THE FIRST AMERICAN STEEL BARK.

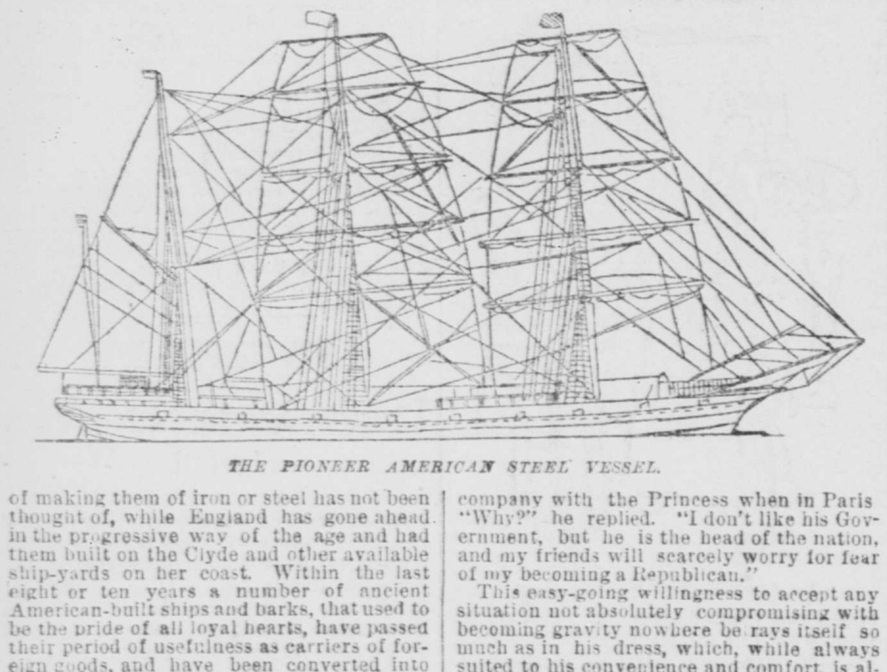
Planned by a Boston Man and Building in That City.

A New Departure in Sailing Craft—What Captain Nelson, the Designer, Claims for His Ship—Sure to Be a Magnet.

In the near future it is probable that this city will be the seat of an established iron ship-building industry. When an iron foreign ship comes into this port she is sure to become a magnet around which a large number of curiosity-seekers are drawn, and the different points of her construction, rig, etc., are discussed, and the defects, if any, pointed out by shellbacks.

The American seafaring public, as well as those in other walks of life, are interested in the strides this country has made the last few years in the building of large wooden ships like the Rappahannock, Shenandoah, Parthia and other square-rigged crafts, as well as the large number of fore and aft vessels that have been turned out in Maine and Massachusetts. Some of the largest ships in the world are American, while the four-masted schooners are the largest of any country in the world. Americans are proud of the progress made by their ship-yards, and would like to see the day when the United States could compete with England by steam as well as sail.

While this branch of building has been fostered and fed by vessel-owners, the idea



THE PIONEER AMERICAN STEEL VESSEL.

of making them of iron or steel has not been thought of, while England has gone ahead in the progressive way of the age and had them built on the Clyde and other available ship-yards on her coast. Within the last eight or ten years a number of ancient American-built ships and barks, that used to be the pride of all loyal hearts, have passed their period of usefulness as carriers of foreign goods, and have been converted into coal-barges. The ship-building of to-day consists principally of the construction of large three and four masted schooners.

There is one man in Boston, Captain Charles H. Nelson, who thinks that the United States can turn out as good a specimen of a steel square-rigged vessel as any country in the world, and he has had plans drawn for the construction in this city of a steel bark of 1398 tons. He has induced a few representative Boston shipping merchants to join him in taking up about $50,000 worth of shares. Her estimated cost will be about $100,000.

A look at the plans will convince the most skeptical of the ultimate success of the bark as far as her lines, carrying capacity and construction go. Her length will be 220 feet, 36 feet 8 inches breadth, 22 feet 6 inches depth. She will have a large, roomy cabin for use of officers in the after part of the vessel under the poop deck, while the sailors and apprentices will be comfortably quartered in the forecastle. There is a custom made compulsory in the English merchant service of carrying in every well-equipped ship as apprentices a few boys from good families, who in this way have a [illegible] better chance of learning navigation [illegible] the men before the mast. Captain [illegible]on intends to copy this practice in his [illegible]hen she is launched and he thinks it [illegible] be a good example for American [illegible]sters to follow, as it would be the means of driving the objectionable foreign element out of their vessels.

The keel of the new bark will soon be laid in Harrison Loring's yard at South Boston. The bark will have a steam hoisting engine and all the modern appliances for use on board ship. Running from a point a little aft the mainmast to the upper deck will be a bridge, such as is used on all foreign iron ships.

As this will be the first steel bark built in this country Boston can claim the proud distinction of being the pioneer city in the construction of steel sailing vessels. Her tonnage of 1398 is about the average for barks and ships, although there are a few schooners on this coast and on the great lakes of larger dimensions. She will be specially fitted for the trade between this city and the East Indies, Australia and the China and Japan coasts. One advantage she will have over foreign vessels is that she can engage in the coast trade whenever it is convenient—a privilege that is denied foreign vessels by the laws of this country.

The construction of the vessel will be under the supervision of Captain Nelson. When the bark is ready to be put into commission she will be managed by shipping merchants Fester & Pray.—Ex.

DAKOTA'S GREAT WELL.

It Is the Outlet of an Immense Subterranean Reservoir.

The artesian well on the Valley Stock Farm continues to attract great crowds of people; and well it may, for it is really the wonder of the age, says the South Dakota Huronite. Following the tests made of the pressure Saturday and Sunday the cap was removed, and through a nozzle a two-and-a-half-inch stream of water was shot up into the air a distance of 125 to 140 feet. The direct course of the stream was greatly interfered with by the crossbeams and braces of the derrick. With a clear way and no wind a two-and-a-half-inch stream would be sent 160 feet into the air. So great is the pressure that pine boards six inches wide and one inch thick, used as stays or braces on the derrick fifty feet above the mouth of the well, were broken by the force of the water.

Next the two and a half inch nozzle was changed for a four-inch one. Immediately a stream four inches in diameter shot up nearly seventy feet, deluging everything in its descent. This was accompanied by a deep roaring sound, and frequent sharp reports resembling the discharge of a rifle were heard. This stream as well as the smaller one struck the walking-beam and broke much of its force.

The amount of water that flows from the well is tremendous, being estimated at from 8000 to 10,000 gallons per minute. Even at the lowest figure enough pours out of the well to furnish every man, woman and child in the State of South Dakota with at least four gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE.

A String of Diamonds That Is Famous in French History.

This wonderful necklace was completed by a Paris jeweler in 1775, on the order of Louis XV, who intended to present it to Mme. du Barry, his court favorite. The madame, however, was excluded from the French court on the death of Louis, which occurred before the necklace was finished. It contained 500 diamonds, and was so costly that none of the princes or nobles of the country could afford to purchase it. Its cost, estimated in United States money, was about $400,000, says the Jewelers' Weekly.

The most interesting part of the history of the necklace, however, was that of its loss. A woman whose name was De Lamotte, who was a waiting woman in Queen Marie Antoinette's household, persuaded the Prince Cardinal de Rohan, a wealthy and vain profligate, that the Queen regarded him with favor. The Cardinal became so infatuated with the idea that he was easily prevailed upon by De Lamotte to become surety for the Queen, who was represented as desiring to purchase the necklace.

The agreement bearing the royal signature was presented to the Cardinal, who also signed it. The Cardinal in person carried the treasure to Versailles, where it had been arranged to deliver it to the Queen. On the following day a man wearing the uniform of a court valet entered the apartments of the Cardinal, and advancing to the table where the necklace lay, said: "In the name of the Queen," lifted the valuable article from the table and walked away. The whole arrangement was but a conspiracy to obtain the necklace on the part of De Lamotte and her male accomplice. The written messages from the Queen were base forgeries, as was her signature to the agreement. By going to court on failing to receive the installment due him, to learn whether the necklace had been delivered to the Queen, the jeweler who made it was astounded to learn that his sovereign knew absolutely nothing of the purchase. De Lamotte and her husband, who impersonated the valet, had separated the necklace and disposed of the diamonds composing it, and when the matter became public, they having disappeared, the authorities arrested the vain Cardinal and cast him into the Bastile, and soon afterward the others interested in the swindle were also captured.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Something About the Great Variety of His Attire.

The Prince of Wales is Colonel of goodness only knows how many regiments, commander of countless vessels, and holds commissions in crack corps of a dozen other countries besides his own, it being court etiquette that princes shall wear in each other's society uniforms pertaining to each other's respective dominions, while in compliment to the officers of any ship or regiment he may happen to visit the Prince of Wales must wear their full uniform for dress occasions and their mess or fatigue uniform for dining and chatting with them. Albert Edward is a splendid lightning-change artist in his way, and can get in and out of any amount of paraphernalia in the course of a day and evening.

He is an imposing figure in uniform, but makes rather a weighty soldier, being no longer in the heyday of youth and little given to martial ambition like his warlike nephew. To be seen at his best H. R. H. must be found in evening dress and in the character of the charming man of society, which is most naturally his. Were he not what he is he would be the counterpart of his American friend, Chauncey M. Depew, being the cleverest after-dinner speaker in England, and, furthermore, able to say clever things in exquisite French and German. His character may be readily summed up in the remark he once made to a gentleman who asked him if he did not feel a repugnance at visiting M. and Mme. Carnot in company with the Princess when in Paris "Why?" he replied. "I don't like his Government, but he is the head of the nation, and my friends will scarcely worry for fear of my becoming a Republican."

This easy-going willingness to accept any situation not absolutely compromising with becoming gravity nowhere betrays itself so much as in his dress, which, while always suited to his convenience and comfort, is always thoroughly in harmony with his surroundings. In Scotland, where by the way, he has not been much of late, he and his sons always compromise with the national dress by making their tramps and hunting or fishing excursions clad in the garb of the canny Scots who accompany them. At Sandringham when out of doors the Prince usually wears rough tweeds and corduroys, with close-fitting pigskin leggings, as he is likely to mount at any moment and canter away to inspect a distant part of his estate. In London he is seldom seen in public in other than a perfect-fitting frock-coat over very fine French cassimere trousers and with a white flower in his buttonhole. When in Paris he usually affects a three-button cut-away and trousers of a dark material, as light or gaudy patterns at once stamp the Englishman at the French capital, reserving those gorgeous eccentricities into which he occasionally plunges for Homburg or Cannes.

I am in a position to state that all talk or conjecture of Prince Albert Victor's in any way supplanting his father as a fashion plate for the jeunesse doree is utterly idle. People who are fond of remarking the distant heir to the throne as a rising young man forget that he is no longer a boy, but hard on the road to thirty, and that, furthermore, he is considered in England to be about as useless and unimportant as he can well be. He is neither a popular society man, a talker, a speech-maker, nor a student. His physique is lamentably ungainly and awkward. He seldom appears in public except in company with his father, who alludes to him as "my son," as if he were 10 years old. He is always rumored to be on the point of marrying, but is as far off to-day as ever. If England is ever to have another fashion-leader she must look to Prince George, who seems to have much more important business to attend to.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A SPONGE FARM.

What Is Thought of Starting One in Long Island Sound.

Sponge-growers, importers and traders have something interesting to talk about and laugh over. They heard on Saturday that Long Island was soon to be the great sponge-growing section of the world, and in mock seriousness the old-timers in the trade were holding up their hands and announcing that they would retire from business immediately instead of waiting to be forced to the wall, says the New York Mining Advertiser.

The story they heard was that a company, with large capital and unlimited enterprise, had been organized to experiment in sponge-growing on the ocean shore of the island, at a point indefinitely stated as "nearly opposite the Shinnecock Hills." The preliminary arrangements had all been perfected, and as soon as the weather was settled the public could prepare to be astonished.

A reporter of the Advertiser tried to get some information about the new company at the office of the Debess Sponge Company in Maiden lane.

"Have you an idea it would be a good scheme to buy up land at that point and sell out for a fortune when the first crop of sponges is secured?" asked one of the officers. "If you have, let me, in all kindness, advise you not to invest. Sponges cannot be grown in this climate. If the company sink sponges there it will only sink its money."

Twice during the past ten years attempts have been made to grow sponges in this part of the country. At Charles Salmon & Co's establishment, No. 75 Pine street, the reporter heard the story of one of these attempts.

"Darrell & Roman, the firm we succeeded in business," said one of the clerks, "were interested in a scheme to grow sponges down at Patchogue. They went into the thing as if they meant business. If I remember correctly, they ran a schooner out there and dumped a lot of coral, the same as is found in the sponge section of the Mediterranean, into the water. On this bottom a large number of sponges were deposited. After waiting the proper time a number of divers who were familiar with the sponge fisheries were sent out to examine the bed and see how near ready the first crop was for picking. They found the sponges rotted and the expected crop could not be found. Then the firm gave it up and went south to Jamaica. I have heard they were experimenting down there."

A similar attempt to grow sponges was made somewhere down the New Jersey Coast, but it was not successful.

CANINE SKATING.

A Helena Dog Which Doesn't Approve of April Weather in June.

An incident of yesterday's weather was a dog, a rope and a girl. The girl had the rope over her shoulder, to the other extremity of which was attached the dog. It was a duodecimo dog that had evidently been reared in affluence and he resented the impertinence of nature in causing the rain to fall alike upon the just and the unjust. Bracing himself for the ordeal he placed himself in the position usually occupied by dogs when they want to slide, and slid. The momentum of the girl was telegraphed to him through the aforesaid rope and the faster she walked to get out of the rain the faster he slid until he glided over the unfeeling asphaltum like a messenger boy in search of a quarter. The law does not prohibit dogs from sliding on the sidewalk as it does children, so the police did not interfere.—Helena Journal.

A Six-Year-Old Morphine Fiend.

Maggie, only daughter of Mrs. Patrick McGee of Springfield, Ohio, is a confirmed morphine-eater at the age of 6 years. When her little daughter was only 3 months old Mrs. McGee broke a leg. To alleviate the pain she took morphine, and the baby learned the taste from her milk. The child now cries for it, and is in deep misery at times without it. She has taken it during the last six years with more or less regularity in doses large enough for an adult. A few days ago Mrs. McGee gave her daughter an overdose, and she was rescued only with the greatest care.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MRS. GRIMWOOD'S EXPERIENCE.

Story of the Only Foreign Woman at One Time in Manipur.

It Is Told in a Letter From Mrs. Frank St. Clair Grimwood, the Widow of an Unfortunate Political Agent.

Mrs. Frank St. Clair Grimwood, widow of the unfortunate political agent who was murdered recently at Manipur, has written a letter dated Lakipur, Cachar, April 2d, in which she gives an account of the outbreak in Manipur. She was at that time the only foreign woman in the place. The letter which was published in the New York Sun is as follows:

"Long before this reaches you you will have heard from the newspapers of all that has taken place in Manipur, and this is only to give you particulars. Frank must have told you about the Chief Commissioner coming with 450 men of the Forty-second Goorkhas. They kept us in the dark as to their real reasons for coming until they arrived on March 22d. The chief then had a consultation with Frank and decided to hold a durbar at once. Word was sent the Maharajah to tell him to come and bring all the Princes with him. Frank had meanwhile told me that the Government of India had decided that the ex-Maharajah was not to be allowed to return, but that also the jubraj, the Prince who turned him out in September, was to be banished for a term of years to India. This decision was to be announced in the durbar, and when the Princes got up to go, the jubraj was to be arrested then and there and conveyed out of the place that day by some of the Forty-second. For this purpose the steps to the durbar house were lined with Sepoys and the house generally surrounded. The Maharajah arrived with his followers and only one of his brothers out of three with the excuse that the other two were ill and so were unable to be present. As the jubraj was one of these the chief said the durbar could not be held without him and that he must be sent for. They delayed four or five hours, but he would not come, so there was no durbar, and the Maharajah went away under the understanding that he was to come early on the morning of the 23d and bring the jubraj. The 23d arrived, but the rajah did not turn up, as he said the jubraj was ill still and could not come. This went on the whole day, and in the evening the chief decided that Frank had better go and see the jubraj, tell him of the decision of the Government, and try and persuade him to listen quietly and act in accordance. So Frank went and stayed two or three hours, telling him and trying to persuade him to go, but he said he would not, and the Maharajah refused to give him up.

"Frank then told him that the Sepoys would be sent to get him. However, he would not give in, so Frank returned about 7 in the evening and told the chief. A council of war was then had, and the plan of attack for the next day was made. I think we all felt gloomy that night. We all dined together and tried to make things as jolly as we could, but did not succeed very well and all went to bed early.

"At 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 24th, we all got up. I gave them something to eat and then they all left. Frank, the Colonel commanding and two officers went with the reserve. A young fellow called Brackenbury led the attack on the palace of the jubraj. Then the fight began. I was in the telegraph office sending off a telegram, when a bullet came through the window and struck the floor about two inches

FROM WHERE I WAS STANDING.

"I then ran out and took up a position with the chief below the office, which was made of brick, and so was fairly shot-proof. Bullets were raining over our heads. I have kept several that I picked up.

"Meanwhile the fight in the palace was going on. Poor Lieutenant Brackenbury went the wrong road and fire was opened upon him from three sides. He fell in the first volley, shot through the ankle. He lay where he fell, exposed to the enemy's fire, and they made the most of it, and fired volleys into him. You can picture for yourself what that means. Once all that morning I saw Frank. He came to get out some more ammunition; our Sepoys were running short, and that was about 11. At 12 o'clock some of the officers and Frank came back for something to eat. I was cutting sandwiches for the others who could not leave their posts, when a bullet crashed through the window directly over my head. They were attacking us and were all round the house, so that the rooms were unsafe. The odds against us were enormous; Frank put their numbers down as close upon 8000; we had 450 all told. We managed to drive them off the house and divide our forces, half for the residency, while half remained to continue the attack on the palace. Meanwhile Frank and all the officers went back to their posts. The ammunition meanwhile was getting to an end, and it was found that all our forces would be needed at the residency, so word was sent to call them in. The Manipuris got possession of the wall in front of the house and brought out four big guns and commenced shelling the house. I think the horror of those hours will last to the end of my life. Shells were burning in the rooms overhead, for by this time we were all in the cellars—that is, Frank, myself, the chief, the Colonel and two civilians on the chief's staff. The rest were trying to recover the wounded from all directions.

"Heavy fire went on for four hours, and at 7 o'clock the Colonel and the chief decided that terms must be made to save us at all as we had hardly any ammunition left. The buglers were sent to sound the 'cease fire,' but for some time the firing continued. It stopped at last, and the chief sent one of the officers out with a letter asking for terms. The jubraj sent back to say that if the chief would come out to the gate he would come, too, and see what could be done. Frank advised a retreat to the heights, a mile and a half away, where we might have held out until relieved, but his advice was unheeded. So the chief, the Colonel, Frank, the Secretary and assistant Commissioner, and one officer, all went out. This was about 8:30 in the evening, and we had eaten nothing all day. The wounded were then

ALL BROUGHT TO THE RESIDENCE

And one of the cellars turned into a hospital. I pray that I may never see such a sight again.

"There were crowds of them; some dying. Poor Lieutenant Brackenbury was the first, shot all over, both legs broken, both arms, bullets in him all over the place; and yet, poor lad, he was alive and perfectly conscious the whole time, and in awful agony. I did what I could to help him, but it seemed almost impossible to do anything. In one corner was a poor fellow with his brain shot out on the top of his head, and yet alive. Another with his forehead gone, and many others worse. Luckily, I am rather strong-minded, and so I was able to help in bathing some of the wounds and bandaging them up. After this I went to get every one something to eat, and we had a sort of scratch dinner. Then I went round the house. I can't tell you what I felt. All our pretty things broken, the roofs and walls riddled with bullets, and shells burst in all of them. It was a dreadful sight to me, and I left it and returned to the hospital.

"Meanwhile about two hours had gone and I was getting anxious about Frank, so went out in the grounds to try and see if I could see anything of them. I didn't see them, so I went back to the veranda and asked one of the officers to go outside the gate and look for him, and I sat down utterly wearied out and was dozing off in a chair on the veranda, when suddenly to my horror the firing began again. At first I thought they had killed Frank and the others, but a bugler came rushing in and told us they had taken them prisoners, as they would not listen to the shameful terms proposed—which were that we were to give up our arms. I fled down to the cellar again where the wounded were. The firing was sometimes awful, and the shells bursting in every direction. I got hurt in my arm; it bled a lot, but wasn't serious.

"After another two hours we decided we must retreat, as the house was in danger of catching fire. The wounded were got out as quickly as possible; three had died meanwhile. Poor Brackenbury was dying, but we had to move him, and the moving killed him. They brought him back and put him in the cellar again, but it made one's heart ache. I covered him up and then left him and joined the others outside. We then moved on. We dodged two shells by running behind a tree. We went out at the back of the house, and had to cross first a hedge of thorns, then a high mud wall, then a river, before we could reach the road. I hadn't even a hat, and only thin house shoes on. One of these dropped off in the river, where I also got wet up to my shoulders. We were fired at all the way. I lay down in a ditch about twenty times that night while they were firing

TO TRY AND ESCAPE BULLETS.

We left the residency at 2 o'clock in the morning, and marched all the next day and the next night. We had to go through the jungles, as they were lying in wait for us all over the place, and marched at least thirty miles with no food; that was the 25th. On the morning of the 26th we struck the Cachar road, hoping to meet 200 men, which we knew were on their way up to relieve the guard. We had eaten nothing since the morning of the 24th, except a few mouthfuls of so-called dinner snatched as best we could. We had to eat grass and leaves, but I was too done up to care much. My feet were cut to bits, and my arm wouldn't stop bleeding, and I was perished with cold, having got so wet in crossing the river. We went on down the road and came upon a stockade on the road, where there were crowds of the enemy. This time we had to rush, and I sprained my ankle and gave myself up for lost, but I got over somehow, and then we saw some men running up the hill below us. Some said they were Manipuris, and some said Goorkhas, and for some time we did not know, but for the first time fate favored us. They turned out to be the men from Cachar, and we were saved, but not one moment too soon. The Colonel told me he had just two bullets left, and if the relief force had turned out to be the enemy, one bullet was for me and the other for himself, as the Manipuris are unspeakably cruel to prisoners. I think that was the worst moment of all, and I felt as though I must break down utterly, but food and some brandy brought me to my senses, and I was all right. We had still eight days' march before us to get to British territory, but though we have been fired on all the way, it has been an easy time compared with all we went through before; and yesterday we reached British territory, and I took off my clothes for the first time in ten days last night. I forgot to say that before we had been out of the residency an hour we looked back to see it in flames, and I know that everything we had was lost, and life was the only thing left. There is fearful excitement here over it. People say nothing so awful has happened since the mutiny. Now it remains to be seen what there is to be done about getting back the prisoners, and my anxiety on this account I can't express. People say they will be all safe, but until I see Frank again I shall not be content. Of course, all idea of going home is done for. I am going down to Calcutta to get some clothes, as I am literally destitute, and then return either here or to Shillong to wait for news of Frank; but it is simply awful living in suspense like this, and I almost wish I were a prisoner too. I am feeling terribly worn out and ill, but have made an effort to write this and let you have full particulars as I know how."

THE KINETOGRAPH.

Edison's Latest Work—A Companion to the Phonograph.

The name given to Thomas A. Edison's latest invention, the kinetograph, describes briefly the purpose and achievement of that remarkable mechanism, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. This purpose, it should be said, has nothing directly to do with what scientific men call "kinetic force"—i. e., the force of a moving body. The aim is simply to produce a perfect and true visual image of men, animals or other objects as they appear when in actual motion. For some time before the new invention was announced, Mr. Edison thought of calling it, and in fact frequently did call it, the kinetoscope, which would mean "a vision of movement," or "movement-sight," but he has finally christened it the kinetograph, a name compounded from two Greek words, meaning movement and writing. The sense, therefore, in which the kinetograph is to be understood is that of a "movement record."

It performs the same service in recording and then producing motion which the phonograph performs in recording and reproducing sound. There, in a nutshell, is the whole object and accomplishment of the kinetograph.

But, as any one may see, moving forms cannot be registered and retained, and then brought before our eyes again, by means precisely similar to those used for sounds. The phonograph does its work by engraving upon wax the almost invisible lines caused by vibrations of the voice or by noise or music, and from these lines the same vibrations may again be set going and heard again. But the function of the kinetograph is to set down and permanently record exact images of men walking, trees waving in the wind, birds flying, machinery in active operation—in fine, to secure pictures of any or everything that is going (i. e., in motion), and then to show us a complete representation of those objects with their movement, just the same as though we were looking at the reality. In order to reach this result it must, of course, make photographs—a number of photographs, which, when seen in rapid succession, impress themselves upon the eye in such a blending that we get from them a single clear image of the moving man or brute, bird or machine. The kinetograph, then, is a new application of the art of photography united to peculiar ingenious mechanism, and with a new system of combining many separate photographs in one total effect, which reproduces with absolute fidelity and naturalness the movement as well as the form of the original object.

In one respect here we find a precise resemblance to the phonograph. The two inventions are meant to be used together as well as separately. By a phonograph cylinder attached to a kinetograph cylinder, and moving synchronously with it, we may revive and enjoy all at once the sound, the sight and the movement of any particular occurrence or performance. This, which can be done with the microscopic kinetograph, is practicable with the present magnifying kinetograph reproducer. The original and unique birth of one brain, they are linked as closely as the Siamese Eng and Chang, not by a band of flesh, but by a bar of steel, viz.: the shaft that rotates the phonograph cylinder, and is also connected with the strip and shutter mechanism of the kinetograph, inclosed in a box. Underneath the stand is an electric battery, and a single electric motor animates and rules them both. The phonograph is fitted with its funnel for sending out sound, and the kinetograph is armed with its magnifying lenses for throwing forth large moving shapes upon a screen beyond.

A PIG'S FOOT IN HIS THROAT.

The Police, for Once, Made a Capture, and Grabbed It Quick.

Patrick McCarthy, an old man, who lives in Gotham court, ran into the Oak-street police station early this morning, and gasped out to the sergeant behind the desk that he had swallowed a pig's foot.

"Well," said the sergeant calmly, "so have I many a time. What's the matter? Didn't you like it?"

"Oh! but mine," gasped the man, "stuck in the throat."

"Yours?" asked the sergeant, eying him and thinking that be was drunk. "Your what?"

"My foot."

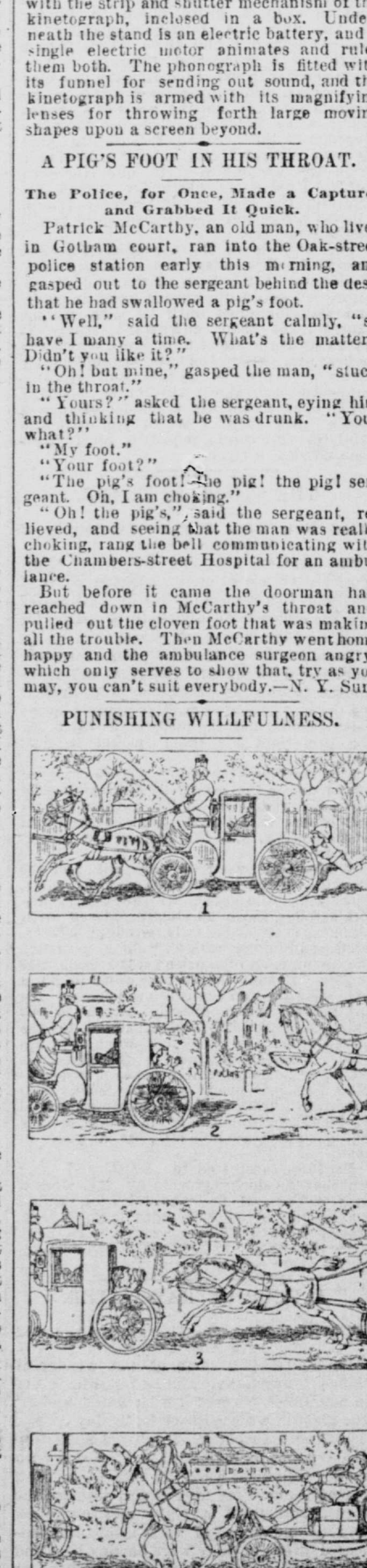
"Your foot?"

"The pig's foot! the pig! the pig! sergeant. Oh, I am choking."

"Oh! the pig's," said the sergeant, relieved, and seeing that the man was really choking, rang the bell communicating with the Chambers-street Hospital for an ambulance.

But before it came the doorman had reached down in McCarthy's throat and pulled out the cloven foot that was making all the trouble. Then McCarthy went home happy and the ambulance surgeon angry, which only serves to show that, try as you may, you can't suit everybody.—N. Y. Sun.

PUNISHING WILLFULNESS.



A PAUPER IN A PALACE.

The Extraordinary Inheritance of a New York Type-Writer.

Heir to a Fortune of $2,000,000, But He Will Get Only $1500 a Year and Must Live in a Castle With 350 Rooms.

It is something of a change to leave the wooden chair that stands before the type-writer in another man's office and sail for one's own castle in Germany and the choice of chairs in any of its 350 rooms.

That is the change that has come over the spirit and the dreams of one Bernard Wittmer, formerly a stenographer in the office of John F. Lovejoy & Co., 101 Chambers street, this city. The position held by Wittmer, a rather stolid young German, had been one of no great responsibility, being similar to those usually held by young women drawing a salary of $8 or $10 a week. Wittmer did his work, however, in a steady, methodical sort of way, and held his position for about five years, marrying in the meantime, content with the small salary on which he finally supported his family of a wife and three little children.

One morning Wittmer handed to his employer a German document, elaborately decorated with red seals of an impressive character, with the remark that he would like a leave of absence. His father had died, he said, and, as he had left his entire fortune to him, he would like to go over and take possession.

"I will come back as soon as possible," he added, "and I would like to feel that my position will be held for me."

Leave of absence being granted, Wittmer promptly sailed for Bremen, from which city he recently returned to New York with photographs, an attested copy of his father's will and the full details of a most romantic story which he had never before allowed his friends to hear.

Instead of the estate being a mere paltry one of $250,000 the property left by Wittmer Sr. amounts to something over $2,000,000 and is mostly resting in the German Government banks and drawing its tidy 4 per cent per annum. This sounds very well, indeed, to the casual ear, and to Bernard Wittmer was a bliss beyond belief until he became better acquainted with the terms of the will, around which is entwined the romantic story.

LOSING A FORTUNE.

Bernard Wittmer Sr. was formerly in the cotton trade at the South and there and in that business amassed the greater part of his fortune. At about the time of the rebellion Wittmer Sr. returned to the Vaterland on a short visit. While there he became acquainted with a young woman who afterward became the mother of Bernard Wittmer Jr.

Although upon the father's return to America and the South, the young woman followed him, he sternly refused to marry her, or in any way continue an acquaintance with her.

Severely handicapped though the mother was, she married very soon after that a respectable man and lived and died in Brooklyn. Her death occurred three years ago. The father also married at about the same time as she did, and some twelve years ago, never having had any other children, went back to Germany, a widower and a millionaire.

There his fame preceded him; the architects got hold of him, and the result was this glorious castle of 350 rooms, built on eighty acres of ground just outside Bremen.

The castle business off his mind, Wittmer Sr. then began to long for the comfort, in his old age, of his only son. He sent for Bernard, caused him to become legally possessed of the name of Wittmer, which his mother had bestowed upon him without the aid of court or church, and set him up in business.

As a brave start young Bernard was misguided enough to run through some $5000 at a pace which caused his father to gasp, shut his purse and make his will.

Apparently afraid that his son was destined to be a block like the old chip, to say the least, he made a will which provided for Bernard Jr.'s future in a much more cautious way than if the young man had been discreet enough to have got his money first and had his fling afterward.

By the terms of this will, the duly attested copy of which Wittmer brought to show to Mr. Lovejoy, his employer, Wittmer Jr. is to live upon the family property. He is to be the head of the estate, which the trustees are to see is properly kept up and furnished with the attendance and luxuries befitting such a palace. Bernard's children are to be educated in such a manner as to fit them for any possible station in life, and are to be supported and educated by the estate through the executors.

For spending-money Bernard is allowed an income of 6000 marks a year up to the time of his oldest child's majority, after which time this child is to be the head of the house and the father is to be specially cared for.

A WRETCHED ALTERNATIVE.

Failing to live upon the estate, Bernard is cut off with the sum of 250 marks, the German substitute for shillings, and the estate held in trust for the children, which means something enormous in the way of a fortune, since the executors have reckoned that at the time of the majority of the oldest child, allowing for the expenses of the family up to that time, the estate cannot fail to pan out less than $20,000,000.

Bernard further bemoaned the fact, during the short stay that he made here, that it was owing to the peculiar German law which forbids a man to back and fill with his own fortune as does the American law regarding wills that he has not come out better. When Bernard arrived to take possession he was visited by consoling neighbors, who told him that the way he had made his will was a considerable grief to his father in his last days.

Having learned that Bernard's crop of oats had been a very spindling one and that he had for five years held one position and on a modest salary was raising a little family respectably, the old gentleman waxed sorry and wished greatly that he hadn't been so hard on his son.

But he had, and his son is bound by all that's good for him to drag along his existence on an income which really means about $3 per year for each little room in his castle and such little gratuities as he may be able to economize from the dear children's schooling. To add to which burden of woe, a letter received last week bewails the fact that he has suddenly found himself confronted with the necessity of serving two years in the army of his Emperor.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

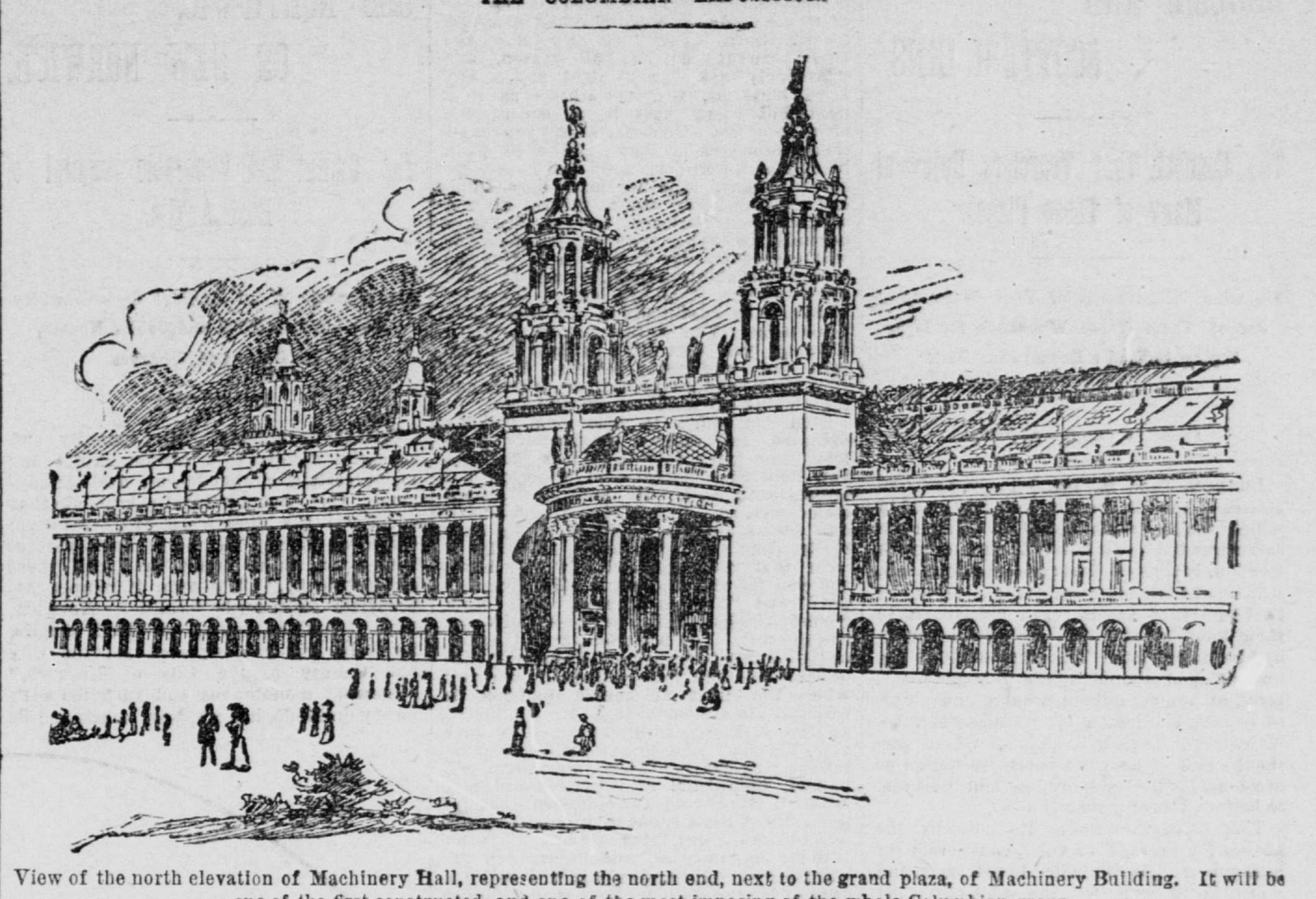
SPECTACLE LENSES.

How They Are Cut With the Tiny Fragment of a Diamond.

The work of cutting is all performed with a tiny fragment of diamond, known in the trade as a spark. It is not every spark, however, that will cut a lens. The sparks are mounted in the following manner, says the American jeweler: A piece of brass wire is selected, say three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, a hole is drilled in the end large enough to admit the spark, and it is set in the hole with the point up. The outer edge or shell of the wire is beaten inward and holds the spark firmly in place. The wire is then placed in the lathe and cut off just back of the spark, turning the end hemispherical, using the point of the spark that sticks through the brass as a center. A piece of steel wire is next selected, of the same diameter as the brass wire, and the end is turned in, forming a cup. The mounted spark is then soft-soldered in this cup and it is ready for the machine, which works automatically from a pattern, and can be set to cut larger or smaller than the pattern. Before the mounted spark is placed in the machine, however, it is tested by holding the handle upright. If it does not cut in an upright position, the point is unsoldered by means of the blowpipe and the handle resoldered, leaving the cutting point at the required angle, while the handle itself is upright. When the spark is found to cut well in an upright position, it is then placed in the machine for trial. The glass is placed upon a pad under the spark, the glass varying in form according to the kind of lens being cut. If the lens is flat the pad is also, and if the lens is convex the pad is concave, and must be a perfect fit, for the better the fit the more accurate will be the work. The pattern and glass travel around while the diamond remains stationary.

The life of a spark is short, some being only one day, while once in a while they can be worked for a year. The workmen average fifteen dozen pairs of lenses per day. A good diamond will cut on an average of 1500 dozen pairs. The average lens measures four inches around, and a dozen pairs would be eight feet. In cutting 1500 dozen pairs the spark would travel over a surface equal to a piece of glass 12,000 feet long. There are exceptional sparks that cut for months. I now have one which has been in operation for fifteen months and has cut 7200 dozen pairs, traveling about 57,600 feet. We use two kinds of sparks, the Brazilian and the African, and they cost from $3 to $5 each.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.



View of the north elevation of Machinery Hall, representing the north end, next to the grand plaza, of Machinery Building. It will be one of the first constructed, and one of the most imposing of the whole Columbian group.

IS KILLING EVER JUSTIFIABLE?

Physicians Deny the Right to Hasten Death to Allay Pain.

Views of Medical Men as to the Use of Anæsthetics to Relieve the Agony of Dying Men in Unusual Cases.

The recent death from hydrophobia of Richard S. Bartine, a leading counselor-at-law of Asbury Park, N. J., has again revived the question whether science will ever consider it justifiable to relieve incurable and unbearable torture by hastening the death of the sufferer, says the New York Press.

The case of a locomotive engineer, pinned under a wrecked locomotive and slowly but surely roasting to death, has been urged as one instance in which it would be justifiable to place the means of self-destruction within reach of the sufferer, if not actually to kill the poor victim, as you would a less sensitive animal—in kindness.

Singularly enough, in determining this question, perhaps as in almost no other, the promptings of humane feeling and inductive reasoning are not paramount, even in the scientific mind, which, from its training and experience, can measure the consequences and effects more accurately than the emotional tenderness and solicitude of the mind, actuated solely by sympathetic considerations. This fact will clearly appear in the following interviews with leading physicians, who, for the purpose of ascertaining by what may be called authoritative statements, were asked by Press reporters if in any emergency of suffering or upon any hypothesis of professional practice a physician would be justified in administering morphine or any other anæsthetic to hasten death.

NO ARGUMENT AGAINST THEIR USE.

Dr. Rufus P. Lincoln of 22 West Thirty-first street said that it was always justifiable for a physician to use anesthetics of any kind to accomplish the purpose of alleviating pain, even upon the near approach of death, but not to hasten dissolution. As to what kind of anæsthetics it was proper to use the physician was only governed by his judgment and knowledge of the state and progress of the disease and the condition of the patient whom he was treating. There was no possible argument against the use of anæsthetics to relieve great suffering and acute agony under the above circumstances. He had himself used anæsthetics in advanced stages of consumption.

Dr. Sayre of 285 Fifth avenue said the question as to what would be justifiable upon the part of a physician in the treatment of certain cases, which might be regarded as absolutely fatal, took a wide range and would require discussion at greater length than he had time to give to the subject under existing circumstances, but he evidently did not regard the administering of drugs or poisons to hasten death, even upon the near approach of inevitable dissolution, as justifiable.

NOT JUSTIFIABLE IN HASTENING DEATH.

Dr. Louis Cohn of 120 Lexington street said that as far as the medical profession can answer the question as to what extent a physician would be justified in going in the matter of administering a poison to hasten death in case of the acute agony of the patient, the fact was that he would not be justified at all. He was under the impression that the medical code contained an admonition against such practice, and it was his belief that no physician had the right or would be justifiable under any circumstances in resorting to such means.

Terrific pains were not apt to be present when a patient was making a near approach to death, or, to be more explicit, when a patient has reached the point where dying begins he rarely suffers from acute pain, or if the pain exists he is not conscious of it. The physician was the best judge as to what means should be used to alleviate pain in certain stages of a disease or wound, but morphine is the only anæsthetic to use when death is near. While Dr. Cohn thought that a physician would be perfectly justified in relieving chronic ailments or great agonies by the use of morphine, he would not be justifiable in hastening death.

Dr. Thomas Robertson of 28 East Twentieth street, said no physician would be justified in hastening death by any means or knowledge at his command, and for this reason, it would permit a physician to commit murder, under the plea of justifiable homicide, and allow an unprincipled physician undue latitude. He might, in fact, become accessory to a crime, if permitted to resort to the use of drugs to hasten the demise of a patient. It was on this account that the doctor was emphatically opposed to cremation, although, from a sanitary standpoint, incineration was probably the best means to an end.

AS TO CREMATION.

But the burning of a body removed all and every possible evidence whereby the crime of a physician should he administer a poison to hasten death under peculiar or suspicious circumstances, which might not at the time be present, but which might subsequently appear, might be traced by analysis of the body even after it had been for some time interred.

In answer to an inquiry as to whether he had not treated cases wherein he thought that, from humane considerations, the use of poisons or drugs to hasten death would have been justifiable, the doctor replied, unhesitatingly, that he had known such cases, and particularly alluded to cases of cancer, where, he said, in human sympathy, he would have liked to have felt that he had the right to administer an antidote to relieve pain when death was pending, but he added that even if he had felt that he had both the moral and the legal right, he would have hesitated to use it, and, in fact, would not have resorted to it, because, for one reason, some foolish friend of the patient would surely have stated and attempted circumstantially to prove, that the sufferer would have recovered. Or some other friend would have appeared with an alleged specific or cure, which, owing to the tenacity with which people cling, as he himself did under most circumstances, to the axiom that "while there is life there is hope," would be sure to prejudice the public against the physician and all his knowledge, abstract and scientific. In cases of approaching dissolution, where acute and agonizing pain is present, the physician uses morphine to a judicious extent to allay the suffering. So long as the profession had the use of morphine and kindred drugs no patient need suffer the excruciating agonies which one sees pictured in many newspapers, except in cases of fire or under other extraordinary circumstances.

HYDROPHOBIA A HYSTERICAL DISEASE.

Speaking of hydrophobia as one of the diseases which cause great pain and subsequent exhaustion, ending in death, Dr. Robertson said he regarded it as a hysterical disease. He was not a believer in hydrophobia as ordinarily accepted, but he did believe in rabies caused by the absorption of poison caused by a bite or a wound made by a rabid animal or person. Hydrophobia, however, as generally accepted and so called, was a species of hysteria. Since the establishment of Dr. Gibler's institute there had been more alleged cases of hydrophobia or possible rabies than had been known in all the intervening time between its establishment and the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence. Such institutions tended to promote imaginary cases of hydrophobia. He had been a practicing physician for nineteen years and had never seen a case of genuine hydrophobia.

Dr. Franklin C. Fry of Fourth avenue and Twenty-eighth street said that it seemed almost an absurdity for laymen to discuss the question of the propriety of a physician adopting any method in his practice with the view of hastening death under any circumstances. It is, or ought to be, well known that a physician cannot effect a cure. All that he can do is to assist nature. The physician alleviates pain. The use of morphine, hypodermically, really has no curative effect in its way, but gives the brain, heart and nerve centers time to recuperate. Beyond the province of administering anæsthetics to modify or stop pain a physician might justly go. No physician has the right to go farther.

Speaking of the case of Bartine, Dr. Fry thought the physicians in charge of the case had fulfilled their whole duty. He did not himself hesitate to use anæsthetics. In cases of serious accident persons would die of shock if they were not used, as they frequently did before they could be administered. There were people who so strenuously objected to the use of morphia because of their fear of the opium habit, that they resisted its application, even in the face of death.

MORPHINE DOES NOT GIVE BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

But he was sure that it rarely acts as described in many newspapers in creating beautiful dreams and visions. At nearly all death-beds the mind failed with the body, and at the supreme moment there was really no necessity for the use of anæsthetics. The idea entertained by many that giving opiates hastens death was generally a mistake, as they are discreetly administered with a view of prolonging and, if possible, saving life. Bartine died as people generally die, of exhaustion. He had no doubt that Bartine's disease was hydrophobia. Homeopathic physicians claimed to differ very essentially from the allopathic school, but he did not know from observation which their actual practice was. It was doubtles true, however, as reported, that in case of cholera morbus, for instance, they gave medicine every fifteen minutes and permitted the patient to endure pain two or three hours, whereas we give hypodermic injections of morphine. We do not claim that morphine cures, but it relieves the pain and thus enables nature to go to work to effect a cure.

With more direct reference to the question at issue, Dr. Fry related an incident when, before the arrival of the family physician, a child was born without either feet, hands or eyes, and it was reported that when the doctor came he said that the child, which was really a monstrosity, should have been strangled to death. To this Dr. Fry objected most emphatically. Providence and nature were alone culpable, if there was any culpability in this case, and the physician had neither a moral nor legal right to hasten the infant's death, nor had he the right in any case.

HER SUMMER HOME.

The Residence of Mrs. Grover Cleveland on Buzzards Bay.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland has been driving back and forth daily for two weeks between Joseph Jefferson's residence and Tudor Haven, the ex-President's new summer home on Buzzards Bay. Tudor Haven has been undergoing extensive alterations, and in the meantime Mrs. Cleveland has been the guest of Joseph Jefferson. She has been busier than a bee superintending the things in and out of doors at her new summer home.

Her business ability and tact have won the undying admiration of the Bourne carpenters and plumbers. The work of renovation and repairs now nears completion and in a few days the ex-President will arrive at Tudor Haven. Already the servants are installed. Two fat Jersey cows graze on the green hill south of the house, and a handsome and stylish bay stamps and whinnies in the stable in the hollow.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Cleveland, with a comic assumption of despair at the prospect of an interview. The ex-President's wife looked charming in her blue yachting cap, loosely knotted red tie, blue jacket and gray woollen skirt. "This is a beautiful place and we expect to enjoy the summer here very much."

The Clevelands have undoubtedly the most beautiful summer place on the coast of Buzzards Bay. Tudor Haven is situated on a bold point of land, which has the water of the bay on two sides, and across which cool breezes always blow. It is never uncomfortably warm at Tudor Haven, even on the sultriest days of summer. A magnificent view of the bay is commanded from the wide verandas of the house.

There is a fine sandy bathing beach in front of the house, and in the rear a snug cove for the anchorage of yachts. There is a wharf, and the ex-President has only to walk a dozen yards from his back door to step on board his fishing smack. As to the fishing in this region, it is fine enough to satisfy even such an ardent Isaak Waltonite as Mr. Cleveland. There are oyster-beds in the cove behind his house. Clams and quahaugs may be had along the shore for the digging. There is fine blue-fishing out in the bay.

Tudor Haven is within easy reach of everywhere. As the ex-President sits at the window of his new dining-room, which has been built at the northwest corner of his house, he will just be able to discern the roof of the spiritualist temple rising through the grove at Onset. It will only be a ten minutes' sail across the bay with a fair wind, if the ex-President wishes to run over to attend a seance. Monument Beach is a like short distance away to the south. It is a longer sail to Marion. The erstwhile famous resort is out of sight and hearing, and none of the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of its residents can be heard by the Clevelands at Tudor Haven.—Boston Record.

Lots of Fun on a Ferry-Boat.

The other day a queer sight greeted the eyes of passengers on one of the East River ferries. A very nice man who lives in the Nineteenth Ward, and whose two little daughters were about starting for the country, had taken them to New York for a farewell trip with three little girl friends. Somewhere they had picked up five turtles and when the boat was well out in midstream they all began racing the five turtles up and down the floor of the cabin, which was a very ridiculous proceeding indeed. Some of the ladies thought of mice and pulled their skirts tight about their ankles, but the little girls never thought of fear, while the man who was with them and all the other men roared with laughter—Brooklyn Times.

A New Lamp for Firemen.

A peculiar kind of electric hand lamp for firemen is a recent English invention, says the New York Sun. The battery and lamp are contained in a copper case similar to a fireman's ordinary lamp and fitted with a handle for convenience in carrying. Very powerful parabolic reflectors are provided and the lamp, which has a duration of from two or three hours—after which it can easily be recharged—is said to form an important adjunct to the fire brigade.

The lamp is also suitable for use in mines, gas-works, gunpowder and chemical factories. The advantages claimed for the device are portability, facility in charging, capability for resting the battery when the light is not required an entire safety.

THE STORY OF A DEAD CITY.

Once Full of Life and Business, Now Deserted and in Ruins.

The Metropolis That Rose in a Day, but Along Whose Streets the Wolf Now Prowls and Wild Life Has Its Haunts.

The city of Meadow Lake was once known to everybody. To all, however, it is now a mere memory, this deserted city up in the fastnesses of Sierra County, but a recent visitor to its moss-grown streets has written in the Sierraville Mirror a description of the place that will be of interest to many. Meadow Lake was originally a sink-hole about seventy-five feet deep, and was about fourteen feet in diameter. A large dam was erected below it in 1851, the water was held back, and thus the lake was formed. While building this dam the workmen discovered that much of the rock contained deposits of pure galena, and thinking they had "struck it rich," were not slow in making the discovery known. About the same time Harry Hartly, while trapping, discovered what was afterward known as the Excelsior mine. In the year 1865

THE EXCITEMENT COMMENCED,

And every other man met was going to Summit City, as it was then called. Snow was shoveled off the ground as soon as practicable and the work of building was commenced. In a few months a city arose, and every available foot of ground was put into play. The streets were necessarily narrow, and many who could not waste their precious time building substantial dwelling-houses lived in tents. Six hotels were built, besides several restaurants, churches and a theater followed. A two-story stone store was erected by Smith & Perkins. The Odd Fellows met in a hall of their own. A furniture factory was established.

At this time the population of the town had reached about 4000, and was rapidly increasing. Quartz-mills were in operation, and blasts were going off in thirty or forty tunnels and shafts all the time, making a constant roar. Several small mining companies were obliged to give up the fight, as not a cent had been taken out and thousands put in. Still no one was discouraged, and to all doubting ears was sounded: "Excelsior; wait till the Excelsior cleans up," and nothing more was heard from morning till night but the booming of blasts and the cries of "Excelsior! Hurrah for the Excelsior!" At this mine the stamps were crushing ore all day, all night, and every day in the week, grunting, groaning to work out the precious metal.

The road winds around the lake, the ruins of houses become more frequent, until you emerge from the timber and the city lies before you. As we ride down the main street our horses step on a board or we speak and our voices are echoed back by the old wooden buildings with a harsh metallic ring. Near the center of the town stands a tall flagstaff, bent with storm and winds. Sign-poles were still standing in front of many of the buildings and open doors reveal the contents or emptiness of them. On every hand lay ruins of hundreds of frame buildings, with here and there whole blocks of buildings which have been destroyed by fire.

A very large building, built on a granite rock, and seeming to be in a condition that will stand many more severe snowfalls, attracts the eye. It was known in the days of its erection as Jeffrys' livery stable. Three stories high, with the stable on the second floor, containing twenty stalls, it is larger than any building of the kind in this valley at the present time. At the back of each stall is a beautifully carved and turned post, which still retains its beauty and symmetry, as on the day it was placed in position. Every detail shows that no expense was spared.

A few yards from this building is a mass of quarried stone on which a number of iron doors and shutters lie in endless confusion. This is all that remains of the stone store of Smith & Perkins. Houses without a window-pane broken gave a hint that the hunter and small boy do not inhabit this locality. On a hill overlooking the town stand three houses comparatively in good condition. The central one is highly ornamented—indeed, it may be called gaudy. This house was purchased some twenty years ago for $25. However, it proved a poor investment. Under the floor of an old shanty we discovered a tank about half full of quick-silver, left there by some miner who was in too much of a hurry to leave town to take it with him.

A careful count revealed the fact that forty-three houses were standing. It is a pitiful sight, this city on which millions of dollars were expended.

The Excelsior cleaned up, and the news was carried to the waiting, anxious crowd that the run was unsuccessful and that the attempt would not be repeated. In an almost unbelievably short time the town was deserted; almost a panic resulted. Houses were left with the contents exposed to the storms of an approaching winter; stores with their shelves packed with merchandise remained undisturbed until later, when they were robbed and burned by enterprising citizens of neighboring localities.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

An Old Lady Succumbs After Her Grandson's Sensation.

Mrs. James C. Harrison of 180 North Pearl street died a few days since, says a Buffalo (N. Y.) special to the Philadelphia Record, of nervous prostration. Mrs. Harrison was the grandmother of young Harrison Williams, an eighteen-year-old law clerk, who a couple of weeks ago created a sensation by claiming that he had been attacked at midnight by an unknown man and cut on the wrist. He afterward displayed a letter signed "White Caps," threatening his life.

Mrs. Harrison, an old lady, was very much wrought up over the affair, and did not recover her composure for several days after the reported encounter, when her grandson rushed into the hallway near her room and had a terrible struggle, as he claimed, with an unknown assassin. Young Williams was armed with a revolver, but he did not kill the man—if there was one.

From that night Mrs. Harrison left her room but a few times. She dreaded another attack, and gradually wasted away, a prey to her nervous fear, until she succumbed to the shock and strain and died.

The physicians attribute her death to the shock of her grandson's story and alleged attempted assassination. The police believe young Williams cut himself to excite his grandmother's sympathy.

Wants a Trade-Wind Spoon.

A correspondent in the Santa Cruz Surf says: The spoon fad is getting really serious. I've made myself a bankrupt buying seal-rock spoons and bear spoons, and now I want a new kind of San Francisco spoon. Why don't some clever designer make a spoon with a hurricane blowing in a mad swirl of flying papers and clouds of dust? That would make all homesick Friscoians gasp for breath—it's so home like.

Of the sixty counties of Pennsylvania only seventeen are free from debt.