

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1898.

FULL OF SCHEMES.

MEN WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO BENEFIT ROYALTY.

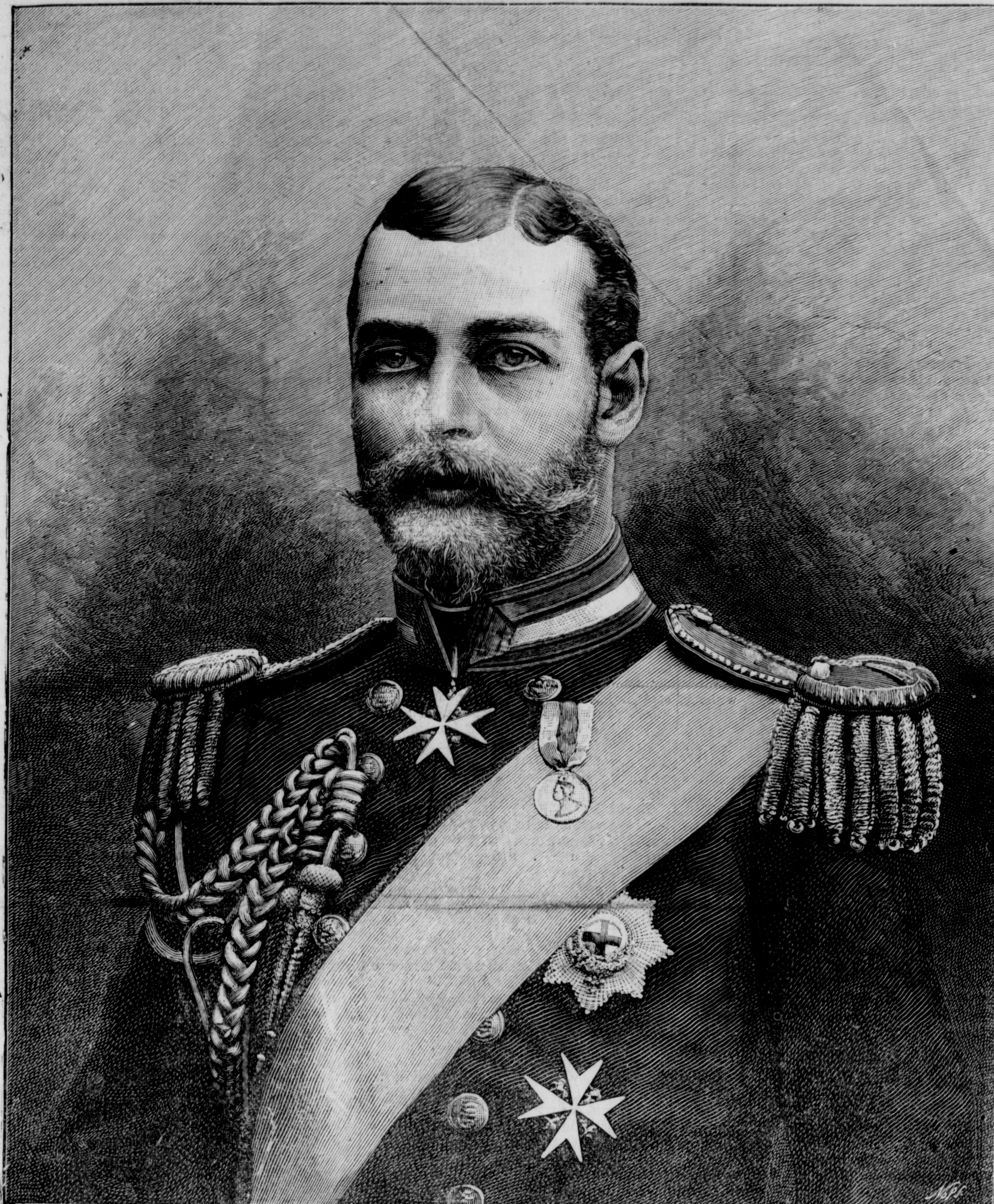
They are full of very impracticable plans to save the Royal Family any extra labor or trouble—where they end their days.

In a certain quiet little Devonshire village there lives a mad mechanic who for over eight years has labored ten hours a day in the construction of a combined land and sea-going railway carriage, his object being to save the Queen the inconvenience of having to change from a railway train to the royal yacht when she goes for one of her pleasure trips. The invention is full of ingenious mechanical dodges, some of which will doubtless be brought to light later on. But, so far, the idea is hopelessly impracticable; though its unfortunate originator continues to slave year after year, under a morbid conviction that if he does not hurry on its completion the Queen will die before it is finished.

Nothing could be sadder than the case of another slave to royalty who lives on the border of Wales. His idea is that the Queen ought to be able to procure in this country, at all times of the year, any fruit or flower for which she may have a particular fancy. To this end he has erected several hot-houses upon his estate, and he supports a small army of skilled gardeners to keep them always stocked with her Majesty's favorite fruit and flowers. The one great sorrow of this loyal person's life is that, so far, his labor, has been all in vain, as the Queen has never made a call upon his supplies.

In a Midland asylum there is a mad glove manufacturer who practically lost his reason over trying to invent a sort of spring glove which would save the Prince of Wales the uncomfortable operation of getting his hands into a new kid pair almost every time he goes out. Though now in strict confinement the glove maker still continues his labors, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that he can be persuaded to take time to eat and sleep. He is still quite confident of inventing a glove that will save the Prince the trouble of putting on new ones.

About five years ago a clever scientist made a wonderful discovery which he determined to use solely



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

for the benefit of the Queen. His discovery was the fact that in the ordinary way every person is naturally allotted to live a certain number of years, and that life could be easily prolonged if it were only possible to sleep a few years at a stretch. How his idea was to be practically worked is not quite clear. But he spent two whole years in a series of the most tedious experiments, and at the end of that time, when he considered his theory workable, he followed her Majesty to the Isle of Wight during one of her visits there, but had the misfortune to be arrested while making an attempt to get into her presence. A week later the scientist's mind completely gave way and he was confined in a lunatic asylum, where he still languishes, in the belief that he has put the Queen to sleep for ten years to prolong her life, and that he is kept a prisoner so as to be on the spot when it is time to awaken her again.

Perhaps no persons in the wide world ever had so many people to work for them for nothing as the Royal family. There is a certain dressmaker in Hampshire who during her life has made no fewer than fifty dresses, gratis, for the Princess of Wales. It is to be explained, however, that the gowns are mostly fashioned from cheap prints at a few pence the yard, and that they never really reach her Royal Highness, for the little needlewoman's friends take them away as they get finished and store them all up.

An inmate of a north-country asylum spent six years in making a marvellous cage-like contrivance which was to be used for the purpose of rescuing the Queen if ever London were besieged by a foreign power. The arrangement was perfectly bullet-proof, and was provided with a pair of huge balloon wings that could be inflated or deflated at will. The steering was slightly defective; but otherwise the machine, had her Majesty ever needed to give it a trial, might have proved all its afflicted maker claimed for it.

Every-Day History.

Winkle: 'I wonder what becomes of all the boys who leave the country and enter the great struggle of life in cities.'

Kinkle: 'They make big fortunes and then lie back in their easy chairs and advise country boys to stick to the farm.'

A GAME ARMY HORSE.

An Anecdote About a Cavalry Horse That Done His Duty Faithfully.

We had in our company a young German named Schultz. His horse was his special pride. Sometimes Schultz went to sleep without rations, but his horse never. No matter how scarce or how hard it was to get forage, the young German's horse always had an evening feed, a thorough rubbing down, a loving pat, and a 'good-night, Frank,' in two languages—broken English and German. Many a time have I seen Schultz skirmish for a lunch for his horse when we halted to make coffee instead of preparing his own lunch. While the rest of us stayed in our tents and read or played cards, Schultz would keep Frank's company for hours, sometimes talking German to him and sometimes English. Some of our horses showed lack of care; Frank's was always in good order; in camp he glistened like a new plug hat, and seemed as fond of his master as his master of him. When the Atlanta campaign opened, in May, 1864, there was not a prouder soldier or a prettier horse than Schultz and Frank in the 1st.

Our first fight of note in that campaign was at Varnell's station, May 9. Somebody—never mind who—made a mess of it. Our little brigade, the 2d of the 1st cavalry division, consisting of the 2d and 4th Indiana and the 1st Wisconsin commanded by Col. O. H. LaGrange, was thrown against Gen. Joe Wheeler's entire command, and we fought it all day. We started to charge, but were halted in a piece of woods and were ordered to fight on foot. We were already under fire and in considerable confusion, and only a portion of the command heard the order, so it happened that some of us fought as cavalry and some as infantry. Schultz remained mounted and did heroic service. Early in the fight his pet was

shot. As the animal made but little fuss over it and steadied down quickly his rider thought it was only a slight wound and remained in battle all day, having travelled many miles in the performance of important and dangerous tasks, the wonderful animal seeming to enter into the spirit of the work as completely as his master. That night at 9 o'clock the brigade camped.

The moment Frank was unsaddled he lay down. Schultz thought it was because the horse like himself was tired, and after patting him and telling in both languages what a splendid fellow he had been that day, and thanking him for carrying him safely through one of the hottest battles he busied himself with supper getting. In the forage bag was several extra ears of corn. After his own repast of black coffee crackers and uncooked white pork, such a banquet as many a soldier has been more thankful for than he was for the feast of last Thanksgiving, Schultz shelled the corn and took it to Frank. The horse did not welcome him as usual, did not rest his head on the master's shoulder and look, if he did not speak, thanks for such a master. He didn't hear Schultz announce in German that he was coming with a double ration. Frank was dead and stiffening, showing that soon after lying down he had departed.

When Schultz realized that his pet was dead he threw the corn down, dropped by the side of the animal, tenderly laid one hand on his neck and with the other gently rubbed his head, as he had done many times before, and sobbed like a child. In talking about his loss the next day he said: 'My poor Frank couldn't tell me he was badly hurt and ask to go to the hospital, as I would have done had I been shot. He carried me all day as if he thought it was his duty, and that things would go wrong if he didn't, and when the battle was over and I was getting supper he lay down and died.'

'That horse was a better soldier than I am—than any man in the regiment. Not one of us would have fought all day with such a hurt as that. No one would have expected it of us, yet I expected it of Frank, and he did not fail me.' With this outburst the poor fellow broke down again and none of his comrades made light of the young German's sorrow. They knew it was sincere.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

A Pennsylvanian Tells of his Experience in the Chilkoot Avalanche.

Milton Black, who lives near Punxsutawney, Penn., returned home recently from a journey to the gold fields of Alaska. He was caught, with 200 others, in the great snow slide in Chilkoot Pass April 3, in which Mrs. Maxson, of the same town, lost her life, and had a thrilling experience and an almost miraculous escape from death. He was buried under twenty-five feet of snow for eight hours, and was finally dug out alive, but so much the worse for the accident that he found it impossible to proceed on his journey, the long interment under the snow having so injured his lungs as to produce violent hemorrhages.

It is interesting to hear Mr. Black tell of his experience, and of the wickedness of the average Klondiker. 'As soon as you get on the trail,' he says, 'Sunday-school is out. There's no further use for hymn books, and prayer meetings are not in it.'

There were about two hundred people in the party with whom Mr. Black entered the Chilkoot Pass. They had pitched their tents to rest and recuperate when a snow slide came down upon them, covering their tents. After considerable labor they all managed to get out. They concluded to get through the pass as quickly as possible, and for that purpose all took hold of a long rope, with the guide in front. Mrs. Maxson, who had been covered up with snow once, was discouraged and hysterical. She said she would go no further. She would

lie right down there and die rather than attempt to go through the pass. She was urged to take hold of the rope, but would not. Two or three stalwart men offered to carry her, saying that they would have escaped had there been no delay. About a hundred of them were covered beneath twenty-five and thirty feet of snow.

Those who were not caught by the slide went to work at once to dig the others out. It was a slow and arduous task, and out of ninety one persons thus buried, only seven were taken out alive. One of these was Milton Black.

The slide occurred at 9 o'clock in the morning, and he remained buried until 5 o'clock in the evening. One peculiarity of the situation when covered up with the snow, Mr. Black says, was that he could hear just as well as though he had been in the open air. The groans, prayers, lamentations, and curses of those beneath the avalanche were plainly audible. Some prayed fervently, bade good-bye to their near friends, and gave up. Others cursed their fate, and used their last breath to utter profanity.

'I made up my mind,' says Black, 'that I would die as I had lived, and that it was no use to pray at that stage of the game. It seemed to me that I got a breath about every five minutes. I had little hope of escape, but resolved to live as long as I could. The snow was packed so tightly about me that I could not move a fraction of an inch. I thought every time I got a breath of air that that was my last one, but I never became unconscious, and it seemed to me that I had been there at least a week when a shovel struck my shoulder and I heard a voice saying: 'I have struck a man.'

'Is he dead or alive?' said another voice. 'I don't know,' answered the man with the shovel, and he soon had my head uncovered. When I got a good breath of air I felt that I was all right, and I said: 'There is a woman right in front of me.'

Dig her out. I have 'sir now and can wait. They then proceeded to uncover Mrs. Maxson. But she was dead. You can form some idea of how solidly the snow was packed,' continued Mr. Black, 'when I tell you that when they had me all uncovered but one leg up to the shin I could not get it out until the snow was all shovelled away from it. I would not go through that experience again for all the gold on the Klondike.'

Coaching Her Husband.

Happy is the man who has a wife better instructed than himself. He will be helped out of many a hard place. A typical example is cited by Harper's Bazar:

'Are you a native of this town?' asked a traveller of a resident of a sleepy little Southern hamlet.

'Am I a what?'

'Are you a native of the town?'

'Hey?'

'I asked if you were a native of this place.'

At that moment his wife, tall and sallow and gaunt, appeared at the door of the cabin. And taking her pipe from between her teeth, said: 'Ain't ye got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when ye wuz born, or wuz ye born before ye begun livin' here? Now answer him.'

The Screw of Archimedes.

Archimedes of Syracuse, when he was in Egypt, invented a machine for pumping bilge water out of the holds of ships. This instrument was also used in the Delta for purposes of irrigation. Diodorus Siculus twice refers to it in his writings. A curious model of such an instrument, probably of the late Ptolemaic period, has been found in Lower Egypt. It consists of a terracotta cylinder with a screw inside it, 10 inches long and 4 1-2 inches in diameter. Near the centre of the outside is a band with crosspieces. These may represent footholds, and suggest that the machine was worked after the manner of the tread mill. Such screws were probably made of wood. No other example of this seems to have come to light.