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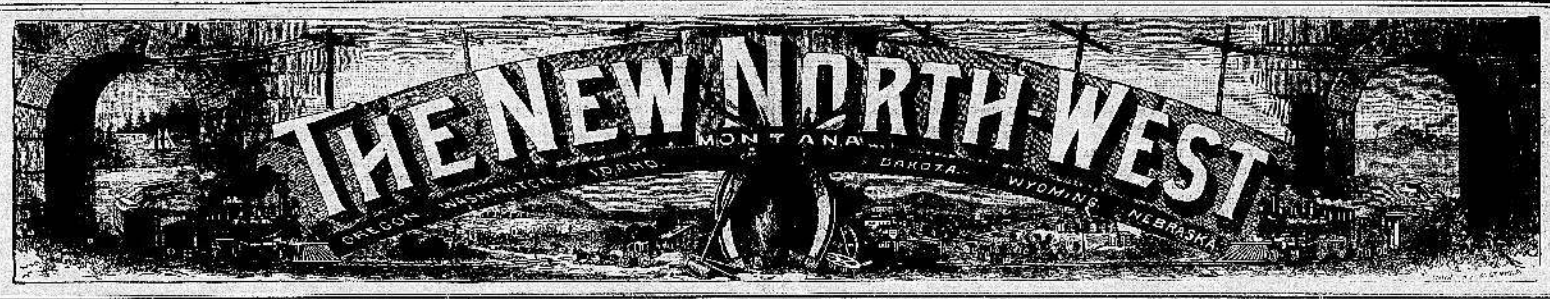

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JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT.

BY MAX O'RELL AND JACK ALLYN.

Translated by Mme. Paul Blouet. Copyrighted by Cassell & Co., New York. We Publish the Following Extracts from this Book by Special Arrangement through the American Press Association.

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clever Frenchman, who has favored his fellows mostly in satirizing the Anglo-Saxon race. He has become widely known as the author of "JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND," "JOHN BULL JR.," Etc. This book is his latest production, the material for it being gathered during his recent visit to America.

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER XIV.

Jonathan is the comic German of John Bull, but yet not so German as one might imagine, for, if Germany supplied America with over three hundred thousand sturdy peasants, these Germans do not Germanize America; on the contrary, they themselves become Americanized, thanks to that faculty of assimilation which they possess in such a high degree.

One strong proof of this is the way in which women are treated from one end of the United States to the other. And here I may say that in this matter Jonathan sets John Bull an example which the latter would do well to profit by.

Whilst English justice gives merely one or two months' imprisonment to the man who is found guilty of having almost kicked his wife to death, an American town is in arms at the mere rumor of a man having maltreated a woman.

Sometimes the chastisement takes a comic form. There are few distractions in the little American towns, and native humor finds an outlet in strange fashions. A man who ill treats his wife, or forsakes her for another woman, is often tarred and feathered. The operation is curious and satisfies the vengeance of the populace, while procuring them much amusement.

The delinquent is led, sometimes to the sound of music, to a retired spot. There he is stripped to the skin and coated over with tar from head to foot. This done, he is rolled in feathers, which of course stick to him and give him the appearance of an immense ugly duckling. To prevent blushing to the operation, his clothes are sometimes carried off, and the dab with him good luck.

This chastisement is often applied to a woman whose conduct is known to be immoral. In such cases I need not say it is the women who operate on the culprit. They want their husbands and sons to be able to go about without danger, and they take upon themselves the task of keeping the moral atmosphere of the neighborhood healthy. The idea appears primitive, but morality thrives by it.

The susceptibilities of American women are sometimes very easily wounded.

A paper having announced a man's death under the heading "John H. gone to a better home," the widow brought an action of libel against the editor.

The further west one goes the more apparent becomes the power of the women; the farther west one goes the more does woman get. Is this the reason?

To every American hotel there is a ladies' entrance. This is to prevent contamination from the possible contact of man. When it rains or snows an awning is thrown out over the pavement, but I dare say a persistent triumphal arch will ultimately be demanded by the ladies.

Here is a little story which would supply a very good subject to the novelist or the dramatist.

Idaho territory lies very far west indeed, and there is an abundant supply of women there. This has been eminently illustrated of late in the town of Wagon Wheel.

Recently two young ladies traveled to that remote region to attend to their dying brothers. The poor fellow did not long require their services, and immediately after his death the sisters prepared to return home. Before, however, they could get away, nearly the whole population of the town—headed by the mayor and other high officials—were making matrimonial overtures to them. Feeling ran very high during five or six anxious days, and the mayor's chances, despite his mature years, ruled the betting at six to one. At the end of the week both young ladies had capitulated, and were duly engaged. The mayor was, however, cut out by a handsome young miner. The wedding day was fixed, and the mother of the young ladies was summoned upon the scene. Here trouble began. She duly arrived, but was lonely indignant with her daughters for the scant respect which they had manifested toward their brother's memory by such indecent haste to wed. The girls explained that they had literally been besieged, and had yielded to the overwhelming force of circumstances. As usual, explanations increased the offense, and the mother vowed that neither of them should be married out there at all—that, in fact, the engagements were "off," and that they must be off too. The cup of felicity was thus rudely dashed from the lips of the two accepted men, and they made haste to tell their sorrows to the town. An indignation meeting was held, and the mayor appointed a committee to wait upon the irate matron in order to ask her to reconsider her resolution. The mayor, with rare magnanimity, considering the cruel blow his own hopes had just received, placed himself at the head of the deputation, and in the name of patriotism implored the good lady to grant the petition, which he ardently urged. She, however, stood firmly on her parental rights, and declared that she would not leave the town without her two daughters. Then the genius of the mayor shone forth like the sun, and proved equal to the occasion. He hastily proposed a compromise. Why need she leave at all? He drew her attention—of course in most delicate terms—to the fact that she was fair, plump, and fifty odd, and that similar language might be taken as descriptive of himself. There and then he offered her his hand and heart, and the young ladies a kind father and protector.

That settled the matter, and three marriages took place with a great flourish of trumpets at Wagon Wheel.

CHAPTER XV.

In America gentlemen's dress is plain, even severe; a high hat, black coat, dark trousers. Fancy cloth is little used, even in traveling.

I remember well the sensation I created with a pair of light gray trousers in a small Pennsylvania town. Every one seemed to look at me as if I had been a strange animal; in the hotel the waitresses nudged one another, and scarcely repressed a giggle; and the street urchins followed me as if I had been a member of the Sioux tribe in national costume. The day after my arrival, one of the local papers announced that a Frenchman had landed in the town the day before "in white trousers," and that his popularity had been as prompt as decisive.

American ladies dress very well as a rule, but there is a great number who cover themselves with furbelows and jewels, and so long as each item is costly, trouble themselves little about the general effect.

American women have plenty of style of their own, and also a great deal of distinction and grace, but they always look dressed for company. It is we? to dress, but not well to dress it. They are apt to laugh at the idea of English women, and mock their own dress on French lines. For my part, I think that nothing can surpass a fresh, young English girl in a modest dress and simple straw hat.

The fashionable Londoner, during my sojourn in the states, was a high, narrow consumption, perched on the top of the head, and surmounted with feathers. At a certain distance, it gave its wearer the look of an irate cockatoo.

There are French milliners in New York, I believe. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes pretends that they discourage an American suit. I remember we got upon this subject, during a pleasant chat at about its early days in Paris, and he said: "By the time a French milliner has been six months in New York, she will make a bonnet to frighten a Choctaw Indian."

At the theatre, women wear silly hats, which prevents one from hearing, and hats so high, which prevents one from seeing.

American hotel toilets are ravishing. Here the diamonds are at home. I do not know any prettier, more entertaining sight than an American hotel room. The display of beauty is on a gigantic scale. The walls are covered with flowers, the rooms artistically lighted, the dancing animated, and the true spirit of gayety everywhere visible. The young women are ideal in beauty and buoyancy, and if it were not for the stiff corset, which is not enough to hatch silk worms, you would pass many evening in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

The wives of men with no fortune become intimate the luxury of the millionaire's wife. I expected to find it so, in a democratic country frogs try to swell into oxen. They puff themselves out until they burst—or rather until their husbands burst.

In France always, and in England when we will let her, a wife keeps an eye on her husband's interests. In America, she often lays hands on his capital.

CHAPTER XVI.

There is no country where you hear so many good anecdotes, and no country where they are so well told.

The Americans are so good at taking a joke, so good tempered that, even in public, they enjoy to banter each other and serve as butts for each other's sarcasms. It is on these occasions that American humor is allowed free play. There are even "Gridiron" clubs, clubs where guests are invited only to be put on the grill. The most famous of these is the Clover club at Philadelphia. Outside Paradise there is no place where men are treated with so little regard to their rank.

"Gentlemen," says the president, "I have the honor to propose the first toast of the evening. Let us fill our glasses and drink to the honorable member of congress on my right. I doubt not you will push your amiability and patience so far as to listen to his speech in respectful silence. He will to all the more proud to have an audience tonight, because, as we all know, when the honorable member gets up to make a speech at Washington the benches begin to empty by magic. Gentlemen, give him a chance."

The congressman takes the joke merrily, and then commences his speech.

"Gentlemen—I mean members of the Clover Club."

The members pocket the satire with a hearty laugh.

Presently comes the turn of the second speaker.

This one speaks in a scarcely audible voice.

"Raise your voice!" cry the members.

"I'm sorry you cannot hear," quietly answers the speaker, "come nearer."

The cries of "louder!" continue.

"If I speak low," says the interrupted man, "it is in order to get down to your level."

This convulsed the assembly with laughter. I was aghast.

Can it be possible, I thought, that they will stand that? The joke may be new and funny, but surely it is being carried beyond the bounds. If such things were said in France, one would see duels going on, in all the retired spots of the neighborhood next morning.

The president rises once more.

My turn has come.

Scarcely have I heard the word "Gentlemen," when a volley of shouts and whistlings greets me.

I see that I am not going to be heard.

"Excuse me," I continue, "perhaps I had better explain to you why I accepted your invitation. Since I am in America I mean to study the customs and manners of the people. With this object in view, it would not do for me to confine myself to good society, and I have determined to make a study this evening."

"That's right," whispers my neighbor in way of encouragement, "continue in that strain and you will do."

For hours the speechifying goes on, mixed with music, recitations, songs and anecdotes.

At 3 in the morning hoots and guests separate, declaring that they have had a "real good time."

The Clover club is a first rate institution. Any man, whose self esteem has been over criticised, can be supplied by this club with wholesome physic.

CHAPTER XVII.

I think the following anecdote illustrates the delicacy of raillery.

Philadelphia, weather justly or not, has the reputation of being very dead and alive and remarkable for its shallows. A Boston woman was doing the sights of Philadelphia, a bit too much, perhaps, for the tourist, who is a friend from Philadelphia. Having shown the all the points of interest in the town, he asked if he did not think Boston a fine city.

"Yes, it is very nice," said the Pennsylvania man, "but I do not think it is so well laid out as Philadelphia."

"Why," replied the Bostonian, "but it will be when it is as dead as Philadelphia."

CHAPTER XIX.

By the discovery of America, Christopher Columbus has furnished the old world with an inexhaustible mine of conversation. Year after year from the curious to the marvelous, from the marvelous to the incredible, from the incredible to the impossible reigns.

But, as to the American journalists, the politicians have a rival.

The first thing I do on the day of my arrival is to read the newspapers. The sensational item of news cannot escape your notice, thanks to these wonderful headlines. To acquire a special genius for the work to be able to fix upon each eye-balls.

The death of Mrs. Garfield, mother of the late president, was announced with the heading:

DEATH OF GRANDMA GARFIELD.

The marriage of M. Vanderbilt, thus:

SARAH'S BOY LEADS HIS MAMA TO THE ALTAR.

The execution of a criminal was announced by a Chicago paper under the heading:

HUNGED TO JESUS.

The reports of two divorce cases at Chicago were entitled respectively:

FRUIT OF WILLIAM.

WIFE GETTER FINDS FAULT WITH HER HUSBAND'S MISSING.

An article on Prince Bismarck was headed in large letters, Bismarck Weep Crawl. Just underneath in very small print was: "Prince Bismarck's resignation of the German empire."

The marriage of young Earl Cairns, who had been betrothed several times, was announced to the American ladies thus:

GALLOPING CUPID AT LAST.

While I was in the United States the papers were constantly speaking of a certain financier named Joseph Sharp. Accused of fraudulent dealings, the gentleman had been arrested, but subsequently released untried. The press is judged in much contrast on the matter, and such remarks as: "All mortals have their failings except financiers."

One morning the newspapers were obliged to desist from the attacks, poor Jacob had passed away from earth.

The same day I met the editor of one of the large daily papers.

"Well," I said, "here is a fine occasion for a grand head line to-morrow; you are not going to let it slip, I suppose?"

"What do you mean?"

"How can you ask? Why, Jacob gone up the ladder of course."

"Splendid!" he exclaimed.

"Shame on thee, my dear editor, thou dido of this that one."

"I mean, have it. How one is well you take for it?"

"Thanks you a present of it," I said.

Next morning the death of the financier was told in two columns, headed:

"ACCOUNT COME UP THE LADDER."

If ever I wanted to apply for a journalistic post in America, this would be my most weighty recommendation in the eyes of my future chief.

This is how one American reporter makes a reputation at home. The Chicago people are still proud to tell the story:

The young fellow was taking a walk one evening in a retired part of the town, on the lookout for what adventure history does say. All at once a human form, lying motionless on the ground attracted the sight of our hero. He drew near to it, stooped down and found it to be a corpse. His first impulse was to immediately seek a policeman and tell him of the discovery. But a second idea came: it was more practical, and he adopted it. This was it:

His paper comes out at 5 in the afternoon, so that by running straight to the police station he would be making the matter public, and furnishing his brother reporters with a column or two for their morning papers. It is a catch, this corpse, and not to be lightly given away. What to do? Simply this. Our journalist drags the body into an empty building near at hand and carefully hides it. At 11 next morning he discovers it by chance, goes as fast as possible to make his declaration to the police, and then hastens away to the office of his newspaper with two columns of description written over night. At 2 o'clock the paper announces: "Mysterious murder in Chicago, discovery of the victim by one of our reporters!"

The morning papers were outdone, the evening ones nowhere.

An American newspaper is a conglomeration of news, political, literary, artistic, scientific and fashionable, of reports of trials, of amusing anecdotes, gossip of all kinds, interviews, jokes, scandal, the whole written in a style which sometimes shocks the man of taste, but which often interests, and always amuses.

A literary celebrity of Boston said to me one day: "I am ashamed of our American press. We have only two papers in the country that I do not blush for, and those are The Boston Post and The Evening Post, of New York."

I must say that, if you want to hear America and everything American severely criticised, you have only to go to Boston. There you will hear Boston and England praised and America picked to pieces.

"Are you an American?" I once asked of a gentleman I met in New York.

"Well," he said, after some hesitation, "I'm from Boston."

You must visit the offices of the great New York papers in the evening if you would get an idea of the colossal energy. There you see some fifty reporters with their news all ready for joint, in their hands. Each one in turn passes before the heads of the various departments, political, literary, dramatic, etc.

"What have you?" asks an editor to the first reporter who presents himself.

"An interview with Sarah Bernhardt."

"Very good. Half a column. And what have you?" to a second, turning to the second.

"A report of John Smith's last dinner's case."

"Right. One column. And you?"

"I have an account of the president's forthcoming journey to the south."

"What have you to do, Mr. Jones?" says the editor to a correspondent in Berlin.

"Bismarck's fireworks on account of his resignation."

"One column."

"Boulanger has just received an ovation at Lille. A letter to-morrow in Paris," writes the Paris correspondent.

"Capital! Send two columns."

"A scandal in Rome. The Marchioness of N. has run away with her husband's secretary."

"Good. Where are they going?"

"No one knows."

"No matter. Send a good sterling column at the same."

"What's the news, my Founder, has made off?" cries the voice from Chicago.

"A column. Send report and story on account of the Capitol."

When the reporters are seated in the grand sanctum, the chief editor, like a ship's captain, the last to leave the deck, comes on. He sends over everything, sifts, corrects, cuts down, adds, puts all in order, and towards 9 o'clock in the morning gives the order to print, and goes home.

But once more, all this is nothing. It is in the Sunday's issue of you have the crowning feat of journalistic enterprise—thirty or thirty-two pages of telegraphic articles, essays on politics, the drama, literature, pictures, the fashions, anecdotes, bons mots, interviews, stories for children, poetry, biographies, details on a hundred—the whole illustrated with portraits, sketches of interesting places mentioned in the text, caricatures, etc., etc. All this for the sum of three cents.

Every little town of a thousand or three hundred inhabitants has its own newspaper, one Democratic, the other Republican. For Sunday reading, take up these papers during the political struggle, that is, immediately with the installation of a new president in the White House. The names of some of them will suffice to give you an idea of the style of the Columbia Very favorite names are The Tomahawk, The Knife, The Cyclone, The Prairie Dog, The Beaver, The Lucifer, The Bundle of Sticks, The Thunderer, The Hurricane, The Earthquake. I was and read in copy of the sheet which replied to the name of The Bundle of Sticks. The first article contained advice to assassinate Joseph Weller, who, instead of writing, and taking up street preaching and house to house prayer. "We give Joseph Mullers, he might to find some honest employment. If at the end of that time he has still been idle, we will find an executed position for him." The place where we consider he ought to be, I think, if Joseph should turn a deaf ear to the warning, he is go to spend a long fortnight in the cooler in the subject to him of some fun in the town.

I encountered in our new society an excellent speech in well-ed of action. I read in some I thought to be being Jack Cade the editor of The Lightning, the other newspaper of the town. "We wish to be on friendly terms, to keep within the limits of good breeding. We will only go so far as to say that personally he is a sneak, and that as a journalist he is a liar and a scoundrel." The Lightning replies in the same strain, and the public gets an insurance for the moderate sum of cents two cents.

During the whole time I was in America Mr. Pulitzer, proprietor of The New York World, and Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of The Sun, one of the most accomplished journalists, were my after day selling each other such names as "drivelers," "liar," "unscrupulous," "dirty Jew."

Do not, however, draw hasty conclusions from this. I do not know Mr. Pulitzer personally, but I have the pleasure of knowing Col. Cockerill, chief editor of The World, and Mr. Dana, of The Sun. In private life they are perfect gentlemen and men of great talent. Mr. Dana is one of the greatest scholars in America. In middle life they are to be seen, flowers with the fire. As a study of English the polemic of The World and The Sun was most interesting.

The American press was divided into two camps, the partisans of Pulitzer and the partisans of Dana. Whenever the combatants were driven up for want of fresh epithets of the highest strength, they appeared to be stunned some to them. Here are congratulations addressed to Mr. Dana, which I read in The St. Louis Globe:

It was from beginning to end The Sun's article against The World's most ex. and. as I always the case, the meat ex came out second best. The literature of invective contains nothing finer than some of The Sun's articles on The World, and the literature of the gutter contains nothing more feeble than The World's defense. The Sun dealt out punishment by the drop, and The World replied with rough on rats by the pound. The talent niger of Pulitzer was completely overwhelmed by the concentrated venom of Dana."

If I were asked to name the most amusing papers published in the United States, I should not hesitate to award the palm to The Detroit Free Press and The Omaha World. In these two, American humor reveals itself in all its spontaneous gayety, and their droll lettre are reprinted from New York to San Francisco, from Montreal to New Orleans.

CHAPTER XX.

"Journalism has killed literature, and reporting is killing journalism. It is the last gasp of the dying literature of an epoch; it is the reign of letters replaced by the concierge." So exclaims M. Albert Millaud, in one of his whity articles in The Figaro.

In America, reporting has simply overrun, swallowed up journalism. It is a demolition of the wall of private life, the substitution of gossip for chronicle, of chatter for criticism.

For the interviewer nothing is sacred. Audacity is his stock in trade; the most private details of your daily life are at his mercy, and unless you blow his brains out—which is not lawful in New York state—you have no means of getting rid of him.

There is no question too indiscreet for these enterprising inquisitors; they would have interviewed St. Anthony in his hut.

Do not shout victory either because you have succeeded in getting rid of the interviewer without replying to his questions. It is in such cases that the American journalist reveals himself in all his glory. To your stupefaction the newspapers next day will have an account of the conversation which you might have had with their reporters.

If my advice be worth giving, the best thing you can do, when the interviewer presents himself and says, "I am a reporter, sir, and I have come to ask you for a few moments' chat," is to say to him:

"Mad to see you, sir; pray be seated."

On the 11th of November, 1887, at 9 a. m., the Germanic, after a terribly rough passage of nine days, entered the magnificent harbor of New York. The sun had risen resplendent in the cloudless blue sky. We had just passed Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," and I seemed to if France was not far off. It was a sweet sensation, and instinctively I had raised my hat. At 11 o'clock the Germanic stopped. A little steam tug drew up alongside, and there stepped on board a few custom house officers, followed by several other persons.

"Look out," cried one of my fellow passengers, seeing that I appeared to be unconscious of danger.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"The interviewers!"

"Nonsense, not here surely," I exclaimed.

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than two young men handed me their cards, with the announcement that they were journalists.

"We have come to present our respects to you," they said, "and to wish you a pleasant time in our country."

While they uttered these words they scanned me from head to foot, jotting a few strokes on their note books. They were taking my portrait, which appeared next morning, the head of the sketch more like the price of New York thought fit to devote to me.

Oh! that first afternoon in New York, spent in the company of the interviewers! I shall never forget it.

The office of my lecture manager, Major Pond, was situated on the ground floor of the Everett house, where I had put up. Thither I repaired after lunch to endeavor the operation of tapping by eight interviewers at once.

"Ah!" said one of them, after the usual salutations, "we are going to have you, so let us begin at the beginning."

This made me smile.

"I know your first question," I said, "you are going to ask me whether this is my first visit to America."

"You are right; that is generally our first question; but I have another to ask you before. You have just eaten your first meal in America; what did you have?"

"Gentlemen!" I replied as seriously as I possibly could, "I have just been in for a piece of corned, a beefsteak and potato pie, a oyster salad, and a vanilla ice."

"And more," remarked another reporter, "I have an important question to put to you. I hope it will not astonish you."

"Oh!" I replied, "I am in America, and quite ready not to be astonished at anything."

"Well, then," said he, "I want to ask you what are your impressions of America."

"Excuse me," I exclaimed, "I have only been in it three hours, and these three hours have been spent in this hotel. You must really allow me to mature. For the moment I can tell you what I think of America, for you will admit, I hope, that one must have passed a whole day at least in America in order to judge it with any accuracy."

Here I rolled a cigarette and rang for a lemon squash.

The reporters immediately made an entry in their note books.

"What is that you have put down?" I asked.

A young fellow, with a face beaming with activity and intelligence, replied: "I wrote that at this point of our conversation you rolled a cigarette and rang for a lemon squash."

The questions they asked really appeared to me so commonplace so trivial, that I was almost ashamed to think I was the hero of this little drama.

With the idea of saving them something better worth writing, I launched into anecdotes, and told a few to the interviewers.

This brought about a little scene which was quite comic. If I looked at one reporter a little oftener than the rest, while I told an anecdote, he would turn to his brethren and say:

"This story is for my paper, you have no right to take it down; it was told especially to me."

"Not at all," would cry the others, "it was told to all of us."

Next day I procured all the New York morning papers, more from curiosity, I must say in justice to myself, than from vanity, for I was not at all vain of my afternoon of trouble before.

Judge of my surprise on opening the first paper to find nearly two columns full of amusing details, picturesque descriptions, social anecdotes, witty remarks, the whole cleverly mingled and arranged by men who, I had always supposed, were mere stenographers.

Everything was faithfully reported and practically set down. The smallest incidents were rendered interesting by the manner of telling. The major, for instance, who, accustomed to this kind of interview for many years, and peacefully dropped asleep, comfortably installed, with his head on the sofa pillows and his feet on the back of a chair, my own gestures; the description of the pretty and elegantly furnished office—all was very crisp and vivid. They had turned everything to account, even the arrival of the lemon squash was made to furnish a little paragraph that was droll and attractive. You might have imagined that the whole thing was the first chapter of a novel, commencing with the majestic entry of a steamer into New York harbor.

Well, I said to myself, the American journalist knows, at any rate, how to make a savory hash out of very little.

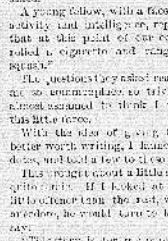
[To be continued.]

THE LATE GEN. HUNT.

At the Time of His Death He Was the Governor of the National Soldiers' Home.

The Soldiers' home in Washington, a beautiful spot, which will always be interesting historically as the spot where in summer President Lincoln sought relief from the cares of state and the leadership of a gigantic civil war, has met with a great loss in the death of its governor, Gen. H. J. Hunt.

Gen. Hunt was born in Michigan in 1819, but was appointed to the United States Military academy at West Point from Ohio in 1835. He was graduated four years later with Henry W. Halleck, Isaac I. Stevens, Alexander R. Lawton, United States minister to Austria; James B. Ricketts, E. O. C. Ord, R. S. Canby and other prominent men. Hunt was assigned to the Second artillery, and was made first lieutenant six years later, when the Mexican war broke out. He was twice wounded at Molino del Rey, and during the war became famous as an artillery officer.


GEN. HUNT.

In 1862 he was made a brigadier general of volunteers. He was chief of artillery for the Army of the Potomac, but it was at the battle of Gettysburg that he took a great part. For his services at this battle he was brevetted major general. Gen. Hunt received two more brevets while in the service. He was made colonel of the Fifth artillery in 1869 and was retired in 1883. He was made governor of the Soldiers' home in 1885.

A mule owned in Jersey City performed the remarkable feat of walking across a railroad bridge which spans the Hackensack river. The bridge is trestle work, with a space of about four inches between the ties.

Some excellent statistics are that there are in the Chesapeake 578,280,000 square yards of oyster beds, yielding about 10,000,000 bushels of oysters annually and distributing about $2,000,000 among 50,000 people.

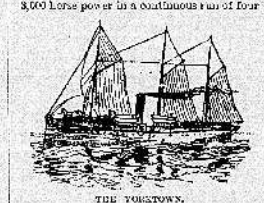
CRUISER YORKTOWN.

SKETCH AND CUTS OF A SUCCESSFUL WAR SHIP.

It Will Be the Pride of the Navy of Uncle Sam and Is Quite the Equal of Some of the Best Naval Vessels of the World.

The Messrs. Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia, are very happy because of the success of the Yorktown, the steel cruiser just finished by them for the United States navy and tried with good results.

The recent trial trip was for the testing of the Yorktown's engines, the hull of the vessel having been designed in the navy department at Washington. The contract called for 3,000 horse power in a continuous run of four


THE YORKTOWN.

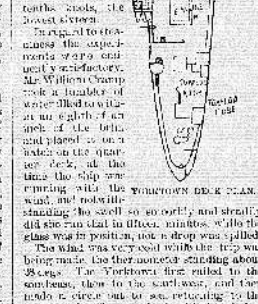
hours at sea. The contractors were to be paid $135,000 for the 3,000 horse power and were to be allowed $100 for each horse power in excess. They succeeded in getting a surplus of 350 horse power over that contracted for, thus gaining $35,000 over the contract price.

The trip was of four hours' duration, required to determine the fulfillment of the contract. There was a northwest gale blowing. During the whole four hours, while the ship was under the sole control of wind and sea, not a single mishap occurred to the machinery, and not a drop of water was put on any journal to cool it. Capt. Joseph Steel commanded, while the government had more than a dozen men aboard to look out for Uncle Sam's interests.

The Yorktown carried out to sea as Silver, Ballard & Co. had, but one leak for half an hour later. The government engineers each carried away the engine room a black walnut box in which was a little tube painted a scarlet color and an indicator. It consisted of a cylinder about four inches tall, around which a piece of white paper was fastened. Close by the cylinder was a pencil arrangement which drew lines on the paper resembling a sight angled triangle with a curved hypothenuse. To the end of each cylinder one of these machines was fastened and given a double motion by the admission of steam into the cylinder and the turning of the shaft. This was the diagram.

Every fifteen minutes cards were taken from each of the cylinders, and during five minutes before and after each removal the engine number of revolutions of the shaft was taken so as to complete the necessary data for making the calculation of the power. During the trip the ship was put under what is called "forced draught," the furnace and pool blowers being shut up. The machinery kept the temperature at about 70 degs., which made an unpleasant temperature in which to work.

Once the trial trip was ended the signal to slow their engines was given. The vessel stood from her steam two hours, full of loose ice dragging, and at intervals of five minutes a dull pop was heard and dropped to thirteen seconds according to the rolling of the ship, through a sand glass. Then the log was taken in and the computation made. It was determined upon taking an average of several legs, that the run during the trip was a trifle over sixteen knots an hour, or eighteen miles in land miles, slightly exceeding the estimate. The highest speed attained was seventeen and two tenths knots, the lowest sixteen.



THE YORKTOWN DECK PLAN.

In regard to steadiness the experiments were equally satisfactory. Mr. William Cramp took a tumbler of water filled to within eighth of an inch of the brim and placed it on a bench on the quarter deck, all the time the ship was running with the wind, and noticed that standing the vessel so smoothly and steadily did she run that in fifteen minutes, while the glass was in position, not a drop was spilled.

The wind was very cold while the trip was being made, the thermometer standing about 38 degs. The Yorktown first sailed to the southeast, then to the east-west, and then steeds to circle out to sea, returning to the northward. She came back with the window her bows, and as the temperature was below freezing when she came in, she looked like a vessel just in from a long voyage, her bows being covered with ice. The steering apparatus worked to a charm.

A trial was made to see how quickly the vessel could be swung round in a circle. First, the experiment was tried with two screws and then with one. She was turned in twice her own length in two minutes and ten seconds. It was also found that she should be brought to a full stop in one minute and ten seconds.

The ship's length on the load water line is 230 feet; breadth, 42 feet; mean draught, 14 feet; displacement, 1,700 tons. The vessel is rigged as a three masted schooner, with a sail area of 2,400 square feet. The vessel does not have a double bottom, but there are water tight compartments with water tight doors. She is not an armored ship, having no plating at all. There is, however, two inches of mild steel on the surrounding tower. In the tower there are electric and speaking communications with all parts of the ship, besides devices for pointing and firing the guns by electricity, for discharging torpedoes and steering purposes.

The main battery consists of six 6 inch breech loading rifle guns, all mounted on a central pivot. In the second battery there are two 57 millimetre and two 37 millimetre revolving guns and one short Gatling gun. There are eight torpedo tubes, one in the bow and one in the stern and six along the side. The vessel inside is lighted by electricity. The ship's crew will be about 150 men. Since the guns are now in position it was necessary to put lead in boxes where they would be placed, and the required displacement was attained by putting lead in the hold.

A Harmless Mixture.

"Young man," he said, solemnly, "what is that noxious mixture you are about to drink?"

"Absinthe and whisky, sir."

"Well, don't you know that whisky is a rank poison?"

"Yes, sir; but so is absinthe. The absinthe kills the whisky."

"But how about the absinthe?"

"Oh, the whisky kills that." The Epoch.

A Well Grounded Suspicion.

Old Gent—Hello, Tom, what are you doing these days?

Tom—Collecting the money and keeping the books at Brown's. Why?

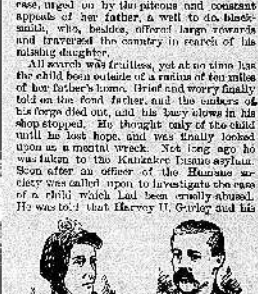
Old Gent (suspiciously)—Oh, nothing much. Only I thought from the style you were putting on you might be collecting the books and keeping the money. Sly Joe.

ANNIE TESSIE REDMOND.

The Little Chicago Girl Whose Abduction Aroused So Much Interest.

The pages of fiction tell few stranger stories than that of little 6-year-old Annie Tessie Redmond, the little Chicago girl who was kidnapped about a year ago and recently discovered in a foundling asylum by accident. The little girl was kidnaped on March 28, 1888. She was playing in a vacant lot, with a boy companion, when she was approached by a strange woman and enticed away by promises. The police worked hard on the case, urged on by the piteous and constant appeals of her father, a well to do blacksmith, who, besides, offered large rewards and traversed the country in search of his missing daughter.

All search was fruitless, yet at no time has the child been outside of a radius of ten miles of her father's home. Brief and worry finally told on the fond father, and the embers of his forge died out, and his busy blows in his shop stopped. He thought only of the child until he lost hope, and was finally looked upon as a mental wreck. Not long ago he was taken to the Kankakee Insane asylum. Soon after an officer of the Humane society was called upon to investigate the case of a child which had been cruelly abused. He was told that Harvey H. Gurley and his


MRS. JOSIE GURLEY. HARVEY H. GURLEY.
ANNIE TESSIE REDMOND.
MRS. PARSONS. DE WITT PARSONS.
THE ABDUCTORS AND THE ABDUCTED.

wife, Josie, living on Throop street, had taken their child into the cellar, where they bound her with ropes and had a heavy ladder across her breast. The girl's cries attracted the attention of a woman living next door, who rescued the child. The Gurleys were taken before a magistrate, where the circumstances of their inhuman conduct were told. The little girl told everybody that her name was Flora Della Gurley, and that she was the daughter of her tormentors. This appeared strange in view of the fact that Josie Gurley is yet a young woman, not over 27 years at most. The magistrate was inclined to deal severely with the couple, but on Gurley's plea that his wife was in a delicate condition let him go under a suspended fine of $50. The child was turned over to the Home for the Friendless, where she still gave the same name of Gurley.

A short time ago a lady, a neighbor of the Redmonds, wishing to adopt a child, went with another lady to the Home for the Friendless, where she accidentally discovered little Annie Redmond in the kindergarten. The little girl still said her name was Gurley, and on being asked if she had no other name gave the name of Annie Redmond, but said that the woman who had stolen her had forced her to tell every one that her name was Flora Della Gurley. She was taken home to her mother, who was beside herself with joy, and her father was brought from the insane asylum. The recovery of his child has almost entirely restored his reason, and he will soon be all right again.

The little girl told a harrowing story of the cruelty of the Gurleys, and when the latter were arrested they told several conflicting stories. An old man named De Witt Parsons and his wife were also arrested as being accomplices in the kidnaping. Parsons, who was called "grandpa" by Annie Redmond (being forced to do so by the Gurley women) is Gurley's stepfather. The affair created great excitement in the neighborhood, the peculiar features of the case being much discussed in the newspapers.

NORMAN J. COLMAN.

The Secretary of Agriculture for Three Weeks.

Norman J. Colman, who was recently nominated secretary of the newly created department of agriculture, and who, although