THE GULF COAST BREEZE.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

There is a new industry in the West, robbers knocking men's teeth out to secure the gold fillings.

An addition of $11,000,000 a year will be made to the Prussian Government expenses by the proposed increase of the salaries and pensions of officials, teachers and their families.

His Majesty the King of Siam, who will return to his country by way of the United States after a visit to Europe this summer, is expected to reach New York in the early part of September, and will remain in America about a month. The Bangkok newspapers say this about the trip: "The European tour is expected to occupy about eight months, and, according to present arrangements, his Majesty's suit will consist of T. R. H. Princes Sommot, Mahit, and Sanphasat, Phya Srisdi, Nai Rajanat, Mom Anuyat, and two royal pages. During the voyage to Europe H. R. H. Prince Sanphasat will act as aide-de-camp to his Majesty, but on arrival those duties will be undertaken by H. R. H. Prince Chirax. H. R. H. Prince Swasti Sobhon will also meet the King in Europe." On his visit here the King will visit Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Salt Lake City and San Francisco. He will take passage at San Francisco on one of the Occidental and Oriental line steamships to Yokohama, where the royal yacht will meet him and convey him back to Bangkok.

Harper's Weekly says: A symptom of the modern tendency in rural life to approach urban compactness, which the trolley car has been one of the potent influences to help along, has taken on recently a new form in the attempt made to revise the old-time district school. In most country towns of New England, and in the Middle and Western States, the system dividing a township into from five to twenty school districts still prevails. A generation ago no one could have conceived of the practicability of any change in this plan. From the very beginning of our nation's history it has been the district school that has furnished the loftiest and most inspiring theme for the orator and the poet. In Whittier's poem of "The Little Red School House" all of us who have grown up from country bred childhood find our earliest and most tender memories refreshed. It certainly was a boon in its day; but it would seem there are reasons now for replacing it by a better species. In some of the Western Reserve Ohio towns schools of this sort have already been abolished, and in their stead may be found in a central part of the township a large two-storied structure, usually made of brick. The school having this liberal space can, from its systematized and various grades, make education more complete and carry it further than the best district school has ever been able to do. To this central point all the school children are brought in stages furnished for free transportation by the town. The vehicles hold about twenty-five pupils, are comfortably fitted up, and are arranged so as to be either open or covered. The routes, which are made to pass every house, are open to competitive bidders. The drivers of the stages go in the morning to the extremest limits of the township, and blow a horn when within ear-shot of a house to notify the children who are to take passage. When the school hours are over, the stage reappears, and the scholars are taken home. The system has been going about two years, but it is said to work perfectly. It needs no argument to show that this massing of scattered forces brings many advantages.

Official statistics for 1896 of the seven Australian colonies give their population as being 4,323,171. Melbourne is said to have lost 42,486 inhabitants since 1891.

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT.

When the weather was murky, he gazed at the sky
And he worried about it;
He watched the gray cloudlets go scurrying by,
And he worried about it;
"I'll bet it will rain," he would say to a friend,
All manner of dire disaster portend;
His life was one fret from beginning to end,
For he worried about it.

He had a few troubles, as human kind will,
And he worried about it,
The good he belittled and magnified ill,
And he worried about it;
His health was nigh perfect, but then, if you please,
He fancied he had mostly every disease,
And martialed his ailments in columns of threes,
And he worried about it.

No doubt when he entered the world long ago,
He worried about it;
As a matter of fact, when he married, you know,
He worried about it.
And when he departs from this scene of despair,
And mounts on light wings thro' ethereal air,
When ushered right up to a heavenly chair,
He'll worry about it.

—St. Paul Dispatch.

THE LOST ISLAND.

WE had called at Mauritius on our way from Liverpool to Bombay in the ship Farewell, and were five days out from the island when the adventure occurred by which we lost the captain and laid the foundation for this story. It was three o'clock in the afternoon of a bright day, and the ship was not making above four knots an hour. What sea there was on would not have bothered a quarter boat, and the ship lifted to a wave only at long intervals. The second mate and I were superintending some work forward, while the captain was alone on the quarter deck. All of a sudden, and without the slightest warning, the sea began to boil and heave under and around us in the most violent manner, and for five minutes every man had to hold on for his life. In her pitching the craft shipped three or four green seas, which cleared the decks of everything movable, but we were congratulating ourselves that all had escaped when the captain was found to be missing. The man at the wheel had had a narrow escape from being swept overboard, and for two or three minutes had lost sight of Captain Graham. The last sea we shipped had no doubt carried him away, and by the time we had come to this conclusion it was too late to make any move.

The sea had been disturbed by an earthquake. Just where we were when the agitation began the chart showed the depth to be a full mile. Three months later, when soundings were taken by a French vessel, it was found that a mountain, two miles in circumference at the base, had been heaved up until its crest was only forty feet below the surface. The set of wind and wave before and after the agitation was to the westward, and ten minutes after the ship had come back to a level keel the wind changed to the east and blew half a gale for the next seven hours. As a matter of record, the ship pursued her voyage and made the port of Bombay without further adventure, and the remainder of the story relates to the captain. He was swept overboard by the last wave, just as we concluded, and presently found himself far to leeward among a lot of spars and casks which the same wave had taken from the main deck. While the man seized a spar and passed a lashing around his body, he had no hope of rescue.

Almost before he realized his position the ship was a mile away, and he felt sure that no boat would be lowered to make a search for him. The spar to which he was lashed drifted away to the west and evening came on. Between five o'clock and sunset four ships passed the drifting man, but all too far away to see or hear, and when night came down he felt that there was no longer the slightest chance for him. He drifted to the westward, as I have told you, but how far has never been known. Night passed and another day came, and toward the close of that day Captain Graham lost consciousness. He may have drifted a day after that—perhaps two days. When he came to his senses again he was lying on a sandy beach, with his feet in the water. He had been cast ashore on an island. It was surely an island to the north and west of Madagascar, but for reasons which will be explained later on it cannot be more definitely located. For an hour after opening his eyes the man could not unlash himself from the spar. When he had finally accomplished that object he had to crawl on hands and knees to reach the shade of the bushes. It was high noon and the weather hot, and the Captain was so exhausted that if he had not found fresh water and wild fruit at hand he must have perished. He ate and drank his fill and then slept, and the sun was just rising next morning when he awoke.

The island, when the castaway came to survey it, was about two miles and a half long by one mile in breadth, and its average height above the sea was not over fifteen feet. It was of volcanic origin and was entirely covered with verdure, and there were six or seven different sorts of wild fruits. Along the beach were oysters and shellfish in abundance, and the Captain soon assured himself that starvation would not be one of the perils of his situation. What struck him curiously was the entire absence of life on the island. There was neither animal nor bird, reptile nor insect. There should have been a dozen varieties of birds and an abundance of insect life on so fair a spot with its tropical climate, but it was simply tenantless. And yet there was life there, and where the castaway least expected. He had been on the island a week or so, and had twice walked clear around it, when one day as he was gathering fruit in an open spot he was suddenly and fiercely attacked by a naked man. The surprise was great, and the Captain had not yet recovered his strength, but, shaking the man off, he seized a club and laid about him so vigorously that his assailant ran away.

It was a white man, and from the marks on his hands he must have been a sailor. How long he had lived there and how he reached the island in the first place are maters for conjecture, but the fact of his being nude went to show that he had been there long enough to wear out his clothes. In breaking away from the Captain he ran for the beach. The latter followed at his heels, shouting for him to stop, but the unknown ran to the water, plunged in, and swam straight out to sea, looking back now and then and seeming to be in a terrible fright. He held to his course until he could no longer be seen, and there was no doubt he went to his death, as he did not return. In a dense thicket the Captain found a rude shelter which the man had used, and among the dried grass forming his bed were a few fragments of cloth, which had once been a pea-jacket. There was also a sailor's pipe and an empty tobacco box. Living there alone for years and years, with neither the note of a bird nor the chirp of a cricket to cheer him, the man had lost his mind, and, looking upon Captain Graham as an intruder, had meant to take his life.

When the castaway had been a month on the island without sighting a sail, he made up his mind that the fate of the poor fellow who had dashed into the sea would some day be his. Only the surf beating on the shore and the wind sighing through the trees broke the maddening silence brooding over the island, and the man shouted with delight when a gale swept out of the west and blew down scores of trees about him. He felt that he would soon lose his mind unless he made a great effort to divert it from the gloomy situation, and he began a closer survey of the island. The centre of it was considerably higher than elsewhere, and exactly in the middle was a single tree, surrounded by a thicket which he had never yet penetrated. In carrying out his explorations he entered this copse, finding a hard beaten path, evidently made by a crazy man. Piled up at the roots of the tree the Captain found a great stock of small, iron-bound boxes, and it needed but one glance to satisfy him that they were treasure boxes. There was the cavity where they had once been buried, and the boxes were weather beaten as if long exposed. Two or three large shells lay about, which had doubtless been used to dig out the dirt, and one of the boxes had been opened.

The Captain shouldered this box and carried it down to the spot he called "home," and there inspected its contents. In contained about $6000 in gold coin of all nations, but principally English, and not a coin among them was of recent date. In fact, there were some which no longer circulated in England or India. From the material and construction the Captain judged that the boxes had been made by a ship's carpenter. In the pile at the foot of the tree were fifteen other boxes of the same size. One was broken open, and its contents found to be the same as the first, and the amount very nearly the same. There was a total, as the Captain figured, of $100,000 more or less. This was based on the supposition that all the boxes contained gold, but as he looked into only two he could not be sure of the contents of the others. How came the treasure there? Captain Graham believed it to be a pirate's cache, and that the gold had been there long years before he was thrown on the beach. Perhaps the mad sailor had been one of the pirate crew. It was certain that he had unearthed the treasure at any rate, and it was hardly probable that he stumbled upon it by accident.

Well, there was a big fortune there, and it belonged to the finder, but it might have been so much sand for all the good it could do him. Days and weeks and months passed away, and one day the castaway counted the pebbles he had laid in rows along the beach to mark the time, and found that he had been eleven months on the island. On that day there came a furious gale from the east, with a very high tide, and from some wreck at sea the waves brought in a vast quantity of stuff. There was nothing to eat or to wear among the wreckage, but there were planks and spars and a carpenter's tool chest, and as soon as the storm had abated the castaway went to work to build him a raft. He had determined to leave the island at any hazard, and after four or five days' work he had his raft completed. It was a rude but stout affair. Wild fruits were taken for provisions, and fresh water was taken in a wine keg which had come ashore with the wreckage. From one of the boxes the Captain took $500 in gold pieces, and one morning when the wind was from the west he launched his raft and drifted off before it. By his reckoning, which is probably correct, it was seven days before he was picked up by the John J. Speed, an American merchant vessel, homeward bound.

The raft had made good weather of it, drifting most of the time to the east, and the captain judged her total drift to have been one hundred miles. His loss had been alluded to in the newspapers and talked of among sailors, and he was given a hearty welcome aboard the American. He related his adventures in full, except as to the treasure, and in due time was landed at Cape Town. He had figured out the latitude and longitude of his island to his own satisfaction, but the chart on board the Speed failed to show any such island. Captain Graham at once set about finding a ship to bring the treasure off. A brig was finally chartered, but after a cruise of months she failed to find the island. Where Graham said the island ought to be lead found bottom at forty feet, and in the immediate neighborhood a mass of trees and bushes was found floating about.

But for certain things the whole story would have been put down to sheer imagination. It was a fact beyond dispute that Captain Graham was swept overboard. He was picked up off a raft eleven months later. Where had he lived in the interval if not on an island? There was the raft to prove his story, and how about the gold pieces? Some of them were so old as to have an additional value as souvenirs, and scores of people at the Cape handled them. Where did he get the money if not from one of the treasure boxes on the island? In the space of two years he made three different voyages in search of his island, and when the story leaked out three or four other expeditions were fitted out, but in all the sailing to and fro no human eye could find the looked for spot. It had been raised from the sea by a volcanic disturbance. Had a second disturbance caused the sea to swallow it up? There are many reasons to believe that this was the fate which overtook it. About ten years after the captain's last voyage a volcanic island, which was simply a barren rock about a mile in circumference, was pushed above water about where his island was supposed to be, and it is there today with a fringe of trees all around its outer edge. It has been searched inch by inch for treasure, but not a single gold piece has yielded up.

Flowers Delivered by Wire.

If you wish to send a box of American beauties to some person in San Francisco to-night you can buy them in Chicago and have them delivered fresh and fragrant within half an hour. If your fair one resides in New Orleans, Boston or Philadelphia, or any other large American city, you can do the same thing in the same way. It can be done even in the European capitals.

Florists of the United States are in a pool for the rapid delivery of blossoms. The pay for the service is effected by a system of trade balances through a sort of clearing house. You go to a florist in Chicago and tell him you want to send two dozen American beauties to so and so in San Francisco. He makes out a bill, plus the cost of a telegram, takes the money, and the flowers are in the hands of the recipient almost as quickly as if delivery were made in Chicago.

The telegraphic delivery of flowers is called into play frequently. If a friend is to be married and some one who hoped to attend the ceremony cannot do so for any reason, it is a pleasure to know that a vase of roses takes the place of the absent one. If he likes, his card may be attached to the white ribbon that binds the long stems loosely together.

When death comes suddenly a tribute may be placed upon the casket of the departed almost as if laid there by the loving hands of the sender.

In Piccadilly and Regent street, London, there are two French florists who carry on a sort of International floral clearing house. There is no agency or member in Chicago. But from New York one can order flowers sent to friends in London, Brighton, Paris, Berlin, Nice, Rome, Madrid, Alexandria, Constantinople, Vienna and St. Petersburg.—Chicago Tribune.

Always Hungry.

The greatest living authority on Indian statistics calculates that from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 people scarcely ever lose the sensation of hunger—in fact, do not know the feeling of a full stomach except in the mango season.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

SEEDING WET LANDS.

The best grasses for marshy land are redtop, meadow fescue, fowl meadow grass, Kentucky blue grass and meadow foxtail. Land which has been for twenty years in pasture will probably not require much if any fertilizer, but it would be well, before seeding down, to keep the land under cultivation for one year. Corn would be the most suitable crop for this purpose.

FREQUENT CHURNING BEST.

It is harder work to make the best butter from a one-cow dairy, especially late in the season, when the milk yield lessens. The best butter is made with least expense when the dairy is large enough to require churning every day. This makes a great deal of hard work, unless it impels the dairyman to provide power of some kind, so as to relieve the hard labor. This it generally does. Whenever the dairy is large enough to require churning every day, a creamery or a separator will pay, not only by the saving of labor, but by making more of the cream than is possible by the old process of hand skimming the milk.

CROWS AND ROOKS.

The United States Department of Agriculture, in a recent report, brings forward in his (the crow's) favor evidence of the clearest and most convincing kind. The stomachs of a thousand crows were carefully examined, with the simple result that more insects and spiders were found than any other kind of food in all the months but January and February. During May and June five hundred and thirty were as carefully analyzed, and a full half of all the contents was proved to consist entirely of insects, the majority being among the farmer's worst foes—locusts, May beetles, weevils, wire-worms, and the grubs of the cockchafer (Melolontha) and Harry Long legs (Tipula), which the rook does his best to exterminate. Add to this a goodly number of field mice and moles, and towards winter a few stray grains of waste wheat from the stubble or the farmyard, and the list is complete.

If this much be admitted on behalf of the crow, far more justly may it be urged in defence of the rook, a large portion of whose time is spent on the wing, or at hard work in the ploughed field or meadow, busily destroying the very enemies which defy man's utmost skill to reach. Taken as a whole, therefore, the character of the Corvus is worthy of much respect. Slow and deliberate in the choice of a home or a friend, he never hurries and seldom makes mistakes; if now and then a bit of a thief, he wages continual war against many pests that we are well rid of. He may be slightly pompous and apt to give himself airs in private life; he may even fancy at times, "in the gaiety of his heart, that he is singing," when he is but giving a croak; but he is a pleasant and cheerful neighbor, and often shows a liking in his surroundings, in spite of that terrible "slaughter of the innocents" from which he once barely escaped with his life.—New York Observer.

THE DOORYARD.

No class of people can so well afford to have a neat, inviting dooryard as the farmer.

In the city, we can't have one foot of sod or a load of dirt without paying cash for it, while the farmer has acres of it. If you want to improve the yard, first examine closely and see what is lacking. If the doorstone or steps are crooked, a crowbar and little muscle will soon fixed that. It will not cost many dollars to make a wooden walk to the front gate. Or perhaps you have plenty of gravel. If so, don't put that down until you have put a thick layer of ashes to keep the grass from growing. If you can, put narrow boards, four inches wide, to form an edge to keep the grass from growing into the walk.

Now find if there are any low places. If so, fill with rich soil. The quickest way to have grass is to cut sod about one foot square with your spade, leaving three inches of dirt on it. Where you want to lay this, have the dirt spaded and all stones removed, so it will root easily; pat down hard on the sod with the spade and water freely every day until it begins to grow. Trim all trees and vines. If this is all done thoroughly, you will have a fine yard. Don't make flower beds unless some one has plenty of time to care for them. But as fast as you can afford, add shrubs and trees. Don't stop this good work with the front yard, but do the same in the side and back. Where you want shade, plant trees. If you live in a climate where nut trees will grow, by all means have them.

Choose some place where you can have a hammock, make some rustic seats, and if you have small children, furnish them with a swing. Let them have a "picnic" some of the pleasant days by taking what they were to have at the table outdoors under some shady tree. They will think it fine fun.

It is the green-clad yard, with attractive flowers, tree laden with fruit, and a garden of small fruits and vegetables, that makes the sons and daughters cling to home and parents.—American Agriculturist.