extreme cold strengthens one's hair."

"As our party approached nearer the South Pole our hair grew more slowly, but became thicker and stronger."

A well-known London doctor said that one reason why one's hair would grow quicker in the Antarctic was the total absence of germs and other impurities which abound in all civilized countries.

An official of a London cold storage company said that they had not a bald-headed man in their employment.

The men work all day in a temperature of 20 degrees of frost, and the cold undoubtedly makes their hair thicker.

HISTORIC TABLE IS LOANED

Institute of Architects Use One on Which Ghent Treaty Was Signed in 1812.

San Francisco.—Members of the American Institute of Architects who attended the recent annual convention held in this city sat at the table upon which was signed the treaty of Ghent, ending the war of 1812 with England.

The table became the property of President James Madison after the signing of the treaty and was placed in his office at the original White House. The White House was burned soon after and the table was one of the few pieces of furniture rescued.

President Madison moved his executive office and the table to Octagon House, in Washington. Octagon House is now the home of the Institute of Architects, but the table has had a vagabond career and has come into the possession of Mrs. And Voorhies of this city. She loaned it to the architects for the conference.

Wagner Autobiography.

Berlin.—The publication of an autobiography of Richard Wagner, the consistency of which has been a matter of doubt, is announced for May 1. In a preface the composer authenticates the manuscript, which was dictated to his wife, and directs that it remain unpublished until some time after his death in order that others mentioned therein shall not be embarrassed.

Drank 218,000,000 Typhoid Germs.

London.—The director of water examination to the metropolitan water board states, in his sixth report, that during his tests he drank half a pint of Thames water, containing 218,000,000 typhoid bacilli, without any evil effects.

EVEN JULES VERNE A PIKER

"Around the World in Eighty Days" is Merely a Trip for an Invalid Now.

When I was a boy "Around the World in Eighty Days" was still a brilliant piece of imaginative fiction. Now that is almost an invalid's pace. It will not be very long before a man will be able to go around the world if he wishes to do so ten times in a year. Briefly, the ties that bind men to place are being severed; we are in the beginning of a new phase in human experience.

Now, the really wonderful thing in this development of cheap, abundant, swift locomotion we have seen in the last 70 years, the development of which Mauretania, aeroplane, mile-a-minute express, omnibus tubes and motor cars are just the bright remarkable points, is this—that it dissolves almost all the reason and necessity why men should go on living permanently in any one place or rigidly disciplined to one set of conditions.

We are off the chain of locality for good. It was once necessary for a man to live in immediate contact with his occupation, because the only way for him to reach it was to have it at his door. Now he may live 20 or 30 miles away from his occupation, and it often pays him to spend the small amount of time and money needed to move—it may be half way round the world—to healthier conditions or more profitable employment.—H. S. Wells in New York World.

SYMPATHY OF KING EDWARD

Story of His Visit to a Sick Officer Who Wanted to Hear Monarch's Voice Once More.

Lord Burnham, speaking at a meeting to consider the question of a memorial to King Edward in Windsor, told the following story:

Not long before the King's death there lay in King Edward's hospital for officers, an officer who it was thought could not survive a serious operation. The king was coming to the hospital to pay one of his quiet visits and the patient, who heard that he was expected and was almost too weak to speak, said it would be a great happiness to him if he could hear his voice. He asked Sister Agnes, the manager, if it would be possible for her to talk to King Edward outside the open door.

Sister Agnes said she would try to do what he wished, and having in due course led the king there she told him what her purpose had been. In a moment King Edward went through the door to the bedside of the sick man, held his hand for a long time and spoke to him words of sympathy and counsel. When he had finally said good-bye he walked slowly to the window and looked out upon—well, he looked out upon nothing, for tears were rolling down his cheeks. He then silently left the room.

A Bride in the Suburbs.

They were very young and very happy and very foolish, and very newly wed. And they kept a kitchen garden. "Angelina, darling," said the youthful husband, "as I was passing through the garden I saw some asparagus ready for cooking. Perhaps you'd like to go and gather the first fruit of the season yourself?"

She would love to, but she wasn't expert in horticulture, and she didn't want to "let on." If she went alone, she might commit some egregious blunder.

"I tell you what, Edwin," exclaimed the girl wife enthusiastically, "we'll go out together. You shall pluck it, and I will hold the ladder!"—Suburban Life.

The Man and the Likeness.

The obstinate refusal of the everyday man to sit for his picture is almost humorous in its dogged sincerity. And right here, it might not be out of place to state that the brusque, good-natured modesty of man on these lines is a thousand times more sincere and heartfelt than the very evident demureness of the more comely sex. But think a moment, men. The portrait may not mean much now, but in years to come, after the lines and shadows have deepened, perhaps it will make your heart young to look upon a faithful likeness of yourself when you were a debonaire, dashing young sapling. And, no doubt, even at present, there are a score of dear ones who would give much to possess your picture.

Criterion of Character.

The truest criterion of a man's character and conduct is invariably to be found in the opinion of his own family circle, who, having daily and hourly opportunities of forming a judgment of him, will not fall in doing so. It is a far higher testimony in his favor for him to secure the esteem and love of a few individuals within the privacy of his own home than the good opinion of hundreds in his immediate neighborhood, or that of ten times the number residing at a distance.

Evening It Up With Edna.

Nat Goodwin was observed intently watching a billboard in Broadway the other day. He watched for so long a time that a friend tapped him on the shoulder and asked: "I have watched that same billboard and I fall to see anything on it that should excite your profound interest." "Oh, you don't? Well, look again." And as he spoke his index finger indicated an advertisement which in large letters read, "Goodrich Tires."

AIRSHIPS TO SCARE NATIVES

That is the Plan of the Author of Bill Now Before French Chamber of Deputies.

Paris.—A project for the use of aeroplanes with which to frighten the natives of the French colonies in Africa into submission has been introduced in the chamber of deputies in the form of a bill providing for an appropriation of \$80,000 for "colonial military aviation." It seems probable that the measure will be passed in view of the recent defeat of the French by the tribesmen of Onadai, when Colonel Moll, commander of the French forces, was among the slain. Deputy Gasparin, who is a strong advocate of the plan, said today:

"Would the sad events at Onadai have happened if Colonel Moll had at his disposition a few aeroplanes? Perhaps not. Anyway, in the desert regions, where the means of transportation are very meager, the aeroplane could be used to carry orders. Certainly the sight of a great white-winged albatross sailing overhead would be sufficient to inspire the natives with a salutary fear and tend to calm their warlike feelings. They would understand that they had no chance against the power of France and would submit to its domination loyally."

"Yes, there should be aeroplanes not only in West Africa but also in Indo-China, the Congo and Madagascar. The last named country offers superior conditions for experiments. The inhabitants have long demanded a railway connecting Tananarivo with the west coast. Instead of devoting immense sums to this work and burdening the colony with heavy debts, why not consider an aeroplane service? I understand that M. Picque, governor of the island, is actually studying the question of using aeroplanes for carrying the mails. Undoubtedly French prestige will be tremendously increased when the natives behold the first aeroplane skimming over the capital of Madagascar."

WILD DEER CHASE IN TOWNS

Inhabitants of Delaware County, Pennsylvania, Given Most Exciting Experience.

Chester, Pa.—An unexpected deer hunt took place in Delaware county, and the huntsmen who participated in it say they had the chase of their lives. It is the first hunt of its character that ever took place here.

John F. Yarnall, formerly the leading "whip" for the Lima Fox Hunting club, went out with several friends for the purpose of shooting the hounds for the fox hunting season. The hounds had several brushes with sly Reynard, and on the George Wood farm, at Wawa, in Middletown township, in clear view of the riders, a half-grown deer jumped in front of the pack.

For a time it was bewildered, and at the baying of the dogs it evidently scented trouble, for the fleet-footed animal and its pursuers started at a fierce pace across the country. The chase led up into Aston township along the Baltimore Central railroad. The hounds were gaining fast on the deer, and the riders were doing their best to keep the hounds back.

The deer was pressed so hard that it took to the underbrush in the Chester Heights camp meeting woods. The riders and hounds were quick to follow, and it was not long before the deer got out into the open and made its way past Chester Heights on into Conrad township, and as darkness came on the deer was lost in Upper Chichester township, going directly toward the Delaware river.

Mr. Yarnall says that it is the first wild deer he ever saw in this county. He and the other huntsmen are at a loss to know where the deer came from, or how it came to be in this section. The huntsmen say that the deer was almost white.

SAYS NO STORK AFTER 2015

Then Only Babies That Come Will Be Imported, Declares Cornell University "Prof."

St. Louis.—There will be no children in the United States under five years of age in the year 2015. Babies accordingly will have disappeared from this country as early as 2015. This is the mathematical conclusion of Prof. Walter S. Willcox of Cornell university, after exhaustive study and comparison of the birth rate during the last century.

Professor Willcox addressed his associates in the American Statistical association on the subject of "Comparative Fecundity in the United States and France." The only possibility of seeing babies in the United States after 2015, according to Professor Willcox's calculation, is through importation from France. France, he says, will continue to have babies 80 years after the United States has quit.

An endorsement for the stork was recommended to the association by George E. Howard, professor of sociology in the University of Nebraska. In an address on "The Social Control of Domestic Relations," he declared the state should endorse mothers.

Manicure Parlor in School.

Minneapolis, Minn.—A manicure parlor is the latest addition to the appointments of the shower bathroom in the Blaine public school. By order of the building committee of the board of education one corner of the bathroom will be partitioned off and will be used for manicuring purposes.

SYMBOLS MARK IRISH CHILD

Cross in Red and Letters "I. H. S." Found on Girl's Arm After Dream—Bled Freely.

Mayo, Ireland.—An extraordinary story of a child marked by the symbols of the Passion in Kiltimagh, County Mayo, is told by a representative of the News of this city.

A girl, aged thirteen, has been a boarder in the convent for the past three or four years. She is described as a docile, affectionate child, and is a great favorite with the nuns. About three weeks ago one of the sisters heard this child screaming during the night, and when she questioned her the girl told her she had a fearful dream, in which she saw Christ on the cross and a soldier driving a lance into his side. The nun comforted the child, who fell asleep.

In the morning the child complained that her wrist and arm were sore. On examination it was found that her forearm was marked with a cross in red. Underneath the cross were the letters "I. H. S." A few days later there appeared below the letters a crown of thorns. Two or three days later there appeared above the cross, and surrounded by a scroll, the letters "I. N. R. I." A few days subsequently there appeared beneath the crown of thorns a chalice surmounted by a host sending forth radiations in red, and after the same period there appeared a flower-shaped drawing, near which was written the word "Lily."

The marks extend from the wrist to the upper arm, and have been examined by Father O'Hara, P. P., Kiltimagh; Dr. Madden, Kiltimagh, and by many others, including several Protestants.

A remarkable feature of the occurrence is that the stigmata bled copiously. A careful inquiry is being instituted by the religious authorities, who, while admitting the strikingly wonderful nature of the phenomenon, refrain at present from any expression of opinion as to its origin.

The evidence in proof of the occurrence is said to be of the clearest and most indisputable kind. Dr. Madden and other gentlemen who have seen the marks are quite positive that they are not self-inflicted.

FAN EMPTIES A COURT ROOM

Fresh Air Loving Jurist in New York Allows Bald-Headed Juror to Keep Hat On.

New York.—Supreme Court Justice James W. Gerard has designed an electric ventilator. He has been shifting it from one court room to another, where he is called to preside.

The ventilator consists of a small electric fan set in a piece of board, with a hole in the middle to let the fan revolve. The board can be fitted to any window. The fan is set in motion by attaching an electric light wire to any electric chandelier.

Justice Gerard was presiding over part V the other day, the first blizzardily day this season. He had his fan working at a mile-a-minute clip and seemed to enjoy the refreshing breeze. Clerk Brady of this part of the court, sat slapping his hands to keep them warm. A bald-headed stenographer, who had entered the room and noted the cold draught, quickly excused himself and sent in another stenographer who had a thick mop of hair.

Soon a juror, who was in the line of the fan's operations, arose in the jury box.

"Your honor," he said, "I'm very susceptible to colds and I haven't any hat on here."

"You may put one on that," the court remarked. The juror promptly donned his headgear and sat the rest of the session with his hat on.

During the afternoon session the little electric ventilator was shifted to another window. This time the cooling current of air swept the seats that were occupied by the spectators. Within fifteen minutes after the fresh air struck the visitors' benches there was no one on them to enjoy the fresh air.

LIQUID NERVES ARE FOUND

New Discovery With Regard to Phenomena of Sense of Sight Announced by Scientists.

Manchester.—A new discovery with regard to the phenomena of the sense of sight has been announced by Dr. F. W. Edridge-Green, an eminent authority in visual research. He has found by an interesting series of experiments and tests that the process of vision is not the simple transmission by the optic nerve to the brain of objects photographed on the retina.

The discovery, in non-technical language, amounts to this: In front of the retina there is a small chamber or sac of clear liquid which is in constant motion of currents or eddies. Doctor Green finds that this liquid itself contains distinct perceptive nerve power which plays an important part in conveying impressions to the brain.

In other words, this wonderful liquid contains liquid nerves, so to speak, which transmit to the understanding a considerable part of the impression it receives of color, form, etc.

Meat Shipments Large.

Sidney, N. S. W.—Shipments of frozen Australian mutton during 1909 amounted to 1,632,042 carcasses, an increase of 850,438 carcasses on the preceding year. Ninety-two per cent. of the mutton was sent to the United Kingdom.

OLD SPAIN IN CALIFORNIA

King's Highway Created When Colonies Were Struggling for Liberty Still Stands.

It is not a highway in Spain—this Camino Real—that I mean to follow, but a highway in our own land, Spanish as any in Iberia, a road of infinite variety, long enough to traverse that peninsula, and running, as if it could there, from the desert wastes of mountain plateaus to the orange groves and palm-trees of soft lands of sunshine.

While our patriot fathers were struggling for their liberty along our eastern seaboard, an old padre—"el infatigable operario de la Vina del Senor," as his friend and companion called him—was establishing his missions along our western coast. His chain of churches, when completed, was linked by this road, known to the Spaniard as El Camino Real, the king's highway—the only road marked by DuRoi de Maufrais on his map of upper California, published in Paris just two years before the American occupation. It still remains the lonely highway that it always was, the only road connecting the old missions—a mere long scratch upon the bare brown hills that skirt the sea.

The sole part of California that the Spanish exploited was the portion included in these Coast Range mountains. De Maufrais on his map marking the great interior valleys only with the generic legend: "This country is even more beautiful than the inhabited portion of California; its climate is milder, it offers fertile fields, superb forests for lumber and vast prairies where grass herds of deer, antelope and wild horses."

The coming of the gringos changed all this. Mining, agriculture, lumbering, interested him far more than stock raising and the breeding of fine horses on the hill slopes by the sea. Consequently the trend of travel moved inland, down the fertile river valleys. The Camino Real, since so little traveled and so little known, has thus retained its Spanish character more, I think, than any other portion of the state.—Ernest Plexotto, in Scribner's Magazine.

THE JOYS OF THE HAIRLESS

Young Man Without Hair is the Happiest, Declares a Well-Known Doctor.

There is hope and comfort for the bald-headed man. His baldness is not a disfigurement, but a positive charm—to a pretty woman's eyes.

That at least is the theory of a well-known doctor who has had ample opportunities of studying human nature.

Just when a man is beginning to notice with anxiety the ever-increasing patch of baldness on his head that appears to be the time when he is entering into the happiest period of his life. For he then stands higher in the opinion of the fair sex than he ever did before. His character undergoes a subtle and indefinable change.

"It is difficult to give an exact reason why the bald-headed man is so well liked by women," he said, "but in my experience the fact is indisputable."

"I am referring, of course, to the man between thirty and fifty-five years of age, who is prematurely bald, not to the elderly bald-headed man."

"For various reasons, either through some malady of the scalp or the constant pressure of a silk hat, a man loses his hair."

"At first he does not notice it, and then, one day, looking in the glass, he is horrified to find he is rapidly growing bald. Almost immediately his outlook on life alters—he becomes more sedate, more trustworthy, as it were."

"An eminent psychologist has said that the external appearance of a man inevitably alters his interior character."

Danger Ahead.

Because the motorman would not heed their expostulations, but kept the car jerking along within bumping distance of the back of the slow-moving wagon which bore a "Danger" sign, half the passengers got off rather than take chances on being blown up in the explosion that was sure to result from the apparently inevitable collision. Out of respect for their determination to save life and limb even at the cost of another cartage, the motorman stopped the car and asked if they were willing to give him another trial on his promise to drive cautiously.

They were, and piled into the car. Two minutes later the dangerous wagon pulled off the tracks and allowed them to pass. Then they saw for the first time the name of the combustible material that had driven them into a frenzy of fear. The wagon was an ice wagon.—New York Times.

Dosed by Strategy.

A famous actor would never take medicine; and his medical man was often obliged to resort to stratagem to impose a dose upon him. There is a play in which the hero is sentenced to drink a cup of poison. The actor in question was playing this character one night, and had given directions to have the cup filled with port wine; but when he came to drink it, what was his horror to find it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his persecutors he had drained every drop of it. Our hero drank the medicine; but he never forgave his medical man, as was proved at his death, for he died without paying his bill.