

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

OCCUPATION OF THE PEARL FISHERS A DANGEROUS ONE.

While at Work He Is Surrounded by All Sorts of Danger—H. P. Whitmarsh, a Successful Diver Describes His Perilous Adventures.

(By H. P. Whitmarsh.)

FISHING for pearls is a profitable occupation, but full of danger. Formerly the calling was monopolized by the natives of tropic shores whose operations were confined to the shallow waters, or at best depths easily penetrated by divers without apparatus.

Pearls are found in most tropical waters. The market, however, is principally supplied from the gulfs of California and Mexico, the northern coast of Australia, Ceylon, and the islands of the Pacific.

Though pearls are found in almost all mollusks, the true pearls of fashion are only produced by the pearl oyster or mother-of-pearl shell. And here let me say that pearl diving means not only fishing for pearls, but also the shells which contain them.

From Torres Straits, good pearling grounds extend far east and west. Here (and it is representative of nearly all other fisheries) diving is carried on by means of lugger-rigged boats, ranging in size from five to twenty tons.

There is a scattering of Europeans among the divers—principally English and Germans; but Kanakas, Malays, East Indians, Japanese, and Chinese make up the greater number.

Next to a good diver and apparatus, a reliable "tender" is the most necessary adjunct to a pearling lugger's outfit. He it is who holds the life or signal line, and looks after the general welfare of the diver when below.

On the pearling grounds, with the first streaks of dawn, black wreaths of smoke arise from every boat. The cooks are busy preparing the everlasting fish and rice for the Mohammedan crews. The divers have, perforce, to content themselves with a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, as it is impossible to do good work under water with a full stomach.

The diving dress is a waterproof combination of coat, vest, trousers, and stockings, all in one. The only inlets or outlets are the wide collar and the wristlets. Dressed in a double set of heavy flannels (to absorb the perspiration), the diver, with the "tender's" aid, works his way, feet first, into the dress; his hands are soaped, so that they may slip through the tight-

stirred up by strong tides, or rough weather, it is necessary to go on all fours to find bottom. A good day's work is anything over 200 pairs of shells, although I have known as many as 1,000 to be picked up in that time.

Diving, and particularly pearl diving, is an exceedingly dangerous occupation, and accidents on the pearling grounds are of common occurrence. A diver runs the risk of losing his life by ripping or tearing his dress upon sharp rocks or corals, through which he must often pick his way.

I had been working all day, and about "knock off" time, having a full bag of shells, I screwed up the escape valve in order to fill the dress with air and make myself lighter, and gave the customary signal to ascend.

ATTACKED BY AN OCTOPUS. I was just getting good-tempered at the thought of a mouthful of fresh air, when I felt a sudden jerk under my left arm, and at the same instant my progress was stopped.

Before I realized what was the matter, the air-pipe was torn from the check that held it under my arm, slipped over it, and pulled my head downward; while the hauling of the "tender" above on the life-line round my waist raised the lower part of my body and left me suspended heels up.

In the first few moments of my surprise and terror I did not stop to consider what had happened. My presence of mind deserted me, and I struggled and screamed like a madman.

After a little while, having kicked myself into a state of exhaustion and common sense, I reasoned out the cause of my dilemma. As the strain of the air-pipe was downward, and that of the life-line upward, I concluded that the pipe must be fast below, and that the only thing to be done was to go down and clear it.

All my shakes and jerks on the life-line, however, were without avail. By that time all hands, except those pumping, had talled on, and were doing their level best to pull me in halves. Fortunately, all my gear was in good shape, or they might have accomplished it. Finally, after hanging betwixt the top and the bottom about half an hour, my "tender" had sense enough to signal for another diver, and I was at last released and hauled up, more dead than alive.

Octopi are seldom met with in Australian waters, though there is always the possibility of such a thing, and occasionally one hears of an encounter. The deaths of many native divers who go down and never appear again, are attributed to the tridacna, a gigantic mollusk of the clam order; which closes with a vise-like grip upon any thing that passes its lips.

Another fish that is unpleasant to meet is that known as the stone-fish. It is small, being only a few inches in length, but its bite is poisonous. Apparently, it makes its home under the pearl shell for it is only when picking up a shell that a diver is bitten.

Black and yellow sea-snakes are constant companions of the diver, though quite harmless; also stingarees, blowfish, mullet, and a hundred other varieties known among divers by names descriptive of some peculiarity the fish possesses, but which to the reader mean nothing. A few of them are known to science by names that mean less.

Too Severe. "Professor, why are prize-fighters never found in football teams?" "They can't stand the punishment."—Detroit Free Press.

HIS TREACHEROUS MEMORY.

Trick It Played a Man After a Sober Night Out.

I should hate to tell you which one of them it was, but it happened on the night of the McGillicuddy banquet. The man himself told me about it as follows:

My memory isn't very good, and I had several things on my mind. When I went out Tuesday night I intended to come home early, but I dropped into the spread at the Hotel Atwood, and it was past 2 a. m. when I struck my doorstep.

Why, I have done slicker jobs in getting out of her house and into mine without waking either of the families than Spike Hennessy ever did in his palmist days of burglary. I went up stairs to the chamber door and pushed on it. It creaked some, but it gave way and I was in. I expected to hear some one say: "Will, is that you?" but no one did, although I fancied I heard the soft breathing of my wife.

I was alone! She was gone! And then I remembered that she had been away two days, and I had known it all the time, if I had only stopped to think.

Certainly I was, I hadn't drunk a thing but spring water and Worcester-shire sauce.—Lewiston Journal.

The Independent Stage Driver.

Eastern tourists who cannot differentiate between a California stage driver and an eastern coachman meet with a rude shock in the wild and woolly west, and they soon learn that the Californian is a knight of the reins several grades higher in the social scale than the mental of the east.

There is an old driver at Monterey who is determined that his patrons shall make no mistake concerning his exact status, and in a quiet way he checks all attempts to make a servant of him. A short time ago he was driving a party of tourists about when one querulous old lady who had annoyed him not a little by her air of superiority, asked:

"My man, do you know the name of that wild flower?"

"Yes," he replied, and flicked one of his leaders with his whip.

"Driver, do you know the name of that flower?" she repeated, in an imperious tone.

"Yes; get up there, Bally!" Again she waited and again demanded:

"Man, don't you know the name of that flower?"

"Yes; g'long there, Pete!"

"Then why don't you tell me?"

"Oh, you want to know, too, do you? That's a wild rose."—San Francisco Post.

An Oppressive Alternative.

"And didn't you like it up there?" The deposed angel elevated her brows suggestively.

"Well," she rejoined, "they gave me a perfectly swell crown and then said I'd have to take it off if there was anybody sitting behind me, and I just told the usher he could go ahead and eject me if he wanted to."—Detroit Tribune.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Five new Methodist churches are being erected in the Mankato district, Minnesota. Dedications occurred at Albert Lea, Sept. 13, and at Alden, Sept. 20.

Bishop Gaines, at the African Methodist conference in Richmond, Va., served notice that he would ordain no man to the ministry who drank whiskey, chewed tobacco or smoked.

Covenant church, Chicago, a branch of the First church, is to build a two-story brick and stone \$30,000 edifice with an audience room for 850, lecture room for 250 and Sunday school room for 1,000.

Thirteen missionaries have sailed for Manchuria, sent by the United Presbyterian church of Scotland, which has a very promising mission field there. The work was interrupted by the late war between China and Japan, and one young missionary fell a martyr to Chinese bigotry, but it is being resumed under most hopeful conditions.

The fifty-seventh annual session of the Rock river conference of the Methodist Episcopal church at Freeport, Ill., was, as usual, a notable gathering of devout, godly men. The opening sacramental service was led by Bishop Andrews. One of the special features of the session is the course of lectures delivered by Professor Graham Taylor and Reverend A. C. Hirst, of Chicago.

At the celebration of the twenty-second anniversary of the Chautauque assembly recently, Dr. J. M. Buckley said: "I honor Chautauque. I consider it the greatest promoter of religion that can be found in this country. I was glad when permission was given to the Roman Catholics to hold their services here. It is the greatest promoter of sectional unity. Did you see that large number that arose from the south? Some of the best friends I have are in the south, and I was introduced to them here on these grounds."

HE SOUGHT DEATH.

Could Not Prevent His Wife from Riding a Wheel.

(New York Letter.)

Because his wife persisted in riding a bicycle at all hours of the day and night and refused to give an account of where she had been Frank Miller killed himself the other day. The Millers lived in lodgings and had been married four years. Frank Miller came of a respectable family, his father being employed in a wholesale grocery house. The entire Miller family was opposed to Frank's marrying pretty Agnes Baker, who was 18, two years younger than her lover.

He hired rooms from the Gamble family, cigarmakers, and Mrs. Gamble relates that often she would hear the couple quarrelling all night long. Young Mrs. Miller persisted in riding her bicycle and would return home at all hours of the night and her husband's requests to be informed where she had been were only laughed at. Evening after evening Miller would sit at home with their little girl, while his wife was somewhere else. She boasted to Mrs. Gamble that she beat her husband with a broomstick and broke it over him.

His love for her was unquestioned, for he always forgave her all her escapades. Finally, one day Mrs. Miller told her landlady she was going to leave, as she could not stand her husband's scoldings any longer. Before she left the house she threw everything topsy-turvy in her rooms and

AGNES MILLER.

when Miller came home all he remarked was: "This comes from loving a woman too much." The next day he stayed at home waiting for his wife to come back. She did come after some furniture and as she went out of the gate he called after her: "Come back, Aggie; for God's sake, come back!" She gave a little toss of her head and went back to the rooms for something she had forgotten. In a few moments she ran down and said to Mrs. Gamble: "I think something terrible has happened up there." Mr. Gamble went up and found that Miller had hanged himself. He was dead when cut down.

The Art of Not Hearing.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so very many things which it is painful to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls all manner of names, at the first words we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale.

If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of a man by heedless and ill-natured idlers were brought home to him he would become a mere walking pincushion stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy when among good men, we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress, our affairs.

Loyalty to Convictions. It is upon the loyalty to sincere convictions that all character rests. Otherwise right and wrong, true and false, just and unjust, would only bear a vague, confused and uncertain meaning. And exactly because of this essential loyalty are we bound frequently to test our convictions in the light of advanced knowledge and improved judgment, and to replace them by others whenever their imperfections become manifest. Herbert Spencer says: "It is clear that a globe built up partly of semblances instead of facts would not be long on this side of chaos. And it is certain that a community composed of men whose acts are not in harmony with their innermost beliefs will be equally unstable."

By Faith and Earnest Action. If you advance in the Christian life at all it must be by a live faith and most earnest action. Every power must be brought into exercise. Speak, sing, work, pray, agonize if need be. Make a business of your religion, and a pushing, aggressive business, too. Eternity will reveal the fact that God's true service is the best that men ever engaged in.

RULES FOR A CYCLIST

THE THOMPSON STREET CLUB LISTENS TO A NEW SET.

Concerning a Little Game of Poker—The Committee to Decide Disputes Must Be Composed of Members Above Reproach.

"SIT erect; wid eyes to the front an' a determined look on de face. 'Don't attempt to pass between de horses and de dash-bo'd of a treat-kyar. 'Pay no attention to brick-bats, ash-cans, cabbage-heads an' fence rails thrown arter yo' by de envious an' jealous-minded populashun. 'Avoid runnin' ober pedestars if yo' kin but when yo' can't avoid it pick out a fat man an' pull de throttle wide open. A fat pusson allus acts as a cushion fur de rebound. 'De general rule am to keep to de right, but if dar am a house in de way don't be obstinate. 'When two bikests am about to meet head-on dar am two rules to apply. Yo' kin either jump off an' go into de nighest saloon an' take a mint julip fresh a straw or keep right on an' knock de odder feller fo'teen feet high an' smash him all to squash. 'If yo' meet a cow when ridin' in de kentry yo' kin turn to de right or de left or go right ober her, jest as yo' please. If it happens to be de cow's brudder 'stead of de cow herself de rule am to dismount an' climb a tree an' wait for him to git tired. 'When yo' look ahead up a hill an' see a farmer an' his two sons waiting fur yo' armed with scythes, co'notters an' sled stakes de rule don't say 'sactly what yo' should do. Dis gives yo' a show to turn off into de woods an' look for chestnuts. 'One quick, sharp ring ob de bell means danger to a beer wagon if it don't git outer yo' way. 'Two rings am a summons fur de street-kyar to shet off steam an' cum to a sudden stop an' let yo' pass in front of it. 'Three rings means dat de feller crosin' de street wid his hat on his ear an' his feet steppin' high am right in line wid yo' wheel an' if he don't git up a hump hussel he will be invited to a surprize party. 'A continuance ding! ding! ding! ob de bell, accompanied by a wavin' of de left hand in de air, signifies dat yo' has got tired of ridin' in de street an' am gwine to take to de side-walk an' dat it will be jest as well fur de enthusiastic populashun to hunt fur doah-ways. 'The president announced that he hoped to soon perfect the following improvements to the bicycle: An attachment that will lift a man's cap off his head when he meets a female and replace it again after she has passed on. It will make no distinction between homely and good looking girls and there will be no color line about it. An attachment to cast a noose over a dog's head and swing him in behind the bike. When he has been dragged 100 rods and has made up his mind that the bike is alive and dangerous the noose opens and he is allowed to go on suspended sentence. An attachment to hold and operate a squirt-gun containing at least one gallon of water. This is for offensive and defensive operations against the small boy who wants to shove a broomstick between the spokes to see how quick a bike can stop. An attachment to be fastened to the front wheel which will go ahead and look for tacks and pounded glass, pick up wallets and lost diamond pins and sound the depths of all mud-holes not over ten feet deep. 'Gem'len," said President Toots as he laid a box of poker chips on the table, "dar am poker an' poker. Dar am poker wha' a flush beats a straight an' poker wha' a straight beats a flush an' robs de widdar an' de orphan. I has played poker wha' three jacks knocked out a full house and I has played poker wha' a full house scooped in a \$10 pot ober fo' aces. We must hev sartin rules an' stek to 'em, an' dem rules will be as follows: 'De value of de hand will be ace high, one pa'r, two pa'r's, flush, threes, straight, full-house, fours an' royal flush. 'De man who stands pat can bluff de man wid fo' aces if he wants to, but if he gets busted all to squash dat's his own lookout. 'Dar will be no limit as to bets. Dis will enable a pore but respectable young man who may hold a royal flush to rake in a house an' lot an' a bushel of jewelry at one swipe. 'All queeshuns in dispute to be left to a committee of three an' should any member of dat committee to be found wid three kings up his sleeve or fo' aces down his boot-leg exaruses won't count for shucks."—Chicago News.

Hard on the Men. Every woman who has seen a great deal of the men has a higher opinion of peace than she has of love.—Athol-ton Globe.

DR. WOLFE AND GEORGINA.

A Hard Test for One's Gowning—Foolish Accent and Phrasing.

In front of us stood a short, stout, elderly man, an unmistakable Hebrew in features and complexion, says Blackwood's Magazine. He spoke English fluently, but with an extremely strong foreign accent, and his manner and phrasing were peculiar, in a fashion which made it very difficult to listen to him with the seriousness which his subject demanded. He enlarged on his work in Palestine and Asia Minor generally, which had undoubtedly been of a most praiseworthy description, but when he proceeded to illustrate the customs of his race by chanting some of their native songs in a high-pitched voice it proved very difficult for me, light-hearted enough in those days, to hear him with due calm and decorum. Even his imitation of the lamentations of the Jews at the walling place outside the walls of fallen Jerusalem, which ought to have been deeply pathetic, became from its intonation and style exactly the reverse.

The culminating overthrow of my gravity came with an anecdote which he told of an Arab chief who had offered him his daughter in marriage and anxiously pressed the beautiful bride upon him. "Yes," exclaimed Dr. Wolfe, stretching out his arms toward a quiet, dignified lady who sat on a sofa near him. "Yes, that chief begged me to have his child, with the brown eyes like a gazelle, to wed her and keep her always; but I said to him: 'No! no! I have my Georgina at home; I want no more wives. I have my Georgina in my house already, and that is enough, oh, quite enough.' I must own that I had to beat a hasty retreat from the effects of his speech on the propriety of demeanor I had been trying so hard to maintain.

Not a Cent in Sight. Baron Rothschild was once caught in a predicament that many people experience daily, and that is getting into a conveyance of some kind, and then not having the money to pay the fare. The driver of the omnibus into which Rothschild entered demanded his fare, and the Baron, feeling in his pocket, discovered that he had no change. The driver was very angry. "What did you get in for, if you had no money?" "I am Baron Rothschild," exclaimed the great capitalist, "and there is my card."

The driver scornfully tossed the card away. "Never heard of you before," said he, "and don't want to hear of you again. What I want is your fare." The banker was in great haste. "Look here, I've an order for a million," he said; "give me the change." And he proffered a coupon for that amount.

The driver stared and the passengers laughed. Fortunately a friend of the Baron entered the omnibus at the moment and, taking in the situation, immediately paid the fare. The driver, realizing his mistake, and feeling remorseful, said to the Baron: "If you want 10 francs, sir, I don't mind lending them to you on my own account."—Harper's Round Table.

Tired and Sleepy. "Speaking of cures for insomnia," said an old soldier, "makes me think of our starting out one morning at 7 o'clock, marching twenty miles and meeting the enemy at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and fighting till 6, and then marching back to where we started from, getting there at 2 o'clock in the morning. 'Some of the men left in camp had made a fire to cook their coffee by and had kept it going through the evening. It was now a big bed of red coals, with an occasional flicker of flame going up from the charred end of a half-burned stick. It was a chilly night, and I thought I'd sit down on a log that there was alongside the fire for a few minutes and get warm a little before turning in. The next thing I knew it was 6 o'clock. I had gone to sleep the minute I sat down and had fallen off the big log without waking up.

"Now, if, as sometimes happens, I find myself inclined to lie awake nights, I just think of the comfort of my present bed as compared with that by the log, and that is enough."

Traveled on His Feet. "You are dead beat." "At the harsh words the cyclist roused himself and opened one eye. The policeman, bending over him, went on: "You have been trying to travel on your feet." The cyclist opened the other eye. "I have," he admitted. "On my face and one elbow. But they could not stand the strain."

And, rising weakly to his feet, he staggered toward the nearest drug store, bearing the fragments of his wheel with him.—Wisconsin Sentinel.

For a Song. "Magnificent house, isn't it?" "Yes." "And he bought it for a song." "Indeed?" "Yes, he's the author of 'Papa's Jag is Three Days Old,' you know."—Detroit News.

Couldn't. Wife (in church)—"Jabes, why didn't you put something in the contribution box?" Husband—"Hush, Jane; I didn't have anything less than a 3-cent piece about me."

A man feels drowsy after a hearty dinner, because a large part of the blood in the system goes to the stomach to aid in digestion, and leaves the brain poorly supplied. Pearls are in greater demand than ever and are largely used for necklaces.



DIVER WITH BASKET OF PEARL SHELLS.

fitting rubber wristlets, and then the boots are buckled on. The latter are leaden-soled and weigh 32 pounds. Next the corselet or shoulder-piece is added, and screwed tightly to the collar of the dress. Then the life-line and pipe are attached, the eighty-pound back and chest weights suspended from the shoulders, the helmet screwed on, and the diver is ready to step over the side.

Pearl diving is carried on at a depth of sixty to 108 feet. At the latter depth a diver cannot remain under more than ten minutes on account of the pressure. In forty feet or fifty feet of water it is possible to main below two hours without suffering much inconvenience. As to the distance one can see when below, it is governed entirely by the state of the water. If clear, objects can be distinctly seen forty or fifty feet; but if dirty, that is,