

DASHED TO PIECES ON A ROCK-BOUND COAST.

The Roumania's Passengers Aroused from Slumber to Face a Fearful Death.

All but Seven on Board the Steamer Perish.

As soon as the intelligence reached Lisbon, that the Anchor Line steamer Roumania had been wrecked, the Government ordered the gunboat Zaire to proceed to the mouth of the Arelio River, the scene of the disaster, to render whatever assistance she could. The gale was blowing so furious, however, that the commander of the Zaire was unable to take his vessel out of the harbor last night, but early this morning the gunboat left for the scene of the wreck.

The scene is desolation itself. Beyond a few huts occupied by miserably poor fishermen, there is not a sign of human life in the vicinity. The coast line is a barren stretch of sand, backed by high cliffs, and few worse places for human assistance to reach a wreck could be found.

When the Roumania struck the night was dark and the sea was running high.

The steamer had been driven out of her course by the storm and had lost her bearings in the fog by which she was surrounded after the storm had somewhat abated. She struck on a mass of jagged rocks and the sea soon broke her to pieces. The whole coast from Obidos to San Martinho is strewn with wreckage.

BUT SEVEN SAVED.

It has been learned that of a total of 122 persons, passengers and crew, on board, only seven were saved. There are no life-saving appliances in the vicinity of the wreck, and even if there had been it is very doubtful if they could have been used in the teeth of the gale, amounting almost to a hurricane, and the tremendously high sea that was running.

Many bodies in nearly nude condition have been washed ashore, and the fact that they were unclothed is taken to indicate that many of the people on board were in their berths when the steamer struck.

When the first news of the wreck reached Peniche a party of seafaring men started for the scene of the disaster. They had to make their way over a long range of sand hills in the face of a blinding rain and a wind that was blowing with a terrific fury. The spray from the sea was blowing far inland and wherever it struck their exposed skin it stung like nettles. The journey was a long and toilsome one, but the party surmounted all difficulties and finally reached Gronhe.

EXHAUSTED ON THE BEACH.

There on the bleak shore they found Captain Hamilton, Lieutenant Roche, who are officers in the British Indian Army; and five Lascars, part of the Roumania's crew. These men were all perfectly naked. They had been completely exhausted by their struggle to reach the shore and had fallen on the beach, where the incoming waves washed around them. Had they remained long in their position they would have died from exposure or been drowned.

The Portuguese seamen lifted the prostrate men and placed them on the backs of seven of their number, and carried them across the sand to the town. Here doctors belonging to the garrison were called to attend them. They were placed in bed and restoratives were applied and slowly they gained strength.

The authorities of Peniche are doing their utmost to establish the identity of the dead before they are buried. The task, however, is accompanied with great difficulty, as in many cases there is not a single article of clothing or jewelry by which the dead might be recognized.

As soon as the news of the wreck spread great crowds of people, many of them from places a considerable distance inland, gathered along the shore and seized upon the wreckage as it came to the land.

Two men saw something floating in the water that they thought would prove a valuable prize. They rushed into the surf and just as they were about to grasp it were picked up by a receding wave and carried out into deep water, where they drowned in the sight of hundreds.

SOME OF THE PASSENGERS.

Among the Roumania's passengers were Captain J. E. Barry, Captain B. H. Randolph and Captain and Mrs. George Hamilton, Lieutenant B. S. Cook and Lieutenant and Mrs. C. D. Sanford, Lady Johnson and child, Rev. J. S. Malkin, Mrs. Beatty, an Irish missionary, Miss McGeorge and several English ladies who were returning to India with their children and Indian nurses. Almost all the officers of the ship were Scotch. Sixteen of the crew were Lascars.

A squadron of cavalry is patrolling the shore for several miles each side of the wreck to prevent the wholesale robbery of the dead and of the cargo that is being washed ashore.

It is thought that the recovery of the bodies will be slow, as the currents around the headland of Caveriario are very treacherous and many of the dead will be carried long distances from the wreck.

So far every indication points to the fact that the steamer struck after the passengers had retired. It is believed that many of them, awakened by the shock, rushed from their state rooms to the upper deck where they were caught up by the seas breaking over the vessel, carried over-board and drowned. This conjecture is borne out by the very slight apparel found on the dead.

From a statement of one of the officers saved it appears Captain Young refused to leave the Roumania and perished with the vessel. He showed extraordinary coolness while efforts were being made to save the passengers and was nobly seconded by the subordinate officers. Some of the crew behaved in a cowardly manner, but most of them obeyed orders faithfully. The British officers on board gave precedence in all instances to the women and children when it came to a question of rescue.

THE SHIP AND SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

The wrecked Roumania was an iron screw steamship of 3338 tons, belonging to the Anchor Line and plying between Liverpool and Bombay. Her length was 334 feet, breadth 38 feet, and depth of hold 28½ feet, and she was built at Glasgow in 1880.

The Roumania left Liverpool for Bombay on Saturday last, the 22d inst.

She carried fifty-five passengers, a crew of sixty-seven men and a full cargo of valuable merchandise.

Peniche, near which the Roumania was wrecked, is a fortified town of Portugal on the Atlantic Ocean, about fifty miles north of the mouth of the Tagus. The coast of Portugal is generally flat, sandy and marshy, resembling closely the French Landes on the Bay of Biscay. At several points, however, it becomes steep and rugged, and the coast in the vicinity of Cape Caveriario, on which stands Peniche, is of that character. From ten to twelve miles off Cape Caveriario lie the two groups of rocky islets known as the Farilhoes and the Berlangas, rendering navigation of the channel between them and the main land difficult and dangerous.

SOMETHING ABOUT INDIA RUBBER.

Its Production in the Amazon Valley—Profitableness of the Industry.

While the india rubber of commerce has been obtained from many different parts of the globe, the world has been compelled to look to Central and South America for the bulk of its supply. South America, especially Brazil, is the territory upon which the commercial world relies, and when the statement is made that there is great danger of the diminution of the supply of crude rubber from the Amazon valley it awakens thought.

Figuratively, the rubber trees of the Amazon are gold mines, which require no shafts, no machinery, no costly experiments, no guess-work, and practically no risk nor labor. The only thing to be guarded against is the killing of the geese which lay the golden eggs. All that has to be done to accumulate riches from the rubber trees is to hire the willing natives to enter the jungles, tap the trees and let the liquid gold run into one's coffers.

In the great rush for becoming suddenly rich, however, in the lower Amazon field—the delta—many rubber forests have already become exhausted. While the coming Brazilian congress intends to discuss the question of preserving the forests, no such precautions have as yet been taken at all.

If but three gashes per day are made in the rubber tree and the hatchet in the careless hands of the native does not penetrate or strike the wood the tree does not appear to suffer from the treatment, except that the trunk grows thick and the scarred surface becomes irregular and bumpy.

It will continue, however, in good health and yield milk in abundance for thirty or forty years. If the blow from the hatchet wounds in the slightest degree the wood of the tree it dies. Decay begins at this wound. As the wood is soft a little weevil called punila enters the decayed spot, as a worm does the body, and hastens the destruction. The tree may drag out a miserable, half-dead existence, but, as they say in Portuguese, it is "candado."

It will be seen how very easily the destruction of even almost "inexhaustible" forest may be completed by a mere blow of a hatchet in the hands of a marauding native. For this reason very many of the once "inexhaustible" rubber swamps of the lower Amazon are already wholly or partially abandoned, and the same fierce onslaughts are being made upon the virgin swamps of the upper tributaries. Renters of swamps are naturally less careful of the trees than are owners, who manage the property from a central station. But the principal forests are "owned" in Para or Manaos by those dealers who are interested only in the present supply, and who have no interest in the future production.

This carelessness with regard to the future can be offset with cultivation elsewhere, if begun at once, and those who have investigated the matter believe that the everglades of Florida offer the best inducements for experimental culture. The conditions of moisture, heat and soil there are just about on a par with the conditions where the rubber tree flourishes, and as for wonderfully remunerative returns there is no question. It is simply a matter of time. Many years elapse before the rubber tree produces sufficient milk to justify its planting, but after it does begin to do so the profit is sufficient to pay for much greater delay. It is true, however, that Brazil is "the land of to-morrow," and if anything is done Anglo-Saxon energy must do it.

The rubber tree of the Amazon valley grows spontaneously. A man can gather enough of the nuts in a day to plant a quarter section of land. They germinate easily and grow rapidly, 538 trees will do well to each acre, the land needs no preparation and no cultivation or care is necessary. Taking most unfavorable figures of the rubber grove, the man who cares for 150 trees in the swamp could care for an acre with its 538 trees. As four kilos is an average yield from the 150 trees, his 538 would yield him fifteen kilos per day. One dollar per kilo is an average price, and so the laborer could make \$15 per day, with no outlay but his ordinary living expenses during four or five months in the year.

In 1865 Joaquim Antonio da Silva, now deceased, but then living on the River Guama, twelve miles above the city of Para, had 20,000 young rubber trees planted on the low alluvial island in the river called Bom Intento, which formed part of his estate. He paid to Francisco Rahia, the man who did the work, the sum of 16 cents apiece for the young trees when planted. The 20,000 young trees thus cost him a total outlay of \$3,200. Unfortunately the trees were all planted near the margin of the island on its whole circumference, as only a small part of the island was to be planted, and it was less trouble to plant near the shore than to work his way through the jungle further inland.

The tide ebbs and flows with tremendous power and tears away and builds up the island at one or the other end, alternating by periods of ten years. Consequently only about 1,000 of the original 20,000 trees remain. These, however, are in excellent condition and yield abundantly, though they have never cost a cent for care or cultivation.

Since an acre of rubber-yielding trees will yield between \$40 and \$500 per month, the 20,000 trees mentioned, occupying a forty-acre tract, would mean an income of \$20,000 a month for four or five months of every year. While twenty or twenty-five years is quite a while to wait for the returns to begin to come in yet the receipts are so great and the expense of such an enterprise so little that northern capital and energy will probably at no distant day solve the problem of preserving rubber forests in the characteristic Anglo-Saxon way.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

It is the Sweetest Thing on Earth in its Simplicity.

The sweetest thing on earth is the faith of a little child. Who of us has not been comforted and made much better and had our own faith brightened up through this innocent trust? Did you ever study closely the absolute faith a child has in God and the power of the unseen? A little child is taught his prayers and told of God at an age when he can not understand clearly, but he has faith in those who teach him, and through that a faith in a Supreme Being. This faith implanted in the little heart is greater than can ever come to the mature heart, and oft times its strength and peculiarities are never realized by those who have taught it.

A little child whom I knew was playing by himself. His mother was sitting on the piazza of her country house. He had been running around the yard, picking flowers and gathering apples as they would fall from a tree. He assisted the apples to fall by occasionally throwing a stick or a stone at the tree. She finally heard him say:

"Do away, Dod; do away! Don't bother me now."

And then he threw another stick. That one failed to bring down an apple. As he raised his hand and took aim again he said:

"Do away, I say! Tan't 'oo wait a minute?"

His mother called him to her and said:

"Baby, to whom were you talking?"

"Dod," he replied in the most matter-of-fact tone.

"God," said the shocked mother. "Why my child, where was He?"

"He was whispering to me."

"What did he say?"

"He said 'Baby! baby! don't frow stone; 'oo will hit the poor little birdies.'"

And the mother had nothing to say. Faith and conscience were taking care of the little soul, and teaching their lessons better than it was possible for her to do.

Another time this same little child was flying a kite. He had indifferent success. There were storm clouds in the sky and the wind was fitful. He finally came running into the house for a piece of paper and a pencil. He said:

"I want to send a letter up to Dod."

"What are you going to say?" asked his mother.

"I'm doing to tell Dod dat some naughty black angels won't let my tite do up."

How will you get the note up to God, then?"

"Oh, Dod will send a dood angel down for it if He knows how bad I feel."

He scratched something on the paper which to him was symbolic of his wishes, and his mother tied it to the kite and helped him to get it started on its mission. The wind had changed or grown stronger, and the kite sped up to the end of its linen thread. The little fellow was not at all surprised. His mother asked him if he thought God had received the letter. He said: "Es; I tink I saw a dear little white angel sitting on a cloud who toot it to Dod."

The mother was worried as to what she would say to him when the Japanese invention come down still adorned with the white paper. His faith and ideas were so beautiful to her that she dreaded to dispel them in any way. She was saved an explanation when the kite reached terra firma again the note was gone. She was surprised, but the faith of the child was so great that he never looked for it and never mentioned it again.—(Chicago Inter-Ocean.

TRADE AND INDUSTRIAL ITEMS.

Half the wealth of the United States is in the hands of 2,000 people.

The first wheat raised in the new world was raised on the Island of Isabella in January, 1494.

Ten million pounds of tea were brought into the United States last year, an increase of nearly a third.

The stokers of the large express Transatlantic steamships work four hours and rest eight hours, working only eight hours out of the twenty-four.

In Germany 27,485 children between twelve and fourteen years worked in the factories in 1890. In England 86,499 under thirteen years were employed.

Mrs. Pyne is the first woman compositor who has been admitted into the London Typesetters' Union, and will receive the same rate per thousand as is paid to the men.

According to Mulhall, the English statistician, the leading manufacturing nations of the world, produced in 1888 a total of \$22,370,000,000. Of that amount Austria produced \$1,265,000,000; Russia, \$1,815,000,000; France, \$2,425,000,000; Germany, \$2,915,000,000; Great Britain, \$4,100,000,000, and the United States, \$7,215,000,000. The United States is now permanently ahead of all other nations in manufactures.

At the last convention of the International Cigarettes Union, held in Indianapolis, a committee was appointed for the purpose of considering the advisability of furnishing a home for aged and infirm members, similar to the Printers' Home in Colorado Springs. The committee, after a number of consultations, have reported the matter favorably, and the local unions will be asked to vote on the subject in November.

During the strike of the Broken Hill miners, Australia, one of the pickets was arrested for "assault" because he touched a non-union man on the arm. The Sydney Trades and Labor Council saw the Minister of Justice about the matter and reminded him of the release of a bank manager who slashed open the head of the secretary of the Miners' Union with an iron ruler. The minister said that he "could not interfere."

Pmcher—"Muggins appears to me not only to believe in the wisdom of Ben Franklin, but to practice it. He tells me he always gets up from the table feeling as if he could eat as much again." Clincher—"He has to feel that way. So did I when I boarded at your house, as he does."

Mrs. A.—"You say brandy is a good remedy for the colic, but I don't agree with you." Mrs. B.—"What do you know about it?" Mrs. A.—"A great deal. Before I had brandy in the house my husband never had colic more than once or twice a year, but as soon as I kept a supply he had colic almost every day."

The longest canal in the world is that which connects the frontier of China with St. Petersburg. Its length is 4,472 miles.

A LUMBER SHIP LOST.

The "Kong Ostor." From St. Thomas Que., Goes Down.

The Captain and Crew Were Calmly Waiting For Death on the Sinking Vessel When Rescued By a Passing Steamer.

A New York despatch says:—There were fifteen pale and worn-looking seamen on the steamship "Noordland," of the Red Star Line, which arrived at her dock the other night, whose experience in the terrible North Atlantic gales of the last two weeks make the trials of the big passenger ships seem commonplace by comparison.

They were Captain Gustav Thommesen and fourteen men of the Norwegian barque "Kong Ostor," which sailed from St. Thomas, Quebec, for Dublin, Ireland, on October 1, with a cargo of lumber. They were rescued by a lifeboat from the "Noordland" on Friday night, October 23, in latitude 48 deg. 35 min. and longitude 37 deg. 32 min., while a furious gale was blowing and great hailstones were falling on the decks and rigging with a coating of ice. The barque was on her beam ends at the time. It is thought that she must have gone down after the crew left her.

The men, who remained on the "Noordland" all last night, will apply to the Norwegian Consul for help to-day. They lost all of their property, and are penniless.

"We had given up all hope," said grizzled old Captain Thommesen last night, "and in all my life I never had cause to thank God for such a welcome sight as the 'Noordland's' lights as she heve in sight through the blackness and hail that night." "We ran into a gale the day we left St. Thomas," went on Captain Thommesen, "which turned into a hurricane, and we never had any other weather until our ship foundered and we were rescued by the brave men of the 'Noordland.'"

The first gale struck the vessel on the night of October 1. It turned into a hurricane the following day. The bark was hove to under her main lower topsail until it was blown out of the bolt ropes. The wind veered suddenly on October 4, from the southwest to the northwest. The cross seas became terrific. Sea after sea boarded the bark. Carl Anderson, a seaman, was knocked down by one of them and sustained fractures of both arms. The vessel labored in mountainous seas all that night. At daylight the wind increased to a velocity of sixty miles an hour. A sudden blow carried away the foretopmast, yards and sails and bowsprit.

Then, with no stays to hold it, the mainmast and yards went into the sea. The shock ripped open the barque's seams and a flood of water poured into her hold. The deckhouse, boats, water casks and everything on deck were washed away. The pumps were manned, but attempts to keep the hold clear of water were without avail.

The hurricane continued unabated from October 1 until October 23. During that time the men had only salt water soaked food, eaten cold. The fresh water was also tainted. The vessel had been half submerged all of the time and the men were wringing wet from one day's end to another.

Every man on board was completely exhausted by October 23. They were cold, weary and hungry. They had almost resigned themselves to death, and while clinging to the wrecked rigging, wondered why the bulk did not sink and end their misery. Their suffering had conquered the fear of death, when night, with the hurricane and hail, came on.

They had huddled together on the cabin top to keep each other warm about nine o'clock. Captain Thommesen clung to the mizen shrouds, vainly searching the tumbling waters with his glass for a vessel's light. Suddenly he shouted:

"Thank God, boys! there's a light—two, three of them. See! See! It's a big Atlantic liner."

The "Noordland" had hoven in sight. Her lights twinkled in the distance. The exhausted men leaped to their feet and gave three faint cheers.

"Quick! run for the rockets!" shouted the captain. The mate dashed down into the half-submerged cabin. When he came out he held the distress signal light in his hand.

"Light them! light them!" cried the captain as the crew crowded around. A match blazed and then a rocket sped up into the black sky, while a red light illuminated the angry sea. Another rocket was fired. An answering white and green light shone out from the decks of the huge Atlantic liner in the distance and she came to a stop.

Then began a scene of excitement on the "Noordland." The steamer approached within a mile of the wreck, Captain Nickells called for volunteers. First Officer H. Doxrund and the whole crew—eight men—of the third lifeboat stepped forward. The passengers—men, women and children, who had crowded on deck despite the hurricane—gave them three cheers.

When a big wave touched the ship, the boat dropped, and with a flash of the white oars it disappeared in the darkness. A lantern had been placed in the bow and the passengers watched eagerly the lights flash and disappear as the lifeboat went over the big waves.

For half an hour the boats' crew struggled with the elements. Then the boat shot around under the lee of the wreck.

"Leap overboard one at a time!" shouted Mr. Doxrund.

"Overboard with you," echoed the captain. One seaman plunged into the sea. He was grappled by the "Noordland's" crew and pulled into the lifeboat. Captain Thommesen was the last to leave the unfortunate barque. He was struck by a piece of wreckage in leaping and rendered unconscious. Two of the "Noordland's" crew plunged into the sea and took him to the boat. When he was pulled on board his log-book and chart were found strapped to his breast.

In another half-hour the lifeboat reached the "Noordland." Willing hands pulled the ship-wrecked sailors and their rescuers on board, while cheer after cheer drowned the howling of the wind through the rigging. Surgeon W. D. Spore took the barque's crew in charge and had them well the following day.

The "Noordland" left Antwerp on October 22. She experienced a succession of gales all the way across. She brought 21 saloon and 142 second cabin passengers.

Old Sport—"Are you following the horses this year?" Briggs—"Oh, Yes." Old Sport—"Find it pays you any better than last season?" Briggs—"Much. I'm driving a street car now."

A SILVER SADDLE AND BRIDLE.

A Wonderful Product of Mexican Skill Seen in a Public Parade.

A marvelous silver saddle and bridle has been brought here by Dixie W. Thompson, of Santa Barbara. This saddle and bridle, manufactured of bullion from Mexican dollars, are exquisite works of art. The saddle is of typical Mexican pattern, with a high pommel, well hollowed seat, and the most elaborate of trappings. The leather is stamped with elegant designs, and the whole thing is a complete, costly and elaborate equipment of good taste and artistic design, and was an interesting feature of the parade. This saddle is studded over with silver ornaments. The leather facings are set thick with buttons and rosettes, the pommel is incased in silver, the corners of the aprons are tipped with silver, the stirrups are faced and edged with silver half an inch thick, elaborately chased and carved.

The saddle tree is hung with silver rings fore and aft, to answer all the requirements of the vapoero in lacing up his riata. The girth, which passes under the horse's belly and cinches the saddle in place, is woven of hair from horses' manes by a native artisan, and is fully eight inches broad with a tassel hanging at its middle. The saddle, the bridle and all its appointments are marvels of beauty. The reins, martingale and whip are composed of solid silver in woven strands. The headstall is covered with fluted silver, with large engraved silver rosettes at the sides, with decorations of flowers and heads of wheat, with an elaborate nose piece with silver engraving. The side pieces are of silver, massive and ornate with a silver chain under the horse's nose.—[San Diego Sun.

New Ideas and Inventions.

Glass type is in use. Brick is now made of chipped granite and clay.

A Berlin inventor has an instrument which measures the 1,000th part of a second.

A fishing rod with a socket at the rear of the handle for holding the reel in axial line. An apparatus that economically delivers grains of corn to poultry only as fast as used.

A brake shoe for wagons, composed of granulated corundum and a binder of cement.

An incandescent lamp with a filament is the next electrical improvement promised. A typewriting machine which will print on the leaves of a blank book of any thickness is a recent invention.

An ingenious Indian has invented a plow in which an auger or screw mould-board is operated by means of a drive wheel in the rear.

An inventor has devised a novel projectile which is rifled to correspond to the bore of a gun. The grooves are provided with bearing pieces to diminish friction.

An automatic match-igniter is a recent novelty. You pull a lever, a match travels along a roughened surface and is then thrust out of an opening already ignited.

A Michigan woman has patented a device for securing glass in the doors of stoves and furnaces, in order that the process of baking may be watched without opening the doors, and also to save fuel by decreasing draughts.

A new sprocket wheel with a variable pitch is a local invention. It consists of parallel plates fastened together with sprockets sliding between, one of the plates having a screw-threaded hub on which a conical surface forces the sprockets outward.

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Prof. W. A. Henry has shown by experiment that it costs \$2.61 to produce a hundred pounds of gain with lambs, and \$3.02 to secure the same gain with pigs of about the same age.

A farmer discharged a hired man who would talk all the time he was milking, and the result was that at the end of the week the increase of milk was equal in value to the man's wages.

Careful feeding experiments at the Maryland station show that ensilage is "more than a maintenance ration"; that is, upon ensilage alone the stock not only held its own, but made some gain.

If you can't put the manure upon the land where it is needed as fast as made, and have no covered barnyard or shed in which to store it, waste can be effectually prevented by piling up and covering with earth.

We have used kerosene emulsion on horses, hogs and sheep, and are fully persuaded that it ranks first in effectiveness and cheapness as a specific for lice and ticks.

A safe poison box for killing rats and mice is to soak stale bread in a solution of strychnine and nail it up securely in a box and then bore a few auger holes in it so that the rats and mice will have easy access to the bait.

Farmer mothers, stop that perpetual skimming of the cream of your households for the professions. We want some of it for the farms. What other calling on this earth could have borne under such a process as farming has been subjected to in this respect?

The future farmer is to be an educated man. But where is he to get this education so far as it bears directly upon his work? He will get part of it from the agricultural press. This perhaps more than any other single influence operating in the past has helped educate the farmer, and at a minimum cost.—[Thomas Shaw.

The only hope of the Canadian farmer will be his brains. The sharp competition between sections and countries which will be induced by increased facilities for transportation will stir the agriculturist up to his best efforts. His chances of fortune-making will be great but he will have to be prepared to fight the battle of competition for them.

The strawberry is a hardy plant and not injured by frost. It is the freezing and thawing of early spring that works the mischief, and the value of a mulch or covering is to keep them frozen. Therefore, do not mulch till the ground is frozen solid in November or December. Old hay, straw, corn-stalks, leaves, coarse manure, old trash of most any sort will answer.

A diamond is as precious in the hands of a beggar as on the brow of a king.

Ten million nerve fibres are said to be found in the human body.

They say that Love is blind, they do. The figure is not carried. A bit too far, when once we think Of people whom we often meet Whom other folks have married.