

The St. Tammany Farmer

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WISDOM OF THE WISE

By STELLA BEEDING

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THE old man sat in his corner, his silver hair and beard forming a faint aureole about his face. His thin, worn hands fitted ghostlike above a kichshaw he was fashioning for little Errol. Steve was also in his corner, an open book across his knees, but he did not read; instead he looked into the fire and then across at Marianna.

"And this is to be the last night," said Steve.

"You will let me know where you are sometimes?" Marianna asked, leaning forward eagerly.

Their dark, handsome heads were close together. He was the first to draw back. The room suddenly became stifling.

Errol ran up to the old man and covered his face with soft, moist little kisses. The toy was finished.

"Dear Uncle Lucien," she cried in her imperious way, "lift up my hair and put the beads around my neck."

Marianna's face was bowed in her hands. Steve thought she was crying, but it was not so. It came upon him with a rush what a beautiful woman she would be. He was only 18 and Marianna was younger; he had not thought much of feminine beauty before. He saw for the first time that her wrists were small and well-turned; that the rich red of her cheek and the dusky brown of her curling lashes made a delicious combination.

Marianna rose and flung back her hair from her face. The room had become close for her, too. She was lithe with the fugitive grace of closing childhood as she stood there in the fitful firelight.

"Steve, can't we take a little walk? It seems to me I choke in here."

He marked the place in his book where he had left off, and followed her out into the feathery night. They began to walk up and down the graveled path. She turned upon him wildly.

"Just think, Steve, what the place will be to me without you! You seem a part of it; I cannot think of it without you. I was a mere baby, you know, when Uncle Lucien found you and brought you here. How shall I miss you! Think of the books we have read together, the thoughts we have exchanged! Steve, do not the books say that the world is cold and cruel?"

She clasped her little hands together, and her breath caught painfully.

"Yes," he answered, "but I will fight the world. I am not afraid."

"Steve, but you do not know; you will be alone, it will be hard, they will crush you down."

He smiled. He was strong and straight as a young Hercules.

"I am not afraid," he repeated. "I will work, work, work, and in a few years I will come back and take you to the places we have dreamed about, and give you lace and jewels and furs, and you will be a little princess. The old home seems very dear to-night, but I am sure there are fairer places than this, Marianna."

"I am not sure of that, Steve. Every corner here is a crying memory, every bush a thought. But remember, Steve, though I will not know where you are many times, I will always be with you in thought; always touch you in thought. But I am afraid—"

She buried her face in her hands, crying bitterly, and sank down to the gravel upon her knees.

"Marianna—Marianna, don't!" he pleaded softly, as one reasons with a naughty child.

He tried to raise her, his soft, black curls brushing her wet cheek. She tore herself away, still weeping. He knelt down beside her, stroking her hair silently, letting his big, strong hand rest upon her forehead, his mouth could not utter in words. Presently she rose and dried her eyes on her handkerchief.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me, and this the last night, too," she said.

They turned and walked back. The little home lay low and dark in its nest of vines and flowers. A slender cowl of smoke curled from the chimney. A myriad of little stars flickered cotily overhead, and some birds in the distant trees sang an archaic duet.

"The last night!" whispered Steve, squeezing her fingers.

"The last night!" she echoed, with a firm, energetic answering pressure.

The door flung open and Errol, with her cloud of fair hair, stood in the doorway.

"But he did not tell me that he loved me and wished to marry me," Marianna told herself in the middle of the night, as she turned over her pillow wearily.

"But there is no need for words when two beings are as perfectly in sympathy as we, and he understood," she thought.

Letters came at long intervals from Steve, and were not of a preeminently encouraging nature. One morning toward the end of the sixth year, Marianna received the following:

"Marianna:—I am coming back to the old home. I have failed. In all these six years I have not even gained a foothold. The whirl of the urgent city presses upon me and crushes me down. Life is too tumultuous here; I cannot think. Even now I am on my way to you, Marianna. Oh! I have thought of you many, many times. How I long to hear your voice! I see other women about me, but to me they are as if they were not. They are strange; not one of them is like you. They chatter like magpies; they are tawdry; and neither do they like me, for when they see me they stick their tongues in their cheeks and laugh."

"Steve before many days I shall see you and Errol and the good old man. Do you remember, Marianna, I said I would fight the world? I did, but I could not conquer it; instead, it conquered me."

"I enclose in this letter a little pair of white silk stockings for Errol to wear on Sundays."

Stephen Balfe.

"Steve's come!" cried Errol one morning, leading a great, bearded, shabbily clothed man into the tidy little kitchen.

Marianna held out both hands, and choked and could not speak. It was an exquisitely keen pleasure to see him; it was also an exquisitely keen pain. She noted the down-trodden shoes, his elbows ready to push through and her heart

ached. She stood tall and sedate, a divinely excellent foil, beside her glittering sister. Errol was tall, also, and of a beautiful slimmness. Her hair was the color of ripe corn, and her eyes were blue with the blue old china teacups.

Steve talked to Marianna, but his eyes were full of Errol. And Marianna saw and took counsel with herself. "Marianna," said Steve one afternoon several months after his arrival, "will you walk up and down the old path with me?"

He drew her arm through his. He had always been very gentle with her. When they reached the end he stopped and turned to her.

"You must know, Marianna, how I respect you, how sincerely I admire and care for you; do you think, dear, you could ever make up your mind to throw yourself away on a worthless thing like me? I think you love me. Do you not, Marianna? Or have I mistaken the character of your kindness?"

Her gaze fell away from his. It was so different from what she had always hoped for, and the bitter part of it was he was trying to be kind to her to blind his own eyes to the true dictation of his heart. She felt rebellious and wanted to tell him all. Instead, she turned from him and swallowed hard.

"Forgive me! Forgive me, Marianna!" he cried. "I see I was mistaken. You thought of me as a brother only. Again I ask you to forgive me for being so indelicate."

Each word was like the turning of a rusty weapon in her breast.

"Let us begin to walk again," she said quickly.

She could not help but hear the note of gladness, or relief, that crept into his speech. Great, hot, pitiful sobs rose up in her throat. Presently she raised her head and looked at him with her calm eyes.

"Do not let us speak of this again, Steve," she said gently, as she twisted

nervously at the frilling in her sleeve. They heard a soft outbreak of laughter, and their eyes took the same direction. Errol with the teasing gaiety of a child romped under the trees with her pet spaniel. A great bar of sunlight cut through the branches like a golden glialve, and fell across her bright head.

There was an unutterable tenderness in his eyes as he looked.

"Isn't she beautiful, Marianna?" he asked. "She seems to me like a being from another sphere."

"Go and talk to her, Steve, or play with her; I must go into the house. I think Uncle Lucien wants me."

She found the old man in his customary corner, and threw herself down beside him, and, folding her arms over his knees, rested her face on them. Her pretty, soft curls breaking from restraint, tumbled about her shoulders and over his shrunken old knees. Her little white hands that came out of her black sleeves worked convulsively. Shortly she looked up, and her thoughtful eyes were dry and glittering.

"Uncle Lucien," she began.

He pressed her head down again, stroking it gently with his withered hand.

"I know! I have seen it all, dear child," he said, huskily.

The afternoon sunlight a pale irradiance, came in through the window and spread across the white bed, bleaching the whole room with its light. The summer breeze stirred gently through the branches outside, setting the leaves in a gentle clapper. The little room was very still, save for one sound. The sound was Marianna's sobbing.

THE ANSWER OF THE NIGHT.

"The firmament showeth His hand-work."—Psalms 19:1.

When night her sable veil has flung
Far out, until it shrouds the world,
We marvel how each mesh is hung
With stars, and how each fold is peared
With strands of living fire whose glow
Comes faintly through the outer mist,
Where azure fingers swiftly trace
From ebony to amethyst.

Then man looks in the jeweled sky
Where patiently the planets climb,
And there he heeds before his eye
The unsolved mystery of time.
He traces all the wanderings
Of restless universe and world,
But where the hand that onward flings
The stars with such precision hurled?

What is the all-explaining word
Which with the stars far man has heard?
Why is it in its grandeur hurled
That straining eyes may never read?
Why, when our night has found the pang
Wherein the furthest star is set,
Do unknown fingers swiftly trace
A constellation farther yet?

Each star that sends its laughing light
Has that deep secret long possessed;
It trembles on the lips of Night—
The unsolved mystery of time.
Yet man repeats his What and Why,
And frets for that he never sees
How that the stars have made reply
Through God's unnumbered centuries.

—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

Might Reduce Some.

This New York cult that would discard clothes wholly may not make a hit for its full programme, says the Chicago Daily News, but the father of the family might not object to garments costing about a third of what they cost at present.

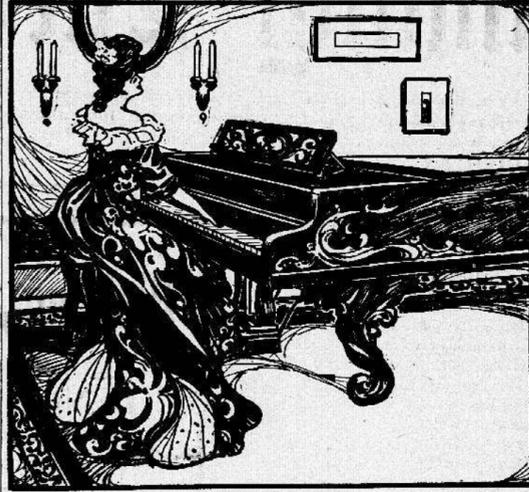
Wisconsin Fish Story.

The mills of Hustisford, Wis., are idle because carp of large size and in great numbers are blocking the water wheels. The Chicago Inter Ocean remarks that Hustisford has heretofore been regarded as a fairly reliable news center.

Not Entirely New.

An erudite scientist arises to explain that if a woman's life is to belong, the "pulse must beat with full and normal strokes." But, then, says the Los Angeles Times, this fact has been suspected for at least several years.

THE SOMETHING-WRONG PUZZLE



THE EVENING SONG.
What Is Wrong with the Picture?

OUR PUZZLING LANGUAGE.

The Verb and the Preposition Are Difficulties Insuperable to the Frenchman.

English is said to be one of the most difficult languages in the world for a foreigner to learn. The verbs and prepositions are particularly puzzling. A professor in Columbia School of Mines tells of the trouble of a Frenchman with the verb "to break," relates the New York Times.

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, M. de Beauvoir, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them up with prepositions."

"I saw your friend, Mrs. Berky, just now," he continues. "She says she intends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?"

"Break up her school, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember; break up school."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down?"

"Broken down? Oh, yes! And, indeed, since fever has broken up in her town—"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No; she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No; that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off."

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard that!"

"She is sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right?"

"I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no proposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow—a breaker, I think."

"A breaker, and a fine fellow. Good day!"

So much for the verb "break."

CONCERNING OUR HOLIDAYS

Most of Them Are Regulated Entirely by the Authorities of the Various States.

There is no national holiday in the United States, in the sense of being made so by federal law. Such matters are regulated entirely by state authority, and they vary in the different states, Mississippi alone having no statutory holidays, says the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner. The Fourth of July and Christmas are observed as holidays in all of the states, and all of the governors usually follow the president in setting apart a Thanksgiving day, which the laws in most states have made a bank holiday, but otherwise there is nothing like uniformity. June 3, Jefferson Day, his birthday, is a holiday in Florida, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana. Abraham Lincoln's birthday is observed as a holiday in Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Washington and Wyoming. A number of states observe some special holiday not observed elsewhere, as January 8 (the battle of New Orleans), in Louisiana; March 2 (state independence), in Texas; May 20 (Mecklenburg declaration), in North Carolina, etc. Congress has at various times appointed special holidays, and in the second session of the Fifty-third congress it passed an act making Labor day a holiday in the District of Columbia. It has also recognized certain other days as holidays for commercial purposes within the district, but there is nothing like a general act on the subject. The president's Thanksgiving proclamation makes that day a legal holiday in the District of Columbia and the territories only.

Original.

"You seemed surprised when I gave you that sonnet to read," said the would-be poet. "Perhaps you didn't believe it was original."

"I knew it was original the first moment I saw it," replied Crittick.

"Yes?"

"Yes, the first moment I saw it was some 20 years ago, when I was reading Shakespeare."—Standard and Times.

Schoolboy Shots.

The head master of a South London board school has determined to make his pupils efficient marksmen. In one of the class-rooms he has placed a target in the form of an india rubber ball suspended by a piece of string. Behind this is a piece of carpet and some boarding. An air-gun, supplied by himself, is the weapon used. Some of his pupils are rapidly becoming "dead shots," and he is very proud of their proficiency.

Measure of Success.

The true measure of success is eight quarts to the peck.

THREE ZONES IN ONE HOUR

Two Known Regions Where That Many Temperatures Come Very Close Together.

Only two places exist on this globe where one can pass through three zones of temperature—the tropical, subtropical and temperate—within an hour's time. Hawaii is one of these places and Darjeeling, in northeastern India, is another. In both these places, says a geographical journal, the trick is done by climbing up the high mountains. In Hawaii the traveler starts with the warm breath of the Pacific fanning him amid the smell of palm trees. He passes by great clusters of tropical fruit and as he mounts the trees change until he is in the kind of scenery that may be found in the southern United States. Still he climbs, and soon he notices that it is much cooler and that the character of the scene has changed to one that reminds him of the temperate zone, with fields in which potatoes and other northern vegetables are growing.

In Darjeeling the change is still more wonderful. The entrance to the tableland on which the little mountain city stands is through a dark, somber tropical pass, full of mighty palms and hung with orchids and other jungle growth. After while the trees change from palms to the wonderful tree ferns. These alternate with banana trees, until, after some more climbing, forests are reached of magnolias and similar trees. Through these magnolias the way leads ever up, and all at once, over an open pass, there come into view immense thickets of Himalayan rhododendrons and the evergreen of firs and cedars, and beyond stand the white, grim, snow-capped, frozen mountain peaks like arctic icebergs on land. In less than two hours a traveler can ascend from orchids through jungles to tea plantations and thence to a climate of northern roses and violets.

MORMONS IDEAL SETTLERS.

Colonies in Mexico Have the Reputation of Being Most Desirable Citizens.

The following information was recently given to the Chihuahua Enterprise by President Ivin, of that state, who presides over the Mormon colonies in Mexico.

"The year just passed has been quite prosperous for our people in Mexico, although the crops were not the best on account of the scarcity of rain last summer; yet the aggregate shows an increase of wealth. In Colonia Juarez, at Nevas Casas Grandes, the average income for each head of a family was \$1,400, or \$140,000 for the 100 families. The other colonies have done quite as well, the total for the 4,000 colonies being about \$400,000 per year. We have a very perfect system of obtaining statistics among our people, and every year a complete census is taken of our people and what they are doing. About 3,600 of them reside in this state and the rest in Sonora.

"At Colonia Juarez we have commenced to build an academy at a cost of \$30,000, and this will be finished in a year. The school will be free to all, Mexicans included."

Sizing Up the Situation.

A young benedict dropped into a Brooklyn cafe the other night in spite of expostulations from friends who tried to coax him home by assuring him it was only necessary to assert himself to be morally strong and forever afterward be the boss there. It was his first offense, and after repeated urging from the friends he declared himself thus: "It's no use, fellows—hic—I can't do it. She is shertly my s'p'rior, an' nuzzler thing, her mother's there. Zat rushes me 't absolute zero. Wife's all ri', but nuzzer is it, positively it, and I—well I—am nit, negatively nit." And they only did get him out when the proprietor closed up.—N. Y. Sun.

Explained.

He—My sweet one, do you love me?

She—Ah, dearest, how can you ask that?

"Why, it's a very simple physiological process. The impulse doubtless originates in the cerebellum, is accelerated in the cerebrum, and, upon being transmitted by the proper nerve, is converted by the vocal organs into the words, 'Do you love me?'—Judge.

Rejected Stammerers.

As stammering is a cause of rejection for military service, its frequency is shown by the statistics of the examination of recruits in different nations. The number rejected as stammerers is 7.50 per 1,000 examined in France, 3.23 in Switzerland, 2.87 in England, 2.2 in Austria, 0.86 in Italy and 0.19 in Russia.

Above the Average.

The man who manages to keep out of debt, out of jail and out of politics is a little above the average.—Chicago Daily News.

RUSSIA'S CONVICT SYSTEM

The Island of Sakhalin Where Thousands of Enemies of the Government Are Confined.

Japanese naval victories have already demoralized Russia's exile system, and they soon might deal it a staggering blow by throwing open its chief Siberian prison. After sinking a few more Muscovite ships Japan would be able to land troops on the convict island of Sakhalin, just north of the Japanese archipelago, and release the 40,000 men and women imprisoned there, says the New York Tribune of recent date. Once free, the murderers, traitors, nihilists and revolutionists who compose the population would be able at last to avenge themselves in some small degree upon the government which has doomed them to a living death.

The convict island is situated at the northern end of the Japan sea, like the keystone of an arch. Southwest is the Asiatic coast of the Russian-Siberian province of Amoor, and the seaport of Vladivostok. Southeast, across a narrow strait, lies the Japanese island of Yezo. Although 600 miles long, Sakhalin is so narrow that it has the shape of a picket on the map. In area it is equal to the state of South Carolina; in climate it may be likened to southern Greenland or northern Norway. If dug up and laid down on the Atlantic coast, between the same parallels of latitude, it would stretch from Bangor, Me., to central Labrador.

To this cold, inhospitable, remote part of the earth, Russia banishes her worst enemies of state. When a peasant commits an atrocious murder the penalty is Sakhalin. When a bank teller embezzles a fortune he is doomed to exile in Sakhalin. Should some high official prove a traitor to his government, he exchanges his splendid St. Petersburg drawing rooms for the log huts of Sakhalin.

There was a secret military conference between Russia and France a little more than a year ago, when the two powers agreed on a mode of attack on Germany should either nation go to war with the Kaiser. Not long afterward it was discovered that Germany by some mysterious means had learned the stratagem. Col. Grimm, a trusted Russian officer, was suspected of treachery, and in the face of indisputable evidence he confessed himself a traitor. It was estimated that the changes in fortifications made necessary by his treachery cost the Russian government \$5,000,000. Yet he was not hanged or shot. His fate was worse. He was banished to Sakhalin.

Since Russia has completed the continental railroad across her Asiatic domain she has sought to change the character of Siberia from a penal colony to a great industrial province. She has endeavored to wipe out the worst of associations which haunt the name of Siberia because of its past, and which has stunted its growth. As long as Russia continued to found penal settlements within this region, to which were condemned murderers as well as refined men and women banished thither because of their political views, voluntary immigration into Siberia from the congested parts of Russia amounted to little or nothing. For the reason that the convict settlements were adjacent to towns, a Russian citizen of good standing had no desire to emigrate to such a community, where his family must needs associate with the outcasts of society.

Accordingly, Russia in recent years has been sending her chief offenders to the far distant island of Sakhalin. The war, however, has put a stop to further deportation of convicts to the island. If Russia attempts to send her convicts by ship, as was once her custom, from the Black sea port of Odessa, the Japanese warships will hold them up somewhere along the Pacific coast. If she sends them by railroad to Vladivostok, the Japanese ships are likely to capture them after they have been put on board ships for the island.

Russia began sending exiles to Siberia in the middle of the seventeenth century, instead of branding them with hot irons, impaling them on hooks, cutting out their tongues or amputating their limbs, as she had done before. In the middle of the eighteenth century the Muscovites abolished capital punishment, and, instead of executing their worst criminals, they banished them to Asiatic Russia. They populated vast tracts with sparsely scattered colonies of convicts. Between the years 1823 and 1887 nearly 800,000 men and women were torn from their homes in Europe and driven to faraway Siberian settlements.

When You Get Shaved.

"Very few men realize the manual labor entailed in the operation of a safety razor, aside from the constant care and skill that must be exercised," said the handsome barber, as he paused to strop his razor. "I didn't realize it myself until the other day. The man I was shaving was a stranger to me and he seemed a trifle nervous. When I got through with him he said to me: 'Do you know how many strokes of the razor you used in shaving me?' I looked up at the clock. It had taken me nearly 20 minutes. 'I give it up,' I said. 'I never thought about it.' 'Well,' said he, as he buttoned his collar, 'you used 459 strokes with the razor. That's pretty fair for me, because I'm nervous. I have frequently been up to nearly 600. You see, I suffer from insomnia, and the only way I can get to sleep at nights is to lie in bed and count. In that way I have got into the habit of counting the razor strokes while getting shaved, and I want to tell you that 459 is a pretty good record for me.' Say, do you believe that?"—Philadelphia Record.

Poor Fido.

"What is the matter with Fido?"

"Oh, isn't it horrid! I gave him to the laundress to wash, and she starved him."—New Yorker.

Wasted Energy.

"If some folks," said Uncle Eben, "would walk as far huntin' work as dey does follerin' a percession, dar would be 'most doin' when de dinner bell rings."—Washington Star.

More Foreigners Than Natives.

In the Sandwich islands there are twice as many Japanese as natives, and the Chinese also outnumber the natives by a small excess.

Sobered by Marriage.

Love may intoxicate a man, but marriage sobers him.—Chicago Daily News.

FATE OF OLD WARSHIPS.

Great Vessels That Have Cost Fortunes to Build Sold as Old Metal.

What is done with those warships which, becoming obsolete, have to be "disposed of at alarming sacrifices," is one of those questions few ordinary persons could answer, says London Tit-Bits. Of course, the most profitable way would be to sell them to foreign countries, such as the South American republics, and Turkey, Spain and China might even be occasional customers.

But for obvious political reasons such a thing is never done; indeed, so stern is the government's determination not to run the risk of our navy's "ineffective" ships falling into foreign hands that in every case it is stipulated that they shall be broken up in British waters. Thus it occurs that obsolete war vessels, which, perhaps, cost the nation \$700,000, or even \$750,000, have, from time to time, to be sold for \$215,000 or \$20,000, when as war vessels they would probably realize twice or thrice as much if sold to a foreign country which did not mind having a navy somewhat out of date.

But sold—as in nearly every case they are—before breaking up, they simply fetch the price of old metal, from which is to be deducted the cost of shipwreckers' labor, this being an important factor, since it stands to reason a man of war cannot be disintegrated with a can opener.

Taken out of commission, the condemned warship lies moored until the admiralty sells her either by auction or private treaty. She is stripped of guns and stores, and generally of certain portions of her fittings, which are often up to date and serviceable. Then she passes into the hands of her purchasers, generally a British firm who have a special plant for dealing with ironclads. She is towed to the most convenient place and her destruction begins. She is ripped to pieces, from quarter-deck to keel. Her engines, decks, steering gear, woodwork—everything is taken from her—until the mere steel shell remains, and the final blow is a general deal with dynamite to break up plates. As often as ten or 12 months are occupied in breaking up a battleship.

Then what becomes of her? You may be sitting in a chair the wood of which was once part of a battleship; before a grate made out of a cruiser's plate, for her plates are sold for resmelting, and they turn up unsuspected in a thousand homes, are made into stoves, railway lines, park railings, fire irons, traction engines, etc. If only steel could speak, there's many a humble-looking fire grate which could tell of stirring deeds.

There is not much wood about the warships which fall into the ship breakers' hands nowadays, but what there is commands a ready market for a variety of purposes, as it is understood to be the best, toughest and most seasoned of its kind and easily obtainable. As the best large portions of a ship's timber are good only as fuel and as such it is sold; but it is always reckoned to be the finest fuel wood money can buy. The better stuff is bought for barge building, flooring, etc., to be worked up by carpenters and cabinet makers. Ships' timber is considered particularly good for employment in damp places.

Every ounce of the wrecked vessel is disposed of to some purpose, yet even then, owing to the expensive trouble of breaking her up, her purchasers sometimes find she has only just repaid the cost to which they have been put, and that albeit she cost the only a fifth or sixth part of what she cost the nation no more perhaps than 20 years before.

Twenty years is about the time which changes a new war vessel into an obsolete ship such as it would be foolish to send into action. But occasionally ships become obsolete and meet their inglorious doom very much sooner. In one case, indeed, a battleship became obsolete while she lay in the building stocks, and she was actually broken up without being shifted from the place where her keel was laid. Another vessel, the "Hood," was broken up without ever "riding salt water," having been built in the Medway and, finally being launched to go to sea, she was broken up for the purpose of being disintegrated. A third war vessel, of a smaller type, became obsolete while waiting for her boilers to be put in, and she never lived to breathe steam.

Not every obsolete war vessel meets the melancholy fate of being broken up, however. On rare occasions condemned ships are being taken out of the effective list are used for the storage of powder, etc., or as training ships, though ironclads are not very well adapted to such uses. Vessels of small types are sometimes, too, rigged up for special purposes whenever a government official would otherwise have to purchase a new ship at a much greater outlay. But the ultimate end of every ship of war not sunk at sea is to be battered for almost a fifth part of her cost, broken up, and scattered over the land to be converted to a thousand different uses.

The Witness' Report.