

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

We'll sail away by morning,
At the day's first dawn of light,
When the guns are loudly booming
And we're stripp'd to win the fight.
So cheer up, my own sweet dove,
Let not grief thy beauty stain;
As a proof of faithful love,
Wear this gem and golden chain.
Then farewell to home and wife,
I go where my duty guides;
'Tis a proud and gallant life,
The mate of a sailor's bride.

If I should fall, my darling,
'Neath the foeman's deadly hand,
Remember I died fighting
For freedom's glorious land,
So chase away all sorrow
While the merry bugles play,
Though darkness veils to-morrow,
The light will come next day.
Then farewell to home and wife
I go where duty guides;
'Tis a proud and gallant life,
The mate of a sailor's bride.

Ruining the Gauntlet.

I found myself, a few years ago, in a port on the west coast of South America during one of those revolutions which seem so characteristic of the South American republics. I was then an assistant engineer on the United States cruiser San Francisco. The port was still in the hands of the forces of the recognized government; but the revolutionists had been making recent gains in places not far away, and our admiral, in order to protect American interests, had brought his little fleet, consisting of the San Francisco, the Baltimore and the Pensacola, into the harbor. English, French and German men of war were also present.

The city lies on the shore of a broad, deep bay. Across the harbor lies a summer resort, once very popular, but at the time of which I write little frequented.

The distance from the city to the summer resort is only four or five miles in a direct line, but twice as far around the coast of the bay. A railroad connected the two places and it is of a remarkable ride that I took on a locomotive over this road that I wish to tell.

I had a considerable leisure while we were in port, and as I wished to acquire a knowledge of the Spanish language, I spent as much time as possible ashore, mingling with the inhabitants and soldiers, noting their accent and idioms. Among the men whose acquaintance I made in this way was William McDougal, better known as "Scotty," a grizzled, hard-headed, muscular and well-preserved Scotchman, who, although he had been in the country twenty years, still spoke Spanish badly. He was engineer in charge of one of the locomotives running between the harbor and the old summer resort.

I had frequently ridden with him on his engine, and had derived considerable amusement from his gruff talk and the picturesque vituperation he showered upon his native fireman, who, however, understood not a word of it all.

For several weeks there had been a daily fright on shore over the expected attack by the revolutionary fleet, which was known to be only sixty miles away. The troops were drilling, and a gun had been mounted on a point commanding the harbor. To restore public confidence, the government officials decided upon a grand review of the troops, to be held at the old summer resort, and on the appointed day I rode over there from the port with Scotty, his engine slowly pulling a long train of flat cars crowded with soldiers.

The men were good looking fellows, well uniformed, the very flower of the government army, many of them being veterans of an earlier war. I remarked to Scotty that they should make a good fight.

"A good fight, d'ye say?" replied Scotty. "Ye dinna ken the cattle. If the Donna Maria shows her nose around yon point." Indicating the northern entrance of the bay, "there'll be a great scattering."

The Donna Maria as well as nearly all the other vessels of the republic, was in the possession of the revolutionary party.

After the review in the afternoon was over I hurried back to the station, and caught Scotty's engine just as it was starting back to the port with the first train-load of returning troops.

On the engine was a government colonel and some of the field officers of his regiment. I was in civilian clothing, and as I swung up into the gangway, the colonel, in a pompous and bombastic manner, inquired of Scotty why I was there.

"Amigo de mio,"—friend of mine,—said the laconic Scotty, and further explained in very poor Spanish that I was an "Official abordo el buque de guerra San Francisco."

At this the colonel relaxed. He and I were soon engaged in conversation—an opportunity of which he availed himself to impress on me the absolute absurdity of any naval force attacking with any hope of success a place garrisoned by soldiers so brave as his own, especially when commanded by an officer so valiant as himself. All his fierce gesticulations and grandiloquent expressions were closely followed and tacitly applauded by his fellow officers; but while these terrible warriors were boasting of their valor, Scotty sat silently on his cab seat.

The pull was up-grade for the first two miles, and the train moved slowly. The track was but a few feet above the water of the bay, which it skirted all the way to the port station. Looking seaward, I noticed the smoke of a steamer rising from behind the

north point of the bay, and I called the attention of my companions to it. "Es of vapor del norte," said the colonel, and the conjecture was plausible; but just then a ball of smoke swelled into a cloud from the gun on the south point of the bay, where the steamer could be seen. Then, even as a moment later we heard the report, a low, ugly, lead-colored, two-masted war-vessel appeared from the north. A flash from her bow, and instantly we saw the dust rise from the redoubt on the south point where the gun was located.

The fireman with a yell of terror, "La Donna Maria!" took a flying leap from the engine on the land side.

"La Donna Maria!" echoed the colonel, turning pale. "La Donna Maria!" yelled the other officers in chorus. "It's sure La Donna Maria," said Scotty, coolly, adding, with reference to the day.

It was indeed the dreaded Donna Maria, built by popular subscription in the republic, and believed by the lower classes there to be the most formidable vessel afloat.

She paid no further attention to the gun on the point, but steamed straight into the bay. Her commander had seen our train of soldiers. We were in a critical position. It would require fully twenty minutes to take the train the rest of the way to the port station, and nearly all the way we should be under fire. The Donna Maria dared not shell the town, for if she had attempted it, the foreign war vessels present would immediately have opposed her. A train load of troops was a different matter. She could shoot at them so long as the shells did not endanger anything else.

Boom! went her bow gun again. The shell striking the water a few hundred yards off shore without exploding, skipped up a few feet above the car next behind the engine. That settled the colonel. The business-like shriek of the missile set him wild. Drawing his sword he approached Scotty, and in a volley of commands, threats and entreaties, ordered him to back the train to the summer resort.

Scotty paid no attention to him, but glanced at the steam gauge, which admittedly showed a considerable reduction in pressure, owing to the desertion of the fireman. We had reached the top of the grade, and the remainder of the run would be on level track. Scotty kept the train moving ahead.

Again came a shot from the Donna Maria, and this time the shell exploded over the train, wounding some of the men on the fourth car from the engine.

Once more the colonel stepped up to Scotty, with his sword drawn back for a lunge. He seemed crazy either with fear or with nervousness, and liable to do anything. Quick as a flash the engineer drew a big Colt's revolver, covered the colonel, and said coolly, "Stand away ye cowardly cur! Dinna ye ken that anther train is following us, and that if we stop, we're lost? My orders are to go ahead, and I'm gaun to obey orders. Give a hand, laddie, and stoke the fire a bit," he said to me.

I pulled open the fire-box door, threw in some coal, took the big poker and stirred up the fire.

The colonel seemed impressed either by Scotty's manner or by his pistol, which was still ready cocked in the engineer's hand. Certainly the colonel had some reason to be excited. His men were perfectly helpless on the cars; behind us was a train, on the seaward side the Donna Maria. Our engine, a poor affair at best, was fast losing her steam. The soldiers on the train were wildly excited, furiously angry at Scotty for not stopping and backing, and only prevented from firing in the cab by the fact that their officers were there and in the tender.

Scotty looked back at the yelling troops with calm contempt; many of them were uselessly firing their rifles in the direction of the enemy, more than two and a half miles away. I was doing my best with the fire, and soon saw a gain in the steam gauge. "Stick to it lad," said Scotty, never taking his eyes off the others. "How's her steam?"

"It reads one hundred and five. It's going up?"

Scotty pulled out the throttle another notch, and our speed began to increase. We had about five miles to go. If the Donna Maria's shells did us no serious damage, we should make it.

Another puff and a roar from her broadside battery! She was now about two and a half miles away, and could use her smaller guns.

Bang! a shell exploded not fifty yards ahead of the engine. Smaaa! a piece of it struck the copper feed-pipe of the left injector! Instantly the whole side of the engine was in a cloud of steam.

"She's all right, Scotty. It's only the pipe!" I yelled; and Scotty never turned his head. The heroic officers were cowering in the coal space.

Thud! went a shot into the bank on the land side; it had passed but a few feet over the engine. The steam-gauge showed one hundred and twenty pounds. The old engine was teetering up and down like a yawlboat in a short sea.

Then from the bluffs right over our heads came the roar of a field battery. The government artillery was taking a hand. I looked toward the Donna Maria. Water was splashing high between her and the shore. The range was too long for the light battery.

We had yet a mile to safety. The Donna Maria redoubled her efforts; her sides blazed; but the aim of her gunners was poor. Scotty grinned as he pointed toward them. "They're rattled, lad," he said. "They canna hit the side o' South America that noo!"

And so it was; the faster they fired, the wider from the mark went their shells.

When we drew into the port station and safety, Scotty, still protected by his pistol, said to me, "Tell them hombres to go, and go quick!"

I translated, and the officers went—and went quickly, too!

Then, as they left, Scotty stepped over to me, and grasping my hand in a vice-like clasp, said, "Aye, lad, but it's a pity ye're in the navy. Ye'd mak' a gran' engine-driver—in time. An' lad, next time ye're prayin' on yer knees, dinna ye forget to thank God that ye come from a race of men that can keep their wits about them in the time o' danger."—Free S. Bowley, in Youth's Companion.

VILLAMIL A MAN OF NOTE.

The Dead Admiral Well Known in New York Society.

Admiral Fernando Villamil of the Spanish Navy, the torpedo boat expert, whose death in the sea fight off Santiago has been reported by Captain-General Blanco to Madrid, was no stranger in New York. He made a number of visits to the city, the last being in 1894, when he made a tour of the world with 500 cadets for the purpose of giving them instruction. He was a man of much tenacity of purpose, a martinet on board ship, but of pleasant personality when met in a social way. He was born in Asturias, where his wife and daughter are living.

Up to four years ago, when he was a Commodore, he was almost unknown, as he had won his rank by hard work, and was but seldom seen around the court. In that year he was ordered to San Sebastian to act as guard for the youthful King and the Queen Regent. His appointment excited the envy of other Spanish naval officers, who desired the opportunity of being near the royal family.

At that time Villamil commanded the torpedo boat Destructor, a boat of his own designing. It was the laughing stock of the navy on account of its small size and low free-board. The Queen Regent, however, was greatly interested in this new fighting machine and paid frequent visits to it, causing much heartburning among the other officers. In the middle of summer she and the King decided to take a trip to Bilbao, and chose the Destructor as their vessel. This caused a great outcry, and the Minister of Marine begged the Queen Regent to send the King on another boat, so that in the event of an accident at least one of them would be saved.

"Commodore Villamil," asked the Queen Regent, "is there the slightest danger?"

"None, your Majesty," was the reply.

"Then we will both sail with you," replied the Queen Regent, much to the discomfort of the Minister of Marine. The trip was made in safety, and Villamil was shortly afterward raised to the rank of Admiral.

At one time when Villamil was giving a dinner on board the Destructor, an incident occurred that illustrates how the vessel was regarded by the Spanish people. An artist, who was one of the guests, was asked to draw a picture of the vessel. He complied with the request, and when he exhibited his sketch it was seen that he had merely put a number of splashes of ink, representing driftwood floating in the sea. Beneath the sketch he had written the words, "Puzzle picture; find the Destructor."

Photographing the Monkey.

"One of the most difficult brutes to photograph is the monkey," said a man in New York who makes a business of taking pictures of all sorts of animals and birds. "You may try as much as you like, but you will never succeed in making a monkey look straight into the center of a camera for even a second. Its glance always shifts off to one side of the other. Nor will it ever catch your eye of fix its own upon yours, and I have come to the conclusion that a monkey cannot look at a camera any more than it can a human being in the face.

"Take a dog's head in your two hands and look into its eyes. The beast will return your gaze, not for long, perhaps, for the contemplation of human intelligence distresses all animals. But it is not so with the monkey. Hold its head as patiently as you please between your hands, and it will cast its eyes up to the ceiling and keep on winking or cast them down to the floor as if asleep or twist them around in a most absurd fashion to look over one side or the other, but never, even in passing by it, will it catch yours.

"Why is this? I don't know, unless it is that the animal has some secret regarding our own origin that it does not wish us to find out. However, if they are bashful, they are very inquisitive, and if I were to leave my camera unguarded for ten minutes in a cage containing a dozen monkeys half the family would be busy taking photographs of the other half."—Washington Star.

The Bravest Are the Tenderest.

That the "bravest are the tenderest" was once more demonstrated in the fight at Santiago Bay. Captain Philip of the Texas made a dash for the Spanish ships the moment they put their noses out of the harbor. When the yellow and red flag was pulled down on the Almirante Oquendo, the commander of the Texas gave the order to his men: "Don't cheer, because the poor devils are dying." The direction was as chivalrous as it was characteristic.—New York Sun.

SPAIN'S PRISONERS.

CUBANS RARELY LIVE LONG AFTER THEY WERE CAPTURED.

How One Insurgent Made His Escape From the Dreaded Morro Castle in Havana—An Experience That Reads Like a Chapter of Dumas.

The American papers have frequently dwelt upon the barbarities practiced by the Spaniards upon their unfortunate captives in Cuba. "I am a member of the insurgent colony now in New York," but with all their activity in bringing the cowardly and inhuman characteristics of the Spanish people to light some of their worst atrocities were never made known. "As a general thing a Cuban did not live long enough after getting into their hands to experience much more than the short period of pain which attended the act of putting him out of existence. Occasionally, however, our enemies were compelled, for one cause or another, to retain some of their insurgent captives in prison for varying lengths of time. The sufferings of those unfortunates who experienced the hospitality of a Spanish jailer made death appear to them as a welcome relief from all their miseries, no matter what its form.

"The citizens of this country have had an opportunity to judge of the treatment meted out to their prisoners by the Spaniards from the appearance of the few Cuban refugees who landed here last fall after having endured the horrors of incarceration in Havana's Morro.

"I know of just one case in which one of our men was caught by the Spaniards and made good his escape after having been lodged in a dungeon underneath Morro at the entrance to the harbor of Matanzas, on the eastern coast of the island. The story of his experiences reads like a chapter from one of Dumas' novels.

"Jose Mari was a Cuban by birth and spent all his early years on the island. He came to the United States when he was about 18 years old and attended one of the universities in this country. He had been graduated about three years and was settled in business in one of the towns in New York state at the outbreak of the insurrection. With many of his countrymen, Mari gave up his employment in this country and made his way with one of the first filibustering expeditions to assist his native country in obtaining her freedom.

"Mari joined the Garcia expedition, and was one of the few who accompanied that intrepid General on his perilous journey through the island to the headquarters of the newly organized Cuban army. After several months of fighting, Mari, who had endeared himself to his companions through his high spirits and philosophical way of taking the privations of their hard life, fell into the hands of the enemy one day. They were in ambush, and fell upon Mari's party before the insurgents had an opportunity to defend themselves.

"Of all the little band, Mari and one companion were alive when the firing was over. Mari's comrade was mortally wounded, and the Spanish Lieutenant in command, who was better than most of his kind, mercifully allowed a pistol to fall within reach of his captive, who seized the weapon and killed himself.

"Mari was bound and placed in the center of the Spanish forces. The soldiers plied him with insulting epithets but he was not badly treated on the whole, and by the time the place of his incarceration was reached he had begun to take quite a favorable view of the situation. His grounds for congratulation were of short duration, however, for any consideration which the soldiers had shown him was abundantly atoned for by the commands of the citadel.

"Bound as he was Mari was thrown down a flight of stone steps into what appeared to be a black hole. One of the turnkeys followed the prisoner down the steps in the ordinary manner and unlocked an antiquated iron door similar to those used in the prison keeps of the old baronial castles in Europe. The turnkey seized Mari by the collar of his coat and dragged him into a fairly good sized room, with a narrow, heavily barred window at one end.

"When left to himself, Mari turned over the various aspects of the situation in his mind, and decided that if he was going to save his life he would have to begin right away. Escape by the window was impossible, and the walls were of heavy masonry, through which Mari had no implements to force his way. Mari was left for two days without food, then merely received some cold rice.

"The keeper who brought the unpalatable food furnished the desperate man with the means of regaining his freedom, however, for Mari hurried himself upon the attendant, and, striking him with his shackled hands, he beat him into insensibility.

"His captors had failed to shackle his feet, and Mari wasted a few valuable moments in attempting to loosen his hands.

"He finally found a key on the keeper's ring which fitted the manacles on his wrists, and arming himself with the attendant's revolver he made his way cautiously to the head of the stairs and there awaited an opportunity of making his escape. There were six sentries posted about the fortress enclosure, but Mari had no difficulty in eluding them, even in the daylight. He knew that his absence would soon be discovered and a search instituted through the surrounding country. He therefore hid during the rest of the day, and waited for night before at-

tempting to rejoin our forces. You may be sure he was well received when he reached his friends."

The Boy Hero of Sevilla.

Among those who fell in the fierce fight near Sevilla, Cuba, was a New York City boy only sixteen years old, who had served in the United States Regular Army only since March last. In the circumstances that led to his joining the Army and meeting in consequence an early but heroic death there is a tinge of pathetic romance. Jacob Willinski was his true name, but he enlisted in the 1st United States Cavalry under the name of Jack Berlin. For several years he lived with his widowed mother and several brothers and sisters at No. 16 Pitt street, and was a pupil of Public School No. 34, in Broome street. Though only 16 years old, he was fully six feet tall, and looked at least three or four years more than his age. His mother is now living at Maspeth, Long Island, but from his sister, Mrs. Brunstein, who lives at No. 12 Pitt street, it was learned that he disappeared from home early in February last. Nothing was heard from him until April 22, when he wrote to his mother informing her of his enlistment. "I am a soldier in the United States Army," he wrote, "and am going to Cuba, where I expect to meet my death." He explained at the same time that while walking home with his salary one night either his pockets were picked or he lost the money, but believing that the excuse would not be accepted as true he hesitated to return to his mother.

"I could not pluck up courage enough," he wrote, "to go home that night, so waiting for Sunday night to fall, I crossed to Jersey City, where I caught a freight train for Philadelphia, thence to Chicago, suffering untold agonies. Traveling four days without food, I became desperate. Reaching Chicago, I found work for a day, amounting to \$4 which I expended for clothing and food. On March 28, without food or money, I enlisted in the Army."

Subsequently he wrote frequently to his mother, who urged him to leave the Army. She threatened, in fact, to inform the authorities that he had enlisted under a wrong age and a false name, but he declared that if she did he would desert and would then probably be shot.

Male Felinity.

"Talking about the humanity of man and the felinity of woman," said the Independent Woman, "let me tell you a little story of a man and a cat. The story was told to me by the wife of the man, who is a domesticated cat, besides being of a sportive disposition, had more ingenuity than most cats, or understood better how to relieve the tedium of a domestic existence. This cat caught a mouse; being well-fed, her sporting instinct came into play, and she kept the mouse to amuse herself with. This is a feline custom, as you are aware, but where this cat showed superior mentality was in hitting upon a place to hide the mouse, thus protracting the amusement. She kept it in an old shoe in a storeroom. The man of the house discovered the proceeding, and was almost as much amused as the cat. Did he put a stop to it? No, indeed. For several days he fed both the cat and the mouse, after which the cat would take the mouse out for its daily exercise, to the delight of both conspirators. Then the man's wife found them out. She took the mouse away and let it go."—New York Post.

Cadiz an Ancient City.

The city of Cadiz, Spain, was founded about 1,000 years B. C. by the Phoenicians, who called it Gadir. It was later conquered by the Carthaginians, from whom it passed to the Romans in the year 206 B. C. The name of the city was then changed to Gades et Julia Gaditana. The remains of a temple of the Phoenician Hercules and some other edifices of the ancient city are still visible at low water. Cadiz was for some time a part of the dominion of the Goths, and in 711 it passed to the Arabs, who held it as a portion of the Khalifat of Cordova until 1262, when it was captured by the Christians.

In 1596 it was captured, pillaged and burned by the English. The booty secured by them was enormous. They destroyed thirteen ships of war, and forty treasure galleons, causing almost universal bankruptcy in Spain. Unsuccessful attacks on Cadiz were again made by the English in 1625 and 1657, and finally in 1702, at the time of the alliance between Spain and France.—New York Sun.

A Dog That Talks.

H. W. Meyers, of Vestal, N. Y., is the owner of a dog that can talk. For years Mr. Meyers has been a student of the voice. In his investigations he found the vocal apparatus of all animals to be much alike, and especially did that of a dog resemble man's. He accordingly conceived a simple operation, which at present he keeps a secret, but which he says will, in the near future, be laid before the scientific world.

The talking dog is of Scotch collie breed. He has several words in his vocabulary, but those he can pronounce plainest are "Oh, no." When asked by his master to reply he will crouch as though in pain, throw back his head, take a long breath and in a deep bass voice distinctly say, "Oh, no." He can also pronounce his name, Carlo, in an unmistakable manner.

Mr. Meyers has declined several large offers for the dog, and says he would not part with him at any price.

GUANACA THE BASE.

Miles' Expedition to Move Hence Upon Ponce.

HUSE FIRST TO LAND.

No Americans Lost in Making the Landing and Merely a Nominal Resistance Was Encountered—Gen. Miles Says Guanaca is a Healthy Region and It Has a Very Fine Harbor.

GUANACA, PORTO RICO, (via St. Thomas, Danish West Indies.)—The United States military expedition, under the command of Maj.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, commanding the Army of the United States, has landed after a skirmish with a detachment of Spanish troops.

Four of the Spaniards were killed, but no American was hurt.

The American troops will be pushed forward promptly.

From Ponce there is an excellent military road running seventy-five miles north to San Juan.

The ships of the expedition left Guanacama, with the Massachusetts, Capt. F. J. Higginson, leading. Captain Higginson was in charge of the naval expedition, which consisted of the Columbia, Dixie, Gloucester and Yale. General Miles was on the Yale.

The troops were on the transports Neoces, Lampasas, Comanche, Rita, Utopia, Stillwater, City of Mason and Specialist. This was the order in which the transports entered the harbor here.

General Miles called for a consultation, announcing that he was determined not to go by way of San Juan Cape, on the north-east coast of Porto Rico, but by the Mona passage, west of the island, to land here, surprise the Spaniards and decide their military authorities. The course was then changed and the Dixie was sent to warn General Brooke when he arrives at Cape San Juan.

Port Guanaca has been fully described to the military authorities by Lieutenant Whitney, of General Miles' staff, who recently made an adventurous tour of Porto Rico.

Ponce, which is situated about fifteen miles from this port, is to the eastward, and is a more difficult place to take. Then, again, Ponce itself is some distance from where the troops would have been able to land if that neighborhood had been secured. One advantage of Guanaca is that it is situated close to the railroad connecting with Ponce, which means of transportation the American troops hope to secure.

The Gloucester Reconnoiters.

The Gloucester, in charge of Lieutenant-Commander Walworth, steamed into Guanaca harbor to reconnoiter. With the fleet waiting outside the mines which were supposed to be in the harbor, and found that there were five fathoms of water close in shore.

Guanaca bay is a quiet place, surrounded by cultivated lands. In the rear are high mountains, and close to the beach nestles a village of about twenty houses.

Spaniards Completely Surprised.

The Spaniards were completely taken by surprise. Almost the first they knew of the approach of the army of invasion was the firing of a gun from the Gloucester, whose officers demanded that the Spaniards should down their flag floating from a flagstaff in front of a blockhouse east of the village. A few three-pound shells were fired into the hills right and left of the bay, purposely illustrating the town lest the projectiles hurt women or children. The Gloucester then hove to within about six hundred yards of the shore and lowered a launch, having on board a Colt rapid-fire gun and thirty men, under the command of Lieutenant Huse. These were sent ashore without encountering opposition.

Quartermaster Beck told Yeoman Lacy to haul down the Spanish flag, which was done, and the Americans then raised on the flagstaff the first United States flag to float over Porto Rican soil.

Suddenly about thirty Spaniards opened fire with Mauser rifles on the American party. Lieutenant Huse and his men responded with great gallantry, the Colt gun doing effective work. Lieutenant Norman, who received Admiral Cervera's surrender, and Lieutenant Wood, a volunteer, shared the honors with Lieutenant Huse.

Soon after the Spaniards fired on the Americans the Gloucester opened fire on the enemy with all her three and six-pounders which could be brought to bear, shelling the town and also dropping shells into the hills to the west of Guanaca, where a number of Spanish cavalry were seen hastening toward the place where the Americans had landed.

Recovering Fort Walworth.

Lieutenant Huse soon put his men to throwing up a little fort, which he named Fort Walworth, in honor of the Gloucester's commander. Then he laid barbed wire in front of it in order to repel the expected cavalry attack. The Lieutenant also mounted the Colt gun and signalled for reinforcements, which were sent from the Gloucester.

Soon afterward white-coated cavalrymen were seen climbing the hills to the westward, and the foot soldiers were scurrying along the fences from the town in full retreat. By 9.45 A. M., with the exception of a few guerrilla shots, the town was won and the enemy was driven out of its neighborhood.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe, of San Francisco, who named the torpedo-boat destroyer Farragut, is descended from a long line of soldiers, and is related to the Farragut family. Prescott Beknap, a son of the well-known Rear-Admiral, was in Nicaragua when the war broke out, but as soon as he could get home he started for Key West to join the Rough Riders.

The British Society of Arts has awarded the Albert medal to Prof. Robert Bunsen, of the University of Heidelberg, whose achievements in chemistry are known all over the world.

Princess Alice of Albany, now 16, has developed the fondness for art common to the women of the English royal family, and is providing her relatives with sketches made by herself. She has sent one also to the young Queen of Holland as a coronation present.

Mrs. Cora Henner, who was chief of the women detectives at the World's Fair, is to take charge of a similar department at the Paris Exposition.

George Ebers, the distinguished German novelist, is seriously ill at his home at Tullna.

Captain Charles King, of San Francisco, on his way to the Philippines, attended a performance of a drama founded on "Port Frayne," one of his own short stories.