

THE TRAPPER

MARCH 1

BRAVERY BELOW THE SURFACE.

OUR new Navy is the pride of the nation. All, whether living on our coasts or far inland, read with interest of the gallant crews which man the huge and deadly weapons of modern warfare; for there is something fascinating in the life of the sailors on our mighty battle-ships, swift cruisers, or sullen-



looking monitors, dark, low, and dangerous. How few, however, think of another class of men, buried under the great steel decks, who, in action, stand silently, like blind Sam-

sons grasping the pillars on which the mighty fabric rests.

Here is the engineer with set face watching, waiting, and listening, knowing nought of results, his powerful engine heaving and struggling before him, with hand on lever and

eye on dial, amid the rocking and tossing of the vessel, hearing nothing of the fierce turmoil of the battle save the muffled explosions and shudder of the huge structure as the great guns above are plied, and the roar of the blowers forcing the draught into the fire room, where, amid flying coal-dust, the gaunt, grimy firemen cram fuel into the blazing furnaces.

At any moment, and at either hand, may open a great, yawning break, through which an inky tor-

rent from the ocean pours, sweeping instantly over the burnished engine, and cutting off all escape.

Or, look at the men deep in the magazine, far below the surface of the water, busily passing great shells up through the narrow battle-hatches, upon whom depends the service of the great guns no less than upon the man who pulls the lock-string.

There is a fierce joy in active combat, felt by the man on deck who can return blow for blow, who can track the hurtling shells through the air, watch the clever aim, the timely hit, the hairbreadth escape, and gauge the chances of victory or defeat; but let us not forget to honor the men who, far from daylight, have not this stimulus, upon whose unwavering courage depends, equally with the gunner and the wheelman, the result, but to whom come, thirty feet below the surface, amid fierce heat, only faint and broken whispers of that for which, perhaps, they are giving up their lives.

A Fast of Reason and an Ebb of Soul.

She—There wasn't much laughter or conversation at your end of the table. Didn't you and your young lady have anything in common?

He—Oh, yes—an appetite.—Life.

LOOKING FOR BRITISH GOLD.

A Submarine Search Light Amid the Depths of Hell Gate.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—For several weeks a dredging company organized in Gloucester, Mass., has been endeavoring to locate a great quantity of British gold. This gold lies at the bottom of Long Island sound, under ninety feet of water, just above Hell Gate. The amount of money is reported to be not less than \$5,000,000, and has been quietly reposing at the bottom of the sound for more than 100 years.

The method of searching employed by the diver at the bottom of the sea is shown in the accompanying illustration. A powerful incandescent lamp protected by a double globe and connected by a strong insulated cable to a generator on the wrecker above, furnishes the light for this submarine work.

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is light before him, the diver
and among the rocks and seaweed
tom, and explores the remains of



A SUBMARINE SEARCH LIGHT.

the old wreck with almost as much ease as if he were in the light of day, and not buried under ninety feet of water.

"I have dug up just three of King George's guineas, and, unless I get another one, my luck is broken."

Captain Simonds thus saluted a TELEGRAM man who visited him on his steam dredge, Little Giant, which is anchored over the wreck of the British treasure ship.

As the captain spoke he drew from his pocket one of his prizes. It was a guinea of the date of 1773, and was as bright and perfect as on the day it was minted.

While the thirteen gold pieces comprise all the treasure that the captain has yet secured, his dredge has brought up many interesting relics from the wreck.

When Captain Simonds decided to a, for the treasure he proceeded with scientific care and judgment. He learned, he said, that the treasure, nearly \$5,000,000 in value, was placed aboard the vessel secretly, and sealed up aft the magazine, near the stern, this being the custom in those days, as it was feared that if the crew knew of the presence of so much gold a mutiny would take place.

The vessel struck upon Pot Rock and sprang a leak. She held her course, but when near Port Morris she was near sinking and the captain determined to beach her.

In attempting this the vessel struck a point of rock that stove a great hole in her bow. She filled and sank so quickly that the crew barely escaped with their lives, while the seventy prisoners on the gun deck were left to their fate. All perished.

The vessel lay in forty feet of water, and her masts and spars being dangerous to navigation, the commander of the fleet blew her up and spread her fragments on the bottom of the river.

What was left of the vessel gradually worked down the shelving bottom, and portions, the stern among the rest, finally toppled into ninety feet of water, over a perpendicular submarine cliff.

In the shallow water, where the Hussar sunk, the bottom of the river is of hard rock, and it was there that Captain Simonds began his work and found the guineas which he believed were the personal property of the officers of the ship.

That portion of the bottom having been thoroughly worked over, the captain anchored his dredge in the deep water beyond, where the bottom is formed of deep, thick mud, and where from the first scoopful he has found portions of and articles from the wreck.

The amount of flint, pebble balast and gun powder which is now brought up daily leads the captain to believe that he is nearing the stern of the wreck.

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A Short Farewell.

He—Farewell.
 She—Farewell. Will you ever call again?
 He—Tomorrow night.—Brooklyn Life.

The Appointed Day.

From where the broad Pacific
 Breaks in foam upon its strand
 To the shores whereon Atlantic
 Waters roll in billows grand,
 From the broad spread inland waters
 Of the lake chain in the north
 To where tepid equatorial
 Currents warm the flowery south,
 Now the songster's voice is still
 And each valley and each hill
 And the soporific breezes with expectancy are
 laden,
 For the birthday's here again
 Of la belle Americaine,
 The divine, angelic, exquisite, poetic summer
 maiden.
 —New York Herald.

THE STORY OF A CLEVER CHAP. IN SIX CHAPTERS.

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CHAP. I. "BILLY."



Billy Chapman was just sixteen, and his friends had secretly planned to give him a surprise party. Somehow Billy got wind of it and thought he'd surprise *them*. So he wrote to Morse & Co.—all on the quiet.

CHAP. II.

THE "STRANGER."

On the appointed evening his friends trooped into the parlor, but Billy was missing. A handsome young stranger came to greet them and said that one of Billy's relatives would be down directly.



CHAP. III. BILLY'S "UNCLE."

And presently a gentleman who announced himself as Billy's uncle appeared and told them that William had met with an accident that afternoon in "trying to shovel wind off the roof," and that the family doctor would explain all about it.

CHAP. IV. THE "DOCTOR."

Next, the doctor came and said it was a compound fracture of the physiognomy, but that Billy had recovered sufficiently to enable him to smile, and that he would shortly be down. In the meantime he would send in Mr. Beard, a friend of Billy's.



CHAP. V. THE "HONORABLE."

The Honorable Mr. Beard had no sooner entered than he thought the joke had gone far enough, and suddenly snatching a set of lifelike whiskers from his face, Billy himself made a polite bow and said, "Whose surprise party is this?"



The above shows what fun boys can have by investing a few cents in our wonderful false mustaches, beards, goatees, and whiskers. The pictures here shown are of one and the same person — Billy Chapman — and the marvellous changes were effected in a few seconds by means of these "gay deceivers." For Private Theatricals, Amateur Minstrel Shows, Charades, Tableaux, Parlor Entertainments, etc., they are simply immense. Nothing will so completely change one's appearance. A boy can be instantly transformed into a man so that even his sweetheart and parents fall to recognize him. They are made of the best material — genuine hair, nicely crimped — giving them a wavy and natural appearance. Instantly adjusted or removed from the face. Mustaches and goatees — gray, red, light, medium, or dark brown, and black, price 7 cents each, four for 25 cents, or 60 cents per dozen. Goatees, 5 cents each, four for 15 cents, or 40 per dozen. Beards and Whiskers — white, gray, red, light, medium, or dark brown, and black. Price, Full Beard, 60 cents; Whiskers with Mustache, 60 cents; four of either for \$2.00. Any of above goods mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. In ordering, send small lock of hair or state color desired. Address, Morse & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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Two Singular Epitaphs.

Here are two epitaphs, the first of which is said to be upon a tombstone in the City of Sacramento:

"HERE IS LAID DANIEL BORROW, WHO WAS BORN IN SORROW, AND BORROWED LITTLE FROM NATURE EXCEPT HIS NAME AND HIS LOVE TO MANKIND AND HATRED TO REDSKINS; WHO WAS NEVERTHELESS A GENTLEMAN AND A DEAD SHOT; WHO, THROUGH A LONG LIFE, NEVER KILLED HIS MAN EXCEPT IN SELF-DEFENSE OR BY ACCIDENT; AND WHO, WHEN HE AT LAST WENT UNDER, BENEATH THE BULLETS OF HIS COWARDLY ENEMIES IN THE SALOON OF JEFF MORRIS, DID SO IN THE SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE OF A GLORIOUS AND EVERLASTING MORROW."

The other, which belongs to a Nevada burying place, is such a noteworthy achievement in this line that it may fitly conclude our compilation of a few of the curiosities of epitaph literature:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HANK MONK—THE WHITEST, BIGGEST-HEARTED, AND BEST-KNOWN STAGE-DRIVER OF THE WEST; WHO WAS KIND TO ALL AND THOUGHT ILL OF NONE. HE LIVED IN A STRANGE ERA, AND WAS A HERO, AND THE WHEELS OF HIS COACH ARE NOW RINGING ON GOLDEN STREETS."

His Only Remedy.

In a breach of promise case counsel for the plaintiff asked the defendant:

"Did you ever kiss the plaintiff?"

"Yes; many a time."

"How often?"

"I admit having kissed her almost every evening when I called to see her."

"Every evening?"

"Yes; but I was compelled to do it!"

"Compelled; how's that?"

"Why, it was the only way to prevent her singing."—Lustige Blatter.

Everything Else.

"First you had whooping cough, then you got the grip, then malaria, and now you have jaundice. Seems to me you catch everything in your town," said Wiggles.

"Yes," said the commuter. "Everything except the train I want."—Harper's Bazar.

A Tartar Idyl.

Now Razoola Khan
Was as fine a man
As ever you want to see,
He lived in state
As a potentate
In distant Tartary.
But his daughter Loo
Was a maiden who,
Being neither young nor fair,
With a sawlike voice and a temper tart,
Was a regular drug on the nuptial mart—
For to marry her none would dare.

But the potentate,
Growing desperate,
With the sandless Tartar swells,
Resolved to try
And a spouse supply
For this cream of Tartar belles.
In vain were bribes
Among the tribes,
And so he caught a Tartar,
And offered to him, without waste of breath,
The choice of boiling in oil to death,
Or a marriage with his darter.

The Tartar grim
Shook in every limb,
But manfully made reply,
"If you offer life
With such a wife
I rather prefer to die!"
Says the khan, "My lad,
If things are so bad,
I think I'll change the group.
'Tis you had better live, by far;
To Tartar Loo we'll say ta-ta,
And put her in the soup!"
—Harvard Lampoon.

Not the Right Sort.

He—You know I don't approve of tight lacing in women. I think such constant pressure around the waist is highly injurious.

She—I don't think that is what makes it so bad.

He—What is it then?

She (toying with her fan)—It is because that method is so artificial.—Cloak Review.