In Time of Storm and Wreck

ONE of the government's life-saving stations on Long island is at Shinnecock. It is 85 miles east from New York as the railroad runs, and that is about as the crows fly.

The unpretentious one-story frame station house, capped by a little box-like lookout, is surrounded by a trio of dwellings, doll house in proportions, in which live as many families of life-savers. The only other evidences of habitation on the sandy stretch are two or three unpainted storage sheds and a flag signal pole towering over the squat buildings within its shadow.

From Shinnecock bay, which separates the beach from the mainland to the north, the whole station is clearly visible on a fair day across the four-mile stretch of water; but let one take up his stand on the ocean's edge, 50 yards to the south of the station, and look northward and he will see naught of human handiwork except the top of the flagpole—that and an abruptly rising ridge of sand.

This ridge, which is pure golden and silvery and iron red by turns, continues almost centrally along the beach as far as eye can see to east and west, and it has the peculiar property of keeping the noises of the sea from out the ears of the Shinnecock life-savers, except on the stormiest of nights, when the gale is blowing great guns from the south.

It was on such a winter's night that the two occupants of an ancient catboat, baffled in their attempts to reach the mainland across Shinnecock bay, ran the boat over the flats until its bottom grated and held fast on the stand. Then jumping into the knee-deep water they tugged and pulled the boat after them until it was beached.

After that they made the craft safe from the storm, and a little while later set their faces toward the gale-driven rain and breasted their way to the station house.

They threw open the door just as the life-savers were sitting down to a meal of salt pork, boiled cabbage and hot coffee, served on a table hidden under a piece of clean oil cloth.

As the visitors sat down the heat from the wood fire in the big cooking stove back of them quickly dried their drenched clothing and skins, so that when the last of the mounds of food had disappeared from the platters and pipes had been lighted and chairs tilted comfortably back against walls, they were in fitting mood to show interest in Capt. Alanson Penny's reminiscences.

"Bad night, but clear weather alongside the night when the schooner Louis V. Place went ashore off the Lone Hill station about four years ago," he began.

He took a deep puff at his pipe.

"Maybe you'd care to hear about it?" All right; yes—yes."

"It was around about midnight when the Louis V. Place was blown on the bar. Capt. Sam Baker and his crew were down at the shore in a jiffy with the beach apparatus, for they knew that quick work was needed to save men grounded in such a sea.

"They shot out the line, and it wouldn't hold. They shot out the line again and it wouldn't hold; and they shot it out time after time, but it wouldn't hold, for the schooner was rolling so frightfully that none of the sailors dared come out of the rigging to make it fast.

"There was nothing to do except to wait for the wind to die down. They waited two days and nights beside the beach fires, which lit up the faces of the freezing sailors, and as they waited and watched this man and that, frozen beyond further endurance, let go his hold and fell into the sea.

"On the second night they saw one man, armed with a rope's end, beat two of the men near him to keep them awake and from freezing. The next day the sea died down, the ice broke and the surf boat was finally worked to the side of the schooner, but not before the man who had whipped the others to keep them alive had fallen into the sea.

"The two survivors were brought ashore and one died shortly after. The other I'm told, lived, but he was amputated all to pieces, nearly.

"When it was all over Capt. Baker, who was half crazy all the time he was powerless to rescue the sailors, went to pieces and died a few weeks later. He died of a broken heart—died because he had not been able to save the eight sailors who froze before his eyes. And these are the last words he said before he died:

"'God pity the poor boys out yonder in the rigging.'"

Capt. Penny struck a match and as he relighted his pipe, he said between short puffs:

"Tell them about Nipsy, Carter."

Charles A. Carter is No. 1 at the Shinnecock station, where he has patrolled the beach for 25 years. He reached down at his side and patted a medium-sized black dog on the head.

"This is Nipsy," he said. "He's a cross between spaniel and bull, and he's a mighty bright dog.

"He keeps me company on my watch in good weather, but whenever he sees me put on my sou'wester, he runs and hides behind the stove. But if there's a wreck, and he sees us taking out the beach apparatus, no matter if it's blowing a gale and the rain cuts like a knife, Nipsy follows and works with me.

"Nipsy has done a good many pretty bright things, but the best thing he ever did was to save a life two years ago last August, when a coal collier, bound for down east from the Delaware capes, foundered several hundred yards off shore.

"We launched the surf boat and made for her as soon as we saw her distress, but before we reached her and just before she went under a big wave broke over the ship and washed the crew of four overboard.

"It was stiff work, but somehow we managed to pull three men from the sea before they'd shipped enough water to drown 'em. The fourth was nowhere to be seen, and after looking around for awhile, we gave him up for lost and headed for the shore.

"When we landed Nipsy was running up and down the beach where he knew we'd come ashore, barking like all possessed. He jumped all around me, nearly knocking me over, and between jumps he'd run eastward on the beach, as if he wanted me to go with him.

"Finally I said to myself: 'Nipsy's found something, and maybe it's the missing sailor,' I said, just for something to say. Well, anyway, I humored the dog and followed him and he ran about 500 yards down the beach and stood still and barked.

"Pretty soon I came up to him and what do you think I saw lying there in the sands? My nephew.

"Nipsy took me to him just in time and so we saved his life. He was the missing man from the collier and he had been tossed ashore by the breakers."

Carter looked at the clock.

"Almost eight o'clock," he said. "Rudd, we'll be on patrol in a few minutes and won't be back before midnight, so speak up before we go."

"Yes—yes," John W. Rudd, No. 2, drawlingly responded in Long Island vernacular, and then continued:

"I started out for patrol duty on the first night of the '88 blizzard. It is only a matter of 50 or 60 yards to the beach from the station house, but the snow was so blinding and the wind so high that it took me 15 minutes to reach the beach.

"Then I headed for the patrol house about a mile to the westward. My idea was to get there and stay there, because that's allowable in such weather.

"I thought I'd never reach that house. I fought against the wind until I was almost ready to drop, and the only thing that kept me up at the end was the thought that I'd freeze if I didn't hold out.

"The snow kept me from seeing ahead—I couldn't have seen the captain if he'd been walking alongside of me. I feared all the time that I'd go past the box, because I knew the lamp light wouldn't be visible.

"So, when I thought I'd almost reached it, I stuck out my arms in front as far as I could and walked that way until they ached, so I thought I couldn't keep them up any longer. And then kerplunk! went a fist against the patrol box.

"Guess how long I'd been covering the mile." Rudd was fastening his sou'wester under his chin. "Just two hours," he said, as he slung a Coston signal over his shoulder and opened the door. "Yes—yes."

James G. Smith, No. 5, to whose lot fell the replenishing of the wood fire, spoke up as he clattered the stove lid back into place:

"Don't know why, but I'm reminded of a yarn that I heard at a Cape Cod station a few years back.

"Seems that an English frigate was wrecked off the beach, where the station is, 200 years ago. One day, four or five years ago, the hull of a vessel all at once stuck itself above the water in full sight of the station, and musket and pistol butts, like those used before the revolution, and old style woodwork was thrown up on shore.

"'It's the hull of the English frigate thrown up out of the quicksands,' the life-savers said; and then they sent word to the people in the village.

"They came trooping down to the beach and began putting out to the wreck, in hopes of securing the treasure that is said to have gone down with the frigate.

"But before the first boat was fairly under way, and just as suddenly and silently as it had appeared, the hull sank back into the quicksands. And it hasn't been seen since."

"Yes—yes; and the crew of that same station—it's the one closest to Highland light—lost their lives about 15 years ago," spoke up George J. Caffrey, surfman No. 4. "It happened in this way:

"An Italian bark was blown over one of the bars and on to the other. The crew shot out the line and flew signals and all that, but the Italians, it turned out, didn't know the first thing about our work and so they didn't know how to answer the signals and didn't make fast the rope.

"When the captain saw that the Italians didn't know what to do he and his men launched the surf boat and pulled out for the bark. They reached her bow and were just making ready to take off some of the sailors when the boat got caught in the terrible undertow that exists around the bar and was sucked under.

"Every mother's son of them was drowned like rats. And they went under so suddenly they didn't have time to make a single shout for help.

"Two hours later the storm died down enough to allow all of the Italians to get ashore with almost dry skins."

Capt. Penny has been at the Shinnecock station for 17 years, and in all that time hasn't been in New York, nor seen a skyscraper or trolley car.—N. Y. Sun.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT

DOGS AS TRAVELERS.

They Seem to Possess Some Peculiar Power Which Guides Them to Their Destination.

In the old days of the James river canal a fine setter was taken by his master on a packet boat which was so crowded that the dog was put in the captain's cabin to be out of the way. His owner reached his destination after nightfall, and had taken so much wine by that time that he was carried off the boat, and no one remembered his setter.

Next morning the captain took the dog on deck with him, but was much afraid he would jump off to the towpath and try to return that way, and so handsome an animal would have been in danger of being stolen.

Carlo, however, lay perfectly quiet, but with an air of listening that attracted notice. Toward noon he heard the sound of the horn of a packet coming from the opposite way, and as the boats passed each other he made a leap and was next heard from as having got off at the place where his master had stopped, and as having gone at once to the house where he was a guest.

Could human intelligence have surpassed that?

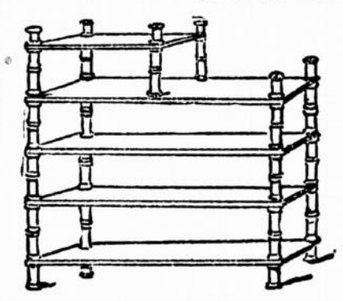
This same dog lay on his master's grave and refused food until he died from starvation. But I do not give this as a case in point.

A gentleman who lived 100 miles from a city moved there with all his possessions, including a bulldog which had been raised at his father's home, where he had hitherto resided. He was locked up in the car with the furniture, and in the bustle of unloading he disappeared, and two days afterward he reached his former home, coming by an inland route, as was known by parties who recognized him, so that he evidently marked out his own path without reference to the railroad on which he had been carried away.—Christian Endeavor World.

NEAT DOLL BOOKCASE.

Bright Boys and Girls Can Make a Cunning Little Toy Out of Very Simple Material.

Either a boy or a girl can make the cunning little doll bookcase like the illustration. Save your spools, and get all you can from obliging neighbors and aunts, who would be glad to have their empty spools taken out of their way. Select spools all of one



THE BOOKCASE COMPLETED.

size, and with good glue or cement fasten the spools one on top of the other, to form the upright of the bookcase, gluing the shelves in between the spools at the proper intervals. The shelves for this small bookcase are cigar box covers, and the spools are a dark wood nearly the shade of the shelves, and the whole case is varnished over. The bookcase may be made large enough to hold your sister's little library, and the shelves may be made of any pretty wood, such as is especially used in fretsaw work. The book shelves will not be strong enough to hang from the picture molding with books in, but should be placed upon a shelf low enough for the little girl to reach her favorite story books.—N. Y. Tribune.

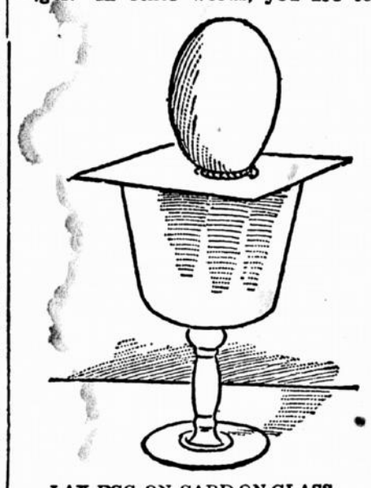
EGG AND CARD TRICK.

It Is Not Very Difficult to Perform, Although It Will Mystify All Your Friends.

With a wineglass half full of water, an egg, a ring and a playing card you may perform a very neat and pretty trick for the amusement of your friends.

Lay the card on top of the glass and on the card place a good-sized finger ring. Now balance the egg, small end upward, by placing it on the ring.

Thus you will have a unique structure, apparently firm and nicely balanced, which it is your purpose to demolish by a mere flick of the finger. In other words, you are to



LAY EGG ON CARD ON GLASS.

let the egg and the ring fall into the glass without your touching either of them.

How are you going to do it?

It is the easiest thing in the world, if you do it in the right way. All you have to do is to flick the corner of the card with the second finger of your right hand, and if this is done exactly in the direction of the level of the card it will fly out and let the ring and egg drop into the glass. The water in the glass will prevent the egg from breaking.

A similar trick may be performed with a card and a coin balanced on the forefinger of your left hand. The coin must be placed exactly in the center of the card, which will be over the tip of your finger, and when you flick the card away the coin will rest on your finger.—Brooklyn Eagle.

STRICT DOORKEEPER.

How a Chinese Servant Misunderstood the Instructions Given Him by His Mistress.

When the Andersons went to California they rented a small furnished house and engaged a Chinese man-of-all-work. The house was well situated and tastefully furnished, and Wing Lee proved to be a good cook, clean and respectful.

As soon as the Andersons were settled the neighbors began to call, and it was then that the fact was discovered that Wing was absolutely devoid of any ideas as to the ushering in or out of guests. So one morning the ladies determined to instruct him. Providing him with a tray, Miss Anderson went out, rang the bell, was shown into the parlor and waited while the calm Chinaman carried her card to Mrs. Anderson.

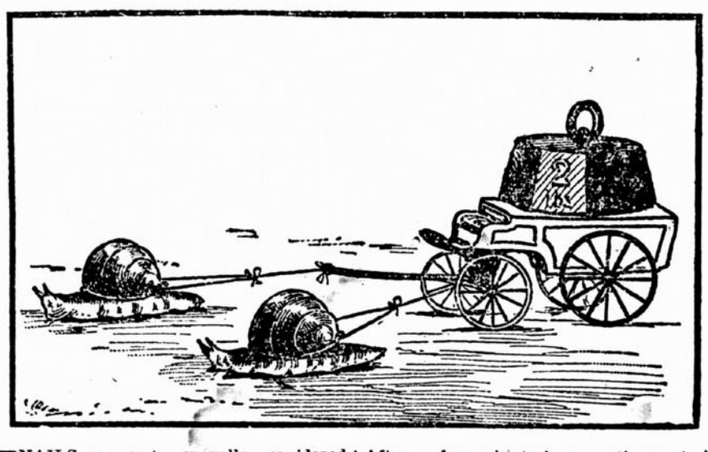
This was repeated several times, until the ladies were quite satisfied that Wing was perfect in his role. That evening at 8:30 the bell rang. Wing shuffled majestically to the door, while mother and daughter hung breathlessly over the banisters to watch the result of their teaching.

They heard a gentleman's voice ask if the ladies were at home. They saw Wing present his tray and receive a card with an air which made them mentally pat each other on the back, and then they saw him draw a card from his sleeve.

"Mine!" gasped Miss Anderson. "The one we used for the lessons!"

Wing compared the two carefully, and, returning the one which the caller had just handed him, he remarked blandly: "Tickee no good. No can come," and calmly shut the door in the fact of the astonished guest.—Little Chronicle.

TESTING STRENGTH OF SNAILS



SNAILS are not generally considered especially fine examples of Samson-like muscular development, yet their powers are by no means to be despised. This was recently proved by a little French boy in Paris, whose experiments showed some startling results.

He picked up a couple of ordinary garden snails. To the outer surface of the shell of each he glued a crooked pin. A piece of cotton was tied to the crooked pin, and then its other end was attached to the object to be moved. One of the French boy's former playthings—a tin cart on wheels—was chosen.

Placing the cart on a perfectly level surface, he thus harnessed the snails to it. After a few minutes' coy retirement to their shells the snails emerged and began to crawl along. The threads became taut. For an instant there was a pause. Then—excessively slowly and laboriously, with many tiny jerks—the cart followed its unwilling steeds.

Incredible though it may sound, the snails drew the cart along easily, even when weights were put upon it. The drawing above, from a photograph taken in a garden near Paris, shows two snails drawing a two-pound weight. Although they did it at a decidedly leisurely pace, and with frequent pauses, the deadweight behind them seemed to cause them no inconvenience.

First Need of a Doctor.

Wu Ting Fang is fond of relating a story about a Chinese doctor who didn't satisfy his patient. The sicker the patient grew, the more indignant his friends became at the unsuccessful physician. At last, when the sick man was in a final stage and death was imminent, the relatives laid violent hands on the unfortunate doctor, and, tying him up to a tree, started to administer a smart beating. But while his assailants were looking for a stick with which to beat him, the doctor freed himself, and, jumping into the river, swam to safety. When he reached home he found his son, who was studying to be a physician, poring over a book on medicine. "Put it up, put it up, shut it up," said the doctor, grimly; "the first requisite of a doctor is to know how to swim, not to cure."—San Francisco Argonaut.

One Hole at Least.

Hicks—I bought some oil stock nearly a year ago, and the fellow who sold it to me declared the company was already in operation. I'll bet they haven't sunk a single hole yet.

Wicks—Oh! I wouldn't say that. They must have at least the hole in which they're going to leave the stockholders.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Didn't Concern Him.

Lawyer—The jury has brought in a sealed verdict in your case.

Prisoner—Well, tell the court that they needn't open it on my account.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Little Girl—"A pound of steak, please, and cut it tough, will yer?" Butcher (amazed)—"Why?" Little Girl—"'Cause, if it's tender father eats it all!"—London Tatler.

Ennui is one of our greatest enemies: remunerative labor our most lasting friend.—Moser.

HIT BEFORE THE SHOT.

The Villain in a Melodrama Gives an Exhibition of Marvelous Marksmanship.

It was in a downtown theater recently, and the climax of a tragedy was approaching. Leading up toward this supreme moment, the villain, lolling in a summer garden, had been challenged to a duel with the hero, says the Chicago Tribune.

"Fight me! Fight me!" and the villain, too full for further utterance at the moment, pointed toward a bottle standing empty on a table thirty feet away.

The hero turned with a supercilious glance and looked.

"Watch!"

It was the villain's cue word, and he was so intent upon seeing that none of its laconic force was lost on the audience that he must have been slow with the action. Just as his revolver appeared from a rear pocket and was rising in the villain's right hand——.

"Bing-le-ting-le-ting!"

The neck of the bottle burst in a dozen pieces and clinked to the floor; the astonished villain, with the unexploded weapon in his hand, stood there with fallen jaw and lowering arm, while the gallery simply went to pieces in the delirium of its joy.

You must walk a long time behind a gander before you find a peacock feather.—Judge.