

THREE NEW YORK HOMES.

A CELEBRATED LAWYER'S HOUSE IN THE ARISTOCRATIC QUARTER.

The Metropolitan Residence of a Well Known Newspaper Correspondent—A Street Railway Baron's Brown Stone. Some Reminiscences from Manhattan.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, Feb. 6.—The mammoth buildings that are beginning to appear in lower Fifth avenue to meet the demands of business are wiping out the landmarks of the once exclusively aristocratic section. The new building of the Goelet estate, corner of Sixteenth, the home of the Judge and Frank Leslie Publishing company, occupies a site almost as strongly fixed in the memory of New Yorkers as the Goelet place at Broadway and Nineteenth street, where the old homestead has lingered amid the palaces of business that surround it. The corner at Sixteenth street (northwest) was never built upon and was one of the very few vacant spaces of private land in that vicinity. It was an oasis of primeval arid in a desert of brick and stone.

Another landmark that shared the fate of the old corner was the town house of the celebrated lawyer, Aaron J. Vanderpoel, who died suddenly in France when he was at the height of a successful career. The Vanderpoel house, No. 1 West Sixteenth street, was one of the old style brick mansions, built probably forty years ago, when Sixteenth street was called uptown. While the houses of this exterior they furnish ample accommodations in the front basement and large parlors and chambers. The library is provided for by a long extension about one-half or two-thirds the width of the lot, and giving a good light.

To a professional man the library of a town house becomes the choicest corner in it, and that of the Vanderpoel house was especially favored in having a bright view on the green lawn of the vacant corner, and also the passing scenes on the avenue. Mr. Vanderpoel was distinguished in his profession and had gathered in his home study the finest collection of law books in the state. His specialty was trial work, and he accomplished a marvelous amount of it, succeeding, as he said, by the studious mastery of facts. Yet the Sixteenth street mansion was not a mere lawyer's den. Although a stern looking man, Mr. Vanderpoel was genial in temperament and a favorite with his fellows. He was very plain and looked rather like a farmer than a habitué of aristocratic Fifth avenue. He was of original Dutch stock and maintained a splendid country estate near his early home in Columbia county.

Mr. Vanderpoel associated himself with many city societies, one of which, the Holland fostered those ancestral traditions to which he was devoted. The region of his farm at Kinderhook he made the scene of Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and used to relate the story to his friends with many local embellishments from his own experience. His country home and the adjoining Catskills were his recreation, but he lived the life of a New Yorker to the full. The neighborhood of his town home was full of social attractions. To the new St. Nicholas and Century clubs he gave some of his leisure, but during the greater part of his career he was a pillar of the Manhattan, which he helped to found and over which he presided several years. The Manhattan club house, on the block below his home, was a convenient place to drop in for the evening.

Mr. Vanderpoel was a neighborly man and identified himself personally with the surroundings of his home and with the people of the city. For many years Brentano's Literary Emporium was near Sixteenth street, in Union square, one block from the Vanderpoel mansion, and the great lawyer, with his head crammed with legal facts, called in for his daily papers regularly, generally stopping to discuss the news. His evening visits here were also quite regular, and were often prolonged in comparing notes with the proprietor, who was thoroughly posted on contents of his loaded shelves, or chatting with the young August Brentano, the nephew and successor of the Brentano of today. A student of other things than law, he was a lover of literature in the best sense. He read everything of permanent value, and he made a mark, and all of the select new publications were at once ordered AARON J. VANDERPOEL for his home library. Taken all in all, Judge and Frank Leslie, in going way uptown far from the printers' quarter, have not been quite reckless. Fifth avenue, with Madison and Union squares and Gramercy park for neighbors, and the site of a home of an old time, branny, cultured New Yorker, those things should inspire good work if there be power in surroundings and traditions.

It is by no means seeking a contrast to go from Sixteenth street and Fifth avenue to George Alfred Townsend's (Gath's) neighborhood in West Thirty-fourth street. West Thirty-fourth street is not to be judged throughout by what it is at Broadway and Sixth avenue, all bustle and confusion. It is one of the city's broad streets, and had the early fathers been duly sensitive to the proprieties they would have called it an avenue rather than a street. This street was populated by a later generation of aristocratic people than those of lower Fifth avenue, and that portion of it west of Sixth avenue seems to be far more exclusive than Fifth avenue itself—that is, in the sense of being retired.

Townsend's home of the past seven or eight years, No. 361, is near Ninth avenue, and is very far from the central thoroughfares frequented by visitors, and if any one cares to test by himself that isolation to be had in town which is so often said to be complete, let him stroll on West Thirty-fourth street some pleasant morning in autumn between 1 and 3 o'clock. Then the masters of the long rows of mansions will be at their offices down town, the ladies will be shopping or in the park, and the servants will be in the back basements. The caterers' wagons will have abandoned the street and the carriages and cabs will be with their owners or patrons in the park. All will be silent within and without, and the only sound of the few pedestrians will echo from the black brick and stone do not breathe, and weave, and crackle, as do the weed and plants and trees of the country.

Gath's house is in the heart of such isolation and is in the center of a neighborhood of houses miles in extent. The building is one of New York's old timers, a brown stone on the English pattern, with a small front yard, level with the street. Strangers have doubtless noticed that a few blocks of the many thousands of houses in town have a vacant area of ten to twenty feet depth in front. This is because some old proprietor, with a high sense of the fitness of things, made a restriction when selling or leasing land that the building should not reach to the pavement line. These English basement houses in Thirty-fourth street, of which Townsend's is one of a row of perhaps a dozen, have a neat grass plot in front and a low iron fence to protect it. The houses themselves are roomy and comfortable. The first floor contains a reception and living rooms, with parlors above. Although a traveling man and a Washington correspondent, with a country home, Gath has had for many years a New York home. His friends and children are located in the neighborhood.

For the past few years, however, his domestic hobby has been new country home on South Mountain, Maryland. The place, which he names Gathland, is located in Crompton's pass, South Mountain, where Franklin's Sixth corps stormed the gap Sept. 14, 1862, driving the Confederates at that point of the bayonet. The site of Mr. Townsend's estate is the eastern mouth of the gap where the broad valley of the Catoctin creek and the distant range of Catoctin Mountain form a charming landscape. It was here that Gath delved for materials for his historical novel, "Gath's City Home," and if loveliness of nature and historical associations can compensate for the isolation of a mountain home, then the choice is a happy one. Yet it is not all the spirit of poetry that drew the active correspondent to seek this mountain retreat as a change from city life.

Mr. Townsend is a practical man and puts theories to a test. When the cost of living, cooking reform, etc., were topics of newspaper discussion some years ago he selected a kindred topic for one of his New York letters, and made the rounds of the markets with a basket on a arm just to see how much diversion, amuse, economy, and humanity he could carry off by the goddess to Tauris, where she became a priestess.

Such is the legend that has been for centuries perpetuated in song and story on canvas and in marble, till the whole world is familiar with the name Iphigenia. Yet how much more is there in the case of Sister Rose Gertrude to stir the emotions. The Trojan girl was sent to the altar by her father in obedience to a vow. The English girl goes of her own free will to spend what time may be granted between her arrival at Hawaii and her death from the disease which, unless she is carried off earlier by other means, is sure to follow—among stricken beings kept in a pen to prevent their contaminating the rest of the world.

The woman who thus offers herself is the daughter of an English clergyman in the Episcopal church. Some seven years ago, when she was about twenty, she entered the Roman communion. Very soon after she listened to a sermon in which the speaker gave an account of the leper colony at Kala-ua and Father Damien's labors there. An inspiration came to her that she should devote herself to this same work. She wished to go at once, but her friends begged her to at least wait till she should be older and should have recovered from the disease. She accepted the offer of a postponement, but did not abandon her purpose. Five years passed, and then she began her preparations. Going to Paris, she was trained under the celebrated Pasteur and in the hospitals there, in order that she might gain a scientific knowledge of leprosy. With this training she may at once care for the lepers and study the disease which afflicts them.

The body in which dwells this heroism is very small, weighing scarcely a hundred pounds. The face is oval, the eyes bluish gray, the hair dark. The sides are as modest and retiring as she is heroic. Her father and mother and two sisters are living in England and her brother is a farmer in Manitoba. She was educated at the Ladies' college, in Bath, England, and brought up by her father in the Italian style. It stands on the corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue, with here and there a factory, stage station, cattle market, and road tavern. London Terrace, a fine old building on the west side of Ninth avenue, and a row of brick cottages near Eighth avenue, opposite the Sharp house, stood almost alone as desirable residences of that neighborhood. The present Grand Opera house, built by Pike after the war, gave the region a beautiful marble structure in the Italian style. It stands on the corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue, with here and there a factory, stage station, cattle market, and road tavern.

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NAVAL SECRETARY TRACY.

SUDDEN INTERRUPTION OF A BRILLIANT AND SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

Early Struggles and Triumphs—Brilliant Military Career—Takes High Rank at the New York Bar—The Beecher-Tilton Trial. Heated Campaign and Fitting Reward.

(Special Correspondence.)

Benjamin Franklin Tracy, whose able administration of the naval department of the United States was so suddenly interrupted by an appalling calamity, was born in Oswego, Tioga county, N. Y., in 1830 and passed his early life on a farm, attending only the winter terms of an academy. From boyhood he was noticeably vigorous, earnest and reliable, and when admitted to the bar, in 1851, he soon made his mark in law practice. So rapid was his rise and so great the popular confidence in him that in 1853, and again in 1855, he was elected district attorney, though his party was in a minority in the county.

When Jules Verne wrote his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," in which Capt. Nemo navigates in his wonderful boat under the surface of the water, every one regarded it as a splendid piece of imagination, but few, if any, supposed such a boat practicable. This, however, is an age in which the imaginative writer finds it difficult to keep ahead of reality. Lieut. Peralt, of the Spanish navy, has built a boat which closely resembles the cigar shaped submarine vessel whose picture appears in the volume written by Jules Verne.

It was about five years ago that Lieut. Peralt conceived his idea, but kept his main secret. A war becoming imminent, he revealed them to the Spanish minister of marine, and a commission appointed for the purpose of examining the project, having approved them, the Peralt was built at the arsenal of Carraca and launched in September, 1888. She is cigar shaped, measures 74 feet from stem to stern and 9 1/2 feet broad. She is driven by twin screws, the motive force being supplied by electrical storage batteries. The Peralt is a torpedo boat and fitted with complete torpedo gear. The steering apparatus is in a conning tower in the middle in which the helmsman obtains a view of all about by means of reflecting mirrors. What the internal mechanism is kept secret.

Secret tests have been made, in one of which the Peralt went down like a whale and remained under way for forty-five minutes, attaining a speed of six knots an hour. Against such a torpedo boat no vessel, however powerful and well equipped, can stand.

Solicitor General Taft. Judge William H. Taft, who has been appointed solicitor general of the United States, vice Orlow Chapman, deceased, is a very young man for so important a position, being but 30 years of age. He is the son of Alphonso Taft, who was United States minister to Russia and Austria, and had been Attorney General under President Grant and for a time Secretary of War.

The son, William H. Taft, was graduated at Yale, and studied law. He soon became assistant prosecutor of Hamilton county, Ohio, and was appointed of this office to be internal revenue collector by President Arthur. Mr. Taft preferred the law, and resigned the office to become assistant county solicitor. When Judge Harman resigned from the superior bench young Taft was appointed for the unexpired term, and then elected to the office. He is a hard worker, a brilliant man, and is of fine physique.

Hon. J. C. Power. Hon. J. C. Power, Republican, is one of the "Big Four" now waiting for the United States senate to decide which two of them are to hold seats in that body for Montana. He is emphatically a "western hatcher." He was one of the kind so often described in romances of the west, one whose business career is a record of romance, yet who makes romance subsidiary to business. J. C. POWER, As carpenter, surveyor, town boomer, general contractor and heavy investor in railroad and steamboat stock, he has been always active and often successful, is very nearly the wealthiest man in Montana and is still active. He was born in 1839 in Dubuque, Iowa, and has kept on the border ever since. He is below the medium size and rather sallow in appearance, but his bright eye reveals his face, and he is ever on the alert. He entered politics four years ago, was a candidate for governor last year, and was defeated by the Democrat J. K. Toole. He represents the western half of the state.

Hon. HALLAM TENNYSON. LADY TENNYSON. LADY TENNYSON, shows Alfred Tennyson and his wife and Hon. Alfred Tennyson at home, and presents a new aspect of the poet laureate's face.

It is said that if ten American novelists whose books would readily be selected and ten mechanics, who earn \$2.50 a day, at the end of ten years the mechanics will have earned the most money.—Exchange.

STATESMEN IN SOCIETY.

PUBLIC MEN MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN PLEASURE AND SUCCESS.

Walter Wellman Sits Down in the East Room and Studies Society as Seen at a White House Reception—A Bright Congressman Describes His Experiences.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Public men complain most bitterly that society makes such large demands upon their time that they cannot properly get through their work. At the last White House reception I sat down in the East Room, taking possession of a secluded corner, and watched the famous men and beautiful women who were promenading that noble apartment, reflecting upon their daily lives, their antecedents, their life struggles and daily routine. On such an occasion as this it is always obvious that the woman is serene and content and self possessed, while the man it is who seems pressed for time, who is nervous about his responsibilities, who is anxious to get home, and who is not without a certain amount of "doubt," said I, as he sat down beside me, "tell me how this scene impresses you."

"First," he replied, "let me tell you of my experience here to-night. It was my first taste of official society as seen at a public levee in the executive mansion. I did not know what to do when I came here, and so I thought it best simply to follow the crowd. It took me forty minutes to get from the front door to the coat room, and there a colored man grabbed my hat and coat, while I was willing to wager something handsome that I should never get them back again. Ten minutes later and the stream of people had carried me with them to the reception room. I was a little dazed by what occurred there, and I have been a little dazed ever since. The unusual hearing my name sung out by some one, 'Mr. Dolliver!' A man whom I took for the president grabbed my hand and pumped my right arm up and down a couple of times. Then I was shoved along to Mrs. Harrison, I think it was. My arm was pumped again, and as another cog was turned by the machine I heard myself greeted by the second lady as 'Mr. Gulliver.' Again the group started moving, and the machine took up another cog, and I was introduced to the next lady, 'Mr. Melville.' More pump like movement of the right arm, and with the lights dazzling my eyes, and my brain a little disordered by visions of beautiful women and gorgeous dresses, I was passed along to still another. Here I recovered myself sufficiently to endeavor to regain possession of my proper name, but when, five seconds later, the machine moved again I found the pump action just like its predecessors and a large, handsome woman with a French accent calling me 'Mr. Gollyboy.' Then I gave it up, and resigned myself to anything that might happen in the way of impromptu nomenclature. More pump handle movements, more parodies on the name that I had come honestly by, and finally I reached the end of the line and as 'Gen. Zollicoffer' made my escape into the East Room. Let me sit down and catch my breath."

"And you like it?" "Well, it is a wonderful spectacle, and I am fond of the spectacular. All the glimpses I have had of the society of Washington interest me, particularly the fine dinners. It seems to me that the dinner is the most rational and enduring form of social activity here. I never fail to accept an invitation to dinner, but the studies are most forcibly the demands this social business makes on one's time. How some of the senators and members manage to get through their work and give so much time to social matters is more than I can understand. Of course I am willing to concede that this society is very fascinating. I must confess that it has taken hold of me in a way which I had not dreamed of. I came down here, as I am told many a young congressman had come before me, full of ambition and clothed in good resolutions. I was not going to do it with the glittering temper, society. My days were to be spent in the work of the house of representatives and in the service of my constituents, while my evenings were to be devoted to letter writing and to study. Now as a matter of fact I have been out to a dinner or a reception every night for a week. I have almost lived in a dress coat."

"And you find yourself much pressed for time?" "All the while. It is something new in my experience. In the country town in which I lived we did not know what it was to be hurried. We arose at a reasonable hour in the morning, had leisure to read two or three newspapers before breakfast, walked down to the office, stopping to chat with friends on the way, had an hour or two for a midday dinner, took a nap thereafter if so inclined, and in this leisurely manner spent the day and the evening. But this is a different sort of life. Take my experience of today as a sample of every day's experience, not only of mine but of every congressman and senator's. I breakfasted at 8, at 9 was in a hired cab going to the government printing office to get a job for an old constituent of mine, from there to the post-office department to see about a post-office appointment, to the treasury, to the war department, and finally to the Capitol. All day there I wrote letters to my constituents. At 3 o'clock the house adjourned, and I had an engagement to dine at 6 four miles from the Capitol. A rapid drive, a lightning change from business to dress suit, another hurried drive, and I was at my host's, ten minutes late, despite all my exertions. At 9 o'clock I had an engagement with my friend and colleague, Judge Reed, to come to the president's reception, and here I am, all of which I call pretty lively work for a plain young congressman who had firmly resolved not to be led astray by the seductions of Washington society."

Mr. Dolliver did not know I was going to use him as a horrible example of the manner in which the society of the capital destroys good resolutions and leisureliness, and he may not thank me for so doing, but being a young and handsome bachelor, naturally falling in a easy victim to the wiles of the world of fashion, I wanted to contrast him with a certain senator whose case was soon called to my notice by the appearance in the East Room of his beautiful wife. Mrs. Davis, wife of the senator from Minnesota, is one of the popular women of Washington, and goes much in society, but her husband is rarely seen with her. He is one of the few public men who have fought the battle of the temptations of the capital, and have I am, all of which I call pretty lively work for a plain young congressman who had firmly resolved not to be led astray by the seductions of Washington society."

The senator was found upstairs in his library, sitting in his shirt sleeves, a cigar between his lips, his feet perched upon a chair, the whole a picture of plain, unadorned comfort. It was obvious that there had been a domestic discussion about the social duties of a senator of the United States, carried on in an unceremonious and with the senator emerging as victor. My friend, who had surmised all this, and who was very ardent about the matter if he were going out, "Not much," said Mr. Davis, puffing vigorously at his cigar and pushing the box over to his caller. "Not much. The fact is that I have not been in the great hall of the capitol since the day I abandoned it. I am thinking of introducing a bill to have all swallow tails abolished. If I had known that a man had to wear one of those infernal things three or four times a week in Washington, I'm hanged if I would have come to the senate."

About the first thing a public man has to decide on coming to congress or other official station in the capital is one of society. Shall he go out and give up all his cherished plans of work and study, all his ambition to be a great and useful statesman, or remain at home and enjoy the pleasures of dinner and reception? It is a more serious question than the reader who knows not the situation would be likely to judge it. Once started in the social whirl it is not so easy to stop. In fact, it is almost impossible, and the first thing the victim knows he will find himself doing is to get up the next morning not even read the morning papers, and as for writing speeches or giving careful study to any of the great questions of the times, that is not to be thought of. I was talking about this to a veteran newspaper correspondent, one who has been here twenty years and kept his eyes and ears open to good advantage, and he lays down the rule that the men who make success in public life, social pleasure, even moderately indulged, and the intrigues and undermine the ambition with surprising rapidity. As Secretary Windom walked through the East Room my friend pointed to him and said: "There goes one of the most evenly balanced, one of the most capable of our public men. He has a phenomenal capacity for work. Every day the secretary is at the treasury department till 9 or 10 o'clock; his dinner is not served till 8; four or five times a week he is out to receptions, and yet he comes into his office next morning thoroughly up with all the news of the day and with a score of important matters all ready to go into the hands of his subordinates. How he could do that was a mystery to me till one night last week, when I chanced to pass his house on Massachusetts avenue about 2 o'clock in the morning. There was a light in his library, and then I knew he had not been to bed. A little further down the avenue another library was brilliantly illuminated, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and through an open blind I saw the little chief justice of the United States bending over his desk. That explained how he was able to devote so much time to society, of which he is very fond, and still save a time to keep up with the enormous amount of work which his position throws upon him. And thus, I dare say, you'll find it all over the city of Washington."

"To the man of affairs and success and conscientious effort to do his whole duty there is but one way to make up for the time lost in society's gay whirl, and that is by consumption of the midnight oil. This does for a season or two, but the man who settles down to it as a regular thing will find himself in a bad way. Reception is given in honor of the supreme court and congress. It is the one social event of the year which senators and representatives are in duty bound to attend, yet not one-half of the leading men of those bodies are here. Many that are here will not go out again this season. They need their evenings in their libraries or "dens" for the purpose of writing letters, reading bills, studying public questions or conferences with friends and the like. They have made their choice between pleasure and success in favor of the latter."

AN AUSTRALIAN FAVORITE. Miss Myra Kemble, who recently appeared in "The Colonies" to appear in England. On the recent retirement of Miss Easton from the stage Miss Myra Kemble, the lady who recently made a successful debut at the Lyceum, and who seems to have at once taken the place of the departed actress, just before her departure for England Miss Kemble was treated to an imposing farewell function at St. James' Hall, London. Melbourne sadly grieved that it could not, from lack of time, accord the honor to the popular actress. "Miss Myra Kemble's story" writes a representative of The Pall Mall Gazette, "is a very interesting one. She told it to me after a fatiguing rehearsal, one of patient effort and well earned success. She has had no sudden triumph, but a steady advance to the point of fame; only the capacity for taking pains and the reward of unflinching perseverance. As a consequence, Miss Kemble has attained to artistic as well as physical maturity. But although not in the first bloom of youth, Miss Kemble's face, with its blonde complexion and graceful carriage give her an excellent stage presence."

Her first appearance on the stage was in 1874, at a pantomime in Melbourne. Then she took a grand triumphal tour to Paris, and in less than two years was leading lady at the Victoria theatre. At 19 she played Lady Macbeth, being the youngest woman to attempt the role in Australia. It is said that she excels in those difficult and delightful old school comedies created by Sheridan and contemporaries. Her stage name, Kemble, is that borne by her mother before marriage. Her father objected to her going on the stage, and so she did not take his name. She is married, and was born in Ireland.

REMARKABLE PISTOL SHOOTING. The Performances of George Naude and George Bird who beat him. At the tourney held in Paris during the exposition George Naude, of Paris was awarded first prize for a six shot score with a revolver on the new French target. Naude's record was a great one, and it was one of the bull's eye target near the edge of the inner circle, two shots on the edge of the circle—above the diameter line and one below it—two other shots were buried at the diameter line, and the other two were on the outer circle of the black bull's eye, and the sixth shot half in the 7 circle and half in the 8. The target was 11 1/2 inches in diameter and was set at a distance of 33 yards from the marksmen. This was considered remarkable shooting, and was freely made that no one would equal it for some time. The bull's eye cut here given is a fac-simile of the center section of the target of George Bird, the young crack of the Kill-dare Hunting club, and the Calumet Club, who shot the club's target with a score of Naude, but surpassed it. This achievement is the more remarkable from the fact that the target was one-fourth the size of the original French target used by Naude. Mr. Bird lunched his six shots, as shown in the cut, while another marksman a few feet away was banging at another kind of target.

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THE TRACY MANSION.

THE SPANISH BOAT WHICH NAVIGATES BELOW THE WATER'S SURFACE.

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Hon. HALLAM TENNYSON. LADY TENNYSON. LADY TENNYSON, shows Alfred Tennyson and his wife and Hon. Alfred Tennyson at home, and presents a new aspect of the poet laureate's face.

It is said that if ten American novelists whose books would readily be selected and ten mechanics, who earn \$2.50 a day, at the end of ten years the mechanics will have earned the most money.—Exchange.

EL PERAL. The Spanish Boat which Navigates Below the Water's Surface.

When Jules Verne wrote his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," in which Capt. Nemo navigates in his wonderful boat under the surface of the water, every one regarded it as a splendid piece of imagination, but few, if any, supposed such a boat practicable. This, however, is an age in which the imaginative writer finds it difficult to keep ahead of reality. Lieut. Peralt, of the Spanish navy, has built a boat which closely resembles the cigar shaped submarine vessel whose picture appears in the volume written by Jules Verne.

It was about five years ago that Lieut. Peralt conceived his idea, but kept his main secret. A war becoming imminent, he revealed them to the Spanish minister of marine, and a commission appointed for the purpose of examining the project, having approved them, the Peralt was built at the arsenal of Carraca and launched in September, 1888. She is cigar shaped, measures 74 feet from stem to stern and 9 1/2 feet broad. She is driven by twin screws, the motive force being supplied by electrical storage batteries. The Peralt is a torpedo boat and fitted with complete torpedo gear. The steering apparatus is in a conning tower in the middle in which the helmsman obtains a view of all about by means of reflecting mirrors. What the internal mechanism is kept secret.

Secret tests have been made, in one of which the Peralt went down like a whale and remained under way for forty-five minutes, attaining a speed of six knots an hour. Against such a torpedo boat no vessel, however powerful and well equipped, can stand.

Solicitor General Taft. Judge William H. Taft, who has been appointed solicitor general of the United States, vice Orlow Chapman, deceased, is a very young man for so important a position, being but 30 years of age. He is the son of Alphonso Taft, who was United States minister to Russia and Austria, and had been Attorney General under President Grant and for a time Secretary of War.

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