

THE BOURBON NEWS

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BUBBLE-BLOWING.

Our plot is small, but sunny lines shut out all cares and troubles; And there my little girl, at times, And I sit blowing bubbles.

The screaming swiftness race to and fro, Bees cross the ivied paling, Draughts lift and set the globes we blow In freakish currents sailing.

They glide, they dart, they soar, they break, Oh, joyous little daughter, What lovely colored worlds we make, What crystal flowers of water!

One, green and rosy, slowly drops; One soars and shines a minute, And carries to the lime-tree tops, Our home, reflected in it.

The gable, with cream rose in bloom, She sees from roof to basement; "Oh, father, there's your little room!" She cries in glad amazement.

To her, enchanted with the gleam, The glamour and the glory, The bubble home's a home of dream, And I must tell its story.

Tell what we did, and how we played, Withdrawn from care and trouble— A father and his merry maid, Whose house was in a bubble! —William Canton, in Woman's Journal.

A WAYSIDE PATIENT.

By Charles W. Harwood, M. D.

FOR half an hour past Dr. Sanborn had been certain that he was on the wrong road. The main highway ran straight to Winchester, but he had come upon unfamiliar dips and turns soon after leaving his patient's house. Rather than risk another mistake he drove straight on. There were outlying villages all about the city, and before long he must reach some thoroughfare leading toward home.

It was nearly midnight. The sky was thick, and a lantern hanging over the lasher barely showed the breadth of this forest-bordered way.

The reins hung slack from the doctor's hands, but suddenly he tightened them, and, grasping his whip, leaned forward to pierce the darkness ahead. Between the jogging steps of his horse he had caught the sound of quick, soft footfalls upon the dust of the road.

It was a time and place for caution. Dr. Sanborn presently saw a man's figure in the road before him. He held the whip ready to lash his horse onward, but the stranger turned to one side and halted at a discreet distance.

"Say, are you a doctor?" he called out, breathless with running.

"Yes, what do you want?" Without relaxing his guard at all, Dr. Sanborn pulled up to the horse.

"For God's sake, come with me! There's a fellow taken sick a little way above here. I'm afraid he's got pneumonia."

"Who are you?" the doctor asked, distrustfully, for the man seemed too ragged and unkempt to be an honest farm hand.

"Oh, I'm a tramp," he acknowledged, hurriedly. "Never mind about me. He's on the road, too, but he's a fellow that's worth saving. Won't you come?" His voice quavered, but quickly rang true again. "You wouldn't let even a tramp die like a dog, you know you wouldn't, doctor!"

"That's so! Well, I'll see your friend. Go ahead and lead the way."

"Thank you, doctor. It isn't far."

With a look of relief he faced about and ran on just in front of the carriage. Meanwhile strange stories were flashing through Dr. Sanborn's mind. On such pretences men had been enticed away and robbed; yet he resolutely quelled all suspicion and touched up his horse. The tramp's face had been sharp with unfeigned distress.

Soon after emerging from the woods the man ran off to one side and stood in a driveway leading back to some building.

"In here, doctor," he called, as the carriage drove up. "We crept into an old barn for the night. Let me hitch your horse and cover him."

With medicine case and lantern in hand, Dr. Sanborn followed his guide. Swinging the light around, he saw that the barn was used for storing bulky farming tools and the poorest hay.

The tramp shut the door carefully and held up his hand. For a moment the two men stood still to listen. Out of the gloom beyond them came a weak, incessant cough, which fell ominously upon the doctor's ear.

"He's breathing worse," whispered the tramp, and, running ahead, he jumped over into a partly-filled bay.

A young man hardly yet of age sat propped against the haymow. He was panting rapidly, and his dusky face turned from side to side in search of air.

"I've brought a doctor," the tramp announced, hopefully. "How are you, Will?"

"Air, Dick! I can't breathe!" the boy whispered; and Dick snatched off his hat and knelt down to fan him.

The doctor bent over his patient. Time was precious, and a moment of listening revealed all that he needed to know. The disease worked swiftly. In an hour or two the crisis would come.

He opened his case and held out a little tablet doubtfully. "Can you swallow it?" he asked.

Before long this would become impossible, but the young man nodded. With momentary acuteness he glanced at the physician, and then closed his eyes wearily.

For the present everything had been done, and the watchers stepped back. All around them lurked heavy shadows, and their little circle of brightness framed a strange scene.

Through chinks and crevices of the barn the light wind of the night blew freely. Dick had thrown his coat over the sick man, and, shivering slightly, he moved closer to the doctor.

It was a silent plea for sympathy. All that was best in life he had long since flung away, but there were still human ties to which he could appeal. From his friend's unconscious face he glanced, in some hesitation, at Dr. Sanborn.

"Will he be better soon?" he ventured, speaking softly.

"No, I fear not." The doctor hesitated. It seemed cruel not to offer the comfort of simple friendliness. "It is all I can say," he added, with an impulse of good will. "At best the matter is serious, and I can't tell what may be back of this."

"Is it pneumonia?" Dick asked, after a short silence.

"No, it's worse than pneumonia."

Dr. Sanborn returned to his patient. It was time for some improvement, but an hour passed by in apparently futile ministrations. Never had disease seemed so merciless or the strongest drugs so impotent.

Dick stood by, ready to give aid when needed. Presently he dropped upon his knees and impulsively clasped his friend's hand. His very touch seemed to awe him and, looking up, he asked one tremulous question:

"Doctor! is he dying?"

There was no answer, and, shaken by an irrepressible sob, the man crept away. With every sense intent upon the slightest changes of pulse and breath, Dr. Sanborn took no heed of his going. The silence grew oppressive. Dick soon returned, and, sitting down, bowed his head upon his hands.

"I hate to lose Will this way," he said, mournfully. "We've been together a long time now. Will ran away from home because he thought his father was working him too hard, but it wasn't easy to find work elsewhere, and he took to tramping with me."

"This last year he's been getting tired of it. Many a time of late he's said to me: 'Ah, Dick, a man can't get anything worth having unless he works for it—steady, mind you, Dick,' he would say, 'steady!'"

All this passed the doctor's ears unheeded. He was reading a more absorbing story, and its climax was near at hand. There lies the romance of a physician's life. The night's adventure and his strange surroundings scarcely moved Dr. Sanborn's imagination, but it stirred his blood to feel the pulse growing stronger under his fingers and the deadly chill passing away.

For, almost incredulously, he admitted the fact. It had been a long fight, and his eyes sparkled with triumph.

Dick was still talking. It was only a variation of the old, sad story, but something in his manner of speech seemed incongruous, and the doctor flashed a critical glance over him.

"You were a man of some education," he remarked, abruptly.

"I?" Dick queried, in surprise. "Oh, I had an academy course." He gave a shamed, uneasy laugh. "They used to think I'd study for the ministry."

"Where are they now?" asked the doctor, quietly.

"Dead." A moment passed in silence. "There wasn't any trouble with my scholarship. I lacked something else, I guess. Well, I've spent my chances."

A shade of genuine regret clouded his face, but he turned the subject and went on:

"I'm going to my boy!" There was a deep thrill in her voice which strongly moved the young man. "Where is he? What shall I take to him?"

"Some one must stay here and prepare for him," was the gentle reply. "You can do that best. Your husband will go with me."

With a quick, nervous stride Mr. Forrest started for the carriage, while his wife hurried to get the necessary wraps. It was all one to her, so long as she could work for Will.

They drove in silence. The roll of carriage wheels announced their coming, and Dick was waiting outside the door.

"Where is my son?" Mr. Forrest asked, hoarsely.

"At the farther end, resting quietly, sir. He's been talking about the old folks, doctor. I'm glad you have come."

As they entered the barn, Dr. Sanborn laid a warning hand on the old man's arm. "Remember to control yourself. He has been very near to death this night."

"I will! I will! Only let me see him." But, even with the words upon his lips, he sprang into the bay, and, as he knelt and caught Will into his arms, the boy opened his eyes upon his father's face.

"Will! my son!" The father's voice was choked and broken, and Will sobbed aloud.

"Father! I didn't treat you right," he faltered. "I'm going to do better now."

"My son!" It was all the old man could utter, but he wrapped the blankets about his boy, and, passing his strong arms underneath, smiled down upon him tenderly.

"Come, Will!" he said. "Mother is waiting for you."—Youth's Companion.

A Dead Bargain.

The late Catholic bishop of Newfoundland had a piano of which he desired to dispose, and which a friend, a Protestant doctor, desired to purchase. Considerable chaff ensued before the bargain was struck, at a price which the bishop declared ruinously low.

The only vehicle in the town which would accommodate the piano was the hearse, and in this it was driven to the doctor's door, who came to the bishop in high dudgeon.

"Why on earth," he asked, "did you send my piano home in a hearse?" The bishop's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Why? Oh, because it was such a dead bargain."—San Francisco Argonaut.

In the trunk of a tree which was cut down on James Maynard's farm at Portland, Mich., an iron horseshoe was found eight inches from the bark. The rings on the tree showed that the horseshoe had been there for 38 years.

When people who are not indebted to you are very kind, beware that they do not have an ax to grind.—Washington Democrat.

you can watch him till I return. I am going for help," he added, with a meaningful nod.

His horse neighed impatiently as he stole out of the barn. How cold the night air was! Drawing a long breath of relief, he wrapped his overcoat closely about him, uncovered the horse and drove away.

In the darkness it would have been easy to miss his destination, but he kept a sharp outlook, and at last descried the Forrest house looming indistinctly upon the right.

The night was still, but no one seemed to be roused by his coming. He walked up the gravel path to the front door, and, drumming soundly on a panel, stepped away to watch the upper windows. Presently a sash was raised above his head.

"Who is there?" asked a well-known voice.

"I am Dr. Sanborn. Mr. Forrest, I have urgent business with you."

The window was closed and a faint murmur of voices dropped out into the hush. Dr. Sanborn fastened his horse and went back to the doorstep. Knowing Will's father as a stern and silent man, he had already begun to doubt the issue of his intercession.

A glimmering light shone through the close shutters of the hall, and descended the stairs. There was a rattle of bolts, the door was opened, and a tall, spare man came forward, hastily clothed, but erect and dignified.

"You may enter," he said, gravely.

An austere silence he led the way into the parlor and solemnly confronted his visitor, as one who expects the worst. In the chill of the early morning he looked old and gray.

"Sir, are you a messenger of good or of evil?" he asked.

"Perhaps of both," the doctor replied. "Mr. Forrest, have you a son?"

The man's stern face softened a little as his wife entered the room and came quickly to his side. But he had been deeply wounded by Will's desertion.

"I had a son," he answered, grimly.

"Don't say that, father," his wife pleaded. "He is always our son. O doctor, have you any news of Willie?"

One could read unshaken love in her appealing eyes. Dr. Sanborn's smile was sufficient reply, and with a glad and grateful look she hurried from the room.

Her husband's lips were still set in unrelenting lines. He was a proud and just man, and he waited for some token of Will's repentance.

"Mr. Forrest," said the doctor, impressively, "do you believe in the story of the prodigal son?"

It was a touch upon the quick, and the father bowed his head. "Oh, if he would only come back!" he groaned.

"He has come back," said the doctor. "To-night he lies sick in a barn not fit for your cattle. He has fallen by the way, but he is coming home, if only to look upon your face again."

The old man raised his hand; he could bear no more. Soon a light touch clung upon the doctor's arm and Mrs. Forrest stood beside him, hastily dressed for the night air. Her worn face was fairly aglow with joy.

"Doctor, I'm going to my boy!" There was a deep thrill in her voice which strongly moved the young man. "Where is he? What shall I take to him?"

"Some one must stay here and prepare for him," was the gentle reply. "You can do that best. Your husband will go with me."

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LAKE MICHIGAN ALWAYS OPEN.

How It Is Rendered Navigable All the Year Around.

Navigation on Lake Michigan is never closed. Steamers run back and forth across the lake and between the ports of the west shore of the lake during the entire winter with remarkable regularity. The first attempts at winter navigation on the translake routes were made by the Detroit & Milwaukee Railroad company and by the now defunct Engelmann Transportation company many years ago, and the success of winter ventures became established as the character of the steamers was improved and developments were made in marine engineering. Now winter navigation proceeds almost uninterrupted, and the new car ferries steam back and forth with little regard for weather or for ice. The success of the car ferries on Lake Michigan and the car ferry which defies winter in the Straits of Mackinac is probably the cause of the announcement that negotiations are in progress looking to the construction of ice-breaking freight steamers that will enable their owners to keep them in commission on the Lake Superior and lower lake route during the winter. The report is without foundation.

There is a vast difference between the navigation of Lake Michigan from one shore to the other, and along its west shore, and the navigation of the great lakes throughout their lengths and through the interlake channels. Ice breaking is expensive, and occasionally the ice floes defy the crushing powers of the best of the so-called ice breakers. One of the car ferries was recently stalled by a floe near Menominee, which defied not only the steamer, but the explosive power of dynamite. The trouble of winter navigation on the chain of lakes would occur in the interlake channels and in the canals. Owing to the clogging effects of the ice it would be almost impossible to operate canals during midwinter.

Another and a very serious bar to general lake navigation in winter is the prevalence of snowstorms, during which nothing whatever can be seen. Snow is more obstructive to the sight than fog, and during a driving snowstorm it is impossible to see anything ahead, even in the daytime. Winter navigators on Lake Michigan, who are never out of sight of land for any great length of time, experience their chief annoyance from the snowstorms. They manage to steam into port when snow is flying thick, because of their familiarity with the route, but they occasionally get into trouble while they are wrapped in "the tumultuous privacy of the storm."

It does not follow, by any means, that because winter navigation is successful on Lake Michigan it can be made successful in the upper and lower lake service.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A CITY IN A VOLCANO.

The Picturesque and Peculiar City of Saba, in the West Indies.

If you will take down your geographies and look on the map of the West Indies you will notice, between the islands of Santa Cruz and St. Christopher, two small islets which, unless your map is an unusually large and complete one, will have no names given. These two islands belong to the Dutch, and the most northerly and westerly of them is called Saba.

The Dutch are noted for their odd and quaint customs and for their perseverance, Holland being sometimes called the "Land of Pluck;" but I doubt if anywhere in all their possessions have these curious people shown their queer and eccentric habits to greater advantage than in the little out-of-the-way island of Saba.

The island is small, its greatest diameter being not over 2 1/2 miles, and it is nothing more than an isolated mountain top rising out of the sea. The sides are very steep and high, rising in places for a sheer 2,000 feet. There is no harbor, no beach, no safe anchorage and no large trees on the island. Although Saba has a population of over 2,500, yet you might sail all around it without seeing any signs of houses or settlements. If you wished to land, or "go aboard," as the Sabans say, you would have to do so on a shelving rock on the southern side of the island; and here you would find a steep, winding flight of stone steps leading up the rocky mountain side.

Following these steps, which number 800 and are called "The Ladder," you at last reach the top of the mountain, and, looking inland, see a small grassy plain covered with neat white, red-roofed houses, the whole surrounded on every side by towering peaks and precipices covered with tree ferns, bamboos and wild plants. This little town, the only one on the island, is known as "The Bottom"—a curious name, surely; but it is well named, nevertheless, for the plain on which it is built is nothing more than the bottom of the crater of an extinct volcano.

Descending the slope into this queerest of queer towns, you find the streets simply narrow paths walled with stone, higher in places than your head, while every inch of earth is cultivated with true Dutch thrift and industry. Here and there small patches of sugar cane, yams and arrowroot are side by side with beans, corn and potatoes, with palm and banana trees rising over all. The population consists of whites and negroes in nearly equal numbers, while the blue-eyed and tow-headed children play with black-skinned and curly-headed picanninies; but all are Dutch in speech, manners and looks. The houses, shops, gardens—everything is Dutch.—A. H. Verrill, in St. Nicholas.

Something of an Admission.

"Of course, all my aunts say that the baby looks like me," said the blushing young man.

"What does your wife say to that?" asked the elder man.

"Well, she admits that perhaps I may resemble the baby a little."—Indianapolis Journal.

REFINING INFLUENCES.

Received by a Child at Its Mother's Knee.

There are many parents who are conscientious in their desire to give their children an environment which will make them useful men and women, who seem utterly oblivious of the value of the refinements of human life in molding the character. The remark is frequently made in describing certain individuals that "they are well-educated, but utterly without culture." This is certainly a contradiction. A properly-educated person must be cultured—that is, she must have so thoroughly digested her knowledge that it has modified and refined her character. The meaning, however, is clear, and conveys a truth that ought to be generally recognized by parents. Learning is not culture, nor knowledge wisdom. We cannot lead our children into a higher life by surrounding them by sordid and coarse associations, and then by one supreme effort in expenditure, as a sort of financial speculation, send them through college. Such an education seldom pays, considered from the lowest standpoint.

The education of a child begins at its mother's knee, and continues until the child arrives at mature years. The home education is far more lasting than the school education. Surround your home with good literature. It is hardly possible to be too fastidious in this matter. Where the library is limited there is only space for "the immortals"—the few names the world is not willing to let die. Every good book which is brought to the house is an investment in the education of the children. Every good engraving hung upon the walls molds the taste. Keep the walls bare until you can afford to hang good pictures upon them. Coarse, gaudy pictures vitiate the taste and leave impressions that it takes years to eradicate, which are apt to haunt the mind of a child sensitive to color and form like a nightmare. There are plenty of cheap photographs of good pictures which cost less than the materials for a gaudy oil painting. Simple casts of the masterpieces of sculpture are very inexpensive and are now finished with wax, so they may be washed off without injury when they are soiled. Such casts as Michael Angelo's "Slave" or any of the great works of masters are an education. Bary's studies of animal life are all reproduced in plaster, and are excellent gifts for boys or girls who are interested in animals. Such refinements of life as these educate, while fine raiment, soft beds and rich food may enervate the character.

Music and musical instruments all assist in molding the character and refining the nature by lifting the individual above the sordid pursuit of the commonplace things of life. Children cannot be properly educated unless they have some chance to see the world outside their immediate neighborhood. When the father is going on a journey, if only to a neighboring town, it is an education and help to his boy at 12 to go with him. It trains him to meet strangers with ease. It is a help to him and to all the children to be allowed to help receive company. It costs something to be hospitable, but it pays in the influence upon children who are thus properly trained to entertain company.

Children who are accustomed to the presence of visitors acquire an easy manner and learn to be tactful and graceful. Such an education cannot be overestimated in assisting a young person to make his way in the world, providing it is supplemented by an eminently practical education at school or college.—N. Y. Tribune.

BIKE DIVORCE NIPPED.

Matrimonial Tandem Maintainable if Couple Have Separate Wheels.

"I'm a believer in the bicycle," declared a lawyer of prominence the other day. "In fact, I ride one myself and derive a great deal of benefit from it; but I know of more than one instance where it has led to family dissension."

"It was called upon professionally the other day by a fine-looking, intelligent, nicely dressed woman of about 35. Without any tears or other preliminaries she stated that she desired my services in procuring a divorce."

"Upon what grounds, madam?"

"You can give them a technical name after I have told you what they are. No couple ever lived more happily than did Fred and myself until he brought a tandem home for our joint use. He thought it best that we should do our wheeling together, and I agreed with him. His thoughtfulness and desire to be with me were very pleasing."

"To be sure."

"But all my anticipations were blasted. He developed a stubbornness that I never before discovered in his character. He never proposed going where I wanted to go. If I had my mind set upon going to the island he went to the boulevard, and if I had a preference for one street he selected another. It often occurred, too, that when one of us was anxious to go out the other was not in the mood. I cannot endure another such season."

"Did it ever occur to you, madam, that it might be wiser to give up your tandem than your husband?"

"Indeed, I'm not going to give up the bicycle just because he chooses to be a tyrant. I want you to commence proceedings."

"Perhaps, without letting him know what you have in mind, I could persuade your husband to buy you a wheel of your own."

"Oh, if you could! The very latest and the very finest. I'm sure he would—Fred's so generous. I was confident you would help me out."—Detroit Free Press.

Narrow Satin Ruches.

Narrow satin ribbon, plaited, gathered or shirred, is used at wrist and throat instead of lace or lisse ruching, by some ultra-fashionable women. If two ribbons are used together, one of them is sure to be black satin.—Chicago Tribune.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—In School.—"Johnny?" "Yes'm."

"Complete this adage for me: 'People who live in glass houses should—'"

"Should pull down the blinds."—Chicago Record.

—Suggestion from the Pulpit.—"Brethren," said a well-known bishop the other day, in the course of a sermon, "I beg you to take hold of your own heart and look it straight in the face."—Tit-Bits.

—"You will be sorry for the way you have neglected me when I am silent in the tomb," said Mrs. Peck. "Think of that." "My dear," said Mr. Peck, as innocently as he could, "I cannot imagine such a thing."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A Vital Question.—"I don't know why the papers should speak so harshly of poor Prince Constantine. The dispatches say he was at the head of his troops at the last battle." "Yes. Which way were they going?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—"He—Tell me, Carrie; were you ever in love before?" She—"To be frank with you, Harry, my heart never went out from me but once, and that was to my bicycle; but Harry, I like you as well as it is possible for me to like a man."—Boston Transcript.

—At the Height of the Quarrel.—"It's absurd and it's unfair, Maria, to accuse me of swearing. You never heard me utter a profane word in your life." "You're swearing in your mind right now, John Billus, and you know it! I can tell it by the blank look in your face!"—Chicago Tribune.

—Extract from a Letter Written from College.—"I am much rejoiced, dearest uncle, that you are coming to visit me next Monday. I will be at the station to meet the train. As we haven't seen each other for a long time, that I may easily recognize you, hold a ten-pound note in your right hand."—Tit-Bits.

STEERING BY A STAR.

Sailors Can Keep the Course Better This Way Than by a Compass.

That sailors prefer not to steer by compass must have struck you as one curious fact. Here is another: A steersman can keep his ship better on her course at night, if it be clear, than during the day. "Look ahead, get a star and steady her head by it." So says the A. B. of the ocean to the sailor who has not yet won his degree. For to the helmsman the stars are like the pillar of fire in Scripture. They are the hands on the dial of the night. They twinkle "good evening" to poor Jack as he sits up aloft or stands at the helm, and wink "good morning" and "good-by" to him with daylight. It is obvious that the "to" or "off" movement of a vessel can be more quickly detected by a small, bright object like a star dead ahead than by the monotonous sweep of the horizon, or by peering into the compass box. The same ancient mariner who told me about measuring the length of the off and in shore legs by the life of candles told me that once, when the oil in the binnacle lamps gave out and he was steering by a star, he occasionally struck a match and looked at the compass "to see if the star had moved any." He was a genuine "sea-cook," this ancient mariner, being steward of the vessel on which I was sailing; and he would bob up out of the cook's galley amidships like a seal bobbing up through a hole in the ice, and proceed to spin yarns.

When the lookout sings out: "Land, ho!" and has replied to the officer's "Where away?" a star over the rock or other danger may be noted and brought down in line with the point on the compass and its proper bearing obtained.

"The stars," said a sea captain to me, "move apparently from east to west, so that when we find our first star will no longer do we select another. This is the case with all but the north or polar star, which is in line with two certain stars in the Great Bear