

IN A GENERAL WAY!

Professor Buchanan's School Closed Yesterday.

Two Medals Were Awarded to the Boys Who Are Happy.

NEGRO ESCAPES FROM OXFORD JAIL

People Who Come and Go—Brief Excerpts of Interest to All Readers of The Globe.

From Friday's Daily. Prof. Buchanan's school closed yesterday one of the most prosperous and satisfactory terms in the history of that popular school.

The examinations were private and only friends and patrons of the school invited to be present at its close. These exercises were held at the academy and the capacity of the building was taxed by those who were there because they were interested and not attracted merely by idle curiosity.

From the opening to the close the exercises were full of interest, the program being such as to please both pupil and parent, speaker and spectator.

The declamations were especially well delivered, and revealed the fact that there were some coming orators in Durham who would be heard from as the years come and go. Of these, Master Luther Markham was voted the medal in the intermediate class, while Mr. Thomas Cole, of Cole's Mill, carried off the honors in the senior.

The audience was well entertained and much pleased with the performance throughout and in congratulating Professor Buchanan on the success of his labors in the past expressed the hope that he might continue long in Durham and keep up the good work of shaping the young idea—a work much needed in this city where there are so many boys to be educated and trained for the real business of life.

And Colonel Buchanan states confidently to THE GLOBE that he has come to stay.

POLK OUT.

He is Too Holy to Longer Run the Official Paper for the Howlers.

The following interesting letter from president Polk to the chairman of the executive committee of the state alliance of North Carolina, has just been received. Economist goes to press. It needs no explanation.

MAY 31, 1892.

Hon. S. B. Alexander, president executive board North Carolina state alliance:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—Having learned that your executive board at its recent session in Raleigh, N. C., expressed its dissatisfaction with the attitude of the Progressive Farmer in its last preceding issue toward the people's party, I hereby tender the resignation of that paper as the official organ of the state alliance of North Carolina. While it will remain as true and loyal to the alliance organization and its principles as it has ever been, it cannot and will not be circumscribed in its advocacy of the methods which only can bring relief to our suffering people, and which have been so overwhelmingly endorsed by them. In thus severing its official connection with the state alliance, it in no measure abates its allegiance to the principles of our order, and will ever stand ready and willing to extend its full and hearty co-operation to all the officers and the brotherhood for promoting and maintaining the principles which we have espoused. Fraternally yours,

L. L. POLK, Editor Progressive Farmer.

WITHIN OUR GATES.

Students and Faculty From Trinity Visit Durham For a Day of Sport.

About 140 students, besides the faculty and other visitors from Trinity college, High Point and elsewhere arrived this morning on a special and are to-day enjoying a grand picnic with barbecue appendage at Trinity park.

The party was met at the depot by the Durham band and escorted by citizens to the park, where all was made ready in anticipation of their visit. Major Guthrie made a cold water speech between showers.

Major Guthrie was responded to by Mr. Charles Lee Raper. The party returned home this evening.

WANTS IT HERE.

Col. Buck Blackwell Still Insists That Keeley Should Come Here.

Col. Buck Blackwell, who went to Greensboro to attend the Keeley barbecue, writes Col. C. T. Postley that owing to rain the business was postponed until fair weather.

He is still enthusiastic upon the subject of removing the institute to Durham. He says that there are now seventy in the institute and many others at the woman's home.

He predicts that 200 will be in regular attendance by the first of the year.

COLLEGE FUN.

Concerning a New Book Which Has Just Been Published.

A very interesting volume called the Hellenian has just been published by the Greek letter fraternities at the University. It is elegantly printed, bound and illustrated; and is full of most amusing college jokes and interesting college statistics. It is dedicated to President Winston, who is in full sympathy with college wit and humor. The editor in chief is Mr. J. Crawford Biggs. The University colors are white and blue. The University yell is: 'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! White and blue! Vive la! Vive la! N. C. U.

The average age of students in the University is 19 years and 9 months; average height 5 feet, 10 inches; average weight 150 pounds. The favorite study is mathematics. Fifty-eight per cent prefer brunettes to blondes; sixty-six per cent carry watches; the choice for next president is Cleveland; two per cent wear eye glasses; twenty-three per cent own dress suits; the favorite poet is Tennyson; favorite novelist, Scott; twenty-five per cent have been engaged; seventy-two per cent live in towns; the most intellectual man, Biggs, of Oxford; the most popular man, Hoke, of Raleigh; the hardest working man, Davis, of Tarboro; the handsomest man, W. W. Davies; the best athlete, Mangum; the best orator, F. Harding, of Greenville; thirty-seven per cent play baseball, forty per cent football, sixty-six per cent tennis; forty-four per cent visit in the village. Among the faculty the students vote President Winston the most intellectual man, Professor Alexander the most popular, Professor Hume the hardest worker, and Professor Venable the handsomest. Twenty-nine per cent of the students play on musical instruments; thirty-four per cent are at the University "on their own hook." The best prospective lawyer is J. S. Hill, of Duplin; the best doctor, R. H. Johnston, of Tarboro.

The book contains handsome full page engravings as follows: The twelve editors, President Winston, the pins and devices of each of the twelve fraternities, the Phi Hall, the Di Hall, the Chapel, the Glee club (sixteen members), the Old East building, the Library, the South Building, the German club, the Library (interior), the Old West building, Memorial Hall, and the foot-ball team.

There are very many most humorous wood-cuts, illustrating many phases of college life.

The name of the fraternities at the University are: Delta Kappa Epsilon (established 1851), Phi Gamma Delta 1851, Beta Theta Pi 1852, Phi Kappa Sigma, Sigma Alpha Epsilon 1857, Zeta Psi 1858, Alpha Tau Omega 1879, Kappa Alpha 1881, Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Nu 1888, Sigma Chi 1889. There are also a Manning Legal club, a Glee club, a German club, an Athletic Association, a Driving club, a Dude club, an Eating club, a Bachelor's club, a Bicycle club, a Choir, a Chess club, a Whist club, three Knights of the Round Table, and a Masher's club. All the various organizations are described with some fun and humor mingled with history. Each class has its own history, statistics and wit. There is a racy diary and a most rare and enjoyable lot of college "cuts," all free lances.

ACCUSED OF ASSAULT.

Mr. Sweetser Says the Doctor Caught Him Under the Chin.

New York Sun says: Dr. Thomas H. Burchard, son of the late Rev. Dr. Burchard, of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" notoriety, was arraigned in the Yorkville Police court yesterday charged with assaulting Lawyer William Sweetser, of Dougherty, Melville & Sweetser. Lawyer Sweetser was not in court and Dr. Burchard was paroled for examination next Tuesday. Later in the day Lawyer Sweetser told how it happened.

"There is a certain man," said Mr. Sweetser, who has been a patient of Dr. Burchard, and who is also a client of mine. Dr. Burchard has been trying to collect a bill from him, and wrote a letter inviting the man to call on him. He went to Dr. Burchard's house at 7 East Forty-eighth street last Thursday. After some talk the man refused to pay the bill. There were hot words, and I reminded Dr. Burchard that we were in his house at his invitation. Dr. Burchard seized my client by the throat and started to kick him off the porch. He called me vile names. I may have said something sarcastic, and I did remark that there would be a rebellion, but I did not know how much rum and Romanism there might be.

"He caught me under the chin—" "With his fist?" "Yes, with his fist, and I went into the street. I don't care to say much about it until the case comes up in court."

When questioned at his house about the affair, Dr. Burchard, who is more than six feet tall and strongly built, said only: "He is too small a puppy for me to talk about."

IN GOOD-SHAPE.

The Road Workers are Making a Thing of Beauty out of Alston Avenue.

Road Commissioner Walker is making Alston avenue loom up in great shape these days. That is the best drive near the town, and will some day be a beautiful street.

LIVE LOCAL LINKS.

The Day's Record of Current Events in the City and Vicinity.

—The St. Cecilia society is getting ready for another concert.

—A Shelby firm is making 3,000,000 vitrified bricks, to be used at Asheville in street paving.

—The date of the Cumberland fair has been changed from November 1 to 3, inclusive, to November 15 to 19.

—Work on Alston avenue still goes on and Colonel Walker is proving himself a road artist as well as a Yammist.

—Col. W. T. Barbee says that Dr. Tyre does not agree with him in all things, but then perhaps the doctor is not to blame.

—Reuben Rink is doing a fine piece of work on Col. J. S. Carr's Durham residence, the appearance of which is already greatly improved.

—Durham is being well represented across the pond this summer, and others still will go later. Professor Vernon Darnell will make one of the party and will remain some time in Germany, where he will devote himself to the study of music, perfecting himself in his favorite art.

—State Chronicle says: Revenue Collector White has advices of the seizure by deputy collector Sam Jones of an illicit distillery of 100 gallons capacity. It was owned by J. A. P. Johanson and was in Chatham county, very near the Wake line. At the same place Jones seized 2,300 gallons of beer.

—Colonel Bun Whitted, who complained yesterday of that tired feeling, says that when Colonel Tennyson wrote about spring, a young man's fancy and other things, he failed to solve the problem of a disordered liver or to state how much patent medicine a man must consume to the square inch in order to raise a fancy.

—Judy Burreis, a young woman, was placed in jail in Stanly county Thursday. Sometime ago she and Alex. Whitley left that county together for the west. Whitley was accused of the murder of D. B. Tucker, and the return of Judy Burreis gave rise to suspicion, and the charge made against her, the News says, place her in peculiarly those circumstances.

—The Raleigh Visitor springs this chestnut: Cannot some friend put us on the right track concerning the proposed Baptist Female college to be located in Raleigh? We are frequently asked about it, and are compelled to decline answering, because we don't know. Our columns are open, and we are confident the theme would be an interesting one.

—The Seaboard Air-Line has purchased fourteen acres of land at Hamlet, a correspondent of the Wilmington Star reports, on which it will build a cotton compress. Superintendents Moncre and Smith have made a survey of the premises and selected a suitable spot to place the plant. Their intentions are to have the plant in operation by the fall. The plant is now at Norfolk awaiting shipment.

—The State Chronicle says: It is the desire of the committee on the collection of exhibits for the World's fair at Chicago that in the North Carolina department there shall be an admirable display of the choicest preserve, pickles, etc. For these special jars, of beautiful shapes, will be furnished by the committee. There are some notable housekeepers in the state, as all know, and here is a great opportunity for them to show their skill.

—There are now 76 convicts near Fayetteville, working in a deep railway cutting at Hope Mills. There are 160 at Rock Mount, but in a few days some of these will be sent to Hope Mills. There are 65 at Castle Hayne, of which number 20 dig phosphate and the others work on a farm which the state has leased there. There are about 100 at work on the canal at Great Falls, on the Roanoke river near Weldon. In the penitentiary there are about 140. All the others, about 700 in number, are on the big state farms near Weldon.

—The jury at Greensboro has found Charles Blackman guilty of wife murder. The Record says that while the jury was out Blackman showed for the first time slight nervousness, or rather anxious expectancy, striving hard to conceal it and appear unconcerned. The verdict gives universal satisfaction, and shows that a Guilford jury is able to mete out justice to her criminals without resort to judge Lynch, which was at one time threatened, causing Sheriff Cook to remove the prisoner to Davidson county for safe-keeping. There will be no appeal in this case.

—Judge Goff, of the United States circuit court, is at Wilmington holding court for the disposal of some important cases. One of these is the application for an injunction by W. S. O. B. Robinson, receiver of the First National bank of Wilmington, to restrain that city from the collection of taxes on stock of the said bank, and another is the "seed law" case, whereid Ferry & Co., seed dealers, of Detroit, Mich., contest the constitutionality of the law passed by the last legislature, requiring all packages of seeds sold in the state to be marked or labelled with the year of growth of said seed.

A CLUB FOR MOTHERS

THE HOUSEKEEPERS' ORGANIZATION OF COCOANUT GROVE.

Florida Women Who Have an Interesting Way of Securing Relaxation from Their Home Duties—Some Rules and Objects of the Society.

Away down on the east coast of Florida, 300 miles south of St. Augustine, is the pretty little settlement of Cocoonut Grove. It is situated on the banks of Biscayne bay, one of the loveliest sheets of water for winter cruising and fishing that it is possible to conceive of for those who are not afraid to go beyond the daily mails and telegraph wires, for at present there are no railroads or steamboats, not even a wagon road, connecting us with the outside world—sailboats only, but plenty of those, and good ones, too, which is very necessary, as the nearest market or source of supply is Key West, 150 miles to the south.

Of course there is a hotel, postoffice, store and Sunday school building, which, with the Biscayne Bay Yacht clubhouse, the various winter residences of the northern yachtmen and the pretty little houses of the pineapple growers and cocoonut planters of the keys, each built according to its owner's fancy or means, and set in the midst of cocoonut, lime, orange, banana and guava trees, form a most attractive picture, to which may be added the ever changing life of the bay, the coming and going of the yachts, the arrival and departure of the mailboats and freight schooners. But if the place is attractive, very much more are the people who have helped make it, and this is especially so of the women, whose husbands and sons are the spongers, wreckers, carpenters and boatmen of the reef, when not engaged in truck farming or pineapple raising.

It is to these women and their club—a housekeeper's club—that I wish to introduce my readers. A woman's working club in every sense of the word, with an attending membership of twenty and a correspondence membership of ten, the latter residents of New York, Boston, San Francisco, Brooklyn, Staten Island and Key West.

To most of the women born and brought up on the keys of the reef or in Key West, and of English parentage—for the majority of the settlers came originally from the Bahamas—the experience of belonging to a society, however simple, for women only, was a novelty. Although "our club" is now a frequent and proud expression among them, and member, in talking it over with her husband, assured him that the "bylaws of her club were as well made, and just as binding as those concocted in the capitol at Tallahassee."

And so they are to the faithful band of women who gather every Thursday afternoon in the little Sunday school building, and join heart and hand in helping each other to enjoy and improve the two hours a week rescued from their household cares. For nearly every member is a mother, not of one, but in several cases of eight and ten children, with no one to assist in the daily and hourly work attending such a household, so that the first rule made and rigidly enforced, "No babies allowed at the meetings," is a genuine relief, and gives time and freedom for much that would be otherwise impossible.

Sometimes the children are taken to a neighboring house, ten or twelve little tots from one to three years old, and a husband or eldest son volunteers to oversee those that are able to walk, in which case, as it draws near closing time, one little head after another will be seen coming, Indian file, along the narrow path, all of them bareheaded or nearly so, in search of mamma and generally in great glee at having escaped. Of course there follows a grand baby show.

The originator of the club is its president, Miss Flora McFarlane, of New Jersey, a woman who has proved herself in every way capable for the life she intends leading, having homesteaded a hundred and fifty acres of government lands, which she has gone bravely to work to clear and improve.

The officers of the club are the president, secretary, assistant secretary, treasurer and caretaker, who has entire charge of the club's workbasket, giving out the work and collecting materials, such as scissors, thimbles, needle books, patterns and button box, after each meeting. These meetings occur every Thursday afternoon from 3 to 5.

At the organizing of the club it was voted that the time be spent in making useful articles of clothing from material either given to the club (thereupon the president presented a dozen kitchen aprons) or bought with the club's funds, the funds being derived from membership dues (which were promptly paid, so that the treasurer found herself busy at once) or gifts. That such articles should be sold at each meeting, and to members, at cost price.

That the money received for the first year be spent in the purchase of materials and also in suitable and useful articles for a bazaar, to be held at the annual meeting for the benefit of the church building. That resident members be elected by means of a vote cast with black and white beans; distant or correspondence members on the good faith of the housekeeper proposing them. Bright, newsy letters are received from the nonresident members, and all sorts of gifts in the way of household articles, from half a dozen cup towels to a bedspread.—Harper's Bazar.

Taking Photographs by Balloon.

It is proposed that balloon photography should be used in sieges by the besiegers. One plan is to start a small balloon, loaded with a camera, to windward of the fortress, the plates being exposed by means of clockwork arrangement or slow match. These, of course, are adjusted to the time which would elapse before the balloon will reach the point or points where the exposures are to be made. The gas escapes, and the balloon descends on the farther side of the fortress, within the besiegers' lines.—New York Telegram.

RANGE INSPECTORS.

Detectives of the Plains Whose Work Old South Himself Might Envy.

Column after column has been written about the daring deeds, miraculous escapes and cunning capture of criminals by the detectives of Europe and America. In thousands of cases the praise accorded these officers for their ingenuity and daring has been deserved; but there is a class of detectives in this country who risk their lives oftener, and who must know not only the ways of the highwayman when he is in the city, but also his haunts and his hiding places and his go-between in the thinly settled country as well. These men are on the go almost all the time—today down in New Mexico looking for a horse thief, who is a murderer as well; next week far across the Canadian line on the trail of a gang of cattle thieves who have been despoiling the Montana or Wyoming ranges. It is only in the past ten or fifteen years that their worth has been appreciated or their services valued as they should be.

In the early days of cattle raising in Wyoming and Colorado, whenever the range thieves became too bold, the ranchmen for miles around would organize, get on the track of the thieves, run them to their holes and then shoot or hang them. After a visitation of this kind herds would be comparatively safe for a time. Nevertheless thousands of head of cattle and horses were stolen each year and shipped to Chicago, for which the rightful owners received not a cent. The stockmen of Wyoming organized a stock growers' association and appointed for each county in the state a stock inspector. Colorado followed suit in a few years, to be followed later by Montana. The duties of these inspectors were not to look out for diseased cattle, but to inspect every carload of cattle shipped out of the state, get a list of the brands, who the consignee was and report the facts to the secretary of the association.

There were of course mistakes made at first, but of late years so perfect has the system become that it is almost an impossibility for a thief to ship a head of beef by rail out of Montana without detection. Gradually the duties of the inspectors were added to, and in addition to watching the shipping points they have become thief chasers. The inspectors are selected from the bravest class of western men, thoroughly conversant with the country, and men of intelligence. Their powers in Montana are equal to those of a deputy sheriff, and their authority is recognized all over the state.

Among the Montana inspectors are men who could tell some thrilling stories of their adventures, not only with horse and cattle thieves, but with Indians as well. In point of continuous service Inspector W. D. Smith, now the representative of the Montana association at Chicago, and whose headquarters were formerly at Miles City, outranks his associates. He has been in the service of the association some eight or ten years, previous to that time being an inspector in Wyoming. He is a typical westerner, close mouthed and without a particle of fear. He walks with a slight limp, and one unacquainted with his history, meeting him on the streets of Chicago, would almost immediately conclude he was a cattle grower of moderate means, who was satisfied with life, attended strictly to his own business and would be the last person one would pick out of a crowd as the most noted trailer of cattle and horse thieves in Montana.—Helena Independent.

The Wise Lady of Kalamazoo.

She had come down from Kalamazoo and was seeking quarters in a Detroit hotel. She was about fifty and the years had taught her great conservatism and caution.

"Is this a safe tavern to stop in?" she inquired of the chivalrous clerk, who was at that moment wearing his diamond pin on his back, or rather the coat for whose value the pin was collateral.

"In what respect, madam?" he asked.

"Fire, of course," she said suspiciously. "Ain't anything else to be afraid of, is there?"

"Oh, certainly not, madam; certainly not," he hastened to assure her. "And as to fire, our house is absolutely fireproof, and even if it was not, we have fire escapes everywhere."

"Fire escapes!" she exclaimed, with a gasp, reaching for her bundles. "Well, if your dratted house is fireproof what have you got escapes for the fire for? I s'pose you've got burglar escapes too. I guess I don't want to sleep in no taverns like this. Good evenin'" and away she went, leaving the clerk in a perfect halo of despair and disappointment.—Detroit Free Press.

Exercise and Pure Air.

Exercise, as well as pure air, helps us in our constant struggle against the poisons that we manufacture within ourselves. It does this by driving the blood charged with oxygen, by means of the pressure of the muscles called into play, more thoroughly through the tissue, and thus it would quicken the breaking down of dead tissue into its safe and final waste products (water, carbonic acid and urea), and shorten the period during which the dead tissue was passing through various dangerous forms which it temporarily assumes. From this fact we may infer that the man of sedentary life above all others requires pure air.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Pneumatic Sole.

A pneumatic inner sole for boots and shoes has recently appeared in London. It is inflated with air or gas under pressure, the external protective covering being canvas linen or some other suitable material that can withstand the pressure.—New York Times.

Silver in Soot.

In an Irish lead mine, whenever the periodical cleaning of the tall chimney and the underground tunnel communicating with it takes place, hundreds of pounds' worth of silver particles are discovered in the soot.—London Tit-Bits.

"Dearie's" Innocent Prattle.

An exceedingly pretty and graceful young woman and a little girl of perhaps five years of age, boarded a Tremont street electric yesterday afternoon, and the car being nearly empty walked up to the forward end and took a seat where the young miss could watch the motorman twist and untwist the brake and turn on and off the electric current.

She watched him with the deepest interest for a long time, and when the car started without the aid of horses, or any visible signs of power, she became deeply perplexed.

"Mamma," she said, "what makes this car go?"

"This is an electric, dearie. Electricity makes it go."

"Mamma," said the little miss, after a long silence, "we learn more'n and more'n every day, don't we?"

"Yes, dearie," mamma answered, with a far away look in her eyes.

"Did you pass that bad quarter on the conductor?" dearie queried after that individual had just gone by collecting the fares. Every person in the car heard her and tried hard not to smile.

"Papa said if the conductor wouldn't take it you could pass it in the contribution box next Sunday. Could you do that, mamma?"

Mamma signaled the conductor just then. As they were getting off dearie was telling mamma that those three red haired women were awfully homely, and when the car started off again the red haired women blushed even redder than their hair, and a strange, undefinable constraint pervaded the car until the last red haired woman had got off, which was somewhere near the end of the route.—Boston Herald.

Taking Advantage of the Year.

Over the line in Paulding, Ga., there lived a widow whose name, we believe, was Brown. But it is not Brown now. She is there no more, nor is she a widow any more forever. She was fat and fair, but not forty. About three weeks ago there came along a middle aged widow of fine mind and prepossessing appearance. Ostensibly he stopped for a drink of water at the well. The widow, in the goodness of heart, kindly gave him the water. Her looks pleased him, and at once to business he went. Neither one ever saw the other before. He asked her if she was married. She told him no, that she was a lone widow.

Whereupon he informed her that he was a widower hunting for a wife. "Yes, sir, walk in." Here we drop the curtain. In her own language, however, we give the result: "It is sufficient to say this is leap year, you know, and at 8 o'clock that night we 'twain were made one." We fixed it all right there and then.

Tomorrow she leaves for his home. Where it is or what sort it is or whether he has one, she knoweth not. She says "marriage is a lottery anyhow." She was on our streets yesterday as gay as a lark. Now, who can beat a widow "for business" when she is in dead earnest?—Atlanta Constitution.

Female Jesters.

Nothing better illustrates the dulness of society in the Middle Ages than the custom used by all high placed and wealthy persons of keeping a professional jester, not was it confined to Christendom, for we read that Cortez found an individual of this profession at the court of Montezuma. Our modern clowns, though very different from the licensed jesters of old, owe to them, of course, their origin; but, so far as I know, the female jester, who was in vogue before the male, has no present representative.

We are told by Erasmus that in all the great inn on the Continent there was in his time a female official of this description, who enlivened the company as she waited at table by witticisms and repartee. It should be added, however, that she was generally young and pretty. So late as 1858, we read in Mrs. Hornby's "Travels" that she found a female jester at Constantinople, who was exceedingly amusing.—London Illustrated News.

Animals' Eyes Flag Traits.

"Yes, we have a good deal of experience with wild animals," remarked an engineer, "but not so thrilling as that of the engineers on western roads when the buffalo was common on the plains. But there is enough still left of wild animal life to make it interesting. The eyes of the wolf, coyote, wildcat, jack rabbit, polecat and other animals look like a red light when facing the headlight. Did not these animals quickly deceive us by turning their heads, an engineer might think his train was being flagged and stop his engine. The wolf, wildcat and coyote are quick and jump from the track, but the jack rabbit is less fortunate. The headlight has a strange fascination for this animal and often it is killed."—Denver News.

An Electrical Finger.

An electrical finger for surgical uses has recently been invented. A bulb, attached to a long probe, is attached to a finger stall. The bulb is double and the outer skin is flexible. The two layers are connected with opposite poles of the battery, and wires connect the inner layer with the finger tip. Pressure at any point closes the circuit and the electrical current is transmitted to a corresponding point on the finger. The surgeon has thus a means of feeling and measuring things which he can neither see nor reach by ordinary means.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Surprised Official.

The following story is credited to Congressman Boutelle, of Maine: There was once a secretary of the navy from an inferior state. He had never seen a ship before arriving in Washington. Some weeks after his induction into office, he visited a ship of war. After landing on the main deck he looked down the main hatch and seemed greatly astonished. "Never dreamed," he said, "that the darned thing was hollow."