

AN ATLANTIC STORM.

Vivid Sea Pictures of Storms That Terrify Landmen, But Do Not Disturb Sailors.

The wind changes from south to possibly southeast. The officer in charge shakes his head as he looks at the barometer falling. Down, down goes the barometer and the whistle calls the messenger, who knocks at the captain's cabin door with "Mr. wanted me to tell you, sir, as how he thinks we may have a nasty blow," says a writer in the Home Magazine. The wind is coming up. Does this feaze the captain? Not much. He puts on his big boots, wraps his woolen comforter around his neck and goes on the bridge. Perhaps he never says a word during the whole trouble and the officer directs everything, as usual—but he is there, and when he gets there he takes the responsibility for everything, and Mr. may feel a little easier. The wind picks up from a stiff breeze to a moderate gale, then to a gale (50 miles an hour), then to a hurricane (65 to 75 miles an hour). It howls so a man must about to be heard ten feet away. It blows strips of paint off the funnel and deckhouses. The crests of the sea are whirled into spray and the sides of the waves furrowed with little ones. A man cannot stand against it without clinging with both hands to some support, and a seaman ordered to make fast some ropes on the deck is blown against the rigging and held there for ten minutes.

Finally he manages to creep on hands and knees to the shelter of a deckhouse. The air is so full of spray that it seems as if a heavy rain were falling. The waves roll higher and higher. In an hour they are ten feet from trough to top and in three hours are nearly on a level with the first deck below the bridge. An hour later they are rushing from the southeast 40 feet—careful measurement—from trough to crest. The clouds are rushing over his such masses as to almost touch the ship. "Stop the engines and let her drift," comes from the captain. "Clang!" goes the gong and the propeller, which has been half the time in the water and half the time beating the air as a wave lifted it, ceases its revolutions and gradually the great hull swings broadside to the sea. Then begins a battle royal between the handiwork of man and the elements. The best artisans constructed the former out of the best steel in Britain's most noted shipyard. Every bolt was screwed home and every rivet clinched tight. The ship begins to roll from side to side. The seas lift this 10,000 tons of weight so that a third of the bottom is entirely out of water, then let her down with a thud that makes her tremble, but never flinch. Up and down she goes, the deck-slides playing see-saw with each other. First one will be high above the water. Then it goes down. The waves seem to grow higher and higher, and as the bulwark is within a few inches of the foaming water you look up and up at a liquid mountain, green-topped with white. It seems hundreds of feet high, but you are looking obliquely and thus the distance is magnified.

It is a sight never to be forgotten, and few care to see it a second time, as they cling to whatever support offers itself to keep themselves from being washed into the water or thrown against the upper works. Miniature whirlwinds branching off from the hurricane twist the spray into little water-sprouts, whirling them over the decks, up the masts and drenching the man in the crew's nest. Farther and farther rolls the vessel, until the foaming water runs along among the cattle, washing through the compartments and soaking them to the knees. But it is a healthy bath.

Is there any danger? None so far. The green hand might expect that every minute the hull would turn completely over, but that is simply impossible. Now the reason for trimming the cargo properly is seen. It acts like a foundation in holding the ship. The cook's department cannot be trimmed and suddenly the kettles, pans and dishes start for the door in an avalanche, as the deck tips more than usual, accompanied by a flow of "cuss words" from the chef.

For six hours the roar of the wind continues with scarcely a second's intermission. Then it lulls a bit and the sky lightens a trifle. This is the beginning of the end, but for two hours longer it continues before the lulls become more frequent. Finally the engine starts again and the vessel is headed on her course, victorious at every point. She has not shipped a sea. Not a wave has rolled over her, and not a gallon of water has entered her hold. Finally the captain comes down and changes his clothes. "Yes, it was quite a blow," he says, lighting his pipe. What the captain does has been a mystery until now. He seems to write a little, smoke considerably, take a nap in the afternoon and have plenty of time to be sociable, but does he draw his pay merely for this? No, it is for being in the right place and doing the right thing at the right time.

Civilized Crow Indians.

It will surprise most readers of the Chronicle that one tribe of Indians has arrived at such a grade of civilization as to make contracts with the national government. The Crows, of Montana, have entered into a contract to supply the Cheyennes with flour. The Crows have constructed a system of irrigation for their farms and have a good flour mill at the agency, while they are building another at a distant part of the reservation. They have sold much farm produce annually for several years to buyers in the surrounding country, and many cattle and horses. They are rich in farms and stock and herds, but this is the first time a government contract was ever led to a "blanket Indian" of the mountains. Chicago Chronicle.

A BRILLIANT VICTORY

Result of Sham Battle in Maneuvers of British Fleet.

Lord Berezford by Strategy and Dash Proves Inefficiency of Torpedo Boat—Fleet of These Boats Failed to Keep Him in Harbor.

Lord Charles Berezford has amazed the naval world by the brilliant strategy by which he won the sham battle in the recent maneuvers of the British fleet in the Mediterranean. His tactics have been pronounced the cleverest in naval annals. The fleet was divided into two parts, says the London correspondent of the New York Journal and Advertiser. Berezford in command of one and Admiral Fisher of the other. Berezford was blockaded in the port of Mytilene by torpedo boats and Fisher's fleet was hovering about and lying in wait outside.

Berezford's task was to coat his fleet, get out of the harbor and attack Fisher. It should be remembered that Lord Charles has never been an enthusiast on the subject of the torpedo boat.

By putting lights on launches so as to make them resemble ships in the darkness he decoyed the torpedo boats away on a false trail and, with every light out on his own warships he slipped away to sea, with not a vessel touched.

Having done this, he misled Fisher's scouts by false signals and caught the hostile fleet entirely unprepared off the island of Lemnos.

Fisher's squadron was steaming in parallel columns and Berezford maneuvered his ships so skillfully that the admiral had no opportunity to change this formation or to do anything but clear decks for instant action.

Berezford ran his ships in single file right in between the lines, enabling him to fight with both broadsides, while each of Fisher's vessels could use but one.

The victory was so complete and overwhelming that the umpires awarded it on the spot to the dashing hero of the Alexandria bombardment, who ran the Condor in sight under the guns of the Egyptian fort and battered it to atoms at close range.

Berezford's daring seamanship and resourceful tricks in these maneuvers are a startling contrast to the old methods, and stamp him as the cleverest commander in the British navy.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

The Story Told by the Imports of Raw Materials and the Exports of the Finished Article.

The activity of American manufacturers is illustrated by the statistics of the imports of manufacturers' materials and exports of manufactured goods which have just been made public by the treasury bureau of statistics. In the eight months ending with August, 1960, imports of raw materials for use in manufacturing amounted in round numbers to \$200,000,000, against a little over \$100,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1896, and the exports of manufactured goods were \$304,000,000, against \$183,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1896. Thus in both importation of raw materials for use in manufacturing and in exportation of the finished product the figures of the present year are nearly double those of 1896.

The total imports of the eight months just ended exceed by \$93,000,000 the imports of the corresponding months of 1896, while the single item of manufacturers' materials itself shows an increase of \$87,000,000. Raw materials for use in manufacturing formed in the eight months of 1896 but 23 1/2 per cent. of the total imports, while in the corresponding eight months of 1960 they formed 35.2 per cent. Manufacturers formed in the eight months of 1896 28.7 per cent. of the total exports, and in eight months of 1960 formed 33.8 per cent. In 1896 the average importation of manufacturers' materials was \$13,500,000 per month, and in 1960 it is \$25,000,000 per month.

HAD TOOTH IN HIS LUNG.

Charles Jackson at Last Gets Rid of a Molar That Was Killing Him.

Charles Jackson, 38 years old, residing at Ridge and Shawmont avenue, Roxborough, Pa., has the distinction of having carried a broken tooth in his left lung for over six months. He was not aware of the fact until the other morning, when he was seized with a hemorrhage and the tooth was dislodged. During the six months he coughed almost constantly. Physicians told him he had quick consumption. From 160 pounds his weight fell to 92 pounds until at last he was unable to provide for his family, so weak was he from the strange sickness.

Last April Jackson went to a dentist in New York in order to have two molars removed. During the operation he struggled violently, one of the teeth having broken, and he swallowed it. After the tooth was expelled he ate the first square meal that he has partaken of since last April, his diet during his illness consisting of cereals and milk. The tooth is about a quarter of an inch long.

Forgot His Language in Jail. A Cherokee Indian, after having been in the penitentiary five years, returned to his tribe, but he had forgotten their language.

MAKES LUCKY STRIKE

How a Russian Immigrant Got a Free Ride and Dinner.

New York Express Train Strikes Him and He Takes an Involuntary Bath in the Hudson—The Rest Followed.

Edward Sikki, who came from Russia, had had too many hard knocks seeking a fortune in America to let a little thing like a flying express train with which he collided get any the best of the collision. Sikki, bound to New York from Ohio on foot, meaning to take the first steamship for Russia, got in the way of a New York Central flyer the other day some miles above Fishkill Landing, and the engine raised him high in the air and tossed him into the Hudson river, a distance of 20 feet.

The engineer of the express train reversed the lever, bringing the train to a stop so suddenly that the passengers were shaken up. The engineer and conductor jumped from the train and ran back, expecting to find a dead man. No mangled form was in sight, but a man swimming calmly to the shore said he had suffered some inconvenience and delay on his homeward trip. The man climbed up the embankment, rubbed a scratch on his head, gave his name as Edward Sikki and asked what the railroad company was going to do about it.

"We'll take you to Fishkill Landing and put you in a hospital," the conductor answered.

Sikki saw the chance for a free ride and accepted the compromise. He got into the baggage car and was carried as far as Fishkill Landing.

"You had better go to the hospital," was suggested by the conductor.

Sikki saw the chance for a free meal and again he was agreeable. At the hospital it was discovered he was not hurt. He was hungry, however, and food was given him. Refreshed by the food and rest, Sikki decided that he had stopped long enough and been fully repaid for the collision with the express train, so he started out on foot for New York. He does not regard his collision with the train as seriously as he does the ducking.

EAT NO COOKED FOOD.

Users of Raw Diet Organize—Lentivacy and Freedom from Disease Promised.

Twenty-three men and women, pledging themselves to eat no food that has been cooked, constitute the Chicago Raw Food Society, organized at the Grand Central Passenger hotel the other night, with B. Tyler as president. It was decided to try to bring about the organization of kindred societies throughout the United States.

Mr. Tyler, in addressing the meeting, said:

"No oak ever grew from a burned acorn; parched corn will never sprout when planted; roasted chestnuts never produced a chestnut tree, nor were peanuts ever grown from planting roasted peanuts. All that is life-giving in anything is destroyed by fire. It was never intended that man should eat food that has been cooked; that he should take into his system dead cells to replace the worn-out cells cast off by the body."

Prof. Tyler said that it was from reading Darwin that the idea of raw food diet was suggested to him. Resolutions were adopted that contained the following:

"Resolved, That it is our firm conviction that man could live longer in proportion to the number of years required for his development by eating raw food; that ill health would be the exception rather than the rule, and that pestilence and contagious diseases would be wiped from the land. We believe that children reared on uncooked foods will become giants physically and intellectually. We know that the cost of living could be reduced to ten cents per day. We believe that the world would be morally improved, because those living on raw foods are always healthful and in a pleasant frame of mind, and have no desire to commit wrong."

RELIC OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Shelk of Vast Antiquity Comes Into Possession of a Philadelphian.

A shelk claimed to have been found in the ruins of King Solomon's temple, was the unique gift received by Recorder of Deeds Virdin at Philadelphia the other day. In a tour of Europe M. S. Meyerhoff, a close friend, came across the shelk and presented it to Mr. Virdin. The odd souvenir is about the size of a half dollar. The metal contains silver and some alloy, but the piece is so discolored by age that the characters and color can hardly be discerned. On the face of the coin is an engraving of a flame flaring up from an urn. The reverse bears the imprint of a bush, the signification of both characters being familiar to masons. Mr. Virdin proudly exhibited the present to friends.

Railroads Doing Well in India.

In spite of famine and plague the Indian railways continue to prove more and more a financial success. The mileage is now 26,700, of which \$3,763 were worked for traffic last official year, ending March 31.

East India Horses.

India does not produce any horses fit for military service.

Phosphorus and Matches.

A pound of phosphorus heads 10,000 matches.

PITH AND POINT.

It is surprising how many good schemes fail to work.—Aitchison Globe.

It is a sad truth, but it must be stated that sunny men go to church to close their eyes, and many women to eye their clothes. Ally Sloper.

A lady writer says that it must have been a woman who invented the alphabet, for had it been a man he would have begun with the letter I.—Chicago Daily News.

The Landlady's Joke.—They say a carrier pigeon will go farther than any other bird, said the barber, between bites. "Well, I think I'll have to try one," said the landlady. "I notice a chicken doesn't go very far."—Lyon Item.

His Meaning.—"What do you mean when you say that she lampooned her husband?" asked the magistrate of the witness. "I mean that she threw a lighted lamp at him," the witness explained.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

New to Him.—"Now, Willie," said Mrs. Towne, on the day they moved into their new suburban home, "why don't you go over and play in that big field?" "I guess it ain't very nice there," replied the little city boy. "I don't see any 'Keep Off the Grass' signs."—Philadelphia Press.

Merchant.—"Look here! That safe you sold me last month you said was a burglar-proof safe." Safe Manufacturer.—"Well?" Merchant.—"Well, I found it cracked this morning and riddled with contents." Safe Manufacturer.—"What more do you want than that proof that burglars had been at it?"—Cashiers Standard.

The Crisisless Candidate.—The candidate was palpably nervous. Anxious friends inquired what was weighing on his mind. "There is something wrong," he said. "I have not met a crisis for two weeks." He had just cause for worry, for a candidate without a crisis is indeed in desperate straits.—Baltimore American.

WHERE CONFUCIUS SLEEPS.

Most Sacred Spot in the Chinese Empire Visited by Only Two White Men.

A visit to the tomb of Confucius is the chief incident described in Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg's article on "China's Holy Land," in Century. He says: "Still weary from climbing Taischan, I left on the following morning for Kiu-fu, the home of Confucius. After an easy trip through most beautiful and fertile country, I arrived at the huge city wall, over which I saw the yellow-tiled roofs of the Confucius temple and of the palace of the present duke, the lineal descendant of the sage.

The tomb of Confucius is situated about two miles outside the town, and in order not to arouse the suspicion of the fanatical population, I determined to visit it before entering the city. Consequently I sent one of my soldiers to the duke's secretary, praying that the gates of the family graveyard should be opened to me.

The orders of the viceroy had, however, preceded me, and on my arrival at the gates I met some chamberlains of the duke in great state, already waiting. After profound kowtowing they led the way to the most sacred spot of the Chinese empire, which, so far, has been seen only by one or two white men. Fortunately, the vicar of the German Catholic mission of southern Shantung, a most learned man and excellent Chinese scholar, had joined me on the way, and I was thus able to get translations of the inscriptions on all the numerous portals, bridges, temples and tombs.

"Passing through the temple, which contains nothing but a large table of sacrifice, of red lacquer, I entered the central enclosure and stood before the grave of Confucius. Here, under an earthen mound probably 50 feet high and 120 feet in circumference, lie the ashes of the sage, or, as the inscription on the stone tablet in front of it says: 'The most sacred, the serene Sage, the venerable teacher, the philosopher Kung.' Twenty-six centuries have elapsed since this mound was erected, thousands of millions of sons of Han have lived and died, and still the teachings of the great man form the Bible of this most numerous nation on earth. He has impressed his religion and his code of morals on a third of the entire population of the globe; but all these millions, from the long line of emperors down to the present day, worship him not as a god, but as a man. They erected no gorgeous temples for sacred shrines over his grave, and no relics of Confucius are worshiped, like the piece of ivory which in the temple of Kandy represents the tooth of Buddha, or the hair from the head of Mohammed in the mosque of Kaiwan. Confucius is not a legendary figure, distorted by the commentaries of priests, but a man like his contemporaries and their descendants, yet withal greater than the dieties for whom the peoples of Asia prostrate themselves in the dust."

Not Like It Sounded.

He—O promise to marry me. I know I am not worthy of you, but it will make me so happy.

She—You drink, you smoke and you bet.

"I've signed the pledge, honor bright. Now accept me?"

"Well, you smoke and you bet."

"Haven't smoked in a year. Now will you marry me?"

"You bet."—Harlem Life.

Heavenly.

One Little Girl in the Slum—Wot ever she died of?

The Other Little One—Eating ice cream on the top of 'at public."

"For! What a jolly death!"—N. Y. World.

WITHOUT ILLITERATES.

Finland Has Practically Not One Person Who Cannot Read or Write.

For more reasons than one, the little Finnish nation has come into general notice of late, and all new information on this little-known race has only added to the esteem in which it is held, says the Literary Digest. Six months ago an international committee went to St. Petersburg, bearing with them a petition signed by hundreds of leading scholars from all the lands of Europe, expressing their high appreciation of the character of the Finns, and asking that the Russian government abstain from the measures it had adopted looking to a suppression of their political and national existence. The committee was not received by the czar, and the Russians have continued their policy of suppression. A confirmation of the justice of the claims put forth in favor of the Finns is furnished in a book published by the Russian author, Mrs. D. R. Popow, of St. Petersburg. In the Allgemeine Zeitung (Munich, Nov. 31 and 34) appears a review of this book, from which we take the following information concerning Finn literature:

There is in this country practically not one person to be found who cannot read or write. There is perhaps not a single peasant's hut in Finland where a political paper is not regularly read, and scarcely a Finnish peasant can be found who cannot recite from memory large portions of the writings of Ibsen and Tolstoy. To an unusual extent, political agitation there is the outcome of the development of literature and especially of a higher type of journalism.

The father of the Finnish movement in modern literature was Henry Gabriel Portin, who in the last three decades of the eighteenth century aroused in the Finns a national enthusiasm never before known. Early in the present century a society of patriotic Finns was organized to realize in active life national and literary ideals of the Portinians. At this time the first literary journal of Finland was founded—the Turun Viikon Sanomalehti (Abo Weekly News). Since

then the press of the country has developed in a remarkable degree. Of the 35 smaller villages in Finland, there are only five that have not at least one periodical, the total number of papers being 186, one to every 13,000 inhabitants. Equal enthusiasm is shown for the higher type of literature. Almost every school and class of modern literature is represented among the writers of Finland. "The Finnish Literary Association," which has been at work since 1831, is the chief exponent of the learning and research of this people, and has also translated the best specimens of the literature of European nations into Finnish.

BRITISH WAR MEDALS.

Queen Victoria's Measures to Repair the Omissions of Her Royal Predecessors.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins, writing in Cassell's Magazine, says:

"When the distribution of the Waterloo medal was made to officers and men, it was no wonder that the veterans who had fought through the several actions of the Peninsula war should desire to have a similar distinction. Whole volumes of correspondence set forth in the military journals the grievances of veterans who had played their part on the bloody fields of Corunna, Talavera, Busaco, Salamanca, but to whom had been denied the red and blue-edged ribbon of the luckier heroes of Waterloo. It was the duke of Richmond, aide-de-camp to Wellington in Portugal from 1810 to the close of the war in 1814, who brought the matter to a head; and on the 1st of June, 1847, Queen Victoria fully repaired the omission of her predecessors by conferring the boon so long and anxiously coveted. Her majesty having been graciously pleased—ran—order issued from the horse guards—to command that a medal should be struck to record the services of her fleets and armies during the wars commencing in 1793 and ending in 1814, and that one should be conferred upon every officer, non-commissioned officer and soldier of the army, who was present in any battle or siege to commemorate which medals had been struck by command of her majesty's royal predecessors, and had been distributed to the general or superior officers of the several armies and corps of troops engaged, in conformity with the regulations of the service at that time in force;—general and other officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, who consider that they have claims to receive this mark of their sovereign's gracious recollection of their services, are each to apply, etc. This was well and proper; but so long a time had elapsed since the 'services' which her majesty was anxious to reward (for it was now 32 years since Waterloo, and the appeal was to the pre-Waterloo men) that there were veterans who, when they presented themselves at the horse guards, could not remember what particular actions they had been engaged in!"

Wolf-Dogs in Virginia.

Scores of sheep and dogs have been killed recently on the borders of Virginia and South Carolina by animals which seem to be half dog and half wolf. In former days wolves were very numerous in that section, and it may be that the present-day marauders are the descendants of that race, crossed with stray dogs.—Chicago Chronicle.

TOOK TWO JOCKEYS TO WIN.

One Was Thrown in Stierplochans, and Another Caught the Horse and Made It In.

"It isn't often," said an old-time betting-ring man the other day, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean, "that a man catches a bet on a horse that throws its rider in a race, but there was a big crowd that did it one day at Gravesend, and I guess they haven't got over wondering about it yet. It was a rare occurrence. Cock Robin was a red-hot favorite in the race I mention, but the air was just thick around the paddock with a tip on Count Navarro, and despite the fact that nearly all the books were laying from 20 to 30 to 1 against the latter to win there were many bettors who recalled a fairly good race the Count ran up at Rarolago, and they played him across the board, just for a flyer, but put the bulk of the bet on the horse to finish third.

"The race was started without any delay, and, although it looked like a cake walk for Cock Robin, those who had bet on Count Navarro to show were gratified to see him stick to his field and hold it easily in third place. The race was 2 1/2 miles, and those who had followed, the tip settled back in their seats in anticipation of cashing at least one-third. Some of the more excited of these bettors were yelling and shouting like madmen as the horses neared the mile mark, but it was right here that their hopes were blasted, for in taking the jump the horse stumbled, threw Green, the jockey who was riding him, rolled over once or twice, scrambled to its feet and went on without a rider.

"As the horse started off at an easy gait a man in his shirt sleeves who was standing in the inner field of the steeple chase course was seen to run to the center of the track right in the path of the runaway. He had on a big slouch hat and as he waved his arms up and down as the horse approached everyone thought he was trying to stop the horse. The horse came straight at him, but when it looked just as if the animal was going to run over him it swerved to one side. As it did so the man grabbed hold of the bridle and with a sort of flying leap landed square in the saddle, in a manner that would have done credit to one of Buffalo Bill's riders.

"Once on the horse's back, he didn't lose much time, but got right down to business and began to ride the hardest he knew how to make up for lost ground. He really looked a funny sight, costumed as he was with long trousers, shirt sleeves and big slouch hat, and a shout went up as he passed the stand, while many shook with laughter at the ridiculous sight he presented. This didn't seem to bother him, however, for he kept right on at work, and to the surprise of everybody he finished third with Count Navarro.

"Those who had bet on the horse appeared to take their supposed loss with good grace and joined in with the rest of the crowd in giving the rider a great send-off as he came back to dismount, but their look of chagrin gave way to one of surprise when the numbers were hung out and they saw that Count Navarro was third. Some said it was a mistake and others asked what it meant, but when the numbers stayed out until the horses were called to the post for the next race those who had bets on the horse for third place made a rush for the betting ring, and they took what was coming to them without asking any questions. But even at that some of them acted as if they were robbing the bookmakers, and hurried away as soon as they got hold of their money, for fear, I suppose, the fancied mistake would be found out before they got away.

"It turned out afterward that the man who rode Count Navarro in his long trousers, shirt sleeves and a slouch hat was none other than Cahill, the steeple chase jockey, who sometimes rides for the owner of Count Navarro. Being in the inner field where the steeple chase races are run, seeing the accident, and knowing that under the steeple chase rules if he could mount the horse and finish within the money it was allowable, Cahill took a chance, and, what is more, pulled it off."

NAME GOES WITH LAUNDRY.

Peculiar Methods by Which Chinese Laundrymen Conduct Their Business.

"Hello, where's my old friend, Hung Lung?" asked a man as he descended into a South Clark basement laundry with a big package of washing under his arm, says the Chicago Chronicle. "Me Hung Lung," mildly said the celestial behind the counter.

"No, you're not. I've known Hung a long time, and you can't work any game like that on me."

"Me buy laundry."

"Oh, you bought out the laundry, have you? Well, that hasn't got anything to do with what I was talking about. I wanted to know about Hung Lung."

"Me Hung Lung."

"What the dickens you talkin' about? I told you I knew Hung."

"Me buy laundry and buy Hung Lung all same time. Me all same Hung Lung."

"Oh, you bought Hung Lung's name when you bought the laundry, did you?"

"Yeh, that's right. Me Hung Lung now."

"Name just goes with laundry, huh? Well, that's a new one."

Executive Ability.

Executive ability consists of knowing how to get the most work out of others without doing any yourself.—Chicago Daily News.