The Columbus Journal.

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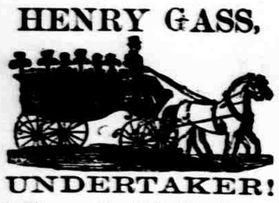

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Spain's New War Ships

Pushing Work on Three Armored Cruisers of a Type Superior to the Vizcaya.

The Spanish government is doing all within its power to augment the strength of her navy, and with that end in view, orders have been given to push forward the three new armored cruisers, the Cardinal Cisneros, Princesa de Austurias and Cataluna, which this country is building, and which are described in the following articles, taken from that excellent weekly naval illustrated paper, El Mundo Naval, written by Lieutenant of the Navy Mario Rubio Munez:

"The navy is anxiously awaiting the happy completion of the three armored cruisers which are being built in the arsenals of Ferrol, Carraca and Cartagena. The general description given in brief in a previous number, when we described to our readers the cruisers Infanta Maria Teresa, Vizcaya and Oquendo, are repeated in reference to their sister ships in all that relates to the generic type; but there will be a large number of new details which augment their fighting value in the Cardinal Cisneros, Princesa de Asturias and Cataluna.

Armament to Be Heavier.

"Apart from the small variations of external appearance, the differences to which we allude are for the main part introduced in the armament of the new cruisers, which is to be heavier and at the same time more complete.

"The characteristics of these cruisers are the following: Length, 106 metres; breadth: 18m. 8cm.; draught, 6m. 6cm.; displacement, 7,000 tons; engines, 15,000 horse power, and speed 20 knots. Armor: Belt, 31cm.; deck, 5cm.; gun position, 27cm., and conning tower, 31cm. Armament: Hontoria system, 24cm., 2; 14cm. quick firing, 10; small calibre, 20; torpedo tubes, 8.

"If our readers will take the pains to compare these official figures with those of the Infanta Maria Teresa, Vizcaya and Oquendo they will find in the newly built cruisers an increase of 1,200 horse power in the engines, which of course will give a large increase of speed. In addition to this there is the finer model which will add still further speed. The armored belt which defends the vital parts of the Cardinal Cisneros is larger and the quality of the plates has improved, and we maintain hopes that the sister ship in Bilbao will have even stronger resistive power. The defensive power of the whole has also increased not a little, for they have the exceptional advantage of the installation of a battery of 14cm. quick firing guns.

Compared with Our Ships

"It seems, in our opinion, well to form comparative data with other navies as the best means of appreciating the relative value of the national forces and with that object in view we present to our readers for reference and analogy the three most powerful armored cruisers flying the United States flag, which serve to-day as the sword of Damocles to our Spanish pessimists.

"The four fundamental properties of this class of ship, power defensive and offensive speed and radius of action, can be easily appreciated by the data which follows:

	U. S. Cruiser Texas	U. S. Cruiser Maine	U. S. Cruiser Brooklyn	Cardinal Cisneros Princesa Asturias Cataluña	U. S. Cruiser Brooklyn	U. S. Cruiser New York
Displacement, Tons.	6,300	6,200	7,000	8,200	9,250	
Machinery, H. power.	9,000	10,000	15,000	17,000	18,000	
Arm'r. Belt, in cm.	20	20	21	19	15	
Deck plating, cm.	7.6	10	5	12	15	
Gun positions, cm	20	20	27	25	14	
Arm'd. From 22 to 30cm.	2	4	2	—	—	
From 16 to 22cm.	—	—	—	6	8	
From 14 to 15cm.	6	6	10	—	—	
Of 10cm.	—	—	—	12	12	
Smaller	22	20	20	20	16	
Torpedo tubes	6	6	8	7	6	
Speed in knots	17	17	20.5	21	21	
Radius of action in miles	2,500	3,500	10,000	12,000	6,000	

Deduction From Figures.

"Direct deduction from the preceding figures enables us without any straining of our conscience to call our three national cruisers superiores in absolute over their foreign antagonists, but, nevertheless, the eloquence of those figures should be sufficient to inspire in the pessimists and incredulous the necessary peace of mind, to close the mouths of those who are constantly stating that the Spanish forces are defective and those who so freely criticise the naval profession in our country.

"Recent experiences of such importance as that of the battle of the Yalu, in the Chino-Japanese war, have demonstrated the supremacy of quick firing ordnance, and the former custom of trusting to guns of immense calibre has gone out of date, while to-day the great aim of constructors is middle sized guns well protected. With that idea in mind the new cruisers have been equipped, for the rapid firing guns are perfectly protected by armor, and with special provision for a separate supply of shell.

Better Than Old Type.

"These points will mark the supremacy of the Cardinal Cisneros, Princesa de Asturias and Cataluna over the Infanta Maria Theresa type. The rapid evolution which has taken place in naval construction of modern times, age in a short time the most admired and renowned ships; the sphere of action of the critic expands and extends logically under such circumstances, and daring are the arguments of those who seek to show that efficiency is wanting."

HERO OF MAINE DISASTER.

Brave "Bill" Anthony, marine orderly of the ill-fated battleship Maine, has a record to be proud of. Amidst the shrieks of wounded sailors and the rush of flames, with the great steel ship settling to its grave and the dead lying thick upon its shattered decks, brave Anthony made his report to Captain Sigsbee.

That report—the essence of courage and discipline—should live in American history.

"Sir," said the gallant orderly, standing at salute. "I have to inform you that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."

"Bill" Anthony has carried a rifle in Uncle Sam's service since he was 17 years old. His father was a boss truckman in New York in the old days when Fifty-ninth street was out in the suburbs, and "Bill" was born within a stone's throw of the battery. He was a natural born soldier, six feet two inches tall, broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped, slender-limbed, and stout-hearted.

The family moved to New Jersey just about the time "Bill" completed a rather turbulen career in the public schools and one morning he vanished. "Bill" had enlisted. That happened twenty-eight years ago, and from that moment Anthony has never ceased to wear the uniform.

His first active service carried him to the Carolinas, where the Ku Klux were busily engaged in their deviltries. There he laid the foundation for his soldierly reputation. His commanding officer in those early days was Major Steward, long since retired, but still living.

Years later a young man drifted into the marine corps as a volunteer, a slender, soft-handed fellow, who was the butt of the company until "Bill" Anthony, the pride of the barracks, called a halt. The recruit proved to be the wayward son of Anthony's old major, and the big marine watched over him like a father.

Anthony saw fourteen years of soldiering, most of it on the western plains before he threw in his fortunes with the marines. He was always a marked man in the service, conspicuous for his magnificent physique, his cool courage, and perfect discipline.

As a non-commissioned officer he filled every position known to the military code, and filled them well. There was just one blemish in brave "Bill's" character—a blemish which many believe alone kept him out of a commission. "Bill" would drink, not often to excess, but invariably just at the wrong time, when his commanding officers—favorite though he was—could not wink at the offense.

His last army service was at West Point, where he figured to the admiration of cadets and everybody else as drum major. "Bill's" splendid figure and profound knowledge of soldiery won him this appointment.

Ten years ago he left the army and enlisted as a marine. It was the old story over again—rapid advancements, followed by the inevitable setbacks, all due to unwise conviviality. Not that "Bill" ever transgressed while on duty—for a firmer disciplinarian never wore a marine uniform. Over at the Brooklyn navy yard Anthony is well known and well liked. He was stationed there for two years, and during the greater part of that time served as clerk in the recruiting office.

Anthony was detailed to the Brooklyn on its cruise in the China seas. Upon his return he was sent to the Maine, where his soldierly merit won him the post of marine orderly.

CAPTAIN W. T. SAMPSON OF THE IOWA. CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK OF THE NEW YORK. COMMANDER ADOLPH MARIX OF THE MAINE.

MAINE BOARD OF INQUIRY.

A cynical bachelor says that a widow should be either married, buried, or shut up in a convent.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WRECKED BATTLESHIP MAINE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

The Nagging Woman.

A celebrated physician writes the following on nagging women:

"Nine times out of ten the woman who nags is tired. One time out of ten she is hateful. The cases that come under the physician's eye are those of the women who are tired, and who have been tired so long that they are suffering from some form of nervous disease. They may think they are only tired, but in fact they are ill, and it is that sort of illness in which the will is weakened, and the patients give way to annoyances that they would ignore if in a healthy condition. In such cases the woman often suffers more from her nagging than the husband or the children with whom she finds fault. She knows she does it. She does not intend to do it. She suffers in her own self-respect when she does it, and, in the depths of her soul, longs for something to stop it. The condition is usually brought on by broken sleep, improper food, want of some other exercise than housekeeping, and of enough out-of-door air and practical objective thinking. It is often the most unselfish and most affectionate of women who fall into this state. They are too much devoted to their families

DIVER ON THE WRECKED MAINE.

to give themselves a bicycle, for instance, or enough of any healthy exercise and diversion, enough of afternoon naps, perhaps. In such cases the husband is often to blame, because he gives nag for nag instead of looking straight for the fundamental cause of the trouble. There are many cases where such a woman begins by showing a longing for a little more attention, a little more tenderness, an invitation to a concert, or cosy little dinner out with her husband. The man who does not take that as a sign is responsible for pretty much all that follows, and sometimes it amounts to something very like criminal responsibility."

Wreck of the Ashuelot.

Lieutenant Frank S. Hotchkin, of Chicago, who served eighteen years in the United States navy, and then retired into commercial life, says that if the Maine had not been a warship the disaster might have been much worse than it was. The lieutenant was an officer on board the the fated Ashuelot when that warship was wrecked in the China sea. Eight men were lost—three Chinese who were looting the officers' quarters, and five "middies" who jumped overboard, crazed by fear. The Ashuelot was built for service on the Mississippi during the war, and fifteen years ago, Feb. 23, was in Chinese waters. She was walled in by a heavy fog when at 4 o'clock in the morning Lieutenant Hotchkin went to relieve the watch. He had scarcely put foot on deck when the lookout cried: "Land on the starboard beam!" The next minute the ship struck, and had it not been for the discipline the whole outfit would have gone to the bottom. The loss of the ship caused an inquiry and a court-martial, and the captain and the navigator were disciplined. "If ever I am in a marine disaster again," quoth the lieutenant, "I desire that it shall be on a man-of-war."

Wheelmen in Training.

An experienced trainer asked to condense the best information he could give a new racing man, answered as follows: "Eat almost everything except 'green stuff,' potatoes and turnips. Make beef, dry toast and weak tea the principle articles of food. Do not be afraid of ice cream and ripe fruit at your meals. Be in bed at 9 o'clock each night and up at 6 in the morning. Take a cool spray bath on rising. Do not use tobacco or drink any kind of liquor. For rubbing mixtures so dear to all racing men use witch hazel mixed with a very little pepperment oil. Mix in the proportion of one pint of witch hazel to five cents' worth of oil. Do not depend so much on the mixture as on the rubbing. Have the body well rubbed over. Knead every muscle. End by briskly rubbing in order to bring blood to the surface nicely.—Exchange.

A Misunderstanding.

American Tourist—"I understand, Marquis, that you fell in love with a distinguished American lady on account of her pretty foot?" Marquis—"Dat is it. De pretty vay she foots de bills."—New York Weekly.

SCIENTIFIC POINTERS.

CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

Bicyclists Hail a Recent Invention with Joy—It Prevents the Lamp from Blowing Out — A Paris Exposition Wonder.

Growth of the Aluminium Industry.

ALUMINIUM is now being produced in large and increasing quantities. A few years ago the manufacture of this metal on a commercial scale was regarded as almost beyond the range of possibility. Those who predicted it were considered dreamers, and capital shunned investment in such an enterprise. Steadily, and so quietly that most of us have hardly been conscious of the fact, a new "white metal" has won its way to a place in the industrial world which, if not that to which the early enthusiasts had assigned it in their dreams, may yet be fairly called a firm foothold. To all intents and purposes the history of aluminium begins with the invention of the processes which made possible its use in the arts on a large scale. In America this has been accomplished since 1886, and all that was done in Europe prior to that date by way of popularizing the knowledge and use of the metal is rendered insignificant by comparison with the results since achieved. The closing years of the century are witnessing a remarkable development in the manufacture and consumption for industrial purposes of this wonderful new metal. Indeed, it has been possible for a single generation to see the birth and the successful growth of the entire aluminium industry. In the United States alone in the year 1896 the amount of the crude aluminium produced exceeded 1,300,000 pounds—one-third of the world's total output.

The Effect of Fog.

Accidents due to the obscuration of objects by fog are so common that scientists are making a study of absorbent power of fog as regards lights of all kinds. It appears that London fog absorbs 20.8 per cent of the light from an incandescent burner, while the ordinary gas flame loses but 11.1 per cent. The incandescent light contains more blue, and this is readily absorbed by the fog. Red lights are much more penetrative than blue, and as the gas light contains far more red than the electric, it is much more valuable as a light for use in very heavy fogs. It is a fact familiar to every one that when the sun shows through mist, it is of a deep red color. This is accounted for by the fact that the blue rays are entirely absorbed, leaving only the red with its much more powerful quality of penetration.

A Paris Exposition Wonder.

At the exposition of 1900, in Paris, the palace of war and of the navy will be a remarkably interesting and original building. The design of the young architects to whom the contract has been awarded, Messrs. Umbdenstock & Auburtin, is, according to the Scientific American, very novel and beautiful.

The building is designed to show the great transformation that has taken place in the navy during the last two centuries. Accordingly, at the left extremity of the building they have placed the poop of one of the immense galleys that formed the fleet of Louis XIV., with its antique guns, its blue-and-gold trimmings, its royal flags and its sails and rigging.

This ship enters the palace and after passing through all the changes that shipbuilding in the last two centuries has made possible emerges on the right

of the palace a modern armor-clad, steel-turreted fighting boat, with revolving guns and a huge smokestack. The structure will be one of the marvels of the great new century show.

Suspended Animation.

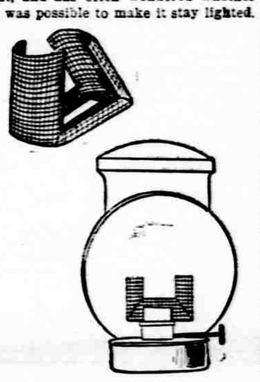
Experiments are to be tried upon living creatures of various sorts for the purpose of ascertaining just how far suspended animation can go with safety to life. It is a well understood fact that certain animals hibernate, and a number of these are to be collected and placed under the most favorable condition for experiment. They will be constantly watched to note the temperature at which consciousness leaves them. The statement has been made that men in the polar regions have been frozen in icebergs and have recovered when the ice melted. This has been discredited, but a number of scientists are confident that such an experiment could be carried successfully. It is thought possible to chill the body so that it will remain in a torpid state for a month or more. The female polar bear hibernates during the entire winter, but the male is always out and on the alert for food. Animals that hibernate are usually very fat at the beginning of cold weather, but come out in the spring extremely thin. The faculties are dormant during this period. Indeed certain creatures may be deprived of some portion of their members without apparent pain. A bat was examined after having been in the torpid state for some time, when it was found that its wings were broken. It was apparently dead, but after being held in the hand for a few minutes it began to move uneasily, and upon recovering was found to be vicious in the extreme, snapping and biting everything that came within its reach. The woodchuck and hedge-hog are among the most perfect examples of hibernating animals. If disturbed in the nest which they have prepared for themselves, they may roll about like balls without showing any signs of consciousness. These creatures, however, are very sensitive to shocks. A slight blow of an axe upon the tree in which they have made their homes is often sufficient to kill them, and on one occasion a hedge-hog died merely from rolling a little distance and striking against a log. The fanatics of India permit themselves to be buried alive, as is supposed, and many of them have been known to remain for a long period in what is to all intents and purposes a grave. The question arises whether there is a scientific reason for all this; and if so by what theory can these conditions be accounted for, and how can they be produced at will.

Is There Such a Disease as Hydrophobia?

When doctors disagree and acknowledged authorities fall out and wrangle over important points, or on matters that affect human life and safety, it is useless for the lay mind to struggle with such subjects. One medical association and a great many competent authorities have decided that there is no such disease as hydrophobia. Now the "Lancet" announces that the only safeguard against this disease is to keep dogs muzzled. Surely this must be an unnecessary precaution, if there is no such disease to combat. The public will watch with a great deal of interest the outcome of a dispute upon a question that so closely concerns the safety of a large number of families in all quarters of the globe.

Bicyclists Hail It With Joy.

Nearly every wheelman has had trouble with his lamp blowing or jarring out, and has often wondered whether it was possible to make it stay lighted.



The little device shown in the accompanying cut is the result of just such a conjecture, and has been tried on a number of lamps in this city with good results. It is simply a piece of wire gauze of the proper fineness and shape which cushions the flame from sudden draughts of air and prevents its being blown off the wick. With the shield in place it is possible to turn the wick down low enough to prevent the lamp from smoking, the consumption of oil being also much smaller. The attachment can be placed on any lamp by the purchaser, and has already been patented.

Evolved from Garbage.

The garbage of a great city is worth a fortune every year, if properly utilized. In St. Louis, Mo., the refuse is placed in enormous vertical cylinders, surrounded by steam jackets, which evaporate the seventy-five to eighty per cent of water in the garbage. The fatty substances are dissolved, and as the result of a number of processes a fertilizer is produced which is worth from nine dollars to twelve dollars per ton, the demand exceeding the supply. One of the purest and best soaps of the country was made of garbage grease before cotton-seed oil entered the field. It is now proposed to light London by electricity for nothing. It now costs that city $1.08 (4s 8d) to get rid of a ton of garbage. A combination of boilers and other apparatus has been devised that can burn the garbage at twenty-four cents (one shilling) per ton, and generate steam sufficient to run enough dynamos to light the entire city. London can thus save 3s 8d on each ton, and, in addition, illuminate its city without cost. Garbage, by a machine called the "dust destructor," is converted into clinkers, which can be used for roadways, as artificial stone for sidewalks, and as sand for mortar and cement. In Paris the invisible particles of iron, worn from wheels and from the shoes of horses, are rescued by passing powerful magnets through the sweepings.

Temporary Lapse.

"I shall ask you this morning, brethren," said the Rev. Mr. Fourthly, "to be liberal in your contributions. The purpose for which this collection is to be used is one that deserves your hearty encouragement and support. The money will be carefully disbursed and every cent accounted for. By the way, Brother Griffith," continued the good man, turning to the Sunday school superintendent, "will you kindly tell me again what the collection this morning is for? I find I am unable to recall it at the moment."—Chicago Tribune.

Character Analysis.

"No," said Colonel Stillwell, "I don't yearn foh his society. Understand me; I don't say foh a minute that he is not as perfect a gentleman as grows. But a man's previous associations will necessarily influence his character."

"What do you know of his previous associations?"

"Nothing personally. But I observe that he can't be satisfied to play half a dozen games of poker without countin' over the entire pack of kyards."—Washington Star.

Too Narrow.

Funnicus—"Did you hear about Measleigh's narrow escape?"

Easymeet—"No. What happened?"

Funnicuss—"It was a fire escape, and it was so narrow that the building inspector made him take it down and put up a wider one."—Facts.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Gen. Wolseley Exceeded Orders — Captured Insurgent Position and Greatly Displeased his Commander—A Statue of Gen. Slocum—Obeying Orders.

The Graves of a Household.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight
Where are those dreamers now!

One 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep.
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song and hearth—
Alas! for love, if thou were all,
And naught beyond, oh Earth!

—Mrs. Hemans.

Wolseley Exceeded Orders.

From Blackwood's Magazine: Let us glance at one occasion on which a comparativelly junior officer had the courage, the initiative, and, as generally accepted, the clear-sightedness to act contrary to his instructions, to perform a brilliant feat of arms, and in doing so to incur the wrath of one of England's most able and valient generals. It was during the long and anxious operations which constituted the second relief of Lucknow. The old messhouse of the Thirty-second, strongly held by the rebels, stood in the way of Sir Colin Campbell's advance, and beyond it was the Moti Mahal. These two strong positions carried, a junction with the beleaguered garrison could be effected. Sir Colin, having made arrangements to secure his communications, directed the gallant Peel to open fire with his heavy guns on the messhouse.

"The fire continued from the early morning till 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour the musketry fire of the enemy having been almost silenced, it appeared to Sir Colin that the messhouse might be stormed without much risk.

He ordered for this duty a company of the Nineteenth, under Captain Wolseley, with some other details. The actual leader of the storming party was Captain Wolseley. "Never was a daring feat of arms better performed." Through the hot fire Wolseley led his men, clambered through the breach made by Peel's guns and entered the house, driving the enemy before him. His orders had been only to take the messhouse, but "the victorious stormers followed the fleeing enemy, and Wolseley, far from checking them, determined to push his advantage to the utmost." He pressed on to the Moti Mahal, and, with the assistance of the sappers, succeeded in making narrow openings in the solid wall.

"Through these Wolseley and his men eagerly marched, and attacked the network of buildings within. The resistance they encountered was, however, stout, and even desperate, every room being contested. At length the enemy were expelled and the Moti Mahal, the last building held by the rebels on the line communicating with Outram and Havelock, came completely into British possession."

The best known biographer of the present commander in chief, and, indeed, the vast majority of persons who know the story, think that it was an astonishing thing "that Sir Colin was furious with him for having exceeded the letter of his instructions, in that, when he was only ordered to take the messhouse, he actually, of his own motion, had driven the enemy out of the Moti Mahal! The brigadier (Adrain Hope) advised him to keep out of the way, as the chief was asking for him and he never saw a man more enraged in his life."

We knowthatthe grand old soldier subsequently, after having administered a severe wigging, condoned the offense, congratulated the offender on his courage and ability, and promised to recommend him for promotion. But is the example given by Captain Wolseley one to be received as approaching a rule of conduct for the army? Has the present commander in chief perfect confidence in its propriety?

Disobedience of Orders.

The question whether an officer is justified under any circumstances in disobedience to the orders of his commander is illustrated by the example of a naval officer long before Nelson's time, says Household Words. In an undecisive naval action off Toulon in 1743 the English admiral in command lost the opportunity of victory by shrinking from a close engagement. Capt. Hawke, in the Berwick, sixty-four guns, beheld with honest indignation this cruel wrong to his country, and, seeing no prospect of a general action, boldly, and in defiance of orders, quitted his station and selected the Poder—a Spanish ship of equal force—as his adversary. After a very smart engagement of half an hour he took her and had possession. She was retaken owing to the mismanagement of two English admirals; but Hawke's honor was not taken in her.

After the memorable court-martial had decided on the merit of the admirals a flag promotion took place in which the name of Capt. Hawke was passed over. His majesty King George demanded of his minister why that officer's name was omitted. The reply was that, in the late trial, it appeared that Capt. Hawke had disobeyed orders by quitting the line of fight to fight the Poder. "What!" said the indignant monarch, "disgrace a man for fighting too much? He shall be my admiral!" and the royal justice and discernment was rewarded by the defeat of Conflans in 1759. It is said that his majesty, on hearing the news, pulled off his wig and kicked it about the palace of Kensington for joy, congratulating himself on having been the instrument of bringing a period of fortune to his country.

War a Necessary Element.

"Appropos of Spain's trouble with Cuba," remarked a back-platform orator on a Woodward avenue car, "let me say emphatically that war is a glorious thing!"

Looks of inquiry passed over the faces of those present, says the Detroit Free Press, and the speaker, lighting a fresh cigar, continued:

"Well did the blazoned French philosopher of idealism affirm that the horrors of war preponderates over the evils, that the triumph of the c[illegible] the triumph of reason over [illegible] and his cause is always just. [illegible] not be affirmed that the battle is an unmitigated evil, for the benefits of war have always counterpoised its evils. War is the necessary process for the grand lustration of the atmosphere! To eulogize war is to honor nature and its author. It is not correct to think that every so-called evil that war inflicts is a standing and melancholy memorial that man, intended and qualified to be reasonable and moral, has hitherto been no more in the aspect in which history represents him than a fierce animal at prey. Glance at the honored places in history that are assigned to the Alexanders, the Caesars, the Khans and the Napoleons, not to mention our own illustrious Grant. If the great cause of human nature, if the triumphs of enlightened public opinion, if the dread of sovereigns under apprehension of encountering the force of that opinion, or some other unknown power, does not break the peace of the last forty years, our country will find no place in the pages of history 200 years from now. What a glorious thing is a battle contested from the rising to the setting of the sun of a summer's day! What heart would not exult at such a grand spectacle! Gentlemen, take my word for it, war is a necessary element for the welfare of our country. Until we have war, never again will we have prosperity—stop, conductor, this is my street!"

"He is a wonderful man," remarked the conductor, as the car started again. "If we had a war, he would die a millionaire."

"How so?"

"He sells wooden legs!"

Statute of Gen. Slocum.

The commission appointed by Gov. Morton in 1895 to select a design for a statue in honor of Gen. H. W. Slocum decided upon the model of E. C. Potter. Eighteen models by fifteen sculptors were submitted, and after a careful comparison of each the commission decided upon that of Mr. Potter as best suited to the purpose. Several well-known sculptors took part in the competition.

The statue is an equestrian one. The sculptor will begin at once upon the preparation of the large model from which the cast will be made. The commission has not yet given out the contract for the pedestal, which will be fifteen feet in length. The statue will be placed upon Culp's hill, overlooking Slocum avenue, on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

The members of the commission are Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, Gen. Alexander

Webb, Gen. Anson G. McCook, Col. Lewis R. Stegman, Charles Beckwith, and Charles A. Richardson.—New York Herald.

Hospitality in Waterbury.

Some time ago, says the Waterbury American, "two young women, working girls, went to a house in this city to engage room and board. After talking with the lady of the house for some time the elder girl asked: "Do you allow us to use the parlor?" "Certainly not," was the reply. "My daughters use that themselves.' "But," said the girl, "I am engaged to be married. The gentleman does not live in town, but calls occasionally, and both my sister and myself have friends, men and women, who call on us sometimes. Where can we receive them?" The reply was: "On the street."

Death-Blow to Love.

Father—"So you think our daughter has fallen in love with that young man." Mother—"She is perfectly infatuated with him." Father—"What do you propose to do?" Mother—"That feeling of undying love which she has must be turned to aversion or she may elope with him in spite of us. We must do it at once." Father—"But how?" Mother—"We must try to give her the impression that none of the other girls want him."

Entertaining Personages.

Pretty Girl—Haven't you ever met Mr. De Dude? Oh, you should know him, for I'm sure you would enjoy his society. He's so amusing. Envious Rival—That reminds me, my uncle who has just returned from Europe, brought me a present of the most comical little monkey you ever saw. Let me bring him around some evening.

A Business Secret.

Mr. Isaacs—I sells you dot coat at a gread sacrifice. Customer—But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a living? Mr. Isaacs—Mein freint, I makes a schmall profit on de paper and string.