

"The wages of sin is death." And sooner or later every man collects his pay.

Chefu does not guarantee the quality of its war news, but it makes good on quantity.

A Pennsylvania woman has been killed by a henpeck, which looks like a turning of the table.

Dancing masters have decided that the two-step must go. The side-step will continue to be popular.

Commander Peary feels that he has a few more toes to sacrifice in the great cause of arctic exploration.

Game is reported plenty in the woods. A pinch of salt sprinkled on the bird's tail adds to its edible quality.

Editor Bok says every woman should wear a beauty spot. The women, no doubt, will accept the advice on the spot.

How queer it must look to a Spaniard to read in the American newspapers about a flood on "the Rio Grande river"!

The Guatemalan ants have not done much so far beyond providing the detectives with another mysterious disappearance case.

The Vancouver Indian who bought a coffin and a keg of gunpowder subsequently discovered that he really didn't need the coffin.

Dr. Wiley says that Scotch whisky is an imitation. Hoot, mon! You will next be telling us that the Scotch bagpipe is full of hot air.

They haven't got through wondering out in the Cream City yet why the battlement Milwaukee was "christened" with champagne.

Tobacco is smuggled across the Canadian border in bales of hay. Some antidote will have to be discovered for that tobacco habit.

An Indiana man has invented a folding chair that will go into the hip pocket. Wonder what he thinks a hip pocket is made for, anyhow?

The news that alcohol is made from honey may lead some gentlemen of leisure to revise their adverse opinion of the little busy bee.

At the last battle of Bull Run 10,000 militiamen got blistered feet. As Gen. Sherman might have said, but didn't, sham war is a blistering shame.

An African potentate, the sultan of Abeakuta, is on his way to this country. Our native smart alakes will, of course, receive him with due honor.

Japan is all ready to dictate terms of peace to Russia, but, like the typewriter with the toothache, Russia isn't taking dictation just at present.

Chicago reports a growing tendency toward vegetarianism. That is not surprising. Corn and rye products have always had a wide vogue in Chicago.

So "New York crowds stare at William Waldorf Astor." No wonder. They want to see the eccentric person for whom "little old N'York" is not good enough.

The scientists say there'll be no Niagara falls 3,500 years hence. We're very glad now we didn't miss our chance to see the falls on our last vacation.

Gen. Corbin is opposed to army officers marrying without the consent of the war department. This may be all right, but what does Gen. Ma say on the subject?

Before accepting Prof. Metchnikoff's theory that sour milk is the elixir of life, will some one kindly ascertain whether the professor is interested in any dairy enterprise.

Mr. Chesty Gullett is running for office in one of the southern states. If he doesn't get it in the neck it will be safe to assume that there is absolutely nothing in a name.

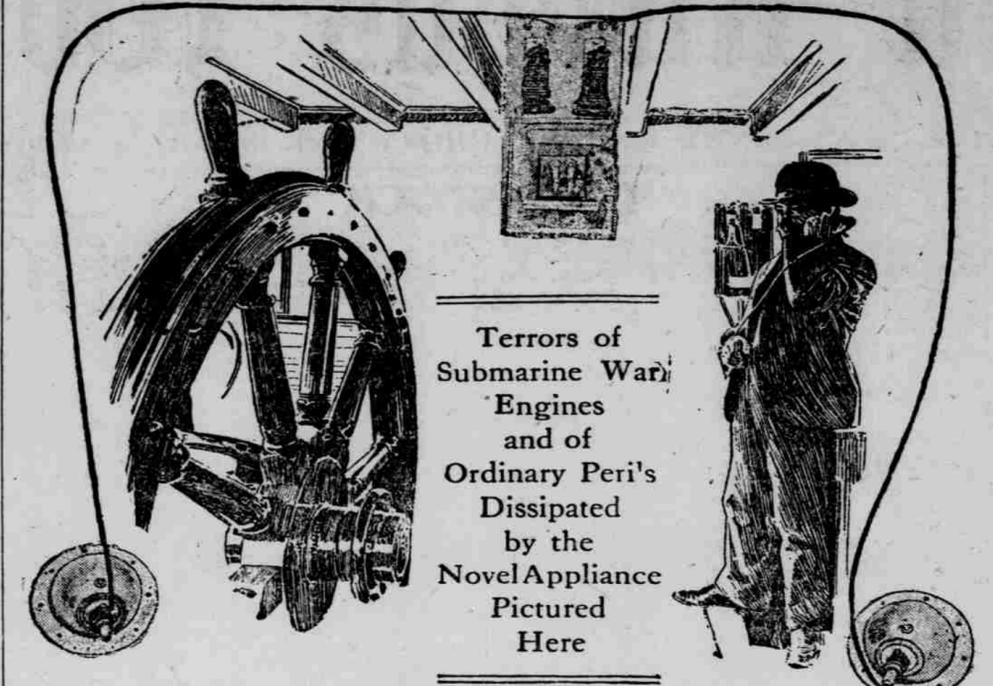
The war department has rightly decided that the bow-legged man is as much out of place in military service as he would be as a shortstop—though not exactly in those words.

It is said that tobacco hidden in hay is being smuggled into the United States from Canada. We have long suspected that most of the campaign cigars we have been smoking were largely composed of hay.

The eminent bacteriologists' germ-killing bees convince all gentlemen with copper-lined stomachs that they may drink any kind of water with perfect safety. But the trouble is they don't want to pay such a price for safety.

A Utah preacher having sued a widow for \$150 for preaching her husband's funeral sermon obtained judgment. Perhaps her disinclination to pay was due to a too strenuous assurance that the dead man had entered a happier state.

## Vessels Fitted With Ears That Will Warn of Danger



Terrors of Submarine War Engines and of Ordinary Perils Dissipated by the Novel Appliance Pictured Here

The terror in which submarine boats have hitherto been held by ocean vessels in time of war promises to be entirely dissipated by the appearance of a simple apparatus, which the inventor, J. B. Millet, calls "ship's ears."

With this new device secret submarine attack is, the inventor claims, made impossible, and all the former disadvantages of the bell buoy and the lighthouse, particularly caused by a heavy fog, are done away with, for the new "ears" catch sounds under the water and locate exactly the point of the compass from which they come.

In making use of the idea of transmitting sound signals under water the originators of the scheme, A. J. Mundy and Prof. Elisha Gray of Boston, were pioneers. When they started their work in the summer of the Spanish war they had no idea of making "ears" for vessels, but when the results were finally turned over to Mr. Millet last year he soon had his work running on the lines on which it was finally completed.

The principle of the invention has been established largely by experiments, but the method had not been made practical. Mr. Millet undertook to make it so and has apparently succeeded.

The invention has been installed on steamers of the Metropolitan Steamship company, and for four or five weeks these vessels have been using the apparatus constantly for the purpose of testing its accuracy under all conditions.

The captains of the steamers have reported to the officers of their company that they have been able, invariably, to locate at three miles distance the Boston lightship, upon which a submerged bell was being rung, when the vessels were approaching at full speed.

A striking instance of the efficacy of the device occurred a short time ago when a steamer was approaching the Boston lightship on her return from New York. Owing to a severe gale, which had been blowing for several days, the seas were mountainous. As the steamer came up Boston bay the lightship was obscured by rain and fog. Not hearing the foghorn on the lightship, the captain of the steamer turned to the signal apparatus and, adjusting the earpieces, immediately heard the submarine bell and got his direction. Five minutes later, having proceeded on his course, he heard the whistle on the lightship for the first time.

The receiving apparatus of this unique submarine telephone has two receivers, one for each side of the vessel in which it is installed. These are enclosed in iron cases, screwed into the hull of the vessel below the water line. A connection is made by wire between the hull and the wheelhouse where the telephone box is placed.

By moving a switch to the right or

left and then holding the earpieces to his ears, the listener can ascertain whether or not there is any danger or warning of danger ahead, and where it is located.

This method is so accurate that the steamers using the system have often found their direction within one point, and by a little maneuvering of the vessel a captain can always get his direction with accuracy.

The vibrations which he hears are initiated by the bell that is hung over the side of the lightship or suspended in the water at the end of a cable from a lighthouse or bell buoy. The bells are struck by a hammer exactly like a bell in the air, only with more force. These vibrations are taken up by the receiver on the sides of the vessel and transmitted through the telephone.

A type of apparatus designed for fishing boats or small vessels of any kind includes a receiving box, with a ball receiver, which is lowered into the water. It is obvious that some sounds would be too delicate to penetrate the side of a vessel. To meet this case, a receiver has been invented which is lowered directly into the water and picks up sounds of comparatively small intensity.

To appreciate the importance of this invention to the maritime world it is only necessary to consider that at the present moment there are no sound signals in the air which can be trusted.

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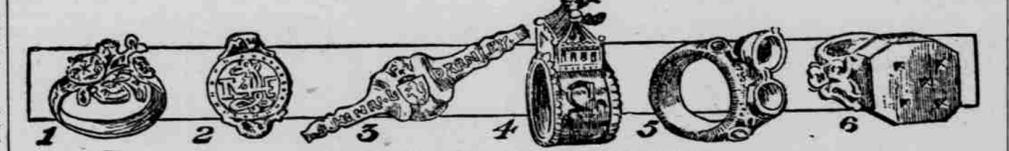
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## SOME CURIOUS JEWELS OF ANCIENT DAYS



Symbolic Ornaments With Histories Attached.

The first jewels were seals and signets. The material might be gold, silver, iron, copper, etc.

A next step was the ladies beginning to wear them as ornaments.

Number 1 is a ring of English fabrication. It holds a large emerald cut in the form of a basket. From this diamond stems spring, tipped with ruby flowers. Hence its name, "The Flower Ring."

A handsomer, perhaps, but less valuable, jewel is represented in Numbers 2 and 3. It has a sad history. It was given by the unfortunate Queen of Scots to her husband, Lord Darnley. On the bezel, or part that holds the stone, are the initials of the fiancées—H. (Henry) and M. (Mary). On the circle are cut the words "Henry L. Darnley" and "1563," the date of their marriage.

Figure 4 is a jewel that contrasts strangely with the preceding. It is the symbol formerly used in Jewish weddings. The material is gold, beautifully chased. The bezel represents the Temple of Jerusalem in miniature. Both parts of the ring are covered with Hebrew characters.

Original and curious is the ring, in mother-of-pearl, shown in Figure 5. This kind of jewel was fashionable in the middle ages. Their hollow tops, closing with springs, were secret hiding places for deadly poisons, to be used on the wearers themselves, or another, as circumstances might demand.

The "Schlag," or "Blow," Figure 6, is a massive ring made of copper. Its only ornaments are five sharp points rising high above the bezel. The style is ages old, but they are said to be still commonly known by the Bavarian peasants for attack or defense in their village broils.

### FEARED SHE LOOKED OLD.

Proffered Courtesy in Street Car Irritated Elderly Lady.

"Do I look so old?" asked a gentle-faced, elderly lady anxiously. Without waiting for a reply she continued: "You see I entered a crowded street car the other day. All the seats were occupied and I had to stand clinging for dear life to a strap. I had been shopping and was rather tired and I suppose that made me appear older than I really am—I'm only fifty-seven, you know! That's not what I call old! And I usually feel so young. Well, then, you can imagine how humiliated I felt when a woman who was, I declare, at least ten years my senior got up and offered me her seat.

"Pray keep your seat," I said hurriedly. "I don't mind standing in the least."

"You should have seen the look that old lady gave me. It made me feel I was a hundred years old. She took me gently by the arm, and actually forced me down into the seat, and then said to me in a sweet, kindly voice:

"My dear lady, if you were my mother do you suppose I would allow you to stand?"

"If I were her mother! She actually thought I was old enough to be her mother! Well, perhaps I'm on the

### Perilous Walk of Two Women.

A hazardous feat was performed by Mrs. John Ahl, wife of a pioneer who lives at the mouth of the Homi-Homi river, and a young woman from Boston.

The two were sightseeing up the Homi-Homi, and had arrived at the great waterfall at the foot of the upper canon. Seeing that a tree had fallen across the canon above the waterfall, making a rude bridge, and desiring to cross to the other side, the two climbed around the falls to the top of the canon and walked across the log.

The Boston girl took the lead and the log swayed dangerously as they crossed. The distance from the log to where the foaming waters beneath pitched over the precipice is between 300 and 350 feet. Both the women passed safely over, and did not realize, until later, that they were the first persons, so far as known, who had made the perilous trip, where a slip would mean instant death.

Since Mrs. Ahl and her companion made the trip the ranchers have been bantering one another to follow suit, but none has yet made the attempt.

—Tacoma News.

### A Servant Problem.

A woman in Baltimore recently lost two servants the same day. Remembering a girl whom a friend has recommended, a message was sent to her by the Baltimore woman. The girl immediately replied to the message in person and was engaged on the spot. When she was asked whether she could at once enter upon the duties of her new place she replied that she could do so, at the same time indicating her bag in the hall. "I fetched it along, mum," said she, "as I thought maybe you'd want me right away."

A week's trial proved the girl to be quite satisfactory. It was then that the mistress inquired:

"Maggie, do your people know where you are?"

"No, mum," was the answer. "Ye see, I came here at once."

"Won't they worry about you, not knowing where you are?"

"Well, mum," said the girl, "Mr. Clancy might be a trifle anxious, mum. That's me husband, mum."

French Architect for Cornell.

M. Prevot, one of the winners of the grand prix de Rome in the architectural competition at the Beaux Arts, Paris, this year, has accepted the position of professor of architecture at Cornell university.

# WITH THE VETERANS

The North Has My Heart.

"The land that lies eastward, the land that lies west, The northland, the southland, which lovest thou best?"

"To eastward, to westward, to southward I stray, But the north has my heart at the end of the way."

"Like a pearl is the east when the morn is begun, And the west is a rose at the set of the sun, And winsome the south is and golden all day— But the north has my heart at the end of the way."

"The east has her streams, and the west her white foam, And the south her bland welcome to spring tripping home— But the north has her mountains, and dearest are they, And the north has my heart, to the end of the way."

—William Watson in the Metropolitan.

### Reminiscences of Army Nurse.

"I was married four days after the first shot was fired in the civil war," said Mrs. Susannah D. Clark, one of the army nurses who attended the recent G. A. R. convention held in Boston.

Mrs. Clark was the first volunteer army nurse to receive a pension in this country, obtained by special act of Congress on June 21, 1890.

"You see, when the war broke out," said Mrs. Clark, "I didn't have any brothers to enlist, and my dear father was too old, as was also my husband, for he was just twice my age, I being then 25 years old. So you can imagine what a patriotic young person I was when I brought out my honeymoon to an abrupt end by announcing to my husband that I was going to the front as a nurse, for I was the only one who could represent our family, and I felt it was a time when each family should contribute at least one dear one to our glorious cause.

"So, bidding my husband and father good-bye, with the tears running down my cheeks, I left the old homestead, where I had spent so many of my girlhood days—perhaps never to return."

"I saw my first service during the battle of Bull Run, and later I was nurse during the battle of Gettysburg; but I saw most of my service in the city of Harrisburg, in the hospitals there, and you understand they didn't have hospitals then as they do now.

"I have had the honor of being a nurse in two wars, and it was during the Spanish-American war that Secretary Alger requested that a tent be set up for my own private use on the grounds where my two grandsons were confined in the Dennison hospital at Lexington, Ky.

"At one time during the civil war I took care of the wounded soldiers of the Corn Exchange militia of Philadelphia, of which Capt. Marshall of Company F was a member; and, the encampment being near our home, a number of the wounded were taken into our house. I remember that the captain himself was given my own room, and how we did have to hustle to keep the soldiers supplied with toast and coffee at their first returning signs of health!

"These wounded soldiers were cared for at my own expense, but I was only too glad to think I had the home and the means necessary for the purpose.

"During this convention I have met Rachel Harris, the only colored nurse who was present at the convention. Her history is an unusually interesting one.

"When the war broke out she was a slave, and she ran away from the plantation in Memphis, taking her two children with her, one child being then only 4 months old, the other 4 years of age.

"When she reached the union lines the soldiers took her children and cared for them and gave her a position as nurse in the hospital.

"A certain regiment, the name of which I have forgotten, adopted the little 4-months-old daughter of Rachel Harris (the boy had died soon after reaching the union lines), and the soldiers of this regiment have cared for the child ever since. She is now Mrs. Emily E. Woodley of New York.

"Now, don't you think I have talked enough for one time?" asked Mrs. Clark, as she shook hands, saying: "There are not many of us left to attend the conventions, but if the Lord spares my health I expect to be in Denver next year to attend the convention to be held there."

the little band, mowing them like grain before a sickle. Retreat was inevitable; the order was given, and the men dropped back down the hill. The recruit did not understand the order, but kept going straight ahead. Under the cover of smoke and guarded by Providence that seems sometimes to guard heroes on such occasions, he marched up behind a gun, grabbed the gunner and marched down the hill. Down in a little clump of trees the colonel was gathering the few men who were not lying dead on the hillside. Dumfounded at the appearance of the recruit and his prisoner, the colonel called out:

"Where the dickens did you get that man?"

"I got him on the top of the hill," come the reply, "and there is a gold-darned lot more of 'em if you're a mind to go after 'em!"—Collier's Weekly.

### Wounded in 48 Places.

One of the first Grand Army visitors to Boston for the encampment, says the Portland Advertiser, is a man who was left for dead two days on the battlefield of Gettysburg, carried in the dead wagon to the trench where the soldiers were buried, and for weeks hovered between life and death, apparently a doomed man. He is Capt. John F. Chase, of St. Petersburg, Fla., and while he has only one arm, one eye and a quarter of his old breathing capacity, he is still very much alive.

"They all know my story," said Capt. Chase, "wounded forty-eight times, left for dead and unconscious for five days, so torn and shattered by shot and shell the doctor could see through me, and with seven ounces of iron picked out of me, when they found to their amazement I might get well.

"I was in the Fifth Maine battery, and was one of the last men working the guns after our horses were all shot and most of our men dead. I did not get my medal from Congress for my small part in that battle, but for being one of the last two men to keep firing our last two guns, when the Fifth Maine battery was almost wiped out at the battle of Chancellorsville, just two months before the Confederates came near cooking my goose for me at Gettysburg. It was not their fault that they did not, for they sent enough cold lead and iron scraps into me to kill a dozen men; but the old man is still here. I don't see how I stay on living, with nearly all the rest of the boys gone, and I expect this to be my last convention; but I won't give up heart till I stop breathing for good.

"My first visit to Boston was on my way home from the war, after spending eight months in the hospital. The newspapers told how terribly I had been wounded, and while I was surprised and glad when they told me I would pull through, I had one bitter disappointment. I was only 19 years old then, but big and strong for my age, weighing 200 pounds before I was wounded, although I was a skeleton of 87 pounds when discharged.

"Before I went home I fixed up in Boston, got a false arm, a false eye, had my hair treated—for I had a fearful attack of erysipelas—and when I started for home I wasn't such a bad looking fellow after all. My sister had arranged a little reception, and my old friends were gathered to welcome me when I got home, and among them was my faithless sweetheart."

### Army Foot Race Recalled.

"Nothing," said the sergeant, "has reminded me more of the old army life than that foot race of the Russian and Japanese armies from Liaoyang northward. It was undoubtedly a very pretty race, as army races go in Asia, but it didn't compare with some of our races in Tennessee and Kentucky. Late in August, 1862, our division of Buell's army was on the extreme left beyond Altamont, to the east of McMinnville. We thought we had driven all the rebels south of the Tennessee river to stay, when we were ordered back.

"We marched in a deliberate way to Murfreesboro, with no thought of going beyond that town. Then we marched to Nashville sure we would stop there, and then, crossing the Cumberland, struck out at a gallop for the Ohio. One day we would march thirty miles, the next five, and the next twenty-five. So it went for four solid weeks, our division in that time covering a distance of 250 miles and no questions asked about short rations. We arrived at Louisville Sept. 29, ragged and dirty but full of fight.

"We met at Louisville many new regiments, fresh from camp, the men disposed to turn up their noses at Buell's ragamuffins. But when we started Oct. 1 after Bragg the seasoned fighters of the old regiments had the honors. Here was another foot race, our army trying to overtake Bragg's army in a chase to the mountains. This kept us going for three weeks, our division advancing to Wildcat mountain and London, beyond Crab Orchard. These two foot races covered two months, and when we were through we hadn't any shoes or clothes to speak of, but we were in other respects as good as new."—Chicago Inter Ocean.