Explaining an Historical Fact,

That is why Elizabeth hated Marv so

romance did not get the prize, but I am con-ceited enough to think it deserved an hon-

A HEROINE WITH A LARGE MOUTH

Was His First Character, but He Couldn't

Make Her Fall in Love. GREAT NOVELS CUT OFF BY DEATH

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) To dream over literary projects, Balzac says, is like "smoking enchanted cigarettes," but when we try to tackle our projects, to make them real, the enchantment disappears. We have to till the soil, to sow the seed, to gather the leaves, and then the cigarettes must be manufactured, while there may be no market for them after all. Probably most people have enjoyed the tragrance of these enchanted cigarettes, and have brooded over much which they will never put on paper. Here are some of "the ashes of the weeds of my

Of my earliest novel I remember but little. I know there had been a wreck, and that the villian, who was believed to be drowned, came home and made himself disagreeable. I know that the heroine's mouth was not "too large for regular

All heroines are "muckle-mou'd." I know not why. It is expected of them, I know

she was melancholy and merry; it would not surprise me to learn that she drowned

herself in a canoe. But the villian never

descended to crime, the first lover would

not fall in love, the heroine's own affections

were provokingly disengaged, and the whole

affair came to a dead stop for want of a plot.

A True Mirror to Nature.

Perhaps, considering modern canons of

fiction, this might have been a very success-

ful novel. It was entirely devoid of inci-

dent or interest, and, consequently, was a

good deal like real life, as real life appears

to many cultivated authors. On the other

hand, all the characters were flippant. This would never have done, and I do not regret novel No. 1, which had not even a name.

The second story had a plot, quantities of plot, nothing but plot. It was to have been written in collaboration with a very great novelist, who, as far as we went, confined

novelist, who, as far as we went, confined himself to making objections. This novel was stopped (not that my friend would ever have gone on) by "Called Back," which anticipated part of the idea. The story was entitled, "Where Is Rose?" and the motto was Rosa quo locorum sers moratur.

The characters were: (1.) Rose, a young lady of quality, (2.) The Russian Princess, her friend (need I add that, to meet a public demand, her name was Vera?). (3.) Young man engaged to Rose. (4.) Charles.

This One Had a Dark Mystery.

Neither my friend nor I was fond of de-scribing love scenes, so we made the heroine

was long sought in vain.

This, briefly, is what had occurred. A

her diamonds and Vera for his friend, the Moscovite official, lodging them both in the

It Had Siberia in It. But there he and the Russian came to

blows, and, in the confusion, Vera made her escape, while Rose was conveyed, as Vera,

escape, while Rose was conveyed, as Vera, to Siberia. Not knowing how to dispose of her, the Russian police confined her to a nunnery at the mouth of the 'Obi. Her lover found her hiding place, and got a friendly nun to give her some narcotic known to the Samoyeds. It was the old true of the Friar in "Romeo and Juliet." At the mouth of the Obi they do not bury the dead but lay them down on platforms.

the dead, but lay them down on platforms in the open air. Rose was picked up there

by her lover (accompanied by a chaperon, of course), and was got on board a steam yacht, and all went well. I forget what happened to The Whiteley of Crime. After

him I still rather hanker—he was a humor-ous ruffian. Something could be made of The Whiteley of Crime. "What offers?" as

the people say in the exchange and mart.

The next novel, based on a dream, was called "In Search of Qrart." What is Qrart? I decline to divulge this secret be-

yond saying that Grart was a product of the

civilization which now sleeps under the snows of the pole. It was an article of the utmost value to humanity. Further I do not intend to commit myself. The bride of a god was one of the characters.

Away Back in the B. C's.

The next novel is, at present, my favorite eigarette. The scene is partly in Greece, partly at the Parthian Court, about 80-60 B. C. Crassus is the villain. The heroine

naunted house.

delight"-memories of romances whereof

no single line is written, or is likely to be

orable mention.

Ecough of my own cigarettes. But there are others of a more fragrant weed. Who will end for me the novel of which Byron beauty." In that respect she was original. will end for me the novel of which Byron only wrote a chapter; who, as Bulwer Lytton is dead? A finer opening, one more mysterionsly stirring, you shall nowhere read. And the novel in letters, which Scott began in 1819, who shall finish it, or tell us what he did with his fair Venetian courtesan, a character so much out of Sir Walter's way? He tossed it aside, it was but an enchapted cigarette, and gave us but an enchanted cigarette, and gave us "The Fortunes of Nigel" in its place. I want both. We cannot call up those who "left half told" these stories. In a happier world we shall listen to their endings, and all our dreams shall be coherent and concluded. Meanwhile, without trouble, and expense, and disappointment, and re-views, we can all smoke our cigarettes of fairyland. Would that many people were content to smoke them peacefully, and did not rush on pen, paper and ink!

Andrew Lang.

HOW TO MAKE A GIFT. There's a Great Deal in the Manner

Which the Offering Comes. New York Times.] A certain New Yorker, whose income permits the gratification of his generous impulses, wanted to send a substantial gift to an old friend, a clergyman, whose small parish in a distant community vouchsafed him more of love and reverence than salary. "I'm going to send B. \$100," the New Yorker announced to his wife one day in December.

"Are you?" she said, I'm glad." Then. after a minute, she asked: "How will you send it?"
"By check, of course," was the reply,

"How else should I?"

"How else should 17"

But the wife demurred. "It seems a little too—too sordid, doesn't it, for a man like Mr. B.? Let me manage it, may 1?" and the husband consented.

On Christmas morning a registered express package was delivered at the little Western parsonage to Mrs. B. She opened it wonderingly and found a flat box. Going further, a mat of silk paper was removed and a dainty booklet of Christmas remembrance was disclosed. This was taken out and admired and the card beneath it read for the givers. Something showed still under a second mat of paper, and when that had been put aside, there, fitted neatly in the bottom of the box, were five tiny silken had been put aside, there, interd heady in the bottom of the box, were five tiny silken bags, each tied close with a little bow of ribbon. Each contained a twenty-dollar gold piece. This was the wife of the New Yorker's delicate way of eliminating the

NOT FROM A SPEEDY TOWN.

check element.



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Mrs. French-Drop that book, Helen; von shall not get a taste for fast reading while I

am responsible. Helen French-Why, mamma, it is by a Philadelphia author. Mrs. French-Go on with your reading, A Great Philosopher's Truth.

I WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 Herdso-I hear you have made a fortune in real estate; give me the secret of your Saidso-I bought with dollars and sense

HAD WAR ON THE BRAIN,



[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Her Support Isn't Popular. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Wool-Why don't you take in the variety

friend was driven into the wilderness and lived among the Red Men. I think he was killed in an attempt to warn his countrymen of an Indian raid; I think his MSS stories have a bullet-hole through them, and blood on the leaves. They were in Carew's best manner, these poems.

I have omitted, after all, a schoolboy historical romance explaining why Queen Elizabeth was never married. A Scotch paper offered a prize for a story of Queen Mary Stuart's reign. I did not get the prize—perhaps, did not deserve it. You must know that Queen Elizabeth was singularly like Darnley in personal appearance. What so natural as that, disguised as a knight, Her Majesty should come spying about the Court of Holyrood. Darnley sees her walking out of Queen Mary's room, he thinks her an hallucination, discovers that she is real, challenges her and they fight at the live of the prize of the

she is real, challenges her and they fight at Faldonside, by the Tweed, Shakespeare holding Elizabeth's horse. Elizabeth is wounded and is carried to the Kirk of Field and laid in Darnley's chamber, while PORT STANLEY, EAST FALKLAND, Dec. 25.—Time was, some generations ago, when these islands were more talked about than perhaps any other portion of the earth's Darnley makes love to my rurai heroine, the Lady of Fernilee, a Kerr. That night Bothwell blows up the Kirk of Field, Elizabeth and all. Darnley has only one recourse. In the riding habit of the rural heroine he flees across the border, and for the rest of his life personates Queen Elizabeth. surface. But since the Dutch, French, Spanish, South American and United States Governments have, one by one in turns, resigned all claims to the archipelago which Great Britain now holds in peaceable possession, the world has so far forgotten the subject that to-day many otherwise wellposted persons would be puzzled to tell you at a moment's notice on which side of the bitterly (on account of the Kirk of Field affair), and that is why Queen Elizabeth was never married. Side-lights on Shakespeare's sonnets were obviously cast. The young man whom Shakespeare admired so, and urged to marry was—Darnley. This globe the Falklands are located.

The group, which includes more than 200 islands, lies about 300 miles due east from

transported to another island; and hints that he refrained from telling more marvel-ous truths because of the looks of incredulity which he discerned upon some of our faces. Another Falklander resents with indignation somebody's statement regarding the barrenness of the islands, and boastfully de-

barrenness of the islands, and boastfully de-clares that there is a tree in Stanley (the only one in the archipelago), and an apple tree at that, which last year bore five apples, each nearly as large as a walnut. Stanley Harbor is one of the most com-pletely land-locked in the world, having an opening hardly 600 feet across. In the fore-ground are several ships, stuck fast on sand bars, dismantled and slowly decaying. Two or three English and German vessels are taking on wool, tallow and sheenskins. are taking on wool, tallow and sheepskins, the cargoes being brought alongside in huge, old-fashioned freight hulks. Crafts of various sorts float French, Argentian and Chilean flags; but, search as you may, no stars and stripes can be seen, for Uncle Sam's banner is almost unknown in this

locality. Big Graveyard for a Little Town, Unfortunately for cheerfulness, the most conspicuous object in the landscape is a cemetery, disproportionately large compared to the little town, lying directly opposite the landing and filled with a forest of black and white wooden crosses. This

being a free port, we escape many of the tedious formalities that prevail in other places, and get ashore in what seems an incredibly short time after our Spanish-American experiences. The town, which contains about 700 inhabitants, consist prinplaces, and get ashore in what seems an incredibly short time after our Spanish-American experiences. The town, which contains about 700 inhabitants, consist principally of two macadamized streets, each a mile long, running parallel with the harbor. The bouses are of wood, or undressed stone, mostly of one-story and none more than two, all with roofs of galvanized iron. Every house of any pretensions has its little conservatory in front and greenhouses in the rear, because neither fruits flowers nor vegetables can be grown in the street of the Irish cause on fruits, flowers nor vegetables can be grown out of doors here on account of the eternal cold wind. Overhanging all are dense clouds of smoke, belched from the chimclouds of smoke, belefied from the chim-neys, as peat and coal must be burned every day in the year to keep people passably comfortable. The most conspicuous build-ing in Stanley is a very odd one, of cut brownstone, with a tall clock tower in the

center and wings on each side of it—one wing doing duty as a church, the other as a The Islanders Subsist on Sheep. The handsomest private residence a square two-storied brick one—belongs to the director of the "Falkland Islands Sheep-Farming Company," the corporation which has given to the archipelago all the importance it possesses. The company's big ware houses, wherein are stored the island farm

houses, wherein are stored the island farmer's wool, tallow and sheepskins, are grouped along the jetties and form a village by themselves.

The English Governor occupies a distant cottage of gray stone; and both the barracks and the Governor's casa are defended by several nine-pounders. The decidedly English expression of Stanley becomes intensified more and more on closer acquainttensified more and more on closer acquaint tensified more and more on closer acquaintance. Take the shop signs for example,
Here is one that reads "Millinery, Drapery
& Haberdashery Store, to H. R. H. the Prince
of Wales. Another enormous sign-board informs passers-by in large letters that within
is a "store," it being evidently taken for
granted that everybody understands the
word to mean a depot for all manner of
commodities, from hams to bair switches.
Among several inns of the good old English
style—bar maids and all—are the "Stanley
Arms," the "Red Bull," the "Globe Tavern"
and the "Rose Hotel."

Industries of the Archipelago.

In 1851a company was formed in London and incorporated by Royal charter the present "Falkland Island Sheep Farming Company," for the purpose of turning to greater account the herds of wild cattle that roam the islands and the enormous extent of sheep ranges. An interest was purchased for \$100,000, and the company's headquarters were established at Stanley, while their grazing and boiling down operations were carried on in various places all over the archipelago. The development of this undertaking necessitated the establishment of stores and workshops at the seat of Colonial Government, and now ships can be repaired and provided at Stanley at less cost and in much better shape than at any other South American port—a matter of great importance, considering that much more injury is annually done to vessels that round Cape Horn than in any other part of the world.

A novel industry in which many Faikhand Islanders find employment is the rescuing of wrecked vessels and their crews. Not mat there is any regular life-saving service, maintained by individuals or the Government, but as in other out-of-the way sections of stormy coasts there are those who make a business of wrecking for plunder. Here parties keep schooners in constant readiness to go out at a moment's notice whenever a ship or schooner is sighted with broken masts and other evidence of a losing conflict with Cape Horn gales, with offers of assistance—not from motives of unmixed philanthropy, but for a good round rate of compensation, which generally completes the ruin of the victims by wrecking them financially.

FANNIE B. WARD, Industries of the Archipelage

THE PHILOSOPHY OF YOUTH.

As Roy Couldn't Find the Hole in His Stocking, He Said it Had Worn Out.

Harper's Young People.]
My odd little friend Roy Gregor so often surprises us with quaintly worded remarks that I am once in a while of the opinion

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY MARK TWAIN,

Author of "Innocents Abroad," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The group, which includes more than 200 islands, lies about 300 miles due east from the Atlantic entrance to the Straits of Magellan. So low and barren are they, resembling in color "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste," that they are not visible at a little distance. Running close to shore we see no trees or shrubs, nor even underbrush—nothing but gray sand and brownish grass; and feel a sharp, entting, constant land breeze, like that experienced in the North on blustering March days, only infinitely colder and more goose-dimpling and wrinkle-producing.

Yarns About Falkland Zephyrs.

Passengers who have been in these parts before fall to telling one another amazing yarns about the Falkland winds, most of which may be taken with many grains of allowance. A tall Briton, determined not to be outdone, asserts that he has actually seen sheep, whole droves of them, picked up bodily by a gentle Falkland zephyr and transported to another island; and hints that he refrained from telling more mayel-

CHAPTER XL

URING the first few days he kept the fact diligently before his mind that he was in a

himself; but as time wore on the fact itself began to take on a doubtful look, would come into play and do him service. But he stood no chance whatever. There, competency was no recommendation; political backing, without competency, was worth six of it. He was glaringly English, and that was necessarily against him in the political center of a nation where both parties prayed for the Irish cause on the

the chimney, where there's a brick wanting. You just take the chalk and—but of course you've done it before."

"Oh, no, I haven't."
"Why, of course, you haven't—what am
I thinking of? Plenty of room on the
plains without chalking, I'll be bound.
Well, you just chalk out a place the size of land where there a blanket snywhere on the tin that ain't was "work and already marked off, you know, and that's bread for all." In fact, for convenience sake he fitted it to a little tune and hummed it to Insting sociable—except the printer. He's the one that sleeps in that single bed the strangest creature; why, I don't believe you could get that man to sleep with another on a doubtful look, and next the tune got fatigued and presently run down and stopped. His first effort was to get an upper clerkship in one of the departments, where his Oxford education would come into play and do him service. wasn't any place for him but with the iron molder, and, if you'll believe me, he just set up the rest of the night—he did, honest. They say he's cracked, but it ain't so; he's English—they're awful particular. You won't mind my saying that—you—you're English?"

"I thought so. I could tell it by the way you mispronounced the words that's got a's ning to wear rather a startling look. He style that is—in Eugland, I mean, because had hunted everywhere for work, descending the style that is—in Eugland, I mean, because in this country a doctor ain't so very much, ing gradually the scale of quality, until appeared by even if he's that. But over there of course parently he had sued for all the various it's different. So this chap had a falling



HOW DO YOU DO?

ing might hope to be able to do except ditching and other coarse manual sorts and had got neither work nor the promise He was mechanically turning over the

leaves of his disry, meanwhile, and now his eye fell upon the first record made after he was burnt out:
"I myself did not doubt my stamina before, nobody could doubt it now, if they
could see how I am housed, and realize that
I feel absolutely no disgust with these quarters, but am as serenely content with them

as any dog would be in a similar kennel. Terms \$25 a week. I said I would start at the bottom. I have kept my word."

A shudder went quaking through him, and he exclaimed:

"What have I been thinking of! This

the bottom! Mooning along a whole week, and these terrific expenses climbing and elimbing all the time! I must end this folly straightaway."

folly straightaway."

He settled up at once and went forth to find less sumptuous lodgings. He had to wander to and fro and seek with diligence, but he succeeded. They made him pay in advance—\$4 50; this secured both bed and food for a week. The good-natured, hardworked landlady took him up three flights of narrow, uncarpeted stairs and delivered him into his room. There were two double bedsteads in it and one single one. He bedsteads in it and one single one. He would be allowed to sleep alone in one of the double beds until some new boarder should come, but he wouldn't be charged

So he would presently be required to sleep with some stranger! The thought of it made him sick. Mrs. Marsh, the landing gracefully dressed, and the mother's quick

that I am once in a while of the opinion that some of his ancestors were of the Irish stock and that he has inherited their talent for making what we call "Irish bulls."

None but an Irishman could gravely assert that ice cream is baked in a cold oven, and if this reply of Roy's to a question is not a genuine Irish bull, I am at a loss to give it a mame.

"Roy," said his mother, "this can't be your stocking. Yours had a hole in it when you came home from school."

"Yes, mama," said Roy, after a moment's study; "but the hole is wored out, I guess."

it made him sick. Mrs. Marsh, the landlady, was very friendly and hoped he would like her house—they all liked it, she said.

"And they're a very nice set of boys.

They carry on a good deal, but that's their fun. You see, this roam opens into this back one, and sometimes they're all in one and sometimes in the other; and hot nights they all sleep on the roof when it don't rain. The season's so early that they're all show to get out there the minute it's hot enough.

If you like to go up and pick out a place you came hole is wored out, I guess."

kinds of work a man without a special call- out with his father, and was pretty high strung, and just cut for this country, and the first he knew he had to get to work or starve. Well, he'd been to college, you see, and so he judged he was all right—did you say anything?" "No-I only sighed."

"And there's where he was mistaken. Why, he mighty near starved. And I reckon he would have starved sure enough, if some jour. printer or other hadn't took pity on him and got him a place as appren-tice. So he learnt the trade, and then he was all right—but it was a close call. Once he thought he had got to haul in his pride and holler for his father and—why, you're sighing again. Is anything the matter with

yon?—does my clatter—"
"Oh, dear no. Pray go on—I like it."
"Yes, you see, he's been over here ten years, he's 28 now, and he ain't pretty well satisfied in his mind, because he can't get treonciled to being a mechanic and association with mechanics he because he ating with mechanics, he being, as he says to me, a gentleman, which is a pretty plain letting-on that the boys ain't, but of course, I know enough not to let that cat out of the

bag."
"Why—would there be any harm in it?"
"Harm in it? They'd liek him, wouldn's they? Wouldn't you? Of course you would. Don't you ever let a man say you ain't a gentleman in this country. But laws, what am I thinking about? I reckon a body

would think twice before he said a cowboy wasn't a gentleman." wasn't a gentleman.

A trim, active, slender and very pretty girl of about 18 walked into the room now,

gracefully dressed, and the mother's quick

TWELVE-INCH

FOR CALIFORNIA

Just Completed at the Large Gun Foundry at Washington.

ACCURATE FOR TWELVE MILES.

Ships Which Hurl Forth Three Tons of Steel at One Discharge.

COST OF THE AWFUL DESTROYERS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, Jan. 30. NE of the biggest guns ever made in the United States crossed the continent last week, and its sister is now lying in the great gun factory at the navy yard waiting for the special car to return from San Francisco and carry it to the Pacific slope. These guns will be placed on the Monterey.

The big guns are among the most wonderful things of modern times. The one just sent to San Francisco weighed 104,000 sounds, and the freight car upon which it was carried was made especially strong, and it had to have 16 wheels and heavy trucks to support this immense weight. It had to be much longer than the ordinary car, and the gun itself is more than 35 feet long, and at its breech it is as big around as the largest flour barrel. It is so long that if it were stood on end its muzzle would reach above the top of a good sized three-story house. It would take about 90 horses to haul it if it were on wheels on a ordinary road, and the shot or shell which it uses are so big that three of them would make a good load for a team of Percheron horses.

The Shell and the Powder, Each of these shells weighs 850 pounds. Standing on the ground, they reach to the height of a man's waist and they are 12 inches thick or nearly twice as large around as the average telegraph pole. The powder used in these guns is the color of chocolate. It is compressed into the shape of the iron nuts which you use on a large bolt and it takes about two two-bushel bags full of these powder nuts to fire off the gun. For every shot that is fired it will take 425 get it into the average parlor. pounds of powder and this powder will send this immense shot forth from the gun with such a force that it will do execution 12 miles away and its velocity as it leaves the muzzle of the gun is 2,000 feet a second.

Two thousand feet a second! Do you realize what that means? This immense bell if it kept up this velocity would travel a mile in less than three seconds. It flies forth twenty times as fast as the fastest locomotive ever traveled, and plows its way along through the air, losing but little of this terrible speed as it carries its 800 pounds of death and destruction straight to the mark 12 miles away. Such a shot if it could keep its velocity would at this rate, go around the world in less than a day.

Execution of the Big Guns. Its speed is inconceivable. Its execution is beyond description. It will plow its way through steel and iron, and the guns of modern times would have perforated the ships which were in use 25 years ago like so much paper, and as it is they go a foot or more into solid steel, and the strongest com-binations of metal known to modern times

will hardly withstand them. These two guns are what are known as 12inch guns, and they are so far about the most satisfactory of the large guns known. The English have made some guns which measure 16 inches across the muzzle, but these have not done well, though they carry shells weighing 1,800 pounds and require nearly 1,000 pounds of powder to fire them. It is doubtful whether they have a greater striking force than our 12-inch guns but one of these 16-inch guns at a trial recently sent a shot through nearly 45 feet of iron, steel, granite and concrete and left it imbedded in six feet of brick in the end. The shot went first through 20 inches of iron and steel plate, then through 8 inches of wrought iron plate, then cut its way through

20 feet of oak, on through five feet of gran-ite, through 11 feet of concrete and at last closed in the midst of six feet of brick. The Guns Are Large Enough.

The 12-inch gun is the favorite gun with the best nations of the world. The English navy have a number which measure 13% inches, but the French have discarded their 16-theh guns and it is said that all over 123/2 inches are not satisfactory. The biggest gun affont in the German navy is 12 1-100 inches in size, and the biggest of new guns

ordered by Japan are only 12½ inches.
These big guns were made at the navy
yard gunshops here at Washington, and we have here now at the national capital one of the biggest and best gun factories of the world. Nearly 1,000 hands are now working here from 10 to 12 hours a day and working here from 10 to 12 hours a day and there is a colony of 3,000 people supported by the gun factory. The foundry has al-ready turned out or is making 117 big guns, and these range from 6-pounders to 12-inch in size and the largest guns cost as high as \$45,000 to \$50,000 apiece to make. Now, that there is danger of trouble abroad, the guards have been increased and it requires a pass to get into the navy yard. You are pass to get into the navy yard. You are stopped by a soldier at the gate and have to register your name.

12 inches in diameter and it is so arranged when hung in the ship it could be almost manipulated by a child.

Inside the Main Foundry.

I got a card from Commander Folger to Captain O'Neil, and was taken into the great big brick building which constitutes the main foundry and which looks for all the world like a big grain elevator. Imngine a room 600 feet long and 80 feet wide macked full of logs of steel, of polished barrels of metal in the shape of guns, of great machiney which whizzes and whirrs with its many bands of belling, of sooty workman by the hundreds in suits of blue cans and you have a mazed idea of our big cun shop. The noise which comes up is like the confusion of Babel.

Along the walls near the roof, you note two railroad tracks which run the entire length of the building and suspended to these and running on their wheels back and forth, is the mighty crane which picks up these 45 ton picces of steel logs and carries them as lightly as though they were matches from one end of the shop to the other. This crane is the biggest lifting 110 tops and it is so arranged that one man rides in a cage which swings just under the crane and moves it about over this big shop just as he pleases.

No Trouble to Handle Them. With it he could lift up a good-sized train of cars, and by a twist of the wrist he ould, with this crane, carry a passenger occumptive from one end of this room to the other. He takes up one of these guns, which is 36 feet long, and stands it on end without any trouble, and in fact the moving about of these immense masses of metal is tione with greater manual ease than the handling of the iron in an ordinary black-

smith's shop.

All kinds of gun making are going on here, and the making of a big gun is as fine

a piece of scientific manufacture as anything done in the machine shops of the United States to-day. These guns, when completed, have to be so strong that they will withstand a pressure equivalent to 15 tons to the square inch, and if you could take a red of parallel of the square and attents it. These Are the Largest

Practicable.

To the square inch, and if you could take a rod of metal an inch square and stretch it out toward the sky until the whole rod weighed the enormous amount of 15 tons, you could rest the lower end of this upon a piece of one of these guns and it would not affect it. At the time of the last war between the North and South, nearly all the guns in use were made of cast iron or cast brass, and it was a common thing for a gun to explode and go to pieces. The guns of to-day are made of the finest of wrought steel, and the 12-inch gun, which is now at San Francisco, was built up of a dozen or more great logs of steel. Building Up a Great Gun.

The inside tube of it when it was brought to the factory was a hollow log of steel, which weighed in the neighborhood of 40,which weighed in the neighborhood of 40,000 pounds, and which was 35 feet long and as big around as the largest oak tree you have ever seen. This log had been made at Bethlehem, Pa., and it had been hammered and drilled into shape, and its interior was far smaller than it is now. Logs of this kind of steel are lying now in the gun factory ready to be used for the making of more of these 12-inch guns, and the steel of which these logs are made is carefully tested before they are accepted.

which these logs are made is carefully tested before they are accepted.

When this immense steel log is received here it is put on a great lathe and the outside of it is shaved down, a stream of ice water running continuously on the bit of the lathe as it cuts the stell shavings from its outside shell. The friction is so great the shave as the stell shavings are in the stell shaving in the stell shaving and rises are shared as the stell shaving a shared as the stell shared as the stell shared as the stell shared as the shared as the stell shared as the stell shared as the shared as the stell shared as the sh that the water becomes boiling and rises in steam from the shavings, and the interior of the steel log is drilled out until it is of the exact size for the ball of over 800 pounds

which is to go into it. Binding With Hoops of Steel.

Now the steel log has been drilled out ready to form the inside or the barrel of the gun. It has to be strengthened many times before it is ready for use, and this strengthening is done by binding it again and again with hoops of steel. First comes the jacket. This is another steel log 3 feet thick and about 13 feet long. It is made at Bethlehem, Pa., of the finest forged steel, and when it is ready to be turned and bored it works 48 000 years.

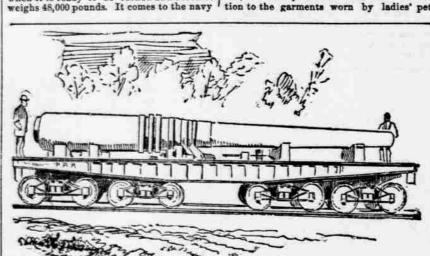
These big 12-inch guns will fire steel shell with walls about two and a halt inches thick and so arranged that they will go off upon striking the ship. The arrangement is much like the striking of caps on a gun which ignites the powder and blows the shells into hundreds of pieces. Another kind of projectile used is the shrapnel. These are shells filled with leaden balls about as big around as a good sized chestnut or a plum and there is from 87 to 500 of these balls in the shrapnel according to their sizes. The 12-inch gun will shoot a projectile containing about 500 of these balls and should it explode inside of a ship, it would be the last of the crew. The armor piercing shell has a steel point of the hardest composition known and experiments are now being made upon shells which will not explode until they get inside of a ship or which will go off only at a given time after leaving the gun or upon striking. given time after leaving the gun or upon striking.

It is wonderful how accurately the guns of modern warfare can be sighted. Everything is done by machinery, and some of the guns go off with the pulling of a trigger like that of a revolver, and the gunner has a rest for his shoulder and can sight along the barrel just as you do when you wish to bring down a squirrel. We have Gatling guns which rain out 1,200 shots a minute, and which can be fired faster than they can be loaded. We have Hotchkiss guns which work for all the world like a big revolver, and which can fire many big balls a minute, and which can fire many big balls a minute, and we have dynamite guns on one of our cruisers which are 13 inches in diameter and which shoot out great shells of dynamite.
We have already some of the best guns of
nearly every kind in use, and within three
or four years we will have the third navy of
the world. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

FASHIONS FOR THE POODLES.

The Parislenne Now Has a Complete Wardrobe and Rules for Her Pet.

Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle.] Among the latest instances of fin de siecle fastidiousness in Paris (says a correspond ent) is an accepted code of fashion in rela-



ON THE SPECIAL CAR FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

get it into the average parlor.

It is here drilled out until it is just a little smaller in its interior diameter than the circumference of the steel tube, and it is shrunken on this in the very same way that a blacksmith shrinks a tire on a wheel. In the middle of this big gun factory there is a great hole big enough to hold a four-story house of about 40 feet square. This con-tains great furnaces and machinery which will hold one of these great guns upright.

The big crane picks up this 20 ton or so of
steel which constitutes the barrel of the
gun, swings it over this hole and stands it

Putting on the Steel Jacket, Then it takes the thirty or forty thou-sand pound steel jacket and puts it into the big furnace which stands in this hole. By means of coal-oil, an immense heat is produced and the jacket becomes white hot. The crane now catches hold of it, lifts it up, suspends it over the barrel and, lo! the heat has so expanded it that it slips down upon the barrel, and it is left there to cool. Cold water is sprayed over it through bands of copper wire, and in a day the heat has left it and it has embraced the tube with a terrible pressure, which is sometimes so great that it makes it necessary to drill out some

of the interior of this massive tube to bring it to the right size. This jacket is now three or four inches thick. It has to be shaved down until nothing but the best and the purest of steel remains in it. Other great hoops of steel are shrunk on to the other parts of the barrel, and these are shaved down and other hoops shrunken on top of them, until the whole barrel has three different layers of the finest of forged steel, more strongly

welded together than though they were one It Shines Like a Mirror.

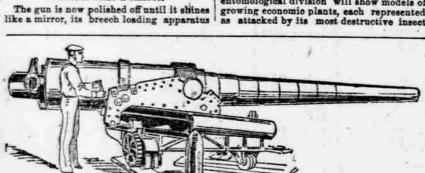
dogs. Time is no longer when a plain cost of blue cloth with a yellow border was considered the some of luxury for the domestic toy terrier, pug, or Italian greyhound. Doggy must now have a complete wardrobe, containing a costume for each event of the day. The following is given by a society paper as the very latest thing in "canine outfits."

At breakfast only a simple garment of blue or white flannel should be worn, and at this period a collar of any kind is considered vulgar. For the morning "constitu-tional" a close-fitting coat of striped or spotted English cheviot, with a mantle well covering the chest, is essential, and the leading-chain and collar must be of antique silver. The costrume for the afternoon drive silver. The costume for the afternoon drive, to be fashionable, must be of fine cloth or plush, and the color either blue, mouse, or fawn. With this a collar of velvet hung with tiny medallions is de rigueur, unless one of fur be considered more becoming Finally, for evening dress the pet is arrayed in a wadded gown of cashmere or velvet, ornamented richly with beads and emed with the arms of the happy owner

A MODEL OF DEATH VALLEY.

some of the Novel Things Uncle Sam Will Show at the World's Fair. A relief model of Death Valley, 25 feet in length, is to be an interesting feature of the exhibit of the Department of Agriculture at the World's Fair. Together with it will be shown specimens of all the strange creatures which the Government expedition collected there recently, such as horned

toads, scorpions and snakes. There will also be a display of the economic animals of the United States, mounted and stuffed. Besides a display of mounted bugs the entomological division will show models of growing economic plants, each represented as attacked by its most destructive insect



ONE OF THE EIGHT-INCH GUNS AND SHELL

is fastened to it or made with it and you have, after many months of work, at an expense of nearly \$50,000, one of the most wonderful things in warfare. As completed the gun is at the back almost as big around as a flour barrel. At the muzzie it is just

manipulated by a child.

One gets ho idea of the size of these guns from the technical description of them. There are many ten-inch guns here. These are 26 feet long and they carry 500 pound steel balls at the rate of 2,000 feet per second. The Maine will have four of them. second. The Maine will have four of them.
The Baltimore has in its armament four eight-inch guns which carry balls weighing 450 pounds and these guns weigh 27,000 pounds apiece. The six-inch gun weighs 6,800 pounds and the amount of weight which the batteries of our warships will be able to throw at a time is salmost inconceivable. Secretary Tracy says that the Indiana will when completed throw over three tons, or 6,800 pounds of projectiles at a single discharge, and the shells from her 13-inch gun will go 22 inches into

a steel plate one mile away. The Cost of a Naval Battle. He says that her secondary batteries will He says that her secondary batteries will discharge 339 projectiles a minute, and she will have torpedo tubes which will shoot out an all-around fire of 18-iheh torpedoes, each containing 259 pounds of powder. Discharges like this will cost an enormous amount, and every minute of a great naval battle will send fortunes up in smoke and sound. Every round of fire from a 12-inch gun will cost hundreds of

gun will cost hundreds upon hundreds of dollars, as the expense of making these armor-piercing shells is very great.

During my stay at the Navy Yard I visited the shell house and had a talk with Gunner Walsh. He tells me that each ship carries 100 rounds of shell and ammunition to go with each gun except in time of war and 12 of these six-inch guns would require 1,200 shells or 120,000 pounds of shell alone. It would take 50 pounds of powder for each shell and this would take 60,000 pounds of powder. A great quantity of all kinds of shell and ammunition is kept

parasite, part of it being in a healthy condition, while another portion is in process of being gobbled up. For example, on a tomato plant is crawling a huge green caterpillar known as the "tomato worm." On a portion of a potsto plant potate bugs are getting in their work, and clover, different kinds of vines and other growths are similarly displayed, assailed by their respective enemies. An ear of corn is being eaten by a boll worm, which is the same foe that attacks the cotton so fatelly. by a boil worm, which attacks the cotton, so fatally. And, by the way, it has been recently discovered that cotton can be saved from this depredator by planting corn among it, because the boil

AN EXCUSE FOR THE SMOKER. A Professor Has Proved That the Pavorit

Weed Is an Antiseptic. It has long been a popular opinion that tobacco is an antiseptic, and Prof. Ta ssarin has recently made some experiments on the supposed germicidal virtues of tobacco. In order to imitate as nearly as possible the processes going on in a smoker's mouth, the professor passed tobacco fumes through a horizontal tube into a receptacle kept moist by damp cotton wool, which contained a colony of bacilli. It was found that the smoke retarded the growth of some kinds of bacilli, and absolutely prevented the growth of others. Among the latter were the bacilli of cholers and typhus.

Value of Newspaper Advertisements. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Mamma-Don't you wish you had a little

Bobby-Yes, indeed; why don't you answer an advertisement in the paper?

Mamma—What good would that do?

Bobby—I saw one to-day which said "a

little girl wants a place in a small family."

CHEAP and pure, it wins its way and cures every time, does Salvation Oil. 25 cents a bottle.

this is a novel that needs a great deal of preliminary study.

Another story desit with icelandic discoveries of America Mr. Kipling, however, has taken the wind out of its sails with his sketch, "The Finest Story in the World." After that a romance on the intrigues to make Charles Edward King of Poland sounds commonplace. But much might be made of that, too, if the right man took it in hand. Believe me, there are pleuty of stories left, waiting for the man who can tell them.

A Story About a Poet

A Story About a Poet. Another cigarette I have, the Adventures of a poet, a Poet born in a Puritan village of Massachusette about 1670. Hawthorne could have told me my story, and how my

Wool-Who supports her? Van Pelt-Her husband.

B. C. Crassus is the villain. The heroine was an actress in one of the wandering Greek companies, splendid strollers who played at the Indian and Asiatic courts. The story ends with the representation of the Bacchæ, in Parthia. The head of Pentheus is carried by one of the Bacchæ in that drama. Behold, it is not a mask, but the head of Crassus, and thus conveys the first news of the Roman defeat. Obviously this is a novel that needs a great deal of this is a novel that needs a great deal of Sporting Editor-How did Joblots los War Correspondent-He wrote a review of a book called "Great Guns," under the heading "Our New Navy." It turned out to be about old war-horses in the Senate.

> show? The soubrette is charming. . Van Pelt-Yes; but I don't like her sup-