

FISHING FOR PEARLS

Monsieur Henri Barceaux was in this country recently on his way home from Paris to the South Sea Islands. Though a native of the French capital M. Barceaux has little in common with the inhabitants of any great city, except the desire to make money and plenty of it. At his island home in Tahiti, in Paris and in New York, he is known as a dealer in pearls, which he buys from the native pearl divers and sells to the jewelers of the great capitals.

M. Barceaux stopped off in Chicago for a few days and made an excursion up into Wisconsin to look into the pearl fisheries of the inland rivers and creeks of which he has heard so much.

Personally M. Barceaux looks least of all like the popular idea of a Frenchman. He is a huge fellow, more than six feet tall, and both his hair and his beard are yellow. He speaks English with only the slightest accent. Incidentally he told interesting things about the brown skinned divers who bring up the pearls-bearing bivalves from the bottom of the South Pacific.

"As I suppose everybody knows," he said to a reporter in Chicago, "pearls are now the most fashionable and popular of jewels and have immensely increased in value within a few years. Also I believe they are yearly growing harder to get, so that the increase in price is perhaps natural."

"The most remarkable thing about the pearl fisheries in the South Sea islands is the beautiful character of



WISCONSIN PEARL HUNTERS AT WORK.

the men who daily risk their lives in the work. Often they are abused and imposed upon by the whites, and yet, almost without exception, they retain what might be called an ideal Christian attitude of mind. If a dealer cheats one of the native divers, for instance, the native will not attempt to 'get even' in any way. He will, however, go to the man who has defrauded him, and state the case in a mild and gentle way, thereafter refusing to have any business dealings with the delinquent. As nearly as I can judge these natives are ideal gentlemen.

"There was a crabbed old Scotsman who came out to the islands a few years ago to buy pearls. He thought it legitimate to take advantage of the natives in any way he could and once he swindled a native chief out of more than half the value of a considerable collection of pearls. The chief said nothing, but waited his opportunity. Finally, one day the Scotsman wanted to be rowed over to a neighboring island and could find nobody to make the trip but the old chief, who at once, when asked, agreed to take him over in his canoe. Once out on the water the chief freed his mind, telling the Scotsman that he knew he had been defrauded and saying that a man who came from a Christian country ought not to stoop to rob a poor heathen. The Scotsman grew angry and abused the native shame-



THUS HANDICAPPED THE NATIVE SWAM ALMOST TWO MILES.

fully, as he himself, afterward admitted. To this abuse the chief made no answer, maintaining a dignified silence.

"While the canoe was still two miles from land a sudden and violent storm swept up and struck the frail boat. In spite of the efforts of the native

the craft was overturned and both of the occupants thrown into the water. The Scotsman could not swim and felt sure that he would be drowned, but, to his great surprise, the native chief swam at once to his side, told him to lie over on his back and placed his own hand under him, so that his head



PREPARING PEARLS FOR JEWELERS.

was kept out of the water. Thus handicapped the natives swam a distance of almost two miles, finally landing the exhausted and almost unconscious Scotsman on the sandy beach, where he left him and went to give warning to his friends. After the Scotsman had recovered he sought out the chief and tried to apologize to him. But the native would not listen to him.

"You cheated and robbed me," said the native calmly. "When I complained you abused me. Because I saved your life you wish to apologize to me. There is no occasion. I would do as much for a dog."

"Then the chief walked quietly away and refused to listen to anything further. But he told his friends among the pearl divers how he had been treated and after that the Scotsman found it almost impossible to buy pearls at any price. Within a few months he had left the islands for good and gone back to England.

"The native divers all work for themselves and sell what they find to the highest bidder among the dealers. They go out two or three in a boat to spots where the water is from sixty to 100 feet deep. Without clothing of any kind on the diver rests over the side of the boat, his feet dropping on a heavy stone which is fastened to a rope. When they are ten or fifteen feet from the bottom they dive off the stone head foremost, and so reach the



SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS DIVING FOR PEARLS.

bottom, where they grope around for the precious shells. The first shell a diver secures he places under his left arm, the second he holds in his left hand, and the others, if he is fortunate enough to get more, he carries like an armful of stove wood in his left arm. Then, swimming with his right arm and his feet, he comes to the top and is lifted into the boat.

"I have lived in Tahiti sixteen years. All my children have been born there and it is home to all of us. Even in belle Paris has not such attractions for me as my far off island home. Life and property are perfectly secure there. In fact, the only demeritizing influence is the greedy and domineering white man. No where else in the world have I found such selfishness and such gentle manners."

The New Reporter Again—"Always," said the astute city editor to the new reporter—"always be on the lookout for any little touch of humor that may brighten up our columns." That evening the new reporter turned in a story about a burglary in a butcher shop, which commenced: "Mr. Hiram Cleaver, the well known butcher, is losing flesh rapidly these days."—Baltimore American.

After the Game—Bucklin—"Did Throball make a home run today?" Lantz—"No; unfortunately for himself and his poor, waiting wife, he got no further than the first saloon."—Brooklyn Life.

ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANCE.

Two Uncles in the United States Enrich an Englishman in Need.

To few men is it given to make a fair competence, lose it, and suddenly and without expectation find two fortunes thrown at their feet. That has been the experience of Mr. Joseph Samuel Stadden Russell. At the beginning of this year he was employed in the humble capacity of groom; to-day he is in possession of a fortune of £160,000, most of it invested in freehold property in New York and Pittsburgh. The story has most of those elements of romance with which the popular imagination clothes the unexpected acquisition of wealth. As in so many other cases, it is the rich uncle in America—would there were more of them!—who has played the part of a generous Providence. In Mr. Russell's case, however, there were two uncles, but from neither did he entertain any expectations of an inheritance. One lived in Pittsburgh, the other in New York; one was his uncle on his father's side, the other was the brother of his father's second wife. Mr. Russell himself was born in London, "within the sound of Bow bells," but he has spent fully thirty years in the States. Both his uncles went out there when very young and very poor, but they rapidly advanced and became considerable property-owners. Recently Mr. Russell returned to this country and started a public house at Maldstone, at the same time depositing all the money he had saved in America with Dumbell's bank. When the bank failed he lost everything, and at 50 had to face the poor penniless. It was then that he took a place as groom, but he had not been long in that situation when the news came that his father's brother had left him a fortune, which was originally stated to be £50,000-odd, but in reality came to be something more, nearly approaching £100,000. That, however, did not exhaust Mr. Russell's luck. Only the other day he received intimation from a firm of solicitors in New York that his uncle-in-law had bequeathed to him a sum which, with the previous windfall, put him in possession of £160,000. It is an extraordinary revolution in the fortunes of an unambitious man, and all the more extraordinary, perhaps, because it was quite unexpected. Mr. Russell is a shrewd, level-headed Londoner, who is under no apprehension that he will be tempted to squander his fortune.—London Chronicle.

In the School of Work.

Charles A. Dana of the New York Sun, was a man of extensive learning and attached great importance to college training, but was quick to recognize the value of the practical education that a man of good parts may pick up in this work-a-day world outside of university walls. A young man went to the Sun office one day and asked to see the editor-in-chief. He would not be rebuffed by the subordinate, and after some delay he was admitted. He stated his business without a moment's loss of time. "Mr. Dana," he said, "I believe I could be of some use on this paper, and I want you to give me a trial. If you don't find me of any use you needn't pay me any salary, and if you do I shall want a good salary. If I don't find my proper groove in a month you can drop me out."

He Sized Them Up.

They met in the narrowest aisle of the department store. They were both very stout and immediately traffic was blocked in both directions. Their conversation, stenographically reported, was as follows: "Why, Mrs. Jones how d'ye do?" "How d'ye do, Mrs. Smith? Who would have thought of seeing you?" "Yes, I haven't seen you for ages." "Well, why don't you come up some time?" "Oh, it seems as though I never go anywhere any more." "Yes, you always say that." "But, really, I don't. Why don't you come down?" "I've been on the point of coming several times, but it always seems as though something always happens to prevent it." "Well, make another effort. I'm just dying to have a good, long talk with you." "Yes, so am I. Do come and see me." "I will. And you come up, too." "Yes, I will." "Now, don't forget." "No, I won't." "Well, good-by." "Good-by." "Liars both of them," grunted a red-haired man, who had been trying to squeeze through. "They never expect to call on each other, and they know it!"—Philadelphia Record.

Count Tolstol's Father.

In a recent article Count Tolstol draws a portrait of his father. He was a large and handsome man, who always wore clothes of a fashion different from that of others. He had a great contempt for the younger generation. He won millions and lost them again. Moral principles he seemed to have none. He had his sentimental moods, and when he read aloud from a book his voice would tremble and his eyes moisten at a pathetic passage. He was fond of ordinary music—romances, gypsy melodies, operatic tunes—but frankly confessed that Beethoven put him to sleep.

Twenty per cent of the prisoners in the Chicago jail are victims of the morphine, cocaine or other drug habit

NOTES ON SCIENCE.

CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

Chronic Bronchitis—How Baldness May Be Cured—An Insect That Kills Bugs—Its Only Mission Is to Exterminate Caterpillars—Scientific Notes.

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

While an attack of acute bronchitis in adult life is usually of brief duration and of little gravity, its repeated occurrence is to be dreaded as possibly leading to the much more serious chronic form. This form occurs for the most part in persons beyond middle life.

It may supervene upon an acute attack which has been neglected, or it may come on more gradually after a succession of such attacks, each one adding a little to the bronchial irritation left behind by its predecessor, until the actual disease is fully established. Subjects of the so-called uric acid diathesis are very prone to suffer from chronic bronchitis, and so are patients with heart and kidney disease, and hard drinkers.

The two main symptoms of chronic bronchitis are cough and a more or less profuse expectoration. The expectoration varies considerably in different cases, and in the same case at different times. In some cases it is rather scanty and sticky, and the effort to expel it results in frequent and violent paroxysms of coughing, quite resembling whooping cough. In other cases the secretion in the bronchial tubes is watery and easily expelled, but is formed in such quantity that the cough is almost incessant.

Pain is seldom complained of, but shortness of breath is quite common, even at the beginning, and is constant in the later stages of the disease. At first this difficulty in breathing is noted only on exertion, but later it is habitual and becomes asthmatic in character. It is the result, usually, of dilatation of the air cells in the lungs caused by the strain of coughing.

Chronic bronchitis, like all other catarrhal affections, is much less troublesome in summer than in winter, and in those who live much in the open air than in the house-bound. From this simple observation may be drawn the lesson that the best remedy for bronchitis is pure air. This is generally conceded in the case of consumption, but the world—even the medical world—is slower to recognize that an abundance of oxygen—pure air—is equally essential to the cure of bronchitis and other chronic diseases of the organs of respiration.

The good result is due not only to the improvement in the general health, but also to the direct effect of the oxygen upon the diseased bronchial membrane.

The patients should pay great attention to the care of the skin by cold or cool bathing, friction, and so forth, should dress warmly, and should change damp clothing immediately on entering the house.

TO CURE BALDNESS.

The use of gas to make the hair grow is one of the latest medical discoveries. The gas employed is oxygen. A large cap fits tightly round the head and is supplied with oxygen from a bag which is slung over the patient's shoulders. It is worn for a few hours every day, and even in cases of absolute baldness, it is said to produce a more or less luxuriant crop of hair.

The discovery was made at the Oxygen hospital, London. The gas is used for the cure of quite a number of diseases. A woman was undergoing the oxygen cure for skin disease, and one of her arms had been for many days placed in a light air-tight box filled with the gas. It was soon noticed that on the part of the arm that was unaffected by the disease the growth of hair was much stimulated, and this naturally suggested oxygen as a cure for baldness. The first experiment was made upon a woman who had completely lost her hair, and



APPARATUS FOR CURING BALDNESS.

It was found that after a few weeks' treatment there was quite a strong growth.

The gas has also been found beneficial for weak eyes, and is used in a very similar manner, a hollow flexible cup being placed over the upper part of the face. This is connected by means of an india rubber tube to a small gas bag, and is worn day after day until a cure is effected.

But by far the greatest service that oxygen is to perform is in the cure of consumption. The patients inhale the gas for ten hours every day, and find almost immediate relief. The germs of the disease cannot exist in oxygen alone, though in common air

they multiply rapidly. This is, at present, the only weak point of the system, for it is found that in practice the patient loses during the night almost all the benefit that he has derived from the inhalation of oxygen during the day. But this objection is to be swept away when a new laboratory will be built where consumptives will be made to breathe the gas day and night until a cure has been effected.

IT IS A BUG ERRANT.

Nature has once more proved that she knows how to manage affairs in



THE CATERPILLAR'S ENEMY.

her numerous departments. While the suburbs are still bewailing a plague of caterpillars she has begun the work of extermination. She has sent a bug to do the work, and it is a wonderful bug indeed—a bug errant, one might say, for it has a lance and a suit of armor and just as much devotion to duty as any knight one ever read about.

This remarkable bug does not seem to have any mission upon earth except to fight caterpillars. It would rather fight than eat, and whenever it fights it eats, so that it takes an enthusiastic interest in the campaign. Its appetite would be disgraceful in a bug of less exemplary pursuits. There is a specimen in the Philadelphia North American office, says that paper, which has devoted more than ten times its weight in caterpillar in one day.

But the most remarkable thing about this ferocious insect is its method of attack. It does not use sharp claws like some beetles, nor poison, like spiders. It has a little way of its own, says the Chicago Daily News.

Fastened by a flexible joint to the lower part of the body is a lance and with this deadly weapon the bug does rapid execution. It attacks a caterpillar like a torpedo boat attacking an unprotected cruiser. It creeps on its prey quietly, then makes a sudden rush. Raising itself when near the victim, it lets the lance drop forward, then leaps upon the poor, fuzzy thing and drives the sharp point home. There follows a violent struggle of course. The caterpillar squirms and twists and rolls itself about, but the lance holds and there is no escape.

AN ANIMAL CURIOSITY.

There are not very many transparent animals, but recent studies of two larval eels which possess this peculiarity, and which belong to the National Museum, seem to show that among the possible advantages of being transparent is economy in personal decoration. In ordinary opaque animals the color markings are symmetrical on the two sides of the body, but this is not the case with the transparent eels. Each of them, when looked at from one side, appears to have seven large black spots arranged at nearly regular intervals along the length of its body, but closer examination shows that in each case three of the spots are on the left side and four on the right, and irregularly spaced, but in such manner that, on looking through the body, all seven appear in a symmetrical row.

QUALITIES OF QUARTZ TUBES.

Experiments with transparent tubes made of vitrified quartz show that they possess many remarkable advantages over glass tubes. They can be plunged suddenly into an oxy-gas flame without injury, as their substance remains practically solid up to a temperature of 2,700 Fahrenheit. They do not break if plunged into cold water, or even into liquid air. It is believed that such tubes can be employed for thermometers intended to measure very high temperatures, tin, or some other metal, in a molten state, being substituted for the mercury of ordinary thermometers.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Electricity in Abbey. Electric lamps are to be used in the place of gas jets in England's famous abbey. It is averred that gas has proved injurious to the great church by setting up chemical change in the limestone of which its walls, arches, vaults and carvings are composed, thus hastening the disintegration of the building.

Microbes on Raw Vegetables.

Signor Ceserole of Padua has discovered the existence of more than fifty noxious microscopic parasites and microbes in the washings of vegetables from market gardens. Among the micro-organisms found by him was the bacillus of tetanus and another analogous to that which produces typhoid fever. He ascribes the infection largely to the contents of watering pots.

The approved cooking utensils are of aluminum. There's no danger in them.

HARD WORK FOR PILOTS.

Climbing Up the Sides of the Great Ocean Liners Sometimes is Fatal.

If ocean steamships continue to grow in size, the pilots of this harbor will need airships soon to board them, says the New York Press. It is as much as they can do to get up the vast glistening, black sides of the great liners, and sometimes more, for the pilot commissioners have recorded two cases where pilots have dropped dead on reaching the deck of the vessels.

If all the front door entrances of New York buildings were closed and the intending visitor had to climb up the side of the house to the fourth or fifth story on a thin, twisting, spinning rope ladder, he could form some idea of the pleasures experienced by the pilots when they face one of the big ships, with flanks towering sixty feet above their heads.

And the ships do not stand like a house. They pitch and roll. Pitch and roll No. 1 send the pilot swinging far away off the side of the ship like a pendulum. Pitch and roll No. 2 bring him back quickly, and slap! he goes against the iron plates. As most of the pilots are elderly men and inclined to fogginess, the ascent of a big ship is not viewed with unmixed delight by them.

Alfred Baudier and John Canvin are the two pilots who paid with their lives for boarding big ships. In each case they dropped dead almost on the instant that they reached the deck. Baudier had his hand stretched out to grasp that of the ship's captain when he fell. Both had been suffering from heart disease, and the violent exertion of climbing killed them.

D. A. Nash, the quick, sharp-witted and keen-eyed secretary of the board of Commissioners of Pilots, has been laboring for a long time with the steamship companies to provide an improved type of ladder. The one that is used commonly consists simply of four ropes, with knots at intervals to hold the little foot ropes in place. A person can climb up on these ladders, but so can a person stand on his head. There are, however, occupations more comfortable than either of them.

A favorite idiosyncrasy of the common rope ladder is not only to sag to one side and then the other, but it also writhes like a serpent with indignation. Then usually, when the pilot is half way up, the thing adds a new trick to the others. It begins to twist. Sometimes it twists slowly, sometimes it twists so fast that it spins like a top.

It happens so often that a pilot is thrown while mounting one of these things that it is the invariable rule for the yaws to shoot away from the side of the ship as soon as the pilot has begun climbing. This is done so that, if he falls, he shall fall into soft water, instead of into a hard boat.

VISIONS OF HEAVEN.

Most Popular of All Legends of the Middle Ages.

Most popular of all the legends of the Middle Ages is that of the seven years' pilgrimage of the Irish saint Brendan, the Sindbad of Christianity, he who set forth in a ship with his companions to seek the Islands of the Blessed upon the actual seas. Though it is rather the vision of Barintus the hermit that dwells in the memory, since it was he who lured St. Brendan to the quest by the tale of his own landing with his nephew on the happy shores. Eastward in this case also lay Paradise, "an island," to quote from Mr. Baring Gould, "wide and grassy, and bearing all manner of fruits, wherein was no night, for the Lord Jesus Christ was the light thereof." The two abide there, we are told, a long while without eating or drinking—"and when they returned to the monastery the brethren knew well where they had been, for the fragrance of Paradise lingered on their garments, for nearly forty days." Fragrance, light and music are among the chief characteristics of these visions.

It may be recalled how the frequent accompaniment of the transports. As when, after he had obeyed the call of the Unseen Power, and renounced earth's joys that he might live the divine life, the air about him was filled with falling roses, while music, multitudinous as the roll of waves upon the shore, sounded in his ears. Or, as when the whole universe appeared to him like a garden of fragrant blossoms; and a splendor of light outside, piercing even to those very darkest recesses which, according to the audacious imagery of the east, the united rays of seven suns would fail to penetrate.

St. Brendan was the uncle of another notable seer of the seventh century—that century so rich in visionary lore—St. Fursey, who fell, says Bede, into a trance, and, quitting his body from evening till cockcrow, "was found worthy to behold the choir of angels and to hear the praises which are sung in heaven," with stray echoes of which he afterward edited all Christendom.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Askit—"I understand that the healer who treated by the laying on of hands is not so prosperous as he used to be, and has discharged most of his assistants." Tellit—"Yes, he's laying off his hands now."—Baltimore American.

"Don't you think Dachsie likes his new collar, John?" "How the duce do you expect me to tell from here? Do out in the kitchen and see if his tail is wagging."—Life.

The number of dogs in the United States is estimated at from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000.