FORTUNE BY A WAGER

He Won Health, Also, on Bryan's Defeat.

WENT TO COAST WITH DONKEY

Started with Capital of Less Than Dollar and Remained Freak for 340 Days—Made Money by the Trip and Became a Successful Miner. Companion Went Almost Crazy.

R. Pitcher Woodward, who as "Pythagoras Pod" saved a $5,000 wager he made on Bryan's election in 1896 by riding or walking with a burro from New York to San Francisco, starting with a capital of 95 cents, has found that financially it paid to be a freak for 340 days and two hours. Mr. Woodward now is a mining man as a result of the notoriety he got then, followed by an application of the zeal that he showed in his ride, and has been in New York for a few days promoting a Leadville scheme.

Mr. Woodward left on Saturday for his home in Kansas City. "I was a freak for a year," he said to a New York Sun reporter at the Hotel Marlborough the day before he left. "but I attribute my success since then to the fact that I had the grit to do what I did. Most people called me a fool; my family didn't like it, but there was method in my work. I'm beginning to get the results now."

Mr. Woodward is a Brooklyn boy and was graduated from West Point in 1887, but didn't stay in the army long. He resigned and became a newspaper reporter. He also wrote stories and a good deal of verse. He is a son of the late Judge Woodward, of Brooklyn. His father was class poet when he was graduated at Hobart, and his mother was the poet of her class at Vassar. He had an attack of nervous prostration the summer Bryan was nominated the first time. Then he got better and was one of the most enthusiastic of the silver propagandists. He had read Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" while he was sick, and also Robert Louis Stevenson's story of a journey with a donkey. His family wanted him to go to a sanatorium, but he decided to take all outdoors as his sanatorium, and hence made the trip to the Pacific Coast.

Had to Earn His Way.

Woodward was so sure of Bryan's election that he told Benjamin Lillard, of New York city, that he would bet $5,000 on it. He asked odds, and finally it was agreed that if McKinley won Woodward should have the alternative of proving that he could ride to San Francisco on a Donkey's back within a year. He had to wear a stovepipe hat, start with less than a dollar, put goggles on himself and "the other donkey." He was to earn his way.

It took a month for him to get ready, and he had just 341 days to complete the journey. He blocked Broadway for three hours from Fourteenth street to Twenty-third when he started out. He sold papers at a dollar a piece to get the money to pay for his burro. The burro tangled up the Broadway cars, tumbled his rider into the street, and when he got to Poughkeepsie, rolled down a flight of steps, injured two men, and put the city's police force out of business. There Woodward swapped him for another donkey, and on that animal he made the journey, walking about 2,600 miles of the 4,096 he traveled.

Woodward earned his way by selling photographs, lecturing, writing for newspapers, touting for a patent medicine, and doing other stunts along the way. In speaking of his experience, he said:

"It was a hard trip, but it made me. Once I nearly died of thirst in the Salt Lake Desert. That reminds me of my dog Don, half mastiff and half bloodhound, which I picked up in Western New York. He saved my life. A more faithful animal never lived. I had picked up a young fellow in Iowa and had four more burros and the dog. We had less than a quart of water when we got lost in the Salt Lake Desert on our way to Fedora Springs, near the Granite Mountain.

Tom Went Crazy.

"My companion, Tom, was almost crazed. He demanded a drink. I told him he would drink only when I did and we would divide a little of the water between us. He demanded it all. He started to draw his gun. I got mine out first. It was the first time I ever drew a gun on a man. We finally divided up two or three swallows. Then I insisted on giving Don a drink. We had turned two of the burros and Don loose to find water. They came back an hour later and had found none. Guns were drawn again. I pretended to yield to him. He fell asleep, and then I gave that dog a drink. He licked my clothes, my hands, my feet, my face, and lay down beside me to watch over me against Tom the whole night long. I never saw such gratitude.

"In the morning Tom went plumb crazy. He had hysterics. We went down a trail which we had climbed into the blazing desert. Tom threw his clothes away. He tore his hair. I pretended I saw a signboard and told him I could. We struggled on, and only half a mile away I did find a board which said that Fedora Springs was two miles away. I gave Tom all the water we had left. I remember walking for about half a mile further, and that is all. The next I knew I was drinking at a hole in the ground with the burros and Tom and the dog, and a stranger who had come East in a prairie schooner was standing over me and saying: 'There's plenty of water, stranger.' I never looked at him. I drank and drank and fell back exhausted.

Grit and Pluck.

"No man ever can know what suffering is until he feels thirst like that. Don afterward saved my life by his warnings in Nevada, when two desperadoes tried to kill me. I wandered all over the country, roughing it in my desire to build up my health. Don went with me. Out in California one time I met a man who was kind to Don and me. Don liked him. The man wanted him, and because the rancher was kind and was a man of good repute I let him have Don until I should send for him. Don liked his new home, and I have never sent for him. I wouldn't hurt that dog's feelings for the world. He's still my dog. I hear of him from time to time, and some day I hope to see him. Once we went 136 miles without seeing a habitation. He watched over me while I slept.

"I could always lecture to Don, even if I had no other houses. I remember that in Yonkers, on my first night out, I had just three persons at the lecture, all deadheads. Of course, things improved as I went on and got notoriety, and mayors of cities used to ride my burro out of town, and all that.

"I landed in San Francisco with $1,235 in my pocket, all of it earned on my way. I weighed 130 pounds when I started and gained forty pounds on the trip. I was so much improved in health that I went into roughing it. I worked on ranches. I went to washing gold and mining. I worked in wineries, in paper mills, and lumber camps. I learned mining in Cripple Creek, and got started there in that business. I worked on the famous 101 Ranch in Oklahoma. I wrote articles and stories.

"Gradually my people and friends saw that there was something behind being a freak. I had the real purpose of recovering my health and studying the West in all its phases. I know it now; I do not turn my back on that so-called foolish episode. It made me.

"If you write anything about me just bring out this phrase, that grit and pluck, no matter what is at issue, always pay. I want to get my pile so that I can write. I have written a lot of verse. It may be foolish, but some day I want to see a book of poems with my name on it. I have already written two books which have gone pretty well, but verse is my hobby.

"I met Mr. Bryan recently and told him if he had not run for President I would not have been successful. He and his wife entertained me and Don on my trip West. 'Well, Pod,' he said, 'you certainly have added to my enjoyment of life by your stories, and I am glad I ran. Don't call me Mr. Bryan. You have the privilege of addressing me as Bryan.'"

SENSE OF SIGHT IN ANTS.

Experiments Indicating that They Don't Depend on Smell.

The old theory that ants could not see and were guided entirely by sense of smell has been demolished by a series of experiments reported in the Revue Scientifique. A little platform of cardboard was set up near one of their nests with inclined plane leading conveniently down to the entrance. Then a number of the insects and a quantity of their eggs were placed upon the platform.

For a few minutes the ants seemed greatly perturbed, but they very soon found the inclined plane and at once started carrying the eggs down it to the nest.

A second inclined plane was located on the opposite side of the platform, but they took no notice of it. The experimenters then twisted the platform around so that the second plane pointed to the nest entrance.

Without hesitation the ants ceased using the old plane and took to the new one, showing conclusively, it is argued, that they were not following a trail by scent, but were getting their bearings by some other sense.

The next step was to mark some of the ants with a view to seeing whether each individual always used the same path and the same entrance to his nest. It was found that no such thing was the case.

They all seemed to know all the entrances and to have a sense of their direction. They struck out new paths for themselves, and always reached their destination without fail. This was regarded as establishing some form of vision.

Finally an electric-light bulb was set up near one entrance to the nest. It seemed to have an immediate attraction for the ants, as they unanimously used the entrance on that side coming to and going from the nest. Then it was changed over to the other side, causing great excitement apparently among the insects, which ended in their changing over to the newly illuminated way.

Changes in the brilliancy of the light seemed to have no perceptible effect on the ants, but they never failed to detect the change of direction. All possible precautions were taken to prevent the heat from the lamp from reaching them, so that it is regarded as certain that they perceived the light.

EUROPE'S LIGHTEST QUEEN.

From Tit-Bits.

Who is the lightest Queen in Europe? This distinction belongs to the Empress of Russia, who only turns the scale at nine stone.

The Queen of Holland is but a stone heavier, while the Queen of Roumania and Queen Sophia of Sweden are respectively seven pounds and five pounds short of eleven stone. The Queen of Greece is the heaviest royal lady in Europe, her weight being 12 stone 4 pounds, just eight pounds more than that of the Queen of Portugal.

BAGGAGE SMASHER

His Occupation and Methods Are Passing.

ONLY WEAK TRUNKS BREAK

Devices of the Olden Days to Stop the Habit of Trunk Smashing—One Circus Man Filled Trunks with Boa Constrictors—Railroads Require More Care Nowadays.

"In other days," said Mr. MacBlink in the New York Sun, "the story of what the baggage smasher did to the trunk was a hardy perennial, ever blooming and unfailingly appealing, but where is that story now?

"In those days when the baggage master wanted to get a trunk down from the top of a high pile of trunks he never lifted it down, but just pulled it far enough forward to let gravity get it, and then, with just the right slew on it that it would land on its corner, let it fall.

"And then baggage masters used simply to push trunks out of car doors and let them fall any way they would, and they'd tear the straps off trunks lifting on them, and yank off their handles, all these variations of the baggage story being supposed to be funny and often repeated.

"People seemed never to tire of it in what was perhaps its most favored form, which told how the brawny baggage heaver lifted the trunk by one handle and swung it twice around his head, and then launched it on its flight from the station platform to the baggage car to land violently there and split wide open, and scatter its contents everywhere. In those days, indeed, the baggage master was the baggage smasher, and, always provided that it was not one's own trunk that was thus demolished, everybody enjoyed reading the stories told about this brawny man's feats of strength and destruction, which formed indeed a conspicuous if not the leading feature of the comic literature of the day. But where are those stories now?

The Snake Trunk.

"They were eked out for a time by baggage stories of another sort, dealing not with what the baggage smasher did to the trunk, but with what the trunk did to the baggage smasher. There, for instance, was the story, widely reprinted at the time, of the circus man who, having his trunks smashed up till he was tired of it, finally filled a frail trunk with boa constrictors and got that checked, and when the baggage smasher had smashed the trunk the boa constrictors thus released from it wrapped themselves around and crushed him.

"And there was the story of the disgruntled mining man who finally filled and checked a trunk full of dynamite—the baggage smasher who handled that trunk never handled trunks and more. And the story of the humorous traveler who had his trunk fitted with corner pieces of peculiarly elastic rubber, so that when the baggage smasher dropped this trunk out of a car door to fall on a corner, as he was sure to do, the trunk would fly up and hit him under the chin.

"But evidently the trunk smashing story, in whatever form, was petering out when it came to this, and soon thereafter it passed out of fashion and disappeared entirely to be heard no more from that to the present time.

"Perhaps the people had tired of it, as they do tire of all things; perhaps there was less reason for writing it. Trunks came to be better made, for one thing; less easy to smash. And we are generally less boisterous now than we were then; things that we stood for and laughed over then we would not stand for now.

Improved Methods.

"We do many things better now, and one of our many improvements is found in our manner of handling trunks. The railroads now discourage trunk smashing and seek to deliver baggage in the shape in which it is received. Not but that things do happen even now to trunks, but they don't happen as they used to.

"In fact what with the requirements of the railroad company and his own sense of the later and higher art of baggage handling it is not considered good form now for a baggage man to smash a trunk. He still does pull trunks down from the tops of tall piles and drags trunks from car doors and from the tails of wagons, but no longer, as a rule, to let them fall on their corners.

"Now when he pulls down or drops a trunk he so manipulates it in falling as to make it drop not on a corner, but squarely on its end. This stirs the contents of the trunk up pretty well, and it may strain the trunk more or less, but dropping it squarely on the end distributes the strain; it doesn't smash the trunk as trunks were smashed in the old days when they were dropped on their corners. In the present day development of the art of trunk handling to smash any but a very weak and fragile trunk would be considered bungling.

"So times have changed and the old story no longer goes. The old times were brought back to me yesterday by seeing a trunk fall off a baggage wagon into the street, a sight, I confess, that was joyous to see.

"But I suppose it is better as it is."

GOLD COINS RISE IN PRICE

More Collectors Are Now in the Field than Formerly.

Advances Shown at Recent Sales. Five-dollar Pieces Are Valuable. California Gold Dollars Boom.

There have been great advances in the premiums paid by collectors for United States gold coins of certain issues, says the New York Sun. This is due to the increasing number of collectors. Only a few years ago barely half a dozen collectors in this country made a specialty of gold coins; now there are many.

No series of gold coins fetches higher prices than the $5 pieces. An illustration of this is obtained by comparing the prices at the sale of the collection of Col. Cohen, of Baltimore, in 1875; of the collection of L. S. Parmalee, of Boston, in 1890; of the Smith and Wilson collections, in Philadelphia last year and this year, and of the Stamm collection in this city in May of this year.

A fine specimen of the 1815 $5 gold piece, of which in 1875 only five were known, brought at the Cohen sale just $85. In 1890 a piece in as good condition sold for $225 at the Parmalee sale, while last year an equally fine specimen fetched $1,050 at the Smith sale.

An 1819 half eagle, of which but nine are known, in uncirculated condition brought $9 in 1875. At the Parmalee sale $42 was paid for a similar specimen, while at the Smith sale last year the premium was advanced to $550. This year an uncirculated specimen sold for $650 at the Wilson sale, an increase of $100 in twelve months.

Cohen's 1821 half eagle brought $20, Parmalee's sold for $40, while at the Smith sale the premium jumped to $300.

The highest priced of all the gold coins, the 1822 half eagle, sold for $900 at the Parmalee sale, whereas $2,165 was paid for a specimen last year by a Chicago numismatist. There are only three known specimens of this variety.

An uncirculated 1824 half eagle in 1875 brought $8. Parmalee got $50 for his specimen, and the one sold at the Smith sale in 1906 brought $120.

The half eagle of 1827, proof surface, sold for $8 in 1875, $44 in 1890, $260 in 1906, and $340 in the present year. An uncirculated piece of 1828, with perfect date, brought $13.50 in 1875, $49 in 1890, $240 last year, and $350 in 1907.

The half eagle, dated 1829, proof condition, sold for $10.50 at Cohen's sale, $52 in 1890, $240 at the Smith sale, and $350 this year at the Wilson sale. Of this coin and that of 1828 there are only four specimens of each known.

An 1832 half eagle sold for $6.10 at the Cohen sale, $35 at the Parmalee sale, $230 at the Smith sale, $280 at the Wilson sale, and at the Stamm sale, on May 23, the same coin sold for $310.

The quarter eagles show a big advance also. A proof specimen of 1796, with stars around the head of Liberty, sold at the Cohen sale of $16, at the Parmalee sale $61.50 was paid for it, and at the recent Stamm sale another specimen brought $117.50.

The quarter eagles of 1797 in uncirculated condition brought $14 at the Cohen sale. The same coin at the 1890 sale brought $33, while $210 was paid for a similar specimen last year.

Last year the rare quarter eagle of 1834, with motto, perhaps the scarcest of the denomination of later issue, brought $190 at the Smith sale, and last March this was advanced to $260 at the Wilson sale.

The three-dollar gold pieces are making rapid advances in value, a proof specimen of 1876, only forty-five of which were coined, bringing $135 at the Stamm sale, whereas at the Parmalee sale a proof set of gold of the year, embracing the denominations of $20, $10, $5, $3, $2.50, and $1, brought only $61 for the whole lot. The three-dollar piece, dated 1873, of which twenty-five pieces were coined, sold for $9 at the Parmalee sale, while the same coin brought $57.50 at the Stamm sale.

The advance in the values of the one-dollar gold pieces has kept pace with the others. The rarest of these, the 1861 issue, struck at the Dahlonega Mint, of which but four specimens are known, brought $280 at the Wilson sale last March. A New Yorker offered $300 for the specimen ten minutes later and was informed that not less than $500 would buy it.

All kinds of gold coins are increasing in proportion, and even the Bechtler pieces struck in North Carolina have made big jumps in value, several times the face value of certain of these coins now being paid, whereas formerly they would not bring even face value.

The small California gold dollars, halves, and quarters also share in the boom, and as much as 300 and 400 per cent increase is now being paid for these little pieces, which a few years ago went begging at face value.

Reassured.

From the Catholic Standard and Times.

"G-g-good evening!" said the young man who had come to speak to the girl's father.

"Good evening!" replied the old gentleman. "You look a little nervous. How do you feel?"

"Flattered," replied the young man. "I was afraid I looked scared to death."

No Reserved Seat.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

"So you think a rich man can't go to heaven, eh?"

"Oh, yes, suh—he kin go dar all right, but his case'll be purty much de same es dat er de boy peakin' under der circus tent whilst de circus is gwine on!"

Guatemalan Development

A Great Railway Achievement.

Of incalculable importance to the economic and commercial development of Guatemala, and especially to the relations between that Central American republic and the United States, will be the approaching completion of the Northern Railway. This will be an achievement quite worthy of the enterprise and persistence which are implied in the name of this route; for Northern engineering skill and Anglo-Saxon energy have been enlisted in pushing this work to completion, as a part of the domestic and foreign programme of the administration of President Estrada Cabrera. The determination of that executive and of his loyal associates could meet with no severer test than the accomplishment of this work in face of repeated discouragements and topographical difficulties.

It has become notorious in the political discussions of Central America that this work, whose completion will be the crowning glory of the administration of President Cabrera, has been the object of much envy by the party of the opposition, and the target of many partisan attacks. It has been opposed by those who are frightened at such a material manifestation of the modern spirit of advancement and who in English parlance would be called 'moss-backs," and also by those moved by malevolent opposition to the government. These elements of opposition have shown themselves to be formidable and persevering. Nevertheless, they have not been able to meet on equal terms, much less to overcome the strength of purpose inspired by far-sighted statesmanship that has steadfastly maintained progress of this enterprise.

Not even the spirit of insurrection, promoted by the party opposed to progress, and not even the recent attack upon the life of the constitutional president of Guatemala, has disturbed the serenity or shaken the courage with which he has persisted in the promotion of this great enterprise. Only recently President Cabrera aroused great enthusiasm among the people of his country by driving in person the spike which unites the railroads of the South with those of the North. Even now, in the midst of many rumors of disturbances in his own country, and in its neighbors, the President of the largest republic of Central America is prosecuting with more vigor and greater determination, if that were possible, this railway construction upon which the fame of his administration and the economic development of his country will rest.

It must be understood that this Northern Railway, as soon as it is opened for traffic throughout its entire length, will place the capital and the whole interior of the country in direct communication with Puerto Barrios on the Atlantic coast. This will place New Orleans within five days or less of Guatemala City, Chicago six days, and Philadelphia, New York, and Boston seven to eight days. The connection between this Northern Railway and the Guatemala Central Railway will result in giving the country a through line from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, 270 miles in length. This will not only result in interior development throughout Guatemala, but it is entirely probable that pending the completion of the Panama Canal, some of the international traffic that cannot as yet be accommodated readily across the isthmus, will find a cheap and expeditious passage across Guatemala.

From its junction with this northern railroad a branch will run south to Zacapa, and ultimately will be extended into Salvadore. Toward the north an extension of only about thirty miles will carry the line to Ayutla, on the border of Mexico, which will make the line a part of the intercontinental system in which the United States government has shown such great interest. It may be expected, confidently, therefore, that ere long it will be possible to make a through railway journey from San Francisco, Chicago, or New York to Guatemala City. Another result will be the cheapening of freight rates between the United States and Guatelama to something like one-fourth of the present charges.

American readers like facts, especially in connection with the sometimes optimistic predictions of the enthusiastic Latin-American temperament. The rails now reach in one direction to Tierra Blanca, and in the other direction to Chato, and during the coming week will reach the bridge to be built over the Fiscal River. This will make it possible to take the train either at the capital or at Sanarate, leaving a gap of only four or five hours to be traveled by horse.

Tunnel No. 1, at a point picturesquely named "Razor Fight," presumably because of the sharp and serrated character of the penetrating ridge, is 427 feet long. Tunnel No. 2 is 491 feet long. Each is completed and vaulted by masonry. All of the grading and masonry work of all of the bridges are absolutely completed, so that the work actually to be done is reduced to setting up the bridges and placing the rails.

Some idea of the nature of the construction of this railway may be derived from an enumeration of these bridges. Between Rancho and Guatemala there are fifty-five steel bridges, having a total length of 6,935 feet, and weighing 9,009,515 pounds, or 4,510 tons. Some of these bridges are: Quebrida de San Francisco, forty-one feet long; Quebrada de Callejon, 225 feet long and 35 feet 4 inches high; Quebrada del Cerro, 421 feet long, 65 feet 4 inches high; Quebrada de Chi-Zapote, 25 feet long; Rio de Obraje, 61 feet long; Rio de Guastatoya, 240 feet long; Rio Sanarate, 100 feet long, and eight others over the same river, each 100 feet long, and seven others from 60 to 225 feet long.

A recent issue of a technical journal, La Locomotora, published in Guatemala, enumerates these bridges in detail, and contains a number of illustrations showing the nearly completed nature of the work. This publication says: "We congratulate Mr. Shaw, the chief engineer of the line; Mr. Pope, the bridge engineer, and the contractors, Mr. Thornton and Mr. Ham, upon their activity and energy in the work."

WITH PEARL HUNTERS

Interesting Letter From an Australian Skipper.

MANY DANGERS TO THE DIVERS

How the Shells Are Procured by the Fishing Fleet—The Cost of a Pearling Boat Each Season, Which Lasts from April Until Christmas. Wages Earned by the Fishers.

Pearl-gathering off the coast of Western Australia is the subject of an interesting letter just received in this city from E. N. Harrison, an experienced pearl fleet skipper, says the New York Evening Post. The captain had been asked to describe his work, and the letter was his response to the request. At the end was a postscript which was even more picturesque than the main document, containing the information that the letter went to the bottom of the sea in the wrecked schooner Cutty Lark, and stayed there two days before it was mailed to New York.

"Since writing," the postscript said, further, "we've had a terrific cyclone. It wrecked and sank seventeen luggers and schooners, our own included. The Eclipse was dismasted and driven ashore, although we anchored in a bay with three anchors on ninety fathoms of chain, and forty fathoms of 5-inch coir hawser."

Such, then, is the danger of pearl-hunting enterprises in that part of the world. The captain's description of the business follows:

"This firm owns three luggers and a schooner. The luggers are small craft of from ten to fifteen tons, two-masted, and rigged as fore and aft schooners. Each lugger is fitted with a complete diving apparatus, consisting of air pump, two diving dresses, two hundred feet of air pipe, and, of course, a life-line of about the same length, though generally a little longer. Then, of course, there are the diver's helmet and corslet, and lead weights, and his huge boots, weighing sometimes twenty-eight pounds each, although generally in shallow water they range between fourteen and twenty pounds apiece. Each lugger has a crew of six men, diver, tender, and four pump hands. These men are generally a mixed crowd, Japanese and Malays forming the majority, while Manila men are getting fairly numerous now, and you get a smattering of South Sea Islanders, Hindus, Chinese, and, in fact, every kind of Eastern native.

Men from Singapore.

"The men are all imported from Singapore, where there are two large firms making quite a good thing out of shipping crews to the pearling boats. Supposing we want, say, four men. We cable or write to either of these firms, specifying whether we want Japanese or Malays, and also by which steamship to send them. Previous to this, though, we must have got a permit from the Australian government to land the men, and must also have signed a bond for £100 per man to guarantee that they will be deported on the expiration of their agreements.

"On their arrival here they are signed under the merchant shipping act articles for three years, in which time they are paid at the rate of thirty shillings a month, and, of course, fed. When this has been done, they are either put on board the schooner or drafted into the different luggers.

"I must now describe the schooner and her particular use. She is a fore-and-after of twenty-five tons net register. The crew consists of the manager, the skipper (myself), a clerk, and, perhaps, four to six colored men, consisting of a cook, carpenter, sarang, and seamer. We carry rations and spare gear for the luggers, also a considerable amount of 'slop chest'—all kinds of clothes, tobacco, and pipes and matches, cigarette papers, tinned fruit, cakes, and biscuits; in fact, almost everything you could suggest that would appeal to the minds of the men. These goods are retailed to the crews at a pretty fair profit, and the cost is taken from their pay.

"Each man has a small account-book in which everything is entered when he receives it and his wages credited to him every month-end. There is no possibility of his denying having received certain goods, as the book never passes from his keeping, and there would be no chance to make false entries; for, although they can't read English, they have a pretty fair idea of what you should write if they bought, say, a tin of tobacco.

The Actual Work.

"Now for the actual work of pearling: We will say that the boats have all been overhauled and are just commencing the season proper, which begins in the first week of April. They have each a month's rations, wood, and water on board. I lead off in the schooner to what is considered to be a likely place, perhaps twenty miles and perhaps a hundred and twenty from our headquarters. On arrival there, down goes our anchor, and the boats all crowd round. If it be early enough, the divers are all into their dresses and down to the bottom before the schooner's sails are stowed. Then the work begins. Each lugger has a drift anchor, i. e., one that won't hold in the bottom. These are let go to regulate the rate that the boat drifts.

"The diver, having put on his dress, hangs over the side on a short ladder, which only reaches to about four feet or so under the surface of the water; his helmet is then screwed on, after the tender has washed the face and side glasses well. The pumps are started, and the diver takes hold of the plumper line, which is a piece of stout rope heavily weighted, reaching to the bottom. Then he jumps backward from the ladder and sinks gently to the bottom, regulating his speed by the plumper.

"As soon as he touches bottom, he signals the tender, and one of the crew hauls in the plumper line; then off he goes backward and forward across the tide, while the boat drifts along, regulated by the heaving in or slacking out chain on the drift anchor. When he has enough shell, or is wanting a rest, he signals the tender, shuts his valve, and is promptly hauled to the surface. After a few minutes, down he goes again.

"The shell is generally found in patches, sometimes extending two or three miles and sometimes only a quarter or half a mile. Of course, after he reaches the end of the good ground, he heaves up and sails back to the schooner and starts again. Sixty shells a day is considered a good catch, and often they don't get twenty. At about 4 o'clock the whaleboat is lowered from the schooner, and I go around and collect the shell from the luggers, keeping each one's shell separate. This is put on board, and next morning opened by the white men. Then it is chipped, scrubbed, and, after being allowed to dry, weighed and packed.

Two Pounds a Month.

"Divers are paid £2 a month and £20 to £25 a ton on their take of shell. That is why each boat's must be kept separate until weighed. When the moon is full, the boats generally go in for wood and water, while the schooner runs into port for supplies and to ship the shell. Besides our own luggers, we supply four others belonging to two different owners; we also pack and ship their shell, for which, of course, they are charged so much per ton.

"The reason that full moon is chosen as watering time is because then the tides are nearing high springs, and therefore running very swiftly, which, of course, impedes the divers and often stirs up the mud, making the water too dirty to work in. This occurs once a fortnight, about full and new moon. Another reason for watering at full instead of new is that this coast abounds in small islands and coral reefs, and that, combined with the swift running tides, makes it dangerous to sail at night unless there is much moonlight. No matter how well you can navigate, you run a great risk, for the tides don't set in any particular direction. At every island and reef, sometimes, you get two or three distinct streams, swirling around. The actual set of the rising stream is, of course, charted, but the cross currents are not.

Shell Lies on Reefs.

"I haven't mentioned the depth of water at which the shell is procured. Well, it is found from on top of the reefs to twenty fathoms at low water. This reef work is carried on in small cutters, and we call it beach-combing. The tide rises in places on this coast as much as thirty-six feet; so you can imagine that at low water there are a good many reefs exposed. The favorite depth down here is about six to eight fathoms. The divers don't care about going into much over ten, if they can help it.

"The regular work is carried on from April until about Christmas. Then the schooners lay in a big supply of rations and gear and go to some snug little harbor or creek, where there is a good, sandy beach, and there moor securely for the 'Willy-Willy' season. A 'Willy-Willy' is the native name for a cyclone. These are liable to occur any time from November to April, and, though pretty rare, when one does happen along it does about as much damage as one of your American tornadoes. While the schooners lie in the creek, the boats work as close as possible, so as to be able to get in on the indication of a William coming.

"One or two at a time, they are brought in and thoroughly overhauled. New gear is rove off, where required, copper repaired, and the boats are well painted inside and out, and right smart little vessels some of them look, too. Last of all, the schooner is done up, and I've seen worse-looking yachts than some of them would make when just fresh from drydock. Our docks consist of the beforementioned sandy beaches, which, aided by the high rise and fall of tides, make excellent docks.

Cost of Boats.

"It costs from £450 to £500 per year to run a boat successfully, and as from three to four tons is an average season's take, you can see that, at the present low price of shell, unless we happen on a pearl or two, there isn't much profit in the business. Speaking of pearls, I must describe how they are found. The shells are opened with a long knife, by inserting the blade in the lip and cutting down through the body of the fish, and so dividing it into two parts, one of which is on each of the shells, to which they adhere by a gristly substance, which leaves those peculiar marks in the center of the shell. The knife is then passed down between the shell and the fish, cutting the gristle, and the whole thing falls out.

"We feel carefully all through the flesh for pearls, which are generally hidden from sight. Sometimes they are found adhering to the shell itself, and sometimes embedded right in the shell. The last kind we call blisters, and they are indicated by a lump or even a slight irregularity on the shell's face. These are cut out with punches and cleaned down. Many a fine pearl has been found in that way."

SOME GIANTS OF OUR DAY

Many Foreign Abnormalities Over Eight Feet High.

The Tyrol, Nova Scotia, China, England, and America Furnish Specimens.

Marie Fassnauer, a Tyrolese woman, towers to the height of eight feet. But Marie, in spite of her many inches, is not the most exalted lady who ever lived. Just a quarter of a century ago, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the world gazed with craned head and open mouth at a still taller giantess who looked down on her admirers from a height of 8 feet 2 inches and who was said to be "still growing."

"Marian," as this remarkable maiden was called, had been born only sixteen years earlier in a village near the Thuringian Mountains, and the "Amazon Princess" was for some months the greatest attraction in the spectacle of "Babil and Bijou" at the Alhambra Theater—a character in which she wore a wonderful suit of armor and was crowned with a towering headdress the topmost plume of which was a good ten feet from the stage.

Nor was Marian distinguished only by her great height; for she had a beautifully proportioned figure, a distinctively pretty face, and a most amiable disposition. This magnificent creature had a very brief tenure of life, for she died at Berlin less than two years later and before she had seen her eighteenth birthday.

In 1869 and 1870 Miss Anna H. Swan, the Nova Scotia giantess, caused considerable sensation. Miss Swan seemed destined from the cradle to be a woman of abnormal dimensions, for though her father, a Scottish immigrant, was barely 5 feet 6 inches high, and her mother was half a foot shorter still, Miss Anna reached 6 feet at the age of eleven, and at fifteen was the tallest person in Nova Scotia. For a time she was the chief attraction of Barnum's great show, and during this period twice narrowly escaped death from fire. She had, too, some histrionic ability, as was proved when she appeared as Lady Macbeth in New York, and before going to England she made a triumphal tour of the United States.

In her prime Miss Swan was but a few inches short of eight feet, and she found an appropriate husband in Capt. Martin Bates, the Kentucky giant, who was actually two inches taller than herself.

Chang, the Chinese giant, who ended his days at Bournemouth not many years ago, was a man of enormous size, standing over eight feet in his socks, but he used to declare that he had a sister at home in China who could easily look over his head. This remarkable lady was 8 feet 4 inches in height, and had a hand with a span of 2 feet.

Robert Hales, the Norfolk giant, who caused a great sensation in England about half a century ago, was a member of a very remarkable family, which included some women of extraordinary stature. His father, a farmer, was 6 feet 6 inches high, and although his mother was but a paltry 6 feet it is said that she had an ancestor in the sixteenth century who stood 4 inches over 8 feet.

Of the children of this couple the four sons averaged 6 feet 5 inches, and five daughters but 1 1-2 inches less. Robert, the tallest member of the family, was a little over 7½ feet high, and measured 64 inches and 62 inches around the waist and chest, respectively, while the tallest of the sisters, who died at twenty, was 7 feet 2 inches in height and of proportionate build.

OVER SAGAMORE HILL

Bill Snitkin Loses Money on Exploration.

SECRET SERVICE OFF DUTY

Strangers Bet Bill that President Was Not So Well Guarded as to Prevent Them Going All About the Place—Oyster Bay Afraid Residence Is Not Fully Protected.

Oyster Bay is laughing over the discomfiture of Bill Snitkin, says the New York Evening Sun. At the same time it is worried over the idea that the President of the United States is not amply protected. No one hereabout ever dreamed that it was easy to wander about Sagamore Hill unmolested at the dead of night. The story came as a revelation, and the laugh is on the Secret Service men, whose function it is to guard the President, as well as on Bill Snitkin. Incidentally Bill is out $25.

The plot was hatched, according to one of the participants, in the barroom of the Octagon Hotel. Bill has lived in Oyster Bay all his life, and is as proud of the fact that the President of the United States lives there as that he himself has an enormous capacity for Oyster Bay fire-water. Bill wandered into the Octagon night before last and proceeded to put finishing touches to his Fourth of July celebration. His eyes wandered to the sign which Sam the bartender had hung up over the bottles, announcing his new masterpiece, the "Fairbanks-Roosevelt cocktail." Bill's imagination was instantly touched, and the way he went at the new beverage made Sam's heart glad.

Two Washingtonians.

In the course of the evening Bill struck up an acquaintance with two men who had come to Oyster Bay to see the President's home. They had been out to Sagamore Hill during the afternoon and were discussing the insufficient way in which the President seemed to be guarded. They had seen but little of the Secret Service men, and had had no difficulty in driving around the Roosevelt estate.

"We're from Washington," said one, "and it seems to be the easiest thing in the world for any one to approach the President. I'll bet I could go to Sagamore Hill any time of the day or night and no one would stop me."

This was rank heresy to Bill. He knew the Secret Service men personally, and they had often told him how hard their duties were, and how carefully they had to stand guard.

"I'll take that bet," said Sam, "we'll try it to-night."

So it was agreed that the attempt to circumnavigate Sagamore Hill should be made at 12 o'clock last night. Just as the hour struck the three climbed into a one-horse runabout and started out the Cove road. They reached Sagamore Hill at 1 o'clock in the morning, and drove boldly through the gate onto the Roosevelt grounds. Ordinarily, there is a Secret Service man stationed right at this gate, but according to one of the men who took the drive none showed up to stop the party. They drove up the winding hill, he afterward said, under the porte-cochere, and completely circled the house itself.

President's Guard.

Four Secret Service men are supposed to guard the President's grounds at night and four during the day. They are stationed at various points around the grounds, one at a rustic seat under a tree half way up the winding road. For some reason or other none of them appeared to interrupt the successful entry of the three men in the runabout. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when the carriage stopped in front of the barn directly in the rear of the house.

By this time Bill was sound asleep. The two Washingtonians, chuckling over their success, cuffed the sleeping Oyster Bayian until he awoke. Bill rubbed his startled eyes, and the men showed him what looked to be the President's house. It was some time before he could realize that he was actually within a few feet of the home of the President of the United States at 2 o'clock in the morning, with the President and his family asleep within easy call of his voice. Not a dog barked, not a stable hand or a Secret Service man appeared. When Bill had become fairly awake the driver took the three out of the grounds, still without meeting any opposition, and went back to the village. Over more cocktails in the barroom of the Octagon Bill, sadly crestfallen, paid his $25. The two Washingtonians left by an early train.

No Money Back.

When Bill came to the next morning he began to doubt that the men had taken him to Sagamore Hill at all. The more he thought it over the more convinced he became that another house on the grounds had been palmed off on him. It was too late, however, to get his money back, for the men had gone.

When Secretary Loeb was asked if it were possible for such an incident to take place he laughed.

"Utterly impossible," he said. "Why, there are four Secret Service men up there all night."

"They may be up there," some one suggested, "but that doesn't guarantee that they are on the job."

"No," replied the Secretary, "but even if they were asleep the dogs would have awakened everybody. The Secret Service men are the best that can be obtained anywhere and they are always strictly on the job."

ONLY ONE SERVICE A YEAR.

The Story of a Curious Little Church on an English Hilltop.

There stands upon a hill in the village of Uphill, in the County of Somerset, says London Tit-Bits, a small and very old church, which is surrounded by caves in which the bones of all kinds of animals have been discovered. This historic place of worship, which looks down upon Uphill Castle and the village itself, was at one time the only place of worship for miles around.

For several years no Sunday services have been held within its walls, and the only time that the public is allowed to worship there is one night in the year—on Christmas eve—when the vicar of Uphill or some other clergyman officiates. There is a footpath leading up the hill to the church, but as the hill is a very steep one and the distance great very few people visit the church. It is by order of the ecclesiastical commisioners that it is opened to the public once a year.

Curious stories are told regarding this interesting edifice, one of which is to the effect that the church was purposely built on the top of the hill so that the preacher could feel convinced of the sincerity of the faith of those who accomplished the task of climbing to it. The church has been visited by people from all parts of the world. It is the only building in England—probably in the world—in which divine service is conducted only once a year.