

DA GAMA'S COURAGE.

The Brazilian Insurgent Leader a Man of Great Bravery.

"I saw an exhibition of Da Gama's personal bravery of the trip to Rio, as a Lieut. Robert K. Dashiell of the United States ship New York. It was on the morning of March 13, when we (the New York) had just returned from our outside air-riding to let the ocean breezes sweep the microbes out of us, and when we, with the San Francisco, Detroit, and Chicago, moved to the upper Rio Bay and anchored there. We did this, as word had been sent around to us and all the foreign fleets that the Government would that day bombard Da Gama's fleet, and we moved to where we would not interrupt a free scope for the shelling. As we moved up we could see that Da Gama's fleet was all broken up, his vessels being torpedoed, and I remember carrying up the harbor for safety under a lively fire from the land forts as they passed. I was on deck making notes for the log when I saw a launch shoot out from the city and head for the Portuguese man-of-war Mendello. The launch, in making the trip, had to run the gauntlet of all the forts, and observing the incessant and particularly hot fire directed at her, I began to suspect that she carried a person of great importance. In her run for the Mendello, which lay about fifty yards from us, the launch passed close under our bow and I saw a man in a white uniform, with a big smile on his face, and his hands raised over his forehead with a terrible shriek and struck about thirty feet from the launch, drenching its inmates with the water it threw up. I was used to that shriek of a passing shell, because of my experience at the Indian Head proving grounds, but the effect of it on the nerves I find to be quite a different thing when it is not accompanied by the certainty that you are free from danger of being hit. But I observe, even as I was thinking of that difference, that the man standing in the stern of the launch did not flinch as the shell struck, and just then I recognized him as Da Gama, whom I had known personally at Washington. I called to Capt. Philip that Da Gama was in the launch, and he and all our officers rushed to the rail to see him. As we did so another shell struck and exploded apparently right under the stern of the launch. As the shell passed over us I admit that we ducked. It was instinctive, involuntary, but it is a fact that we ducked and some of us gave a yell as the shell struck, a yell like that you hear when a home-run hit is made at a baseball ground. When the shell exploded the water it tossed up completely hid the launch from our sight, and we supposed she had been struck and sunk. But in a moment she emerged from the mountain of foam, and still standing impressive in the stern was Da Gama. His left arm hung in a sling, for he had been wounded a few days before. He saw us leaning over the side anxiously watching him, and then he smiled pleasantly, raised his right arm and waved his hand, or put two fingers of his hand, as if he were signaling us. "Oh, that is all right." We afterward learned that a piece of the exploding shell had wounded the other two fingers of that hand, or I suppose he would have given us a full handshake. "I am certain that if discipline had allowed it, the cool, smiling courage of the man would have been received by a cheer from the New York. "He went on to the Mendello, where he had a long talk with her commander, and then, after transferring some refugees to her, returned to shore in the launch, facing the shots of every land battery within range as cool and indifferent as before. That was the last time we saw Da Gama, for it was dark when he came out and boarded the Portuguese. "That same morning I saw another plucky little performance, Da Gama had a dispatch boat, a two-ton schooner-rigged steamer yacht. She had two one-inch Nordenfeldt machine guns, one mounted forward, one aft. When she started away from the shore the hill batteries, as soon as she was in range, directed their fire at her. She slowed up and answered the shore fire with her two guns in a very smart fashion, and directed her fire so well that she drove the crew away from the shore guns. Then she steamed on, but kept peppering away at the enemy as long as she was in sight. "Nothing can truthfully be said against the personal courage of the Brazilians. I only hope that when it comes my turn to stand that I will do as well as I saw them do. That will satisfy my pride."—New York Sun.

this new view of the case took him so completely aback that he collapsed, and with a word brought the parade to a sudden end.

Stood by His Dog.

During the hard snap last winter an ill-clad, half starved looking fellow, accompanied by a meek, confiding cur stepped into the police station. As he closed the door behind him he took off his dilapidated hat, and saluted the officer in charge. The latter in raspy, unsympathetic tones, asked what he wanted there. "Scab an' me wants a place to sleep," the tramp replied diffidently. "All right, get down stairs, quick." The face of the wayfarer brightened. "My name's Dick Lunn," he said, "and I'm dead broke, and it's mighty good in you giving us a place to sleep." "As he spoke he stooped down and picked up the bob-tailed dog. At the same moment the sergeant caught sight of the cur. "What are you going to do with that dog?" he asked. "Well, Scab needs a night's shelter just as much as I do." "We can't house dogs," said the Sergeant decidedly. "You can stay but you'll have to throw the cur out." "Why, say, cap," he said, "Scab's been my friend for five years and he walked all the way with me. You wouldn't have me give him the go-by now, would you?" "I'm sorry," responded the Sergeant, "but we can't have any dogs in the station." Dunn looked down at the dog and gently patted its head. "It's a cold night," he said, "a mighty cold night, but where I go you go too, and if the police won't have you in the station, they won't have me either. We'll walk the streets all night before we part company." The dog seemed to comprehend and gave a low bark, and without another word the man and the cur went out. Efforts to get shelter for himself and the dog at other stations failed and they spent the night in the streets.—Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.

Harnessing the Lightning.

It is just possible that one of these days, instead of making electricity for ourselves, we shall learn to tap the immense store of the electric fluid that pervades the higher atmosphere; that, in fact, we shall be able to harness the lightning. Prof. Trowbridge shows that a discharge keeps in the same path for only three-tenths of a second, and he believes that a "step-down" transformer—a device by which the voltage of the discharge would be reduced—might render it fit for the service of man. An average thundercloud is estimated to contain about 300 horse-power of electrical energy. A flash of lightning a quarter of a mile long practically means an electromotive force of millions of volts. Working on a basis that a flash occurs when the electrical strain on the air is 1.37 pounds per square foot, the total electric energy in a cubic mile of the strained air just on the point of flashing is about 10,000,000 foot-tons, or, in other words, the energy is stored to raise a ton 70,000,000 feet high. Electric ans are now trying to think out how this enormous power can be brought down to earth and utilized, and they talk of employing some modification of Franklin's kite, at all events for experimental work. If they should succeed the corraling of lightning flashes may come to be a profitable occupation.

Quite Right, Too.

He was one of the guests at the summer hotel, dined and green, and he was at one of a party on a drive through the mountains to return to the hotel in the evening. He was quite attentive to one young woman in the crowd whom he had known only a day or two, and at one point where they all got out of the stage, he essayed to help her in again, and in doing so it was necessary to come very near putting his arm around her waist. "What do you mean, sir?" she asked, so unexpectedly as to unnerve him. "I beg your pardon," he stammered; "I only meant to help you in the stage." "It wasn't necessary to put your arm around my waist, was it?" "I never thought of that," he said, blushing very much, indeed. "Well, sir," she concluded emphatically, "I want you to understand hereafter that I allow no man to put his arm around me unless he is thinking about what he is doing." Then she smiled, and the entire stage load gave the backward young man the laugh.

Where They Came From.

The gentleman from Boston, who had become enamored of a young woman whose home and fortune were in Chicago, hid himself to that well known city, and sought her hand in marriage. The seeking was not difficult, for he was one of the men who are really Bostonese, and that sort of thing appeals to every Chicago heart. During the evening of the second day he proposed to her, and the language used on that occasion was something superb in the matter of frills and long words. She managed to get his meaning, though, and very naturally, she was embarrassed. "If I could only believe what you say, Mr. Bunkerington," she blushed. "You can," he assured her; "every word I have spoken comes from the heart." "I know you say that," she contended, "but they sound more like they come from the dictionary." And she lives in Boston now.

Another Submarine Boat.

A model of an electrically-propelled submarine vessel which it is proposed to use as a torpedo blockade runner or salvage vessel, says Engineering, London, July 25, was recently exhibited at Sydney, N. S. W. The submergence of the boat is attained by power, as was done by Nordenfeldt some years ago, and not by weight. The boat has a false keel, equal in weight to that of the water sufficient to fill one of the water-tight compartments into which the boat is divided. In case of accident this keel can be dropped. In the course of the trial the boat, it is stated, reached a speed of ten knots.—Literary Digest.

PROVINCIALISM IN SPEECH.

Infalible Means of Telling a Philadelphian the World Over.

The vernacular of different localities in America is very marked even among cultivated people, and many who latter themselves have quite effaced any peculiar intonation would be surprised if they knew how much their curv associations affect both voice and accent, says the New York Tribune. "How curious it is," remarked a New York woman the other day, "that Mr. H., who has lived more than half his life away from Philadelphia, and has mingled with the best people at home and abroad for years, should still retain in pristine purity his funny little Philadelphia twang. At home I had always thought it rather a pity that he 'halled' so unmistakably from the Quaker city; but I simply loved the familiar nasal drawl when, in the Arabian desert, we exchanged greetings with a passing caravan and heard an exclamation from a helmeted gentleman on a camel—an exclamation in those Chestnut street accents of Mr. H."

At a luncheon a short time ago provincialisms in American came under discussion, and while a Baltimorean, a Philadelphian, and a Chicago woman, who, with a few others, comprised the party, recognized the pronounced differences in the accents of their Boston and New York friends, they each failed to hear and would not acknowledge that their own speech was equally local. Every one had heard the old test sentence for a Philadelphian and a Bostonian, "I fed a bird s'ting 'n a curbstone with a spoon." The difference in the pronunciation of the words bird, curbstone and spoon being unmistakable. "You Boston people carry your clear pronunciation rather far when you say chicken for chicken," said a Philadelphia lady to a descendant of the pilgrims at a watering place the other day. "It is better than swallowing half your words as you Philadelphians do," retorted the other. "And it is a pity," she added in an aside to a friend, "that they do not swallow the whole while they are about it!" Some western woman try to keep the ugly "r" whenever it ends a word. It is a mark of early neglect that is almost impossible to eradicate, for the reason that those who use it are quite unconscious of the difference. This unfortunate habit is unhappily spreading, and it is not confined as formerly to certain localities, but there tends to become a general Americanism.

Although we laugh at them, we attempt to admire the soft provincialisms of the southerners, with their "eyars" and their "gyardens," and their ignoring the vulgar "r" altogether when they ask you to shut the "do" and pass their plates for a little "mo' chick'n." A New England accent, pure and simple, is far from pleasant from the lips of a pretty woman. There is much for Americans to learn in the way of voice culture and accent, and it is astonishing that hardly any of the fashionable schools for girls recognize such a great natural defect and try to overcome it.

An Example.

As a people, we should be willing to learn from those who have anything good to teach us—even from foreign countries with whose industrial and social system we have in a general way little sympathy. We might with profit take a hint, for instance, from the official "Conciliation Board for Miners' Disputes" (Great Britain) which organized a board made up of delegates from both employers and from the miners' union. This board has already, with the full consent of both masters and men, accepted the principle of a "minimum living wage"—a figure below which the employers guarantee that wages shall not fall for the space of two years. The employees, on their part, bind themselves not to strike during that period, provided this recognized "living wage" is paid. During this time, therefore, the public, which is often made to suffer greatly through interruptions in the mining of the coal, is substantially protected against any such contingency. Conciliation with due regard to the rights of both parties, should in labor matters support the operation of the law of pure good on both sides, which will take as much as it can get from the opposite party, and gives as little as can be extorted from it.

Their Choice.

People who find it tiresome to read a book more than once will scarcely credit the story which is told of one of the Scilly Isles. The entire library of this little island consisted, a century or two ago, of a single copy of the "History of Doctor Faustus." As most of the inhabitants were unable to read, provided words were not too difficult—the conjurer's story had been handed from house to house, until from perpetual thumping very little of his enchantments or his catastrophe was left legible. When this alarming state of things became evident, a meeting of the principal inhabitants was called to discuss what could be done to remedy it, for the people must have something to read. A proposal was made and carried, that as soon as the season permitted any intercourse with Cornwall, a supply of books should be ordered. The question arose what these books should be, but at last it was settled amicably that an order should be transmitted to Penzance for another copy of the "History of Doctor Faustus." And then the meeting joyously broke up.

The Old Lady Was Game.

A Georgia man whose bravery is of a negative character, got the worst of a difficulty. Some men were visiting a son of the former about his father's exhibition of the white feather on the occasion referred to. The little fellow shook his head fiercely and replied: "That's all right, I know pa won't fight, but if you want to get the stuffin' tore out of you just take 'em ma!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Woman Who Wants to Marry.

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KEPT AHEAD OF THE TRAIN.

A Moose Able to Travel at the Rate of Forty Miles an Hour.

The morning express on the Bangor and Aroostook from Houlton had a race with a moose the other forenoon, says the Boston Herald. Between Island Falls and Crystal, about thirty miles out of Houlton, the engineer saw a huge moose on the track, watching the approaching train and evidently undetermined whether to derail it or jump off and let it go about its business. The engineer blew a succession of sharp blasts with the whistle, and this the moose evidently took for the word to go for a race between himself and the train. At any rate, he turned, and, with the train not more than a dozen rods from him, he started down the track. The train was moving at the rate of forty miles an hour, but the moose, like the wind, kept his distance. The passengers heard the warning blast of the whistle, and knew that something was on the track, but not until the train reached Crystal Station did they learn that they had been racing with a moose. For a quarter of a mile the big animal kept up the almost incredible pace necessary to keep ahead of the train, and then, as if satisfied that he had convinced his competitors that there wasn't anything in the steam engine line that was coming into Aroostook and do him in a sprinting match, he left the track and plunged into the woods without so much as looking behind him.

Contradictory.

It is said that although Ruhnken, great and learned Leyden professor, was generally mild, a most to a fault, in his manners, he sometimes became exasperated by the vanity and pedantic affectation which he was compelled to encounter. On one occasion a German professor, who was inflated with self-esteem, asked Ruhnken to show him the library, at the same time telling him of some very learned Germans, who had written books full of erudition in their own language. "I wish," said Ruhnken, "that they had written in Latin, as Goethe, Ernesti and Heyne did, so that they might be more read by foreigners."

"Are you then, my good sir," said the visitor in a tone of regret, "involved in the error of supposing that there will be any more writing in Latin in this age?"

Ruhnken, after an indignant glance at his self-complacent visitor, said firmly: "Good-by, professor. Seek some other library where you may find German books."

Ruhnken himself was so entirely free from vanity that he appeared less learned than many others, but at the same time he had a thorough knowledge of his own capacities and acquirements, and often expressed this knowledge in the most frank and ingenious manner. In a conversation with some friends allusion was made to the great merits of a young professor in another city. "It is true," replied Ruhnken with

warmth, "he is a most accomplished as well as most delightful young man. But," he added, naively, "he ought to have come here, and attended the instructions of Valdekens and myself."

The remark was simply the candid expression of his own consciousness. "It was like the saying of Chrysalp, the Stoic," wrote one of Ruhnken's warm admirers, "who on being asked by a friend to whom he should intrust the education of his son, replied: 'To me; for if I know any one better fitted than I am, I would place myself under his care.'"

The Danger of Trivial Wounds.

A medical paper commits itself to the statement that many lives are lost each year in consequence of the lack of a little common sense respecting simple cuts or wounds of the hands or other parts. Several cases have been recorded of inequities relating to persons who have died from blood poisoning arising from small cuts on the hands. The history in all of these cases varies but little, and it is practically the same. A man, for example, while working at his trade, or even while carrying out the simple detail of cutting a piece of bread, receives a small cut on the hand. The injury is so trivial that anything is considered good enough to stop the bleeding, and this end having been attained no more is thought of it. The small wound is left to take care of itself and is exposed to all sorts of filthiness and sources of infection. By good luck nothing may happen, but the public would do well to bear in mind that from the most trivial injury to the skin acute septicemia may supervene and may rapidly be followed by a fatal termination. By thorough attention to cleanliness the untoward consequences of a wound liable to become infected can be effectually prevented. On the other hand, when the septicemic attack has declared itself, as a rule, little can be done by the surgeon to stem the virulence with which it develops. It should therefore be borne in mind that so long as wounds, however small, remain unhealed, the risk of contracting blood poisoning will always be present.

GERH! GERH! GERH!!

Information Wanted.

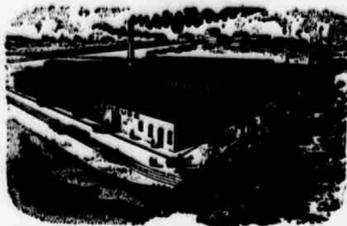
Information leading to the discovery of the whereabouts of one S. Whipple Gehr, formerly officing with one A. C. Gehr, will be thankfully received by ADVERTISER, CHICAGO EAGLE office.

Paganini's Trick.

Paganini would never let any one hear him tune his violin, and it is believed that many of the extremely peculiar effects he produced were obtained by his tuning his instrument half a tone lower or higher than the ordinary pitch. BELIEF is the rudder by which the ship of life is directed.

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