

SPERRY TAKES COMMAND

Will Take the Battleship Fleet Around the World.

IS AN ABLE OFFICER

In the Spanish War He Missed the Glory but Not the Hard Work—A Quiet Mathematician Who Has Been in the Navy Forty-Six Years. A Romantic Start.

Do I know Sperry? Let me see I entered the service in '62; that was forty-six years ago. If that computation is right, I have known Sperry forty-five years and have known him intimately some forty-odd, says E. W. Very, a retired officer of the United States Navy. You want to know what kind of a commander-in-chief he is going to make. In so far as the fleet is concerned, I can say without hesitation, that precisely as Evans has reported from Magdalena Bay that the fleet is in better shape than it was when it left Hampton Roads, so Sperry will be able to show to an inspection board when the ships anchor there again.

His start in active service was as romantic as the start of a harrowing dime novel, although I never could persuade him to view it in that light. He started for the China station on the corvette Sacramento and they got along all right until somewhere near the mouth of the Hooghly River on the way to Calcutta, when the



CHAS. S. SPERRY.

Ship went ashore at night in a fog and was a total wreck. No lives were lost and no clothes were saved, so all hands came home rich only in experience. If I were commissioned to write Sperry's biography, I could no doubt rake up lots of such material of harrowing interest to the people who pass their lives at home, but in order to be truthful I would have to get my detailed facts from the fountain-head, and right there is where I should meet with defeat, for the reason that all such episodes would appear to him too commonplace to be worth even relating.

Sperry is phlegmatic. I doubt if he took his shipwreck any more seriously than a person would who stepped in a mud puddle. It was all over as soon as his pajamas got dry. Appearances are always deceptive, and the matter-of-fact air may come from absolute vacuity of mind, but such an accusation can hardly be laid at his door. His innate mathematical talent sent him repeatedly to the Naval Academy as an instructor in higher mathematics. Only the best talent in the service would ever be picked for president of the Naval War College, and he served in that capacity for three years, relinquishing it to go as the naval member of the Hague Conference.

He missed the glory of the Spanish war, but he by no means missed the hard work of it, for as ordnance officer of the New York navy yard he had anything but a sinecure. There was scarcely a day for more than six months then that at least a dozen of the purchased yachts were not at the docks to be armed and started off in a hurry, but not a mistake must be made.

I saw Sperry at his work often in those days, and it was a joy to the spirit to see the machine work. There was a tangle in the thread every five minutes but it came straight in a moment and without a stop in the regular motion of the shuttle. He is going to handle the fleet of battleships in exactly the same way. It is not merely a matter of navigating some twenty odd vessels in company. There is the comfort, the well-being, the training, and the steady enthusiasm of fifteen thousand people to be maintained. It takes a steady hand at the wheel and solid sense unaffected by what is called the excited position to carry the cruise to a successful finish. Trust Sperry.

He will increase the fleet's efficiency beyond the slightest doubt. He knows the business of naval work of to-day; all through his life, come good or come ill, he has not only had the faculty but as shown in his work, he has exercised it to the full of keeping up with the times, and making use of experience in the most effective way; and under all circumstances doing his work with the ease and steadiness of the trained athlete.

Laughter in Peru is considered effeminate.

PILGRIMS DRANK NO TEA.

Therefore No Teapots Came Over in the Mayflower.

It may be trusted that no lineal descendant of the Pilgrims would, and no other person foolishly should, ever claim to have or to have seen a teapot that came over in the Mayflower. Whatever articles in whatever number may be treasured as parts of the sacred cargo that was landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620, relic hunters may rest in the assurance that no rival owns a teapot of Mayflower descent, says the Boston Globe.

The explanation is simple. When the Mayflower sailed for America an ounce of tea was rare enough to have made up a fitting gift for royalty. Yet forty years later the wealthy and fashionable people of England were fairly familiar with tea which the East India Company had first brought into the country, and four years later it was on sale in the coffeehouses, at which time a pound might be purchased for the moderate sum of 60 shillings.

Only 25 years later tea was on sale in Boston, and soon after there were two tea houses besides those kept by Daniel Vernon and Benjamin Harris. In the first decade of the eighteenth century it could be bought from Zabdiel Bolton at his apothecary shop.

Today the coffeehouses of 100 years ago in London are in reality tea houses. In England were made the first teapots of pottery. Later the most delicate creations in porcelain appeared, but as tea became popular the art of the teapot maker was less exclusively refined.

Do Hornets Keep Guard?

Is a hornet's nest guarded by sentinels after the manner of ant hills? It is not so easy to decide, for their private habits do not invite familiar approach. But some experiments seemed to point that way. No noises, however near or strident, had the least effect upon the workers. Blow on divers instruments as loudly and shrilly as I would, they poured in and out of the gate or labored on the walls, intent wholly upon their own affairs. But at the slightest jar upon the window or shutter, out flew a bevy of irate insects and flung themselves against the wire window screen with an angry "bump" that showed how good was their intention, at least, to defend their home. It was always so; a squad of workers, free and ready for aggressive duty, seemed to be lurking near the gate promptly to sally forth upon alarm.

Even at night a few kept near by, and although their port had lost its vicious swing and they moved about with sluggish pace like sleepy watchmen, as doubtless they were, they left upon the observer the impression that they were upon sentinel service in which the community was never lacking.—Dr H. C. McCook in Harper's Magazine.

A Skunk Story.

The hunter in question was coon hunting on a very dark night. His dog was worrying some animal in the bushes, and he went to see what it was. The bushes being very thick, before he realized it, he was close up with the dog, who was harking around a skunk and he received a charge from the animal full in the face. A portion of the fluid entering his eyes, caused him the greatest agony for about ten minutes, and he firmly believed that he would never see again. This wore away and now comes the strange part of the story.

As I said the night was very dark and the men were all carrying lanterns, but the hunter could see quite clearly at twilight. The effect appeared to be to dilate the pupil of the eye like atropine. This condition lasted through the greater part of the rest of the night, and enabled him to travel without a light and see clearly across the valley to the opposite hills.

I do not remember to have seen it ever stated that an accident of this kind produced such an effect on the human eye.—Forrest and Stream.

The Cautious Reporter.

"Young man," said the editor to the new reporter, "you lack caution. You must learn never to state a thing as a fact until it has been proved a fact. You are apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'The cashier stole the funds;' say, 'The cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all.—Oh, get something about that First ward social tonight."

The next day half way down the social column, the editor saw the following cautious paragraph.

"It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the First ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 11.30 in the evening. The alleged hostess is believed to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'high-priced grocer.'—Success Magazine.

Tired Wires.

Metals get tired as well as living things, a scientist declares. Telegraph wires are better conductors on Monday than Saturday on account of their Sunday rest, and a rest of three weeks adds ten per cent to the conductivity of a wire.

When He Asks for Her.

One of the mockeries of life is how surprised a girl's family always seems when a fellow asks for her hand after they have arranged it.

BRITISH NAVY MYSTERY.

Traditions Regarding the Death of Sir Cloudeley Shovel.

Of the almost complete wreck of a squadron under Sir Cloudeley Shovel on the rocks off the Scilly Isles, together with the death of its gallant commander, the greatest seaman of the age, a number of curious traditions are associated both with the events leading up to the catastrophe and the fate of the celebrated Admiral.

The outstanding feature of the catastrophe is the mystery of Shovel's death, which will probably never be solved, and the latter turns upon the Admiral's emerald ring. One story goes that the body was picked up from the shore by a soldier and his wife, and buried by them on Porth Hellick sands. A spot is still shown at Porth Hellick as being the burial place of the Admiral, and according to tradition grass has never grown upon it. Subsequently the identity of the corpse was discovered. The remains were exhumed and conveyed to London, via Plymouth, where they were embalmed. Lady Shovel rewarded the soldier with a pension for life, and received from him the ring found on Sir Cloudeley's finger.

Another story is that Paxton, the purser of the Arundel, discovered two St. Mary men quarrelling over the possession of the ring. He at once recognized it as Shovel's ring, and inquired from which body it had been taken and when that was found he knew and claimed the body. Lastly, there is the startling narrative of foul play, viz., that many years after the wreck an aged woman confessed to the parish minister on her death bed that, exhausted with fatigue, one man, who had been washed ashore on a hatch, reached her hut, and that she had murdered him to secure the valuable property on his person. She then produced a splendid emerald ring, taken from the finger of her victim, and identified as the gift of Lord Berkeley to Shovel.

The responsibility for this story rests upon the Admiral's grandson, the Earl of Romney. Modern research reports rather in favor of the murder theory. The ring was eventually recovered, and altered into the form of a locket and set with diamonds. It is a precious relic of the Berkeley family.

The theory as to how it passed into the possession of the family of the original donor is that Lady Shovel received it from the murderess as stated and bequeathed it at her death to Lord Berkeley. Several old works of reference contain the baseless story that Lady Shovel was aboard the Association and was drowned along with her husband. By the way, her ladyship's ghost is supposed to walk at midnight in the avenue of May Place, Dartford, Kent, once the home of the Shovels.

Tabulated Wedded Life.

If any of the 100 residents of Chicago recently invited to an anniversary party on November 7 hesitate to accept it will not be because they are un supplied with information on the condition of servitude, past and present, of the hosts.

Frank Baum, well known to the young citizens as Father Goose, and Mrs. Baum will celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, for which they have issued invitations in booklet form. It contains, in addition to the information that the party is going to be a record of the marriage life of the hosts, which is excellent.

The marriage certificate is reproduced in full, signed by the 162 guests at the wedding, and is re-enforced by the following record of their married life:

Resided in Syracuse, N. Y., Aberdeen, S. Dak., and Chicago—the latter for sixteen years. Raised four boys, smart as the average. Quarreled just a few. Wife in tears three times. (a) When cat died. (b) When bonnet was spoiled. (c) When she had sore toe. Husband swore 167 times. Wife swore none. The swearing of the husband is accounted for on the grounds that he was notary public for four years. Causes of jealousy—none. Broke occasionally. Bent often. Unhappy none. Future prospects good.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Honor Among Thieves."

I have often been asked as to whether "honor among thieves" is fact or fiction. The question is not easy to answer. In the first place, honor is a relative term, its interpretation, so it seems to me, depending on place, person and circumstance.

Those caustics of the cynical sort who affirm that all human motive is based on selfishness, will hardly except the attribute in question from their generalization.

However open to criticism this same generalization is as far as it applies to the average citizen, I am certainly inclined to accept it where the crook is concerned. The business of attaching to yourself things that don't belong to you, is plainly of a very selfish nature.

It has its inception as well as its execution in a desire to get as much possible pleasure with as little possible trouble as may be, and that, too, while ignoring the incidental rights of anybody and everybody; this statement, as I take it, is a pretty fair definition of selfishness of any and every description.—Success Magazine.

TRAITS OF WILD BEASTS.

Veteran Trainer Says They Are Much Like Human Beings.

Some one said once that the more he saw of Jogs the lower opinion he had of men. After thirty odd years with pretty nearly every quadruped that ever has been in captivity, says George Conklin of the Barnum and Bailey Circus, I'd change that saying a bit. I'd say, "The more I see of men, the better I understand animals," for in every way the four-footed beasts have the traits and are moved by the same passions that move their two-footed brethren.

Love, hate, fear, courage, treachery, viciousness, jealousy, anger, selfishness, generosity, greed, self-sacrifice, every passion of which men are capable, the animals have thought of course, they are intensified.

No matter how good tempered an animal may be, no matter how placid, how tractable, he is liable at any moment to change to a dangerous, bloodthirsty creature, intent only on slaying his trainer. In the very tractability of an animal lies the greatest danger to the trainer. It makes him careless. The watchfulness which he will use with an animal of which he is uncertain is allowed to lapse, and it is that moment of carelessness for which the animal is ever on the alert. To such lapses are due 95 per cent of the accidents and attacks on animal trainers.

A lion will work himself up into a frenzy of rage through jealousy. There is one trainer I know who was almost killed by a lioness who was jealous, not of another animal, but of a woman. The trainer was in the cage at the time, when he saw his daughter outside the cage. He smiled at her and the lioness saw it. In a moment she changed. Her docility changed to fury and she sprang at him. He was terribly torn before he was dragged out of the cage.

Animals get used to strangers looking at them from outside the cage, but a stranger inside the cage would have little show of escaping with his life. Even experienced trainers hesitate about entering a cage until they get the beast used to seeing them and to hear their voices.

Animals will nurse a grudge for years and wait for an opportunity to have revenge for some real or fancied ill treatment by man or mate. This is particularly true of elephants. We had a helper once—it was fifteen years ago—who used to tease Jug, an old bull, on every chance he got. The man was with the show only one season. Ten years later that man was nearly killed by Jug in a little town in the West, where the man lived and the show visited. The animal remembered his old enemy and reached out from the street parade, seized the man and badly crushed him.

The most treacherous animals are the leopards and jaguars. You hear people, particularly women, call them "poor pussy" as they lie blinking and purring. Let them get close and they would find that "pussy" would scratch. Their slyness and cunning are wonderful, and they will spring at their trainer the instant his back is turned.

No two animals are the same. They have individualities and characteristics like people. Lions particularly, are like men. They are slow to anger, but when their temper is aroused, they are furious.

For children elephants often form a strong attachment. They take instinctively to some people, while for others they always hold bitter animosity.

All this talk about the power of the human eye is tommyrot. It's nerve, pure and simple, that makes a man a trainer. Let a trainer Jose it only for a moment, and the animals instinctively feel it and attack him.

An animal knows when you're afraid of him, and he'll take advantage of your fear. The only thing he respects is pain, and the truest friend a trainer has is a heavy rawhide whip, with one end loaded with lead.

Building Walls With Bags.

The practice of constructing breakwaters and submerged parts of piers with concrete inclosed in bags has been largely developed in Scotland. The concrete is prepared as near as possible to the place where it is to be used. It is inclosed in bags to protect it temporarily from the effects of contact with the sea water while it is lowered into place. The bags are placed in a box suspended directly over the spot where they are to lie. The touching of a trigger opens the box and allows a bag to drop out. A line of bags having been deposited, the longer axis of each bag in the next series is so arranged that the meeting edges of two of the bags in the lower row will be covered. Thus a regular wall is built up and as the concrete hardens it becomes solid and immovable.—Youth's Companion.

Married One Hundred Years.

From Vienna comes the story of an aged couple who have been married one hundred years. They live in the Hungarian village of Isonbolg. The husband is said to be 120 years old and his wife 116. They have no fewer than 712 descendants. The old couple live in a modest cottage; they are almost blind and spend most of their time sleeping. The patriarch can still smoke his pipe, however, and from time to time he drinks a glass of wine. The couple have never seen a railway train.

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HOME COOKING.

Clam Toast.

Chop two dozen small clams into small pieces; simmer a few minutes; beat the yolks of 2 eggs; add a little cayenne and a gill of warmed milk; pour into the clams; let come to the point of simmering; pour over buttered toast and serve. Very nice.

Bean Rabbit.

Heat 2 tablespoons of butter in a sauce pan and add a cup of cold baked beans which have been put through a vegetable press. If any bits of cold salt pork are left they may be put through with the beans. Season with salt and paprika; when heated through add 1/4 cup of hot milk; mix thoroughly and add small cup soft cheese cut fine and a spoonful of catsup or Worcestershire sauce. Stir until the cheese melts and pour over buttered crackers or toast.

Butterfly Brooches.

Since the advent of the millionaire age, wherein everybody who is anybody can wear diamonds and pearls galore, it seems to be the aim of women of cultivated taste to choose their ornaments among things slightly out of the ordinary. With some the collecting of antique jewelry is pursued to an extreme, and these women are loaded down with barbaric chains and bracelets. Many women now wear only the jewelry of a certain period, notably that of Marie Antoinette.

An English woman of distinction has shown considerable originality in wearing exclusively as ornaments butterflies done in enamel. For many years she has been a collector of rare and beautiful specimens of butterflies that are native in various countries, their brilliant colors and often fantastic markings being a source of constant pleasure to her. One day the idea came to her to send one of her specimens, a wonder in the world of science, to an enameleur in London, reputed to be the best artist of his kind in Europe, says The New York Herald. He then made in enamel, a fac-simile of the butterfly, with marvelous fidelity to its shape and coloring. Even the transparent quality of the insect's wings were effectively simulated. It was mounted on gold and in a way that by pinching the wings together allowed the sharp claws underneath to fasten themselves to whatever materials they were placed upon. As the wings rebounded the butterfly was held in place.

Absent-Minded Beggars.

"You see a lot of absent-minded men around a barber shop," remarked the barber, with the bristly hair as he shaved one more little gob of lather into the customer's mouth. "You'd be surprised at the number of people who come in here and make preparations to go to bed," he continued. "No, they don't take this place for a hotel. It ain't that. Here's how it happens: A man will come in and take off his coat and collar and necktie, preparatory to getting shaved or having his hair cut. Then when he sees himself in the glass he looks so much like a man about to retire for the night, that about half the time he will go ahead and wind his watch. A few of the more absent-minded ones may start to undo their suspenders before they remember that they aren't going to bed at all. But scores of them wind their watches just as they do at night. That much of it is a common occurrence."

Iron Clad Trees.

Old Fraud Being Worked on Farmers of State.

State Economic Zoologist Surface recently received word of the arrest in Tioga county of a tree salesman, who is alleged to have victimized farmers by saying that he had for sale "iron clad" trees or sapling trees, grafted on oak and warranted to withstand the attacks of pests. Although an old one, this is the first time such a fraud has ever been tried in Pennsylvania. Dr. Surface issued notice that owing to the cool weather the season in which trees could safely be sprayed for San Jose scale could be prolonged. "Fruit growers can spray safely until the first flowers open," said he. "It would not be well to do anything after that."

It is only a few years since butter was unknown in China and even the milk from the cows could not be purchased.

But recently Chinese restaurants have taken to the serving of "European style dinners" and the better class of Chinese are becoming large consumers of butter and other European luxuries.

A childless home is a cheerless home.

The maternal instinct exists in every woman, and when it is ungratified she is deprived of much of the happiness of life. It often happens that childlessness is due to some cause which can be removed, and often is removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The vigor and vitality which this remedy imparts to the delicate womanly organs, puts them in a condition of normal health, the lack of which is often the sole obstruction to maternity. Every woman should read Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book containing 1908 pages and 700 illustrations. It is sent entirely free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 cent stamps for the paper bound volume, or 51 stamps for cloth covered. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, 693 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Guest—"It's awfully stupid here. Can't you rattle up a little excitement?" Summer Hotel Proprietor—"I might let you have your bill."

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