

Fate Led the Rescue Ship.

Capt. William Wallace Urquhart is a fine specimen of the retired American seaman and ship master. At his residence, 78 Madison avenue, may be seen many mementoes of a seafaring life, including a silver beaker presented by the British Government in recognition of his rescue of the crew of an English ship in '79; an immense silver salver presented by the citizens of Bristol, England; a silver service, the gift of the rescued passengers of the steamship Ville du Havre, and the maritime medal of honor of the French Government, also given for the captain's services to the survivors of that ill-fated draft. This last beautiful souvenir he cherished with special pride, partly because it is the highest honor ever awarded by the Government of France to a merchant mariner and because it commemorates the most remarkable adventure of his life on the ocean. Capt. Urquhart was in command of the American ship Trimountain when the singular chain of circumstances occurred that resulted in the rescue. The Ville du Havre was run down by the Scotch iron ship Lochearn on Nov. 22 1873. More than 200 souls perished with the steamship, and the Trimountain appeared just in time to take from the heavily laboring Lochearn the eighty-five persons she had rescued from the Ville du Havre.

The Trimountain was in this port ready for sea near the middle of November, said Capt. Urquhart in telling of the disaster. She was loaded with a general cargo bound for Bristol, England. It was Saturday when the last package was put aboard and we anchored in the bay. The owner said to me: 'Captain, I suppose you will be off bright and early in the morning?' I replied: 'Well, if it is your urgent wish I will sail to-morrow, but I have always made it a rule not to begin a voyage on Sunday; therefore, if you insist upon it, you must not hold me responsible for any misfortune.' 'Well,' said he, 'it is not the usual thing to hear a sea captain talk like that; however, I agree with you that the custom is a good one, and will leave the matter of starting entirely in your hands.' Consequently, we rested on the first day, and weighing anchor early on Monday morning, with a fair wind, proceeded on our voyage.

Then occurred the first of the extraordinary events which go to make up this story. Without any clearly defined reason for so doing, I decided to make a more northerly passage than I had ever done before. There was nothing to be gained by leaving the course of the Gulf Stream farther south, which I had been accustomed to follow, and I was conscious only of a desire to make what I might have called an experiment.

We sailed peacefully along until we reached the banks of Newfoundland, where we ran into a dense fog that lasted several days. During that time the thought often came to me that in case I should fall in with a wrecked steamer on the passage I could accommodate the passengers nicely, since for the first time, eastward bound, I had some sixty feet of space to spare in the upper tween-decks, owing to the charterer having miscalculated. However, I certainly did not expect to run across anything of the kind, and attributed the frequent recurrence of the thought to the vacant space under hatches. The fog cleared up at 10 o'clock on the evening of Nov. 21, and an hour later I got the altitude of the polar star, computed my latitude, and found my longitude by dead reckoning.

Having crossed the Atlantic so many times, I seldom looked at the general chart, for I know my way from New York to London as well as from the Battery to Central Park; but being new out of my usual track I thought best to prick her off on the chart, as we sailors say, and shape my course for the Bristol Channel. When I completed my reckoning I found, to my surprise, that if it was correct we were heading straight for the fabled rock called Barenethy.

This discovery brought me back some five years to a conversation that was now the cause of a certain feeling of apprehension. In Shadwell Basin of the London Docks, when the New York and London liners were in their glory, the captains often met in the cabins of their different ships to dine. On one of these occasions when several skippers happened to be my guests the conversation drifted into the subject of the many rocks reported to be in the track of vessels between Europe and America. Not one of us believed in the existence of

any of these rocks except Captain R of the ship Patrick Henry. 'Gentlemen, said he, 'I know of one rock, which does exist, and that is Barenethy, but its true location is not the place indicated on the chart.' Now, Capt. R. was reputed to be always seeing wonders. He was regarded as the possessor of an expensive imagination and credited with telling the big yarns; so he was laughed at and told that it must have been an old wreck or a dead whale.

'But he declared that he had hauled his ship up close to the rock on a clear day, and there took two good observations, proved its correct position and marked it on his chart. Continuing, he said: 'If any of you gentlemen care to come on board the Patrick Henry I will show you just where the rock is.' No one in the company took interest enough in the story to go over, except myself, but his earnestness convinced me that he had seen something he took for the rock, and after seeing the mark on his chart my belief was so much strengthened that I located it on my own.

'Therefore to return to my voyage of November, '73 the discovery that I was heading direct for Barenethy disturbed me for the moment. Upon reflection, however, I thought, 'Who believes in any of these rocks laid down on the chart as seen a hundred years ago? Nobody, of course. Capt. R. must have been dreaming, or else it is another of his big yarns.' Rolling up the chart I went on deck in this frame of mind and gave the course for the night to the officer of the deck. 'Mr. P.' said I, 'keep her east by south, and give me a call if there is any special alteration in the wind or weather.' Going below I threw myself on the lounge, over which hung the compass, and tried to sleep. But I was so haunted by the rock that I kept saying in my mind: 'East by south, right straight for Barenethy.' I tried my best to sleep, but my eyes would turn to the compass. 'There's no such rock!' I exclaimed. 'I'm a fool! I'm a coward! Confound the rock! And the words kept running through my head: 'East to south, straight for Barenethy!'

'Unable to stand it any longer I went on deck about 1 o'clock in the morning, with my mind made up to change the ship's course and steer clear of this abominable rock that no one had ever seen, or ever would see, because it did not exist. Almost at the same moment when I formed this resolution, as I afterwards learned, the Ville du Havre was struck amidships by the Lochearn and went down in ten minutes, carrying with her a valuable cargo and 226 souls.

'The officer of the deck was an older man than myself and had crossed the Atlantic more times than I, and after a few minutes conversation about the watch, I told him Captain R's rock story. He ridiculed it, and said that although he had travelled many years in the trade, he had never seen a rock, or before heard that anyone else had. Having thus relieved my mind on the subject, I went back to the lounge and again tried to sleep. I had just got comfortably settled when the ship gave a lurch. 'By Jove,' thought I, 'east by south, we've struck the rock!' That was enough. I went on deck and although it was only a sea bigger than the others that had caused the ship to lurch I ordered her course southeast by east two points more to the southward. Then I went to sleep and rested like a child.

'At daybreak next morning the officer of the deck called me and reported a disabled ship five points on the starboard bow. I took my telescope and confirmed his observation. It was to brace the yards up sharp and haul our ship close to the wind in order to reach the vessel. This was done immediately. As we came near the scene of the stranger I thought again of the mysterious rock and the sense of foreboding which I could not shake off until I had altered my course. Finally we came within hailing distance of the unfortunate Lochearn. I called out, 'Ship ahoy! What's the matter?' 'We've run down an ocean steamer, and over 200 have gone down with the wreck. Can you take fifty passengers?' 'Yes, a hundred,' I replied.

'It took three hours to transfer the survivors from the Ville du Havre, eighty-five in all, and these we landed in safety at Cardiff, Wales, nine days later. I said nothing about the rock story or scare then, nor for some time afterward, but I have always considered it the most remarkable occurrence of my seafaring life. There seems to have been a providential design in the sailing of the Trimountain on Monday instead of Sunday; then in the unex-

plainable decision to make, for the first time in my life, a passage much farther north than the line of the Gulf stream; the unusual room on board, and above all in the strange manner in which I was led to change my course on that eventful night from fear of the rock. I shall always believe so at any rate.'

The question of the existence of Barenethy Rock seems to be still unsettled. Capt. Lloyd of the sailing ship Crompton was said to have seen it in 1897, and since that time the British Government made an attempt to find it, but without success.

CROSSING SNAKE RIVER.

The Experience of a Party of Travellers in the West.

After climbing Teton Pass, Ernest Seton-Thompson and his wife were told that when they had crossed Snake river it would be plain sailing to the ranch-house where they intended to stay for a few days. This, according to Mrs. Seton-Thompson was what happened.

The Snake river is so named because for every advance of a mile it makes a retreat of half that distance. The knowledge of this fact is the fruit of experience.

About half past five we came to a rolling tumbling yellow stream, where the road stopped abruptly, with a disheartening drop into water so deep as to cover the limbs of the wheels. The current was strong. The horses had to struggle hard against it. When we reached the opposite bank, I thanked my stars that Snake river was crossed.

Crossed? Oh, no! A strip of pebbly road, and the willows suddenly parted, to disclose another stream, deeper than the first. We crossed it.

At the third stream the horses rebelled; but at last they had to go in, plunging madly, and dragging the wagon nearly broadside into the water. Then there was another stream, and after that the driver stopped his horses to rest, wiped his brow, looked the wagon over, pulled a few ropes tighter, mended his broken whip with a willow stick, gave a hitch to his trousers, and remarked as we started: 'Now, when we get through the Snake River, on here a piece, we'll be all right.'

'I thought we had been crossing it for the past hour!' I gasped.

'Oh, yes, them's the forks of it; but the main stream's ahead and its mighty treacherous, too,' was the calm reply.

When he reached the Snake River, there was no doubt that the others were forks. Two men on the opposite bank waved us back from the place where our driver was lashing his horses into the rushing current, and guided us down stream.

'This year for changes every week,' said one, 'but I reckon you might try here.'

We did. Instantly the water was over the horses' backs, the wagon-box was afloat, and we were being borne down stream, in the boiling seething flood when the wheels struck a shingly half plunge. The two men on horseback each seized one of the leaders and kept his head pointed for a cut in the bank.

Everything in the wagon was afloat. A leather case, containing a forty-dollar fishing-rod, slipped quietly off down stream. I rescued my camera from the same fate. Overshoes, wraps, field-glasses, guns, all were suddenly endowed with motion. Another moment, and we should have sunk; but the horses, by a supreme effort, managed to scramble to the bank.

They were too much exhausted to drag more than half the wagon after them, and there we reclined, half-submerged, until the two men came to our rescue. Each hastened a rope to the tongue of the wagon, wound an end about the pommel of his saddle, and set his pony pulling. Our horses made another effort, and up we came out of the water, wet, storm-tossed, but calm. Oh, yes—calm!

How to get Into Society.

A patroness of one series of the dances which the younger society sets hold during the winter, was about to dress for dinner the other evening, when a maid entered and said that some one wished to see her. This patroness has had the management of this particular series of dances pretty much in charge for several years.

'You go down and see what he wants,' said the patroness to her daughter. 'I simply can't go now.'

After a quarter of an hour, the daughter came back with this story:—

'Did you ever hear of such a thing in your life? He wants to get into the —'. He says that he is from Philadelphia, and that he is a stranger here and wants to meet some of the young people, and he thought that attending the —'s would be a nice way to do it. He had read in the paper that Mrs. Blank was at the head of them, and he thought he would come right to her about it. He spoke of some people, but they're nobody we know.'

The patroness sent down word that it would be impossible to issue any more in-

'Twas Dr. Chase Who Saved Our Baby.

Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Severe Chest Coughs Cannot Withstand the Soothing, Healing Effects of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say: "'Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby."

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says: "Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing cough and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton street, Toronto, states: "My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called

it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her, and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

Mrs. F. Dyer, of Chesterville, says: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right today after seven weeks' sickness."

Mr. E. Hill, Fireman, Berkeley St. Fire Hall, Toronto, says: "I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 20 cents a bottle. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto."

vitations for that night's dance, and if the young man desired to join the series he would have to be regularly introduced by some one known to the patroness.

'And the strangest part of it all,' said the daughter afterward, 'is that he was such a very charming young man. He was dressed well and spoke faultlessly. He just seemed to think that the way to get what you want is to ask for it.'

KANSAS'S UNHANGED MURDERERS.

Some of Them Say They Prefer Death to Their Present Life in Prison.

More than fifty condemned murderers are serving what are practically life sentences in the Kansas State penitentiary because former governors have refused to issue warrants for their execution. The Penal Code provides that when a criminal is condemned to death, he shall be confined at hard labor in the penitentiary for one year, at the expiration of which the governor shall sign a warrant for his execution. This duty of the governors of Kansas has been ignored since the organization of the state. Many of the condemned men have been in prison for twenty years.

At the last session of the Legislature, which was Populist in both branches, efforts were made to pass a law compelling the Governor to sign the death warrants of all prisoners to the penitentiary under sentence of death, but the influence of benevolent associations prevented the passage of the bill. Another attempt will be made in the Legislature which is now in session, and is composed largely of Republicans, to pass a law similar to the measure offered by Senator Farrelley two years ago. One section of the proposed law provides: "That on and after the taking effect of this act it shall be the duty of the Governor of the State to sign all death warrants of convicts convicted of murder in the first degree, and to cause the sentence of death to be executed upon all such convicts. The time of carrying into effect the death sentence of any convict who shall hereafter be convicted of murder in the first degree shall be not less than one year nor more than three years from the date of the sentence by the court of such convict. And any Governor of this state who shall neglect or refuse to comply with the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a felony and upon conviction thereof shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary at hard labor for a period of not less than one nor more than five years."

Should this law be passed there would have to be ordered by Gov. Stanley the execution of the fifty or more murderers now in the State prison, for another section provides that "it shall be the duty of the Governor of Kansas within thirty days after the taking effect of this act to set a time when the sentence of death shall be executed on all convicts now confined in the penitentiary under death sentence, which time shall not be less than one year from the taking effect of this act."

A few of the condemned men in the Kansas penitentiary say they would be glad to have the death sentence executed. Several murderers have indeed expressed a desire to Gov. Stanley to be executed, but he has refused to grant these requests. John Drake of Dickinson county is one of these. He was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of a companion. He and his friend were walking home one night with a jug of whiskey between them. They got into a drunken wrangle. Drake killed his friend with a wagon hammer and threw the body into the Smoky Hill River. Two other condemned men who say they want to die are John Moore and John Gilbert, who murdered their wives and children while under the influence of intoxicating liquors.

It is even declared that a majority of these convicts would prefer death to their present life in the coal mines 700 feet under ground. Many never see the light of day except as they go from their cells to their meal or to the coal mine elevator. Prison officials believe that a majority of these condemned criminals would prefer the hangman's rope to the life they live in the Kansas penitentiary, for few of them hope ever to be released by pardon.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

An Incident he Always Remembers When he has a Wakeful Night.

'Looking one night,' said the retired burglar, 'from a dark hall into a dimly lighted room, whose door was ajar, I saw in bed a woman and a child asleep. I'm no judge of children's ages and never was, but I should say from what I could see of that child's face and of its form under the bed clothes that it was 2 years old, maybe 3. It was sleeping on the side of the bed toward the front.

'Asleep on the floor in front of the bed on a snug little mattress was another child of about the same age as the one in bed or thereabouts, brought in there temporarily apparently for some reason or other that I didn't try to figure out, that being no part of my business; but this one on the floor was so placed because there wasn't room for both children in the bed.

'As I stood there looking at them the child in the bed began to get restless, and in a minute it rolled out or twisted itself out somehow from under the bed clothes—this was in summer, and the covering over it wasn't heavy—and rolled square up to the edge of the bed. It lay there still for a minute and then rolled back a little, and I felt easier; but the next minute it rolled forward again clean to the edge, and rolled over it a little further and hung there on the edge a minute—I believe if it had hung there a second longer I'd ha' run to stop it—and then over it went.

'And I thought sure it was going to fall slam onto the little one on the mattress on the floor and just knock the breath out of that one, but it didn't do either, it fell on the mattress alongside of that one and never woke that one up and never woke up itself. Well, I thought that beat everything I ever saw in the way of folks falling out of bed, but there was more to come.

'The one that fell out kept right on sleeping, and it was very still for a minute or so, and then it began to get restless again and rolled over on the mattress and edged the child on the mattress clean off onto the floor; but even then that one didn't wake up either; it kept right on sleeping, too, on the floor, and the one that had fallen out of the bed and edged this one off the mattress now stretched out on the mattress perfectly easy and settled into a quiet, gentle sleep.

'But after this the mother had woke up—I don't know how she'd missed the one in bed, but she had somehow—and she turned up the light a little and surveyed that scene on the floor and understood it right away. And she didn't disturb the one that had fallen out, that was now sleeping peacefully on the soft mattress, but she picked up the one that had been rolled off onto the hard floor and put that one in the bed. So now the children had just changed places, and in a minute or two they were all settled down again, peaceful and quiet as before.

'I never was troubled with insomnia much myself, but whenever I do have a wakeful night I always think of those blessed children that could go to bed and go to sleep and roll out of bed without ever waking up.'

Lady—I want a dog that will look terribly fierce, but won't ever bite. Dealer (meditatively)—I guess you'd better get an iron one, mum.