CENTENNIAL OF OUR NAVY.

From the First Its History Has Been One of Brilliancy.

The United States navy completed its first hundred years of existence on Saturday, April 30, 1898, and it is a coincidence worthy of remark that the century ended as it began, with a country facing a foreign war.

As a matter of fact, it was the prospect of trouble with an alien people that called the navy into being. During the revolution, in which such captains as John Paul Jones and Esek Hopkins made the patriot cause redoubtable upon the seas, naval affairs were intrusted to a marine committee. The few public cruisers which remained after that costly conflict were sold, and when the Dey of Algiers began to prey upon American commerce, the infant nation was, for the moment, powerless to protect its own. This led Washington to urge the creation of a naval force; Congress in 1784 voted money to build six frigates, the Constitution, President, United States, Chesapeake, Constellation and Congress, and on April 30, 1798, the present department was formally created.

STEPHEN DECATUR.
Who recaptured the Philadelphia from Tripoli.

From the first the navy confirmed the wisdom of its creators. Early in 1799, the Constellation—we then had a little misunderstanding with France—fought and captured the Insurgent in West Indian waters, and late in 1803 a squadron of four vessels was sent to protect American rights and honor in the Mediterranean. The frigate Philadelphia, under Capt. Bainbridge, captured a Moorish privateer, but ran aground in the harbor of Tripoli, and the officers were made prisoners of war. Stephen Decatur, then a young lieutenant, proposed to the commander of the fleet to put a crew on board a Tripolitan ketch that had just been captured, enter the harbor at night, and rescue or burn the Philadelphia. This was done on Feb. 16, 1804. The tiny Tripolitan vessel stole quietly to the side of the captured frigate, and Decatur and his men recaptured her in ten minutes. But as it was impossible to move her, she was fired, and Decatur escaped into the open sea without the loss of a man.

JAMES LAWRENCE.
Who died shouting, "Don't give up the ship."

The navy's part in the war of 1812 was a glorious one. At the outset of that war Great Britain had 1,048 ships, carrying 27,800 guns and 151,572 officers and men. The United States, on the other hand, had but seventeen ships, carrying 442 guns and 5,025 officers and men. Yet at the end of the struggle, which lasted less than three years, the little American navy had for the time swept the British mercantile marine from the seas, capturing upwards of 1,500 vessels, on board of which were more than 20,000 British seamen.

This is a record without parallel, and it quickens the pulse to read how in its making the frigate Constitution, commanded in turn by Isaac Hull, William Bainbridge and "Old Ironsides" Stewart, captured the Guerriere and four other British men-of-war; how in the battle of Lake Erie Oliver Perry compelled the surrender, for the first time in history, of an entire British squadron, and Thomas McDonough won a victory not less decisive on Lake Champlain; how captains like Joshua Barney and Richard Dale came out successful from a dozen hard-fought battles, or David Porter, in the harbor of Valparaiso, fought the Essex against two British vessels for two hours and a half, and only surrendered when the frigate was burning under him, and finally, how when the British Shannon captured the Chesapeake, at the mouth of Boston harbor, James Lawrence, the American frigate's lion-hearted commander, died at his post, shouting which his last breath, "Don't give up the ship!" It is a chronicle that will live as long as the language in which it is written.

OLIVER PERRY.
The hero of Lake Erie.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Aim in Life.

Poultney Bigelow contributes to the Century an article on "Ten Years of Kaiser Wilhelm." Mr. Bigelow says: I have known few men so free from brag or hypocrisy as was this German prince when he ascended the imperial throne. On the Christmas immediately preceding the death of his father he wrote a letter to a friend three thousand miles away. I have no right to make this letter public, but shall be forgiven for this much: the writer dwelt earnestly upon the year that was closing, and particularly referred to the problems of the future, little dreaming that he was the one who would be called upon to assist in their solution. In this letter he confessed that the ambition of his life was to improve the condition of the working people, to reconcile the rasping conflict between those who have and those who have not, and, above all, to make the Christian religion a real thing. He went on jokingly to lament that some of our American millionaires did not see fit to leave him legacies for this purpose; for he was, he said, always hampered for want of necessary funds.

THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS."

English Writers.

In the Century Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of "Quo Vadis," has a paper entitled "An Acquaintance with Sienkiewicz." Mr. Curtin says: Sienkiewicz expressed himself at some length on English literature and art. I give his own words:

"Of English novelists I like Dickens best. His 'David Copperfield' seems to me nearer genuine human nature than any other English production of the century. Dickens derived immense pleasure from the people whom he described; he had a true and vivid appreciation of unusual characters. In literature Shakspeare stands apart. His knowledge of man seems to me almost superhuman. I am amazed at his insight and truthful vision, especially when I compare him with other writers. Scott had a power of narration that was really phenomenal, but there is much in his novels that is not true; not infrequently he ornamented in his own way—beautified, as he thought. His account of the chivalry and knighthood of the middle ages does not correspond at all with reality. Still, he was a wonderful writer. Thackeray was a great novelist, but to me he has always seemed enthralled more or less by society, mastered by it in a degree, hence injured as an artist. Tennyson used beautiful language, but he was artificial; he was the poet, not of humanity, but of a class, and devotion to a class always enfeebles an author. Of recent Englishmen, Kipling stands alone as a writer of short stories. Du Maurier was very much of an artist by nature. In 'Trilby' his description of Parisian artist life is fine; but the book, though entertaining, is too fantastic; the end especially is unreal beyond measure, as is, of course, the hypnotism. Rider Haggard I know to the extent of one novel, 'She,' which I read in Eastern Africa. Though very extensive, English literature is weak in one kind of mental creation, in which it is not likely to be strengthened—the fable. In this field the Russians have surpassed all Europe; their Kryloff is the greatest fabulist of modern times."

SPANISH PUNCTILIO.

Amusing Phase of Castilian Character Exhibited by a Cabinet Crisis.

The Cabinet crisis which took place in Spian in 1888 exhibits an amusing phase of Spanish character. The ministerial crisis had existed almost a year, when the resignation of the Cabinet took place as the result of a trivial question of military etiquette. The Queen had left Madrid for an excursion to Valencia, which the Minister of Justice insisted on her making, according to the published arrangement, lest the postponement should be construed as a sign of fear of the Zorillist republicans, who had convoked a mass meeting in the same city. The Infanta Isabel, who was left to represent her, decided to take a journey also, and informed General Martinez Campos that her sister, the Infanta Eulalie, would give out the military watchword. The military governor of Madrid replied that the married infanta was not legally competent to perform that office, and that it was impossible, according to military rules, for him to receive the parole from her husband, Prince Antonio, Duc de Montpensier, who was only a captain in rank. The Minister of War, who was not on good terms with the captain general, sent a brusque telegram ordering him to receive the password from the Princess Eulalie, whereupon General Campos offered his resignation. All attempts to settle the quarrel failed, and, as a majority of the Cabinet sided with the captain general, General Cassola and the ministers who had supported his view resigned their portfolios. Senor Sagasta handed in the resignation of the entire Cabinet to the Queen Regent, but subsequently, upon the later's request, formed a new ministry.

Tallest of Trees.

In New South Wales, Victoria and Tasmania grows a species of gum-tree—Eucalyptus amygdalina is its scientific name—which, Sir F. von Mueller says, probably represents "the tallest of all trees of the globe." The loftiest specimen of this tree yet measured towers to the height of 471 feet. A prostrate tree, measured in Victoria, was 420 feet long, and the distance from the roots to the lowest branch was 295 feet. At that point the trunk was four feet in diameter, and 369 feet from the butt the diameter was still three feet. The wood of this tree is hard and of good quality, it grows quickly, and yields a great quantity of volatile oil from its leaves, which are very abundant.

A Tart Inscription.

Great Barrington's free public library appears to be under obligations to one of her summer residents in the person of Justice Gaynor of Brooklyn. It has received a copy of the Bible with the following inscription on the fly-leaf, signed by Judge Gaynor: "I have visited many libraries which lacked many books, but only one library which lacked The Book and to that one I send this."

Italians and Military Service.

Out of every 100 young men called out for military service in Italy in 1895, 52 were refused for physical unfitness or other reasons.

When a man kisses a girl against her will, he doesn't get anything worth fighting for.

DEWEY FIGURES IN IT.

Anecdote Showing the Bravery of American Seamen in Danger.

Capt. Isaiah H. Grant, keeper of the United States lighthouse department storehouse on Central Wharf, recalls an interesting anecdote that is particularly appropriate at this time, and goes to show the stuff of which the American navy is composed. Captain Grant is a brother of William G. Grant, the keeper of the light on Matinicus Rock, and of the later tells this story:

It was back in 1864, and Commodore Dewey was then executive officer on board the United States vessel Colorado. William Grant was a seaman on the same ship, and is naturally well posted as to our gallant commodore's fighting qualities. The Colorado was steaming into Hampton Roads, Va., towing a large boatload of sailors, relates the Portland (Me.) Express.

It was a windy day and the waves were running high. In some manner the boat capsized, and in a moment every one was struggling in the water. All but one, however, succeeded in getting on its bottom. One sailor who could not swim sank to the bottom. A boat was at once lowered from the Colorado, William Grant being one of the men assigned to it.

The men rowed with a will, and soon reached the overturned boat and the sailors clinging to its bottom. They had so much headway that the boat shot over the place where the unfortunate went down. Mr. Grant was in the bow keeping a sharp lookout for him when he came to the surface. As the boat moved along he looked down into the water, which was clear, and plainly saw the man near the surface. Like a flash, he scrambled to the stern of the boat, and, without hesitating a second, dived over the coxswain's head for the drowning man. He calculated just right, and in a moment had him by the collar and succeeded in bringing him to the surface. Both men were taken into the boat, and after hard work the half-drowned sailor was revived. He owed his life to Mr. Grant's bravery and prompt action.

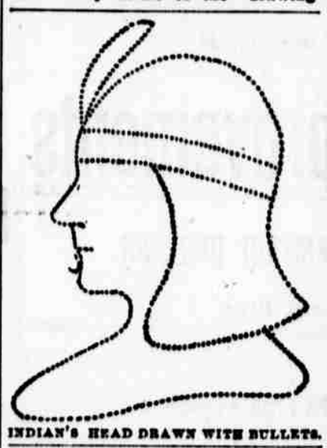
The next day Dewey, as executive officer, called Mr. Grant up on to the quarterdeck, and before every one thanked him cordially for his bravery in rescuing the sailor.

A few years ago when Dewey, then commodore, visited the Maine coast and called upon Mr. Grant at Matinicus, the incident was recalled, and a long talk was enjoyed by the men. Commodore Dewey recalled the matter instantly and again complimented Mr. Grant.

AN ASTONISHING FEAT.

At a Distance of 20 Feet a Young Rifle Shot Does Marvelous Shooting.

Adolph Toepperwein, San Antonio's marvelous young rifle shot, has just performed another of his astonishing feats. The accompanying cut shows what manner of feat it was. With a 22-caliber rifle he stood at a distance of twenty feet from a double thickness of heavy paper, about three feet long by two wide, and shot on it the outlines of an Indian's head. It took exactly 152 shots to do the trick. It was free-hand drawing, as the figure was not traced on the paper beforehand. This made the feat especially difficult, as "Tep" had to place every shot with reference to where its predecessor had gone and where all the following shots were to go. In other words, he had to have every detail of the "drawing"



INDIAN'S HEAD DRAWN WITH BULLETS.

planned out and constantly in his mind's eye while he was shooting. One shot fired a fraction of an inch wild would have spoiled the whole picture.

Names Assumed by Royalty.

When traveling, Queen Victoria is the Countess of Balmoral, and can be recognized officially only by that title. Leopold II. of Belgium went to Paris as the Count of Ravenstein and returned to Brussels under the same name. The Prince of Wales has never been in Paris; it is the Earl of Chester who is the hero of all the naughty adventures ascribed to Albert Edward. The Empress Frederick is the Countess Lingen. The Empress of Austria calls herself the Countess of Hohenembs; the Empress Eugenie, Countesse de Pierreponds, the mediaeval stronghold which she had restored. If you meet the Countess of Toledo on your travels, you will know that she is Isabella II., once queen of Spain; the Duchess of Castro is ex-Queen Sophie of the Two Sicilies; the Count of Barcellos is King Carlos of Portugal, and his wife, Queen Amelie, is Marquesa de Villacosa; Prince Victor Bonaparte calls himself Count of Montcallere; Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Count Murany; the Swedish crown prince, Count Carlsborg. In spite of these assumed names, those who come in contact with these royal travelers are expected to treat them as though the incognito did not exist.

Fire Insurance in Canada.

According to the Statistical Year Book published by the Canadian Government, in the twenty-seven years from January 1, 1869, to December 31, 1895, the people of Canada paid to the fire insurance companies of Great Britain, Canada and the United States $126,047,254 in premiums. During the same period the insurance companies returned to the people the snug sum of $86,958,343 for fire losses. In other words, the companies' profits from their Canadian business in twenty-seven years amount to $40,093,911, or nearly a million and a half of dollars every year.

When you are complimented, does it ever occur to you that it is flattery?

MANILA OFTEN SHAKEN.

Dewey's Town Several Times Nearly Destroyed by Earthquakes.

The Philippine islands lie along the great belt of volcanic activity which extends from Japan to the Moluccas, says the Scientific American. Earthquakes, the usual accompaniment of volcanic activity, are too common to the Philippines to be remarkable, unless they tumble one's house about his ears. The light, basket-like dwellings of the natives, perched upon posts, sway about like cradles during these strange movements of the earth, and are often thrown out of perpendicular, but are rarely destroyed. The stone buildings of the Spanish, though usually built of light volcanic rock, or of coral, and with thick walls and low stories and projecting buttresses, to protect them from earthquakes, are frequently thrown down. Spanish Manila, the old walled town, the only city in the archipelago built of stone, has suffered most, and some of the streets are still blocked by the ruins of the great earthquake of 1880. In 1863 the city was nearly destroyed, and at frequent intervals since its foundation it has suffered loss of life and property. The Church of San Augustine was damaged badly in 1872.

STILL SHOWS ITS INJURY.

GEORGIA'S BIG BARREL.

It Has Two Stories, and Is Used as a Barroom.

The largest barrel in Georgia is located at Baldwin, a small town on the Southern Railway. Baldwin is just inside the Banks County line, which is a wet county, and, therefore, this large barrel is used as a bar-room and is known all over this section as "The Barrel." Its size is twenty-two feet long and sixteen feet in diameter, and if used as a barrel proper would hold about 40,000 gallons. It is so constructed as to have a first and a second story, but the second story has not yet been completed.

Mr. Henry Egli, one of the builders of this barrel, planned and designed it himself, and says that he thought of it seven or eight years ago, but had never had any inducement to build it, and when the town of Baldwin gave him two central lots 50x75 feet each to build it in their town he then, with this as an inducement, began the work and erected the barrel on one of these lots. He is the owner of the barrel, but not of the saloon. Mr. Egli has inherited the trade of a cooper, his father before him belonging to this class of workmen. He has built quite a number of very large tubs and barrels all over that part of the State.

THE BARREL BARROOM.

Gipsy Dancing Girls of Seville.

In the Century Stephen Bonsal writes of "Holy Week in Seville." Mr. Bonsal says: On returning homeward we enter a gipsy garden, where, in bowers of jasmine and honeysuckle, the Gaditan dancing-girls disport themselves as they did in the days of the poet Martial. Pentheluea is as graceful and as lissome to-day as when, in the ages gone, she captured Pompey with her subtle dance—as when Martial descanted upon her beauties and graces in classic words centuries ago. The hotel-keepers in Seville are generally very careful to introduce their patrons only to gardens where the Bowdlerized editions of the dance are performed; but I commend to those who think they can "sit it out" the archaic versions which are danced naturally to-day, as they were in the days of the Caesars, by light-limbed enchainers of hearts, and flamenca girls with brown skins and cheeks that are soft like the side of the peach which is turned to the ripening sun; and in their dark, lustrous eyes you read as plain as print the story of the sorrows and the joys of a thousand years of living. Now they dance about with the grace of houris, the abandon of maenads or of nymphs before Actaeon peeped; and now, when the dance is over, the moment of madness past, they cover their feet with shawls, that you may not see how dainty they are, and withdraw sedately and sad from the merry circle, and sit for hours under the banana trees, crooning softly some mournful couplet in the crooked gipsy tongue.

Hissing.

Hissing and applause in theaters began some time during the seventeenth century. "As the mediaeval plays in France," declares one writer, "were organized by the church, applause was forbidden, and in 1680, when a play by Fontenelle was produced, hissing was heard for the first time. The claque is said to have come into existence in France as early as the eighteenth century, when the number of comedians increased, and actors felt more and more the need of applause. In order to make it certain, the claque was hired. There was a rebellion against the claque almost as soon as the custom was first introduced, and its condemnation has been constant ever since. But the institution still survives in France."

Paper Teeth Being Made.

Paper teeth are made by a dentist in Lubeck, Germany. One of his patrons has a set which has been in use for thirteen years, and gives complete satisfaction.

The man who is employed by his wife's father doesn't worry about losing his job.

Spanish Barbarity.

The deadly work at Manila was generally performed in the cool of the morning. That these events were fully appreciated was shown by the presence on the Lunetta of thousands of people. Hundreds of fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen "graced" the occasion with their presence. For the most part the fashionables came in their equipages. These ladies would stand in their vehicles, determined not to miss any part of the ghastly show. The signal from the commanding lieutenant that the victims were dead was the signal for these delighted lady spectators to wave their handkerchiefs and parasols as evidence of their satisfaction.

As a general thing these were frightfully gruesome affairs. There was a firing squad of five for each unfortunate. This squad of executioners would be stationed about ten paces immediately to the rear of their human target. In most instances the soldiers constituting the firing squad were natives. They were secretly in favor of the rebellion, and no member of the squad cared to fire the fatal shot. Consequently each man would aim for the arm or leg. This, of course, only added to the horror of the affair. There was one occasion when thirteen leading members of the secret revolutionary society, the Catapunan, were executed. There was not a single instance at this execution where the unfortunate was killed by the first volley. In a majority of cases three or four volleys were required, and in one instance five volleys were fired before the surgeon declared the man dead. The announcement that all were dead was the signal for music by the band—gay, triumphal music.—Review of Reviews.

She Had Not Gone to Heaven.

The Sunday school teacher had reached a point in the lesson where she was dwelling upon the future reward of those who behaved properly here when the audacious small boy, who frequents most Sunday schools, spoke up and asked if all good people went to heaven. "Certainly," replied his teacher. "Well, has my grandmother gone to heaven?" persisted the youngster. "Surely she has, my boy, if she was a good woman." "No, she hasn't," declared the fun-loving youngster, "there she is over there!" The teacher turned to other phases of the lesson.—The Congregationalist.