

EAT in the metropolis-midsummer heat-what does it mean to the unfortunate millions who cannot get away? Ask, rather, what does it not mean in the way of discomfort? There is the brolling street and the baking room; the bed chamber, which seems like an oven for the first two hours after sundown; the weary waiting by the window till the place is cool enough for sleep, the too short slumber between ight and sunrise, and then the waking in a "dead sweat" because the new day's heat has come on before the sleeper is aware of it. Then follow the feverish morning hour, the listless lingering at the toilet, the breakfast taken because one "must eat something" and not because

there is any appetite.

All this midsummer heat means to the 'middle million" in New York city, for instance, the people fairly well to do. Above and below them are the two extremes-the very small extreme at the top, the painfully large extreme at the ttom. There are first the "Four Hundred," the few who say that "everybody is out of town, y' know." They have their summer villas and mountain retreats, their yachts and islands and country seats on the Hudson. Their eyes stand out with satisfaction; they have more than heart ought to wish, but not as it can and does wish. They leave the dusty streets even before the first sultry day, and do not return till brown leaves attest the cool airs of autumn.

And outside of the "Four Hundred" how many leave the city for the three hot months? It is a big estimate to put the number at 100,000, excluding the



A MEMBER OF THE MIDDLE MILLION. many who go for a few weeks, then hurry back to toil. The sharpest eve can perceive no diminution of the crowds upon Broadway during that season when fashion reporters say that "everybody is out of town," while in the wilderness of narrow streets on the south end of Manhattan Island the crowds seem to grow thicker as the air grows hotter. And it is but natural, for this is the busy season there. All the vessels are run ning, the immigration from Europe is at its height, there is a vast increase in the import of tropical and semi-tropical products, and a greater necessity for hurry ing it on its way to interior towns. In many cities of the interior the reverse is the case. There is a perceptible dullness in Cincinnati and St. Louis in the latter half of the heated term; at Memphis and New Orleans business is often almost suspended, and the roar of commerce is only renewed when the cotton begins to

Popular feeling is at outs with science in the heat of different localities, and both ignore latitude to an amazing de gree. Western travelers agree that Nashville is in summer the "hottest hole in North America," but Nashvillians calmly



prove the contrary. Birmingham, Ala., nearly 300 miles to the south, is noticeably cooler, and New Orleans is certainly as pleasant to the feelings as New York, Indeed, Englishmen just from India complain loudly of the summer heat of New York, and there are towns in Dakota where they find the heat simply intolerable. On the other hand the western third of North Carolina is cer-

point to the thermometer's record to

tainly as much cooler in summer than the Wabash valley as it is warmer in winter, and tourists from Montreal pronounce the district stretching westward from Greensboro perfectly delightful in July and August. Similarly the Greeneville region of South Carolina, and the upper tiers of counties generally, though but 1,000 to 1,500 feet above the sea, enjoy a very moderate summer cli-

Confessedly the hottest region in the United States is about Fort Yuma, California. It has all the requisites - a southern latitude, low topography, great distance from the ocean, and an environent of rocks so hot looking and deserts so barren that they blind the eyes. cated at Fort Yuma? Then God help him!" was a long standing formula in United States army, and 'innumerable are the jokes and stories about the heat. Mules with their hoofs burned off in the sand, scorpions, centipedes and sand flies dying from heat, Indians withering to mummies and Guinea negroes dying of sunstroke are familiar sigures in the local records.



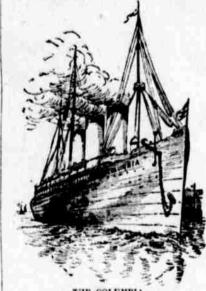
WHERE IT'S HOTTER THAN IT SHOULD BE It is the first hot weather that burts. By and by a man's system adjusts itself, and he also learns to "keep cool." It is then the European style of saloon gains a popularity which it scarcely loses in the remaining nine months. It is so do lightful, thinks the average citizen, who can spare but a few hours from his work, to drop into the great, wide, cool hall or shaded "garden" and take his ease, to lounge in one chair and rest the feet on another, to lean back and fan and sip the cool lager and not feel

obliged to talk if one does not want to. It certainly does appeal to the natural heart of man. The reformers appear to have decided that a direct attack is hopeless; they concede that an "innoent substitute" is needed, and therein their heads are jevel.

THE COLUMBIA.

Latest and Swiftest of the Transatlantic Fleet.

This is a year for the breaking of records by ocean steamers. Not long ago the City of Paris broke the record of the Etruria, that vessel having made the fastest time from Liverpool to New York, and now comes the new Hamburg-American steamer Columbia, beating the record from Southampton to New York and making the fastest trial trip ever made by any steamer across the ocean westward bound.



THE COLUMBIA. The Columbia came from the Needles to Sandy Hook in 6 days, 21 hours and 37 minutes, the best time ever made over that course, the previous record being 7 days, 2 hours and 30 minutes, breaking the record by 4 hours and 53 minutes. The Columbia also beats the first trip made by the City of Paris from Queenstown to New York, though counting the Columbia's time from Queenstown she is still behind the City of Paris 1 hours and 37 minutes.

The new ship is built very like the Inman steamers City of New York and City of Paris. She has separate compartments in her double bottom, latitudinal bulkheads, and one longitudinal bulkhead, dividing two systems of ma chinery, including twin screws. There are also two keels, one on each side, which construction is supposed to lessen the rolling of the ship. Her rudder is worked by steam gear, but it is possible to turn the vessel by the screws alone. Indeed it may be turned in its ow. length

The Columbia was built on a guaranty that her speed would exceed 211 miles an hour. On her trial trip she made 4. miles in 12 hours.

Dog Stories. Dog stories would seem to be coming into fashion again. A correspondent writes: "I have a collie puppy, sprung from a breed noted for its remarkable intelligence, whom I have had to continually chastise for his persistence in selecting the best sofa for his afternoon nap. He apparently set his mind to reasoning over this, and came to the right conclusion—that he was punished for the damage to the sofa cover. Accordingly, the other day he rolled up the piece of carpet which has been set apart for his nightly accommodation in the servants' hall, and having carried it in his mouth to the drawing m, spread it out carefully on the forbidden sofa, where he was discovered sleeping the sleep of innocence, no doubt being quite satisfied that he had surmounted the only ob jection to his choice of a soft resting place." This is a good story, but we think we can beat it. A friend of ours had a large retriever whom he continually had to chastise going to sleep on his bed. One evening he went up to his room, and finding the dog suspiciously near the bed felt the counterpane, and by the animal warmth that it still re tained discovered that there had been a repetition of the old offense. The dog was a cordingly punished. Next night my friend again went up to bed, and on his way up stairs heard a heavy flop on the floor of the bedroom. Approaching quietly to the door he peeped in and beheld the sagacious animal ling upright, with his fore paws resting on the counterpane, while he was diligently blowing on the part on which he had been lying, with a view to removing all telltale symptoms of temperature.-St. James' Ga

A Ghostly Happening.

Tales of ghostly happenings, even although they be but the veriest coincidences, are al-

ways attractive. A lady who was a widow, and whose husband had been defrauded by his partner, came down to breakfast one morning looking strangely disturbed. Her husband's partner had been a man well known in Boston, but at this time he had given up his residence here and was living in the state of Maine. It may be that his removal had been in part at least brought about by the public indignation which was felt at his crooked dealings with partner, and with the widow, whom he had defrauded in the most high handed fashion, although not in ways which made

On the morning in question the lady stated that she had passed a most troubled night. "All night;" she said, "I was pursued by X., who kept declaring that he wanted to make reparation to me for the wrong he had done, and that he could have no peace until

legal redress possible.

The family made various comments upor this, none of which were complimentary to X. or to the tenderness of his conscience; but the dream, if dream it were, was fixed in their minds and made memorable when that afternoon's papers contained a telegram announcing the death of X. on the night be fore.—Boston Courier.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE.

HOW THEY HAVE PASSED A HALF CENTURY TOGETHER.

A Brief Pen l'icture of the Bome Life of the Grand Old Man and His Wife-Fifty Years Together Have Not Made Them Grow Old.

"Do you see that young man?" said an English statesman to a young lady who sat by his side at a dinner party in Lon-don many years ago. "Note him well and mark my words. If his life is spared he will one day be prime minister." The young man referred to was William Ewart Gladstone, and the young lady to whom the remark was addressed was Miss Glynne. Little did the girl think that the prediction would be verified, or that she was destined to become the future prime minister's bride and to share mors with him for more than half a century.

Gladstone was in parliament in 1832. Six years later he married Miss Glynne, but two years before the wedding he had been made junior lord of the treasury, and in another year under secretary of state for the colonies. So that fifty-one years ago, on the 25th of July, young Miss Glynne, spinster, married young Mr. Gladstone, cabinet officer.

The home of the Gladstones came through the Glynne family. At the death of her parents Mrs. Gladstone inherited it, and the premier since his marriage has lived there most of the time. The place is situated on the summit of a range of hills overlooking Chester and the river Dee. The village contains the remains of a castle which dates back almost to the Conqueror, and the ancient mound fortification, the ditch and drawbridge and the keep are proof today of its power in the past. The obl castle standing in the grounds is scarce more than a relic now. The modern castle in which the Gladstone family resides was built over a hundred years ago, and has been considerably added to from time to time, so that it is a comparatively new seat. It has a splendid appearance, with its stone battlements and walls well

grown with ivy.

Mr. Gladstone lives a remarkably regular life. He breakfasts about 7 o'clock, and soon after walks to the church for prayers. Luncheon is set out at Hawarden for a couple of hours during the middle of the day and is partaken of by each member of the family at will. The family head has long been an advocate of great care in the mastication of food, and so long as forty years ago laid down rules for chewing. He then made a rule for his children that thirty-two bites should be given to each mouthful of meat, and a somewhat lesser number to bread, fish, etc. In the afternoon he walks in the grounds, and usually takes his exercise at chopping trees. At 8 p. m. he dines, conversing freely while at dinner. He retires at 10 o'clock. The London Echo several years ago

gave an anecdote of Gladstone when he was a young man, which shows his thorough English nature in putting his "shoulder to the wheel" when occasion requires, as well as his democratic spirit: About forty years ago several haulers were employed in carrying pig iron from Brymbo to Queen's Ferry. Among the number was one William Griffiths, who is still alive. This man, when going down Tinkersdale one day with his load of iron, was accosted by a stranger, who chatted freely with him. Among other questions, the stranger asked how much he got per ton for carrying the iron. "Six and sixpence," said the carrying the iron. "Six and sixpence," said the carter. "What weight have you on the carty." "About a ton and a haif." "And what do you pay for the gates?" "Eighteen pence." "How much does it cost to keep one mare?" "Thirteen shillings a week." "How are you going to get up this hill?" asked the stranger. "Oh, I mun get me shuder and push up here." "The help you a bit," said he, and at once put his shoulder to the cast and reached my the hell sail.

cart and pushed up the hill well.

When they reached the top the hauler said,
"You as," me's been as good as a chain horse,"
"Well, well," said the stranger, "don't know how torse's legs are, but mine ache very much in deed. I suppose you can manage now?" "Yes, thank you," said the hauler, and wishing him good day, they separated. As soon as the stran-ger was gone a tradesman asked Griffiths If be knew who had been helping lim. "No," said he,
"he's a perfect stranger to me." "That was Mr.
Gladstone," said the tradesman. "Mr. Glad-stone," responded the hauler. "I don't know
what be'll think o' me then, for I never sir'd him,

nor nothin'. I thought he was some farmer." Here is another from the same source Northrop, like most other important villages, has its carrier. The man visits Chester one passes. On one occasion be brought a barrel of seer from Chester for a farmer living in Moore Lane, the entrance to which is close to one of Mr. Gladstone's lodges. Arriving at this spot he stopped his borse and was wondering how be could manage to get the barrel lowered, for he was to leave it by the lodge, as the farmer had agreed to fetch it from there himself. At that moment up came Mr. Gladstone, with his ax upon "Hey! old comrade," said he "come and give us a hand with this barrel."



MR. GLADSTONE-MILLAIS' PORTRAIT. Without any hesitation the premier assisted him to lower it to the ground. "Now, old fel-low," said the carrier, "if thou'll come up into the village I'll pay for a pint o' the best for thee. "No thank you You are welcome to my assistant," said Mr. Gladstone, and walked away toward the castle, smiling. A villager, who was standing a little way off, then came up to the car rier and asked him if he knew who had been helping him. "No," was the reply. "Why," said the villager, "that was Mr. Gladstone!" "What a fool I be," said the carrier; "but he's a good old chap. He helped me, and thou knows

he done it so willing like." Mr. Gladstone was very fortunate in his marriage. In his wife he found one to sympathize with him, and doubtless to counsel him in his public career. A few great men have been fortunate in this respect, but many have had wives so inferior mentally as to be of no ser-

vice to them. Mrs. Gladstone takes a deep interest in the real hard work of the Liberal party, and she understands thoroughly that without efficient organization little progress will be made by its principles, however good. At a very early period of the Women's Liberal organization, Mrs. Gladstone took a deep interest and holds a distinguished posttion. No woman in England is more popular with all classes of English peo-Like her husband, she is always ready to do a favor to any one. She cannot lift beer barrels, but she can bear a message as well as a servant if there is occasion. One day at Hawarden she was going out for a walk. She had got a short distance from the castle when a party of visitors met her. "I say, is the old gentleman at home?" asked one of them. "Yes," said Mrs. Gladstone, "We want to see him," said he. "Follow me," was her reply, "I'll take you to him." She led the way to the front door, and called out, "William, you're wanted."

'she must be his wife!". Agnes Merle, writing for The New York Star, has given an excellent picture of the wife of the premier:

By golly," whispered one of them.

She is an "old woman," as we in America term all women who are past 60, but she has not the look of age or the signs of helpicamess which stout women show even earlier than thin ones of medium stature. She has not a large frame, but is strong and well knit, and the glow on her face is ruidly and fresh as a girl's. If she did not wear a cap (and English women wear such homely ones), she would be at striking in appearance in her way as her husband is in his. Her black silk dress was made in some loose, flowing



MRS. GLADSTONE. way, like a combination of the gown and morning rote, and her hair was arranged in a loose, natural style, parted in the center of the head and put into a knot under her cap—or perhaps I should say headdress. She chatted in a gracious, cheerful way of her busy life: its manifold, but easy cares, and in every other sentence made some reference to her husband. I was so impressed with her wenderfully strong and enthusiastic love for him that I was led to say:

"You have been able to do so much in educational and philanthropie work because you are so exceptionally happy, Mrs. Gladstone. Is not that the secret of your energy and ambition?"

exceptionally happy, Mrs. Gladstone. Is not that the secret of your energy and ambition?" The looked at me with a smile on her face and then simply said: "I think so; happiness is a great inspirer and charmer, and I have never been otherwise in my relations in life." Her appearance indicates the entire truth of this remark. She has a noble brow, clear cut features, and a sweet expression about the mouth which softens the otherwise strong and severe in-tellectuality of the free.

ellectuality of the face, There are several characteristics usually marking men great in public life which are noticeable in Mr. Gladstone. He is a great reader; he has a wonderful memory, which serves as a storehouse for the ideas he absorbs from books; he has always been an indefatigable worker; he is a practical business man; he is methodical. He has reduced the getting of maximum work out of a secretary to a science. The first essential of a private secretary is to have plenty of pigeon holes, and Mr. Gladstone used to keep six nests of pigeon holes constantly go-ing. One, for instance, was set apart for all letters relating to the church and to questions of preferment, four of the other nests were appropriated to special subjects, while the sixth was set aside as a kind of general rubbish heap into which

all miscellaneous letters were summarily

consigned. Gladstone took to tree chopping to relieve the strain of an active brain. He cannot stop thinking. While he can readily turn from one subject to another, he finds it difficult to turn to no subject at all. Muscular action is the only thing that will relieve this strain, so the premier is reduced to the inanimate ax to draw his natural activity from his brain. Not only is he a good digester of food, but he possesses another qualification of health—he is a good sleeper. Formerly it was said of him that he was capable of sitting down in a chair, covering his face with a handkerchief, and going to sleep in thirty seconds; and, after sleeping for thirty minutes or an hour, as the case might be, waking up as bright as ever, all drowsiness disappearing the moment he opened his eyes.

Miss Helen Gladstone, the youngest daughter, is president of Newham col-lege, Cambridge, and is a very cultivated woman. One son and one daughter are married and live near Hawarden castle. The son is the vicar of Hawarden.

Mr. Gladstone and his wife may be said to be a part of the Victorian age. They began their married life about the time the queen of England began to reign, and Gladstone's public life dates still further back. Thus far-and they have just celebrated their golden wedding-there appears to be no breaking down on the part of either, and perhaps the premier's care of his body will enable him to reach an age like that of the late Emperor William of Germany. One who may be called his colleague—the other of the two greatest of the world's statesmen. Bismarckdoes not fare so well, and has to trouble the doctors. Gladstone has seen England's remarkable advance in the arts of peace. Bismarck has seen Germany's great advance in the art of war. Both men are a wonder in their respective

A GERMAN'S FLYING MACHINE.

Herr Von Wechmar Says He Can Conquer the Air with a Winged Contrivance. A flying machine invented by Von Wechmar is one of the novel inventions of locomotion. It is claimed by the inventor that it will carry through the air the weight of a man's body at least. As a bird is simply an animal plus the wings with which art must provide us, so with wings our organism is as well adapted to flight as to walking or swimming.



VON WECHMAR'S FLYING MACHINE. To fly like a bird we have to get a machine in which the principles of bird flight are successfully applied. Von Wechmar is already prepared to furnish us with them at the moderate price of 200 gulden each. According to Mr. Wenham a man would require wings sixty feet from end to end and four feet broad to lift him from the earth, but those of this German machine are of about onehalf the size, and it is intended to lessen the weight of the body by surrounding it

with air cushions. The cushions will be of great use and needed for other purposes if the inventor's experience is at all like that of Mr. Wenham's, who made the wings of thin holland, stretched in a frame, and having a superficial area of 18 inches by 19 feet, These were arranged in parallel sections above one another. In this garb he re sembled one of Ezekiel's angels, of which 'every one had four wings," and "the hands of a man under their wings." If a twenty knot breeze was blowing Mr. Wenham, placing himself in front of it, managed, like the angels, "to go straight forward:" but here the likeness ended He could not go where he wished to, but came down with a run, damaging his apparatus and himself.

Rev. Father Paquin, of Ludington, Mich., has his bands both full. Besides attending to the spiritual business of a big parish, he runs a barber shop, has drug store on the other corner, owns a good farm, controls an interest business and numerous other outside schemes.

Mrs. A .- Your husband kissed me this morning.
Mrs. B.—He is incorrigible, and his bad taste, I fear, I can never change.- THE PENSION OFFICE.

HOW UNCLE SAM PAYS HIS VET-ERAN PROTECTORS

A Wonderful Machine Which Sends Money Quarterly to 425,000 Pensioners—Thirty Who Draw Cash on Account of the Boyolutionary War.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—Now that the pension office is attracting so much at-tention in the press of the country, and an investigation is being made of charges against the management, it may be in-teresting to inquire what the pension office is, and to take a look at its great distribution scheme in operation. It is not easy to comprehend the magnitude of the processes carried on in the huge red ouilding, and unless we put ourselves in the hands of one who knows the bureau in all its complexities and ramifications, we shall make but sorry work of our ef-fort to learn something about the mys-teries of pension paying. Luckily we fall into the hands of such a good Samaritan, and he takes us a walk of a mile or more round the long corridors, showing us where applications for pensions come in, where they are filed and indexed, where they are assigned to various divisions for examination and review, first by law officers and then by medical examiners, where appeals are heard and the assistance of the board of re-review called in by disappointed applicants, where the reports of the 5,000 local examiners scattered throughout the country are received and filed, where hundreds of clerks sit day after day doing nothing but writing letters to pension-ers, applicants and inquirers; and after we have completed the long circuit and taken this superficial look at the machine we appreciate better than ever be-fore its wonderful capacity and the magnitude of the war which left such a necessity behind its pages of blood and de

"This is the hardest working department of the government," says our guide. We are now paying out money to pensioners at the rate of \$1,500,000 a week, but this is the smallest part of our trouble, for the payments are made at the local pension offices, located at eighteen cities. The pension agency at Columbus. O., is the largest one in the country, paying out more than \$8,000,000 a year. Next to that is the one at Indianapolis, Chicago being third and Topeka, Kan., fourth. Topeka is a small city, and Kanshs is by no means one of our most populous states, but so many old soldiers have gone out there to make homes for themselves on the prairie that our pension payments are very large at that office six and a half millions yearly. It may surprise you to learn that the agent at Knoxville, Tenn., pays out hearly four millions a year, and the one at Louisville, Ky., two and a half millions. So you'see a good deal of our money goes to the southern and border states.

"A new senator from one of the northern states was in here one day, and he said: 'Well, there is one thing I am glad of-we don't have to pay any pensions to the southern states.' 'That is where you are mistaken,' I replied; 'we pay a great many pensions in the southern states. We have now on our rolls 12,000 pensioners in Kentucky, 8,000 in Tennessee, 4,000 in Texas, and about a thousand in each of the other gulf states. In the northern states there is not a county without all the way from half a dozen to five or six thousand pensioners. Of the states New York has the greatest number, 45,000, Ohio coming second with nearly 44,000, and Pennsylvania third with 43,000. Indiana has 4,000 more pensioners than Illinois, though the population of the latter state is much greater. Why this is so I can't tell. Into each of these five states the pension sends more than a million dollars a quarter, in sums ranging from \$3 to \$500 to

each individual." "One of the curlosities of the pension laws is the large number of different rates that have been allowed. Between the rates of \$1 a month and \$166.66 a month, the highest and lowest rates. there are 149 different rates on the roils. It seems odd to pay \$2.66 per month to some pensioners and \$2.66% to others, or \$13.33 to some and \$13.331 to others. Yet this is done under the various laws passed by congress. Twelve dollara a month is the pension drawn by 25,000 invalids and 85,000 widows, minors and dependents, a larger number than at any other rate. All but 8,000 of the widows draw this sum per month. Seventy thousand invalids draw \$4 a month, 50,000 \$6, 65,000 \$8, 20,000 \$10, 12,000 \$16, 14,000 \$24, 12,000 \$30, 3,000 \$36, 2,500 \$45, 1,500 \$50 and 1,000 \$72. Three widows and orphans draw \$100 a month, and four \$166.66 a month. More than 33,000 of the pensioners get from the government the pittance of \$2 a month or less, several hundred of these getting only \$1 a

"It has been said that all the veterans

of the late war, or nearly all, are on the pension rolls. This is not true. For of 2,800,000 men who went into the war of the rebellion, only 425,000 pansioners are now carried on the rolls. So you see that there is but one pension for every seven soldiers. The rolls show 20,000 pensioners of the war with Mexico; 15,000 of them survivors. There are more than 10,000 pensioners of the war of 1812, about 700 of them being survivors. Not a single survivor remains of the Revolutionary war, though 30 pensioners on account of that war are still on the rolls, all of them widows. This is rather strange, considering that the last battle of the Revolution was fought, about 108 years ago, but some of the survivors of that war were lusty old chaps, who married late in life and left young widows to draw their pensions for them. Say a youth of 16 served in the Revolution. At 65 years of age he married a girl of 20; that girl would be only 89 years old now. Rather odd that a century of time, full

month.

isn't it? "I suppose," continued the guide, as we passed by room after room filled with young women working typewriters, "that this is the greatest institution for letter writing in the world. In a year

of so much history, can be so easily

spanned by the lives of man and wife,

the commissioner of pensions receives nearly three millions of communications, about two millions of which are answered immediately. Just think of a mail of ten thousand letters a day, the answers to many of these requiring hours of investigation and research and the writing of letters varying in length from a single page to ten pages of type written sheets. Without the typewriter we should have to have in this office 3,000 clerks, and now we do the work with less than 1,400. But do you wonder that need them all? Why, in one year the commissioner receives about 100,000 letters from congressmen making inquiries about the pensions of their constituents. Of course these must be promptly and carefully answered, or there will be a row somewhere.

"Some very queer letters come here. Every once in a while some poor woman writes, inclosing an old daguerreotype of her missing husband, and asking the pension office to search the world for him. One woman wrote Commissioner Black asking to have the school house in her neighborhood placed in the center of

the district, saying it took her boy ac long to go to and from the school that he wasn't of much use to her about the house. Of course she needed him, as his father is a crippled soldier. Letters of advice concerning the conduct of the pension office pour in by the thousand, and it is a dull mail that does not bring and it is a dull mail that does not bring a curse upon the head of the commis-sioner because somebody's pension ha-been refused. People think the pension office can do anything, grant them big pensions without form or evidence, loar them money, make holiday gifts, and sc on. One of the saddest letters I ever read was from a woman out in Ohic who had lost a boy in the war. He had been shot in the awamps near Batoz Rouge, La., and his body was never re Rouge, I.A., and his body was never re-covered. She implored the pension com-missioner to send men down there to hunt the swamps for his bones, and de-clared she would die happy if she could recover the remains of her boy and have them buried beside herself.

"The chief disabilities for which pen-nions are constell? That he counties

sions are granted? That is a question everybody asks. There appears to be a general curiosity concerning the injuries men receive in battle and army life. Well, in round numbers 120,000 pensioners suffered gunshot wounds. Elever or twelve thousand of these were hit in the face, 2,300 in the neck, 9,000 in the chest, 3,500 in the back, 11,000 in the shoulder, 14,000 in the hand, 21,000 in the thigh, 19,000 in the leg and 7,000 in the foot. Of the amputations 8,600 were of the arm, 1,400 of a part of the hand and only 4 of the hand itself. While 2,800 legs were taken off and 1,400 parts of feet, only 4 amputations of the alone are on the records. More than 40, 000 cases of disability are charged to rheumatism, and more than 55,000 te chronic diarrhea. There are about 800 cases of total blindness, the same num ber of loss of sight of one eye, 150 cases of one eye lost, 16,000 diseases of the eyes, 1,500 of total deafness and 9,000 of partial deafness."

"Of course the pension office carrier gladness to many thousands of homes But at the same time it does a great dea of harm, as you would see if you could look into the thousands of cases of fraudulent pensions with which the office has had to deal. Many thousands of men have committed perjury in order to get a pension of \$8 or \$10 a month, and more than that, have induced their friends to commit perjury for their bene fit. I often wonder at the good nature of physicians and surgeons in helping poor devils to get pensions to which they are not entitled. Doctors sometimes have wonderfully retentive memories, as in a case which was put through the other day. The surgeon had seen the claimant but once in his life, and that more than a quarter of a century ago. Yet he pre sumed to remember the condition of the man's lungs at that time, though he had passed but five minutes in his company while on his rounds of vaccination. have had applications come in here for pensions on account of decayed teeth falling hair, bunions and corns that were brought on by the long marches of the war, for failing eyes that were perfectly good till the claimants had reached the age of 60 or more, for frost bites and bac teeth. One man wanted a pension for obesity. He persisted in his declaration that it was on account of his life in the army that he afterward grew so fat he couldn't see his knees or do a day's work He didn't get a pension, however, nor did the man who complained that his army experiences had so demoralized his morals that he could no longer follow his profession of preaching the Gospel.

"There was a queer case out west, now nearly forgotten, in which a young mar who taught school during the war, and who hurt himself while out hunting just as his twin brother returned home from the south, managed to get a pension for amputation of the leg. It happened that the brother who was in the army been discharged from the hospital shortly before leaving the service, with a slight wound in the leg, and as this wound chanced to be in the same place, and of much the same character as that which his brother had suffered, the latter or losing his leg personated the soldier and drew pension for nearly a dozen years. The wound in the leg of the soldier quickly healed, and the twins exchanged identities.

"The soldiers of the late war are now scattered all over the world," concluded the guide. "Every quarter pension money orders or checks are sent to Mexico, Alaska, Central and South America, China, India and even to Greenland and Iceland. All told there are nearly 2,500 pensioners who reside in foreign countries, many of them the widows of soldiers who have returned to their native lands to pass their declining years with the old folks at home."

WALTER WELLMAN.

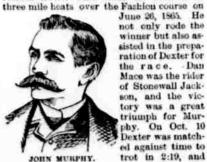
A FAMOUS HORSEMAN DEAD.

John Murphy, Who Drew the Line Over Many Famous Speeders. John Murphy, the rider and trainer of trot-

ting horses, who died recently at Howe's hotel, Coney Island boulevard, after an illness of several weeks, was born in Ireland in March, 1844, but came to America when he was six years of ago. He was highly es-teemed by all who knew him, and leaves a widow and a number of children. Consump tion, resulting from a cold contracted while visiting his brother-in-law, Hiram Howe, on

the Coney Island boulevard, caused his death. When a little lad Murphy frequented the old Bull's Head tayern premises, being at tracted thither by his natural love for horses He so persistently followed up horses that rays there that he attracted the notice of horsemen. One of these, Simon Brown, of Flushing, took the boy into his employ. George Nelson, the brother-in law of Hiram Woodruff, Dan Pfifer and Hiram Woodruff himself employed Murphy. The last named took a strong liking to and taught him how to ride trotting borses, a business in which the boy became expert. Murphy rode the great Dexter when that

famous trotter beat Stonewall Jackson at three mile heats over the Fashion course on June 26, 1865. not only rode the winner but also assisted in the preparation of Dexter for



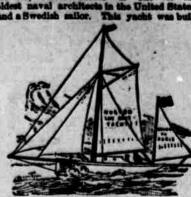
trot in 2:19, and Murphy was again the rider. Under his ce Dexter was again a winner in 2:1814, beating Flora Temple's record for a He was more noted at that time for his riding than his driving, and was classed with such experts as Dan Mace, James Goff, etc. But when the fashion of riding trotting horses declined, Murphy became noted for driving both single and double teams.

On Oct. 10

He drove Rarus over a three-quarter of a mile track in 2:11½; handled Edwin Forrest with consummate skill, and drove Frank Worth's double team, Edward and Dick Swiveller, in 2:16% against time, at Fleet-wood park, making the time at the first go, and that without having ever been behind either of the horses before.

A record of all of Murphy's achievement on the turf and the famous horses he has handled as trainer, rider or driver, would fill volumes. His life was spent among horses, and it is to the turf's credit that his integrity was never questioned. Murphy was a great favor-ite with Robert Bonner, who employed him to train and care for his splendid stable of trotters. Almost ever since Mand S. has been in the possession of Mr. Bonner she has been cared for and speeded by Murphy.

THE YACHT NEVERSINK



by Capt. Francis L. Norton, and called the Noversink, because it is claimed that she will live in any sea; that she will not sink if filled with water to the decks or with her bostom torn out, and that she can travel with her beam ends submerged, or carry full sail in a hurricane without danger of capsizing. The Noversink is, over all, 30 feet in length and 30 feet on the water line. Her breadth of beam is 12 feet amidship and 7 feet 9 inches at the stern. She draws about 3 feet of water, and is yawi rigged, carrying a mizzen, mainsail, foresail and jib, with a square sail to be used instead of the mainsail when running free before the wind. With all her sails set she shows nearly 700 square feet of canvas, a tremendous quantity for so small a yacht.

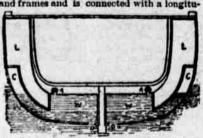
She is constructed on the Norton double hull system, having two frames, the outer one of which is shaped to insure the greatest possible speed.

possible speed.

The keel of the inner frame is perfectly flat, and the two frames are strongly joined to-gether. The cut showing a cross section of the boat gives a very good idea of her con-

struction.

The spaces W along the bottom and sides of the keel are filled with a number of metalic automatic ballast chambers, which arrangement maintains the equal distribution of the water ballast along the length of the boat. Then there are longitudinal openings near to and in a line with the keel, so formed and connected with the outer planking as to be perfectly water tight at such parts and thereby prevent the admission of water between the two plankings. To these ballast chambers is connected a small air pipe which passes up vertically between the chambers and frames and is connected with a longitu



Explanatory Note-L. Hermetically sealed at chambers. W. Water ballast chambers. O. Openings into water ballast chambers. A. Air pipes. C. Compressed air. CROSS SECTION.

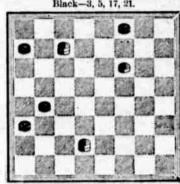
dinal pipe running on each side below the covering board of the two frames, and fitted with a small air valve which permits the air to escape from the ballast chambers as the water ballast enters, while retaining the air in the ascending arms of the chambers. The remainder of the space (L) not filled by the ballast chambers, and between the two frames, is filled with hermetically closed air chambers shaped to fit such space.

The Neversink is destined to excite the wor der and admiration of Europeans. It is safe to say that such a boat has never been seen in European waters. There are, in fact, few like her in America, the only ones in existen being built and owned by Capt. Norton.

CHESS AND CHECKERS. Ches problem No. 21-By. S. Fleischmann.



White. White to play and mate in two moves. Checker Problem No. 21-By Mr. Wylie. Black-3, 5, 17, 21,



White-e6, 11, *26, White to play and win.

SOLUTIONS. Chess problem No. 20: White. 1.. K to B 2. 1. Moves. 2...Q mates.

Checker problem No. 20: Black-7, 8, +13, 14, *15, 16, 18, 20, 24, 80, 31, 32. White to play and win. 1.. 6 to 9 1...13 to 6 2. .24 to 31 2..31 to 26 3., 5 to 1 3..31 to 23

PROBLEM NO. 4, BY "E." Blacks-15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 31s, 32s. 0 (8) 0 0 0 • 0

White-7, 8, 13°, 14, 16, 20, 28, 29, Black to play and win.
" Mossback " sends the correct o problems No. solution to No. 3

25-30 3-10 $\frac{28 - 24}{21 - 17}$ 16 - 11B. wins.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS AND GUN
NERS All persons are hereby forbidden
to trespass on any of the lands of the Cornwall
and Speedwell estates in Lebanon or Lancasser
counties, whether inclosed or uninclosed, either
for the purpose of shooting or fishing, as the
law will be rigidity enforced against all trespassing on said lands of the undersigned afte
this notice.

WM. COLEMAN FREEMAN

WM. COLEMAN FREEMAN R. PERCY ALDEN, EDW. C. FREEMAN, Attorneys for R. W. Coleman's Heirs