WORLD OF LETTERS.

THREE NOVELS.

To the reader with red blood in his veins there is always something exhilarating in the novel that treats of hurricane journeys, sharp passages-at-arms and the fierce flash and clash of swinging swords. This type of novel is coming again into vogue, and for our part we are heartily glad of it. There ought to be a mood for every possible variety of good story telling: indeed as one has aptly said, "the fiction which analyzes the motives of modern social units may enrich and strengthen us by its inferences, for the artist's vision is keener and truer than the layman's, and yet 'A Hazard of New Fortunes' or 'Silas Lapham' need not and does not close the door to 'Lorna Doone.'"

We have had Doyle and Hope and Weyman and Gilbert Parker, and now the Messrs. Appleton, in "Mistress Dorothy Marvin," introduce a new figure in the historical list, to wit, John Snaith, who has spun a yarn of James II's time which will keep many a reader up nights when he should be peacefully asleep. The virtue of Mr. Snaith is that he has let theories go to the dogs, and put in all his time trying to make an interesting, human story. He has drawn a hero who reflects at once the daring, bravery and the moral paralysis of that changeful epoch in English history; a heroine as kaleidoscopic in moods and unique in upbringing as she is, at the last, true, loveable and affectionate; a most eccentric relic of the fighting days of cavillerdom, when to be a gentleman meant to be able to carve with the sword through whole regiments of the canaille; a dear, sly rogue of an innkeeper, who overcharges, tricks and wheedles people purely out of duty toward his starving family of ten mythical children, and other folk of even greater quality, as you shall see in the reading.

As one reviewer puts it: "Sedgemoor Field, where the billhooks and scythes of Monmouth's men went down before the swords of Horse Guards, the Bloody Assizes dominated by Jeffrey's flaming face, adventures 'on the road' and in political intrigues and the landing and triumph of William of Orange, are among the scenes of the dual career pictured in this moving tale. Innkeepers and kings, blacksmiths and princes, were among those with whom he had to do at this time or that, and the stern, silent prince of Orange, the swarthy, narrow-minded king, and polite Jack Churchill, the first duke of Marlborough, all play their parts in pages which have the serious merit of picturing the conditions attending England's great revolution and of indicating with much force the characters of the foremost figures."

We confess that Mr. Snaith's volume kept us up a whole night; and if that isn't what novels are written for, what is their mission?

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That tragedy of the centuries, the French Revolution, has been written at but never written up by the writers of novels. Perhaps its significance and luxuriance of foul plot and bloody deed cannot be more than partly comprehended; yet the field is so rich that we often wonder it has not a larger and more imposing number of occupants. An attempt to put something of the savagery of this revolting epoch upon the canvas is successfully made by Harold Spender in a book which reaches us from the Merriam company entitled "At the Sign of the Guillotine." It brings out with unusual distinctness the contrast of classes and the bloodier contrast of methods which made even the insolent and over-bearing Bourbons seem like ministering angels of mercy beside the wild-eyed demons of anarchy who consummated the revolting delirium of the Terror. But more interesting, even, than that, because more original in conception, is the picture which Mr. Spender draws of the master spirit of the directory, the crafty, ambitious, Pecksniffian Robespierre. The touches employed in this delineation are by far the most noteworthy feature of the book. They make history luminous and biography vivid.

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A new book by Captain Charles King has come to mean a frank, clean and wholesome delight. It may not tax the intellect nor stir the profound emotions, but it is sure to afford pleasant and decent pastime, and to this rule "Kitty's Conquest" (by the Lippincotts, Philadelphia) is no exception. It is a story of Ku-Klux days; of reconstruction troubles in the still bleeding and unreconciled south; of vengeful mobs held in check only by the superior force of regular soldiery; of the inevitable friction and fluctuation of post-bellum restlessness. Such is the background; but the foreground is filled with charming and natural people, some of whom fall in love across sectional lines and others of whom help to complicate the fabric of the narrative as well as to amplify the author's delineations of human nature. At the last, of course, all ends happily; but before that pleasant sequel is reached enough "incident" occurs to make a thoroughly readable romance.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Cosmopolitan for April contains the opening chapters of two new novels—"Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," by Frank R. Stockton, and "Hilda Beatrice Harraden. Stockton's new romance is the promised continuation of his "Adventures of Captain Horn" and that worthy reappears in these pages, while we are introduced at the very outset to the now wealthy Mrs. Cliff as a perplexed millionaire. Miss Harraden's new story begins with the trials of a young married couple, who are at once confronted with a disaster in the shape of a ranch flood which leaves them desolate in a starved region.

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Frankfort Moore contributes to Chap-Book for March 15 a capital short story entitled "Nell Gwyn." It is admirably drawn, and will be especially appreciated by those who have seen Mme. Rhea's play of the same title.

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Godey's for April is a bicycle number, and has a most interesting and instructive table of contents especially pertaining to the cycling sport.

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Current history is skilfully epitomized in the monthly issues of the Progress of the World, which is in fact a true chronicle of its title.

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Some of the interesting articles in Popular Science for April are entitled as follows: "The Gigantic Megatherium;" "The Fruit of Paradise;" "Gazing into Star Depths;" "The New Photography;" "Carboniferous Trees;" "Motors of the Future;" "Weird Tropical Sounds;" "Smoke and Ether Rings;" "The African Atherure;" "A Silent Zone Around Fog Horns;" "The Starch Bath;" "Marine Sound Locator;" "Poisoning by Flutes;" "A New Submarine Boat;" "Converting Light into Sound;" "A Giant Tortoise;" "Iron of Ancient Egypt;" "Discoveries in Pompeii;" and "Electric Pocket Light."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Hamlin Garland is on his way for Mexico. Mr. Garland is engaged in writing "The Story of Ulysses Grant" for McClure's, and will visit Vera Cruz, Puebla, Mexico City, Monterery and Matamores to gather data for this story. On his return from Mexico, he will visit northern battlefields also. Mr. Garland will return home some time in May. This story of Grant, it is intended, will rank with McClure's Lincoln for copiousness of detail and pictorial value.

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A correspondent notes: "Apropos of the note in The Tribune a few days ago concerning the publication of Stephan Crane's new work, permit me to offer this bit of information. I have received a communication from one of the members of the firm in question saying that "With the Regiment" would be issued probably in May or June. I do not know whether McClure's will publish it or not; it would not appear so. Also that "Maggie," the old book, and "The Third Violet"—which I believe Mr. Crane is at work on now—had not been fixed for any definite date. I offer this suggestion as I am always interested in The Tribune's bright literary page."

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Recently the editor of Footlights had occasion to write to Bliss Carman about biographical data that he needed for a paper he was preparing. In his reply, Mr. Carman said: "About the biographical data, you ask a hard thing. * * * I have done that once or twice. Like a good man, let me off with as little of that poppy-cock as possible! My work is the thing." All of which is a great big verity, yet, as Footlights itself asks, "How many of the greater public know anything at first hand of an author's work when they can gossip with astounding volubility about the man himself, even down to items of the most private nature? Yes, a man's work is the thing; it is the test by which he lives or dies when all other means of keeping him alive have run their course. How many of our latter day literary knights will stand this strain?"

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Says the London correspondent of the Sun: "T. P. O'Connor, who, in addition to his work as a journalist and political leader, is perhaps the greatest of English book reviewers, has been discussing the subject of literary criticism this week before an audience of women journalists. Some of his comparisons between modern and earlier criticism were interesting and amusing. H quoted from contemporary journals some of the original criticisms upon the works of Keats, Byron and Coleridge—stuff which was simply grotesque in its lack of appreciation and judgment. He denied, however, that incompetent criticism did not affect authors. He thought that genius was more often diffident than self-conceited. Speaking to working journalists, he need not emphasize the fact that it was much more important to have meals in life than statues after death. Even at the present time criticism had seriously affected the lives of notable men. Much of the unhappiness and bitterness of Carlyle's life was due to the fact that the criticism of the day was not ready to welcome a newcomer to the world of literature. Up to twenty years ago it was thought that the main function and idea of criticism was to find fault, to look out for defects rather merits. After an author had spent years of labor on a work, the critics devoted their attention chiefly to the most trivial and accidental blunders. This feeling still existed. Another form of criticism was to say that a book was disagreeable; such criticism was irrelevant in his opinion. The question was whether it was true to life. It had been said that criticism should be the art of praise as much as of blame. He did not entirely account that doctrine. Criticism should sometimes be severe and even slashing; the popular taste was not always true. But if a book was good the critic should not be afraid to give lavish enconiums."

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Announcement is made by the Society of Philistines that it has made an arrangement with Walter Blackburn Harte, the editor and publisher of the Fly Leaf, Boston, Mass., to acquire and incorporate the Fly Leaf with the Philistine. Under this arrangement the services of Mr. Harte will be retained by the society, and he will henceforth devote his time and efforts to furthering the interests of the Philistine and the Roycroft Printing Shop. After April 1 Mr. Harte's address will be East Aurora, N. Y.

TWO CANDID GENTLEMEN.

They Meet for a Brief Time and Then They Part.

From the Chicago Record.

The man with the overcoat, the clean collar and the recently shined shoes was coming down town, and had stopped for a moment to make certain of his street, when he was aware of the man with the undershirt and the legislature breath.

"Sir," said the latter personage, "I might attempt to dissemble and to deceive you. I might seek to veil my motives by speaking of a starving wife and seven crippled children. I might remark on my desire to eat for the first time in three weeks, but I am an honest and candid man. I believe in being frank and open in my ways. Will you let me have 5 cents to purchase a drink of very cheap but very wholesome whisky?"

The man with the shine, overcoat et al., looked at him a moment and then said: "I admire candor. I, too, am a frank and open sort of a man in my ways. I will be free and plan with you, therefore. No, you guzzling, swilling hobo, you walking garbage you red-nosed bum, I will not give you money. I might say that I have no money with me, but I believe in being truthful and perfectly honest with such spoiled tripe as you, you huge, blear-eyed sewer."

"Thanks," said the applicant. "I do love a frank man who does not attempt to disguise his real sentiments or motives. I am much obliged to you, sir, for the confidential and trusting way in which you have revealed your heart's secret thoughts to me. You have been square and fair with me and I shall not betray your confidence. Farewell."

And the two candid men parted.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

An Interesting Experiment in a Burning Barn.

The quetion of spontaneous combustion has long been a mooted one, so far as its relation to hay or fodder in a stack or mow is concerned. Mr. George C. Watson, professor of agriculture at the state college, in a bulletin soon to be issued from the experiment station, presents an irrefutable argument in substantiation of the theory in a recent happening at one of the college barns. Sparks of fire were seen dropping from the ceiling of the cow stable underneath the east wing of the college barn. Investigation soon proved that the fire was confined to a mow of hay 18 by 20 feet and 23 feet in height. To prevent

the mass of hay bursting into flames every hole was stopped up which might by any possibility admit any draft, and the hay was covered with wet blankets on which water was constantly thrown. Then to save the barn a hole was knocked into the side and the entire mow of hay was thrown out, some 30 tons in all.

An examination of the pile of hay showed that the entire mass was so thoroughly charred that it would crumble when handled, and the whole of it was rendered unfit for stock food. While positive proof of the origin of this fire may be lacking, the circumstances are such that it seems safe to consider it of spontaneous origin. There was no fire near the barn, nor was there any way by which an incendiary could get in his work. For several days previous to the fire a peculiar odor was noticeable in the vicinity of the barn, which was compared by many to that emitted by burning grain. The bulletin prescribes as the best way to act under such circumstances, to save the building, to keep the hay as wet as possible and remove the same from the building in the quickest possible time, taking the utmost precaution to at all times exclude all draft of air currents.

DICTATOR AND YANKEE.

An Amusing Anecdote of Guzman Blanco and a Hustler from the United States.

From the Chicago Record.

A gentleman who went to Venezuela some years ago to secure a contract from the government tells an interesting story of his experiences with Guzman Blanco, who was then the autocrat of that country. For three or four months he was kept dangling around the Casa Amarilla (the yellow house), in which the president resides, and finally told Guzman that he wanted a final answer. Guzman turned to him with some impatience and said:

"Come to my country house at Antimino at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning and we will close this matter up."

"I'll be on hand, your excellency," was the reply.

The next morning he was called at 4, galloped out to Antimino, and was at the dictator's residence before the clock in the parish church struck 6. To his surprise he found twenty or thirty people waiting to be received, and some of them men of importance, while the president sat upon the porch sipping his coffee and reading the morning paper. It was considered a dreadful breach of etiquette to interrupt the great man when he was reading, and there was not a person in the entire company who dared do it. They simply stood around or sat by where he could see them and waited his summons. But the Yankee marched boldly up to the porch and said: "Good morning, general."

Guzman Blanco looked up in surprise from his paper, but the Yankee, knowing his temper and peculiarities, did not wait for him to speak.

"In my country, general," he said, "it is not the custom for people to get up so early, but it is also a point of honor to meet an engagement promptly, and you see I am here on time."

"Have you had your coffee?" asked Guzman.

"Yes, sir; at the hotel a few minutes ago."

"It must have been miserable stuff. You ought to taste mine. I use none but what I grow on my own plantation, and always carry it with me, no matter to what part of the world I go," and ringing the bell he ordered a cup of coffee and a roll for his caller.

But the latter did not propose to waste time, and immediately said: "You did me the honor to say yesterday that you would close up that matter at our interview this morning, and I have come prepared to do so."

"I wish my people were as prompt as you. Our great fault as a nation is procrastination. If we were as energetic as your countrymen Venezuela would be a richer and more productive nation," and with this they went into business.

For an hour the details of the concession were discussed, and, being agreed upon, the president dictated to his stenographer the terms of the contract. Then turning to his guest he said:

"My secretary will write this out and tomorrow we will sign it."

"I would prefer to have the document signed now," was the Yankee's reply. "You have just said that the fault of your people was procrastination, and I propose that we avoid it this morning."

The secretary looked up in amazement. He had seen men sent to the calaboose for less, and evidently expected that the dictator would call a policeman to take the Yankee in charge. Guzman was a little angry at first, but, seeing that his guest was not abashed, smiled and said:

"That is a neat way of applying my philosophy to your own interest. We will wait until the document is written and sign it here."

Handing a cigar to the Yankee he lit one himself and sat down for a chat while the secretary was writing. In a moment or two the director-general of police tapped at the door and said that he wanted to see the president concerning a matter that required his instant attention.

"You will have to wait until I am through with this Yankee," was the dictator's reply; "he is teaching me the way they do business in the United States."

Those Magazine Poets.

First Poet (reading an original poem)—What do you think of it?

Second Poet—Sublime.

First Poet—Is it sufficiently vague?

Second Poet—Oh, yes, especially the couplet:

"Symphonic spheres awrack combined,
The stellar, choral interlude."

First Poet—I am curious to see what the public will make out of that.

Second Poet—The last verse is a corker, too.

First Poet—You bet your life it is. (Reads.)

"Dank Sheol writhing fumes Stygian,
Belch sodden sulphur lowering mien;
Gigantic devils, man protean,
Amuck, red lava, gods enseem."

Second Poet—Say, that will knock 'em silly. But don't you think the first line is too plain?

First Poet (reads)—"Low sobbed the sullen soughing wind."

Second Poet—I am afraid the public will imagine there's some sense to that. Change it to 'Athwart innocuous desuetude.'"

First Poet—All right. Now, do you thing I can sell it?

Second Poet—There's not the least doubt of it, old man. Why, as a writer of high grade magazine poetry your fame is already assured.—Washington Times.

THE NEW WAR SHIP IOWA

Something About the Vessel to Be Launched Today.

FINEST OF HER KIND AFLOAT

Her Four Great Guns Can Fling a Ton and a Half of Steel at an Enemy. Largest of Our Battle Ships.

Washington, March 27.—The Iowa will be launched at Philadelphia tomorrow and when the largest of our first-class battleships will be just one big step nearer to completion. In view of the interest attaching to the launching, the following description of the Iowa, by the Chicago Times-Herald, will be timely:

Appropriated for by act of congress, approved July 19, 1892, the work of her construction was awarded to William Cramp & Sons on Feb. 11, 1893, for the contract price of $3,010,000, and on Aug. 5 following her keel was laid. The vessel has 1,000 tons greater displacement than her prototypes, the coast line battleships Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon, the difference being carefully adapted to the betterment of the later craft, and she may be said to bear the first impress of possibilities suggested by the Harveyizing armor process, a method of manufacture by which the face of the steel is hardened to any desired depth, thereby greatly increasing its defensive properties. The ship is 360 feet long, has a maximum beam of 72 feet 2½ inches, and will draw, when ready for sea, a trifle over twenty-seven feet of water. In all the suggestive lightness of white paint, one would hardly imagine her a floating mass of 11,410 tons of steel, but such, in fact, she will be when fully equipped and prepared for service.

SHIELDING THE "VITALS."

The motive power and machinery of a ship aside from the guns and their protection, are termed the "vitals," and to shield them from an enemy's fire is a prime consideration. To that end, on the Iowa a water-line band of armor, 7½ feet wide and 14 inches thick, three feet above and four and one-half feet below the load-line, running forward and aft for a distance of 185 feet amidship, offers a broadside of protection. The ends of this belt are then joined inboard by athwartship bulkheads 12 inches thick, and resting like a roof upon the four walls thus formed is a protective deck of steel 2¾ inches thick, strong enough to deflect any shot passing in through the five-inch armor which re-enforces the sides from the top of the heavy band up to the main deck. Above this roof and extending to the sides are many feet of coal, so wisely disposed that its presence may give added protection to the boilers, engines and magazines that lie below and within this box of heavy steel. From the lower edges of the thick crosswise bulkheads, spreading from side to side and running thence to the bow and the stern, are two decks of 3-inch steel, the forward one terminating at the stem and forming the spine for the ram beyond. Cofferdams on each side and forward and aft of the vital region, filled with cellulose, a substance swelling rapidly when wet and capable of plugging automatically shot-holes admitting water, will give added protection to the parts less heavily shielded.

Within the outer hull for a distance of 294 feet—the space occupied by the vitals—there is another or inner bottom, extending up to the protective deck or armored roof of this region, seeming, as it were, a smaller craft cut off abruptly at each end and fitted bodily within the larger vessel. The space between this inner bottom and the outside skin if divided into numerous water-tight compartments—under the control of powerful pumps having individual capacities of thousands of gallons a minute. The entire interior of the ship is further cut up into other, but larger, compartments that can be filled or drained at will to quench a fire or to overcome a leak.

HER STEAM POWER.

Way down in the depths of the craft, beneath the water and under the protective deck and those tons and tons of coal, each in its own compartment, are five ponderous boilers and two sets of triple expansion engines, which must develop the power needful to drive the ship through the water at the rate of sixteen knots an hour. With bared breasts and arms a corps of coal-heavers and firemen will shovel fuel into those thirty odd glaring mouths, and torment with long slicebars the furious masses of writhing flames, that the boilers may be goaded to their working pressure of 160 pounds under the added draught of numerous fans. Deft engineers and assistants will watch the intricate maze of pulsing steam and water pipes, the lightning strokes of shining piston-rods and crank-shafts, and keep cool with a frothy emulsion of oil and sea water the burdened journals and the immense thrust-blocks that bear the push of those driving engines, and transmit that awful power to the movement of the craft.

No less than a hundred auxiliary engines—steam, electrical, and hydraulic—will lessen the tax upon the muscular energies of the crew of 450 souls; perform tasks beyond the power of that whole aggregation considered as a unit of energy, and add to the efficiency of the craft by lifting and lowering the boats, raising the anchors, loading shot, shell and powder from their rooms below to the several gun stations, turning the turrets, and swinging the great rudder from side to side against the pressure of hundreds of tons of rushing water, and that at the merest pressure of the lightest hand.

The exhausted steam is not wasted, but turned instead two large condensers, where, after wandering through miles of cooling pipes, is turned out in the form of hot water ready for reconsumption.

Steam will spread its cheerful glow throughout the living spaces and keep them dry and warm under the hardest weather conditions, and great blowers will send fresh air into the bilge and coal bunkers and drive thereform the noxious fumes and gases that may gather there. An electric plant will develop the light needed to she the refulgence of hundreds and thousands of candles within her darkest corners or to guard without against sudden assault at night; distillers, with a daily

output of 13,000 gallons, will supply plenty of pure, fresh water; large galleys will cook in ample bounty wholesome food for the crew; a refrigerating plant, with a daily capacity of a ton of ice, will grant that comfort and preserve unspoiled the fresh provender, that home food may welcome the sharpened appetites and replace the "salt horse and hard tack" of former times when far at sea.

The miles and miles of rope which formed the rigging of our ancient craft have a modern substitute in the thousands and thousands of feet of steam and water pipes that do a like transfer of power, and hold control over all the mechanisms and every one of the many water-tight compartments into which the ship is cut.

HOW SHE IS ARMED.

The offensive phase of the ship will consist primarily of guns and torpedo discharges. The main battery is composed of four 12-inch and eight 8-inch breech-loading rifles mounted, in paris, in six turrets; the secondary battery consists of six 4-inch rapid-fire guns, while twenty 6-pounder, four 1-pounder, and two Gatling guns constitute an auxiliary force. The four 12-inch guns are housed in two barbette, balanced turrets, and poke their long bodies out through walls of hardened steel fifteen inches thick, while the mechanisms that turn the turrets through their arc of 270 degrees, load, depress and elevate the guns, rest safely behind the protection of the barbettes, seventeen inches through. Concentrated upon a foe on either side, the four great guns would send forth a mass of a ton and a quarter of hardened steel driven by 1,720 pounds of powder, leaving the rifles with a pent-up force equal to the energy needed to raise the whole ship, crew and all, to a height of eight feet in one second. From the four smaller turrets, five inches thick, firing through an arc of 170 degrees and revolving within barbettes three inches heavier, the 8-inch rifles can fire shells of 250 pounds, capable of passing undeformed through eight inches of steel 4,000 yards away, and with a possible bombarding range of one mile for every inch of caliber.

Four of the four-inch rapid-fire guns are placed on the main deck, sheltered by armored sponsons and thick steel splinter bulkheads, while the two remaining are mounted up in the after superstructure where they command an extended sweep. From these rifles and the smaller rapid-fire guns could be maintained a perfect storm of explosive shell, before which the unarmored parts of a foe would yield like paper, and through which it would be impossible for a torpedo boat to pass. From the bow or two places on either side amidships, torpedoes could be launched. These weapons are tiny vessels in themselves, actuated by miniature mechanism of great power and delicacy, guided by self-adjusting rudders that automatically compensate for the variations of subaqueous pressures, and bearing a head charged with the deadly force of 120 pounds of gun cotton—a material three times as powerful as powder. Endowed with a seeming intelligence that holds them against wind and tide straight on their errand of death and demolition, they speed rapidly toward the object of their discharge, and no ship yet built can withstand that blow if fairly placed.

Just behind the forward large turret and below the pilot-house is the conning tower, within the narrow compass of which and behind whose walls of ten-inch steel the captain controls these mighty powers and guides his ship into action. Within that little space the master brain force of the whole craft is centered, and branching nerves, in the shape of numerous wires and tubes, are carried to every important point down the spinal column of that armored tube, putting the commanding officer in touch with every important station. There before him he reads the speed of his ship; knows to an inch the direction of the rudder; reads repeated the orders that he gave and knows them minded; follows the hand that marks in yards the distance of the nearing foe; knows the readiness of every part of that great organism below him, and watches the coming enemy through the narrow slits in the walls about him.

SHE IS A FAST SAILER.

Silent and with tense nerves, the gun crews await the signal to hurl in any direction great masses of destructive steel, hastening on their errand with a velocity of 2,000 feet a second, while way below the busy firemen feed the roaring furnaces. The massive machinery quickens and through the ship is felt the steady throb of those ponderous bodies; and, when those engines are making 100 and more revolutions a minute and the two 16-foot screws are churning the water back with all the force of 11,000 horse-power, the ship—a moving mass of 11,410 tons—speeds onward at the rate of sixteen knots an hour. To stand before her then means to take a blow of awful might from her murderous ram, before which the toughest armor would bend like bunch grass in an autumn gale.

Such, indeed, are the possibilities of modern warfare. There are no supernumeraries—each man has his appointed place, his single responsibility, and the post at which he must fight or perish in full realization of the direful forces with which he has to bear; and above it all the master mind in the conning tower must wrest his honors by that finesse, thought, and cunning of execution his undaunted courage and self-control make possible. With 1,800 tons of coal aboard—her bunkers filled, the Iowa will be able to steam, at a cruising rate of ten knots an hour, for thirty days, covering in that time a distance of 7,400 miles; and at a full speed of sixteen knots an hour, will have an endurance of six days and a radius of action of 3,000 miles. In power of battery, scope of fire, armor protection and efficiency, the ship is equal to any of the larger foreign ships of like type, while considerably ahead of her European classmates of like size.

As an example of the American naval architect's skill, she is an achievement of which we should well feel proud, and a namesake in which any state might glory.

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Sciatic Rheumatism Cured.

L. Wagner, Wholesale Druggist, Richmond, Va., says: "I had a fearful attack of Sciatic Rheumatism, was laid up almost two months; was fortunate enough to get Mystic Cure for Rheumatism. This cured me after doctor's prescriptions had failed to have any effect. I have also heard of fine results from others who have used it." Sold by Carl Lorenz, Druggist, 418 Lackawanna avenue, Scranton.

ST. VITUS' DANCE

A Nervous Disease Characterized by Involuntary and Purposeless Spasms.

It Occurs Most often in Girls; is Often Hereditary, but Articular Rheumatism and Scarlet Fever Predispose to it.

From the Chronicle, Chicago, Ill.

Notwithstanding the poor are always with us, Thanksgiving is none the less a day of rejoicing. Many charities have been dispensed and through numerous instrumentalities the necessities and sufferings of many a worthy person have been relieved. Absent members of households reunite at the old homestead and gathered around the festal board recount the incidents that have taken place and the various blessings that have been vouchsafed them, since they assembled at the last annual meeting by the same fireside. It is a time for memory and for joy. Among the countless families of Chicago there is perhaps, not one to-day that feels a deeper sense of gratitude to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts than Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Collier, of 4904 Armour Avenue.

Mr. Collier, who is the electrician at the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad shops in this city came here from Hamilton, Canada, a little more than nine years ago accompanied by his wife and little daughter, their only child Etta, then aged four. Little Etta was a bright and beautiful girl, but not a very robust one.

For the last few years she had been somewhat ailing, but her condition was not such as to create any uneasiness in the minds of her parents, who almost idolized her. In the school she was regarded as one of the brightest scholars of her class and was the envy of her class-mates. Although but a little over twelve years of age, her intellect was phenomenal. She was possessed, however, of a very nervous temperament which is frequently the case with children of her advanced intelligence. Early in the month of June last, owing to a sudden fright, she was thrown into violent spasms, to recover only to be afflicted with St. Vitus' dance in the worst form. The consternation of her parents may well be imagined.

Of course the best physicians were summoned at once but their efforts to restore her to her normal condition were devoid of results. She continued to grow worse, her appetite wholly failed and commencing with her right arm her whole right side and lower limb became limp, numb, and useless and what little nourishment she was able to take had to be administered by others. To add to the seriousness of the case she was unable to obtain any sleep whatever.

It was while in this deplorable condition hovering between life and death with all the prospects of a premature grave before her, that one day on returning home from his duties Mr. Collier found awaiting him a newspaper, which an old acquaintance in Hamilton, his former place of residence, had sent to him by mail.

In the local columns he read of the case of a certain person he had known years before having been permanently cured of the complaint of which his own daughter was now suffering, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He had often heard and read before marvellous accounts of the efficecy of this remedy but as no names with which he was personally familiar appeared, he not only doubted but positively disbelieved the statements. But here before his eyes was apparent evidence from one he knew. He therefore lost no time in making assurance doubly sure and as soon as he learned that the story was absolutely true, he lost no time in procuring the Pink Pills for his suffering daughter. This was on the 15th of September. Prior to this date and after consulting doctors of different schools of medicine, he had taken her to the Homeopathic Dispensary where her case was discussed by all the members of the faculty who unanimously declared in the presence of the class that there was no longer any hope to be held out as it was a malady which in this instance at least was incurable. It was therefore with a feeling of utter despair that Mrs. Collier first began to administer the Pink Pills.

She says a perceptible change came over the little one before even the second box had been emptied and how after having used six boxes her health is entirely restored. In the early part of her illness her intellect was very much clouded. She had become extremely dull of comprehension hardly realizing the meaning of words when addressed. Seen to-day in the cheerful home of the Collier's on Armour Avenue, she is the personification of health. Her nervousness has entirely disappeared, her intellect is bright, keen and active, her strength has returned and the roses in her cheeks attest to the complete recovery of her bodily health.

She is now ready to resume her music lessons and as soon as the schools open after the holidays she will again take up the studies which she so suddenly left off on that eventful June day. The sister-in-law of Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Lewis, who was present at the interview emphatically confirmed all that Mrs Collier has said regarding the past and present condition of little Etta, adding that a famous physician in Hamilton invariably recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases as this and many others.

Mrs. Collier herself has for a number of years been a constant sufferer from a female complaint which so far has baffled the skill of the doctors, and during a period of less than six months her husband has expended over two hundred dollars in fees for medicines. She has now begun the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and while it is as yet too early to announce a cure in her case she feels so much improved as to express the belief that her physical troubles will shortly be of the past. These are some of the reasons why the Collier family return thanks on this our national day of praise and festivity.

The above is a correct statement of facts concerning my little daughter and myself.

MRS. A. COLLIER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of December, 1895.

DAN GREENE,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have an enormous sale. An analysis of their properties shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and can be given to children with perfect safe[illegible]

These pills are manufactured by the D[illegible] Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies.

The Vital Power Restored
IN MEN OF ALL AGES.
I Send the Recipe Absolutely Free.

Ten years ago I discovered a remedy for Failing Sexual Strength in old or young men that quickly and permanently cured me to a healthy vigorous state. Sufferers from......

VARICOCELE, NERVOUS DEBILITY, NIGHT LOSSES, and Other Wasting Diseases should write to me for advice. I have been a close student for many years of the subject of weakness in men and since the discovery of this remarkable remedy I have received

TEN THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS ● DURING 1895.

from young and old men; testimonials that ring with praise; testimonials that are a grateful acknowledgement of life long suffering finally conquered. They tell of a blighted life turned to gladness; of hollow, gaunt faces rounded out, bleared lustreless eyes rekindled with the fire of health and restored manhood. They speak a thousand times louder than I can of the wonderfully curative properties of the vital Power Restorative Remedies.

I KNOW THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF MEN today suffering from Varicocele, Nervous Debility, Night Losses and other wasting diseases, who for lack of courage to seek relief are secretly and slowly declining in health and manhood until they must inevitably reach that point where a cure is impossible. Why put it off? Why hope against fate? Why not act NOW? Too bashful to seek the aid of older men or reputable physicians I investigated the subject deeply and discovered a simple but most remarkably successful remedy that completely cured me, and fully developed me from a shrunken, stunted condition to natural strength and size.

I want every young or old man to know about it. I take a personal interest in each case and not one need hesitate to write me as all communications are held strictly confidential. I send the recipe of this remedy absolutely free of cost. Do not put it off but write me fully at once, you will always bless the day you did so.

THOMAS SLATER, Box 2177; FAMOUS SHIPPER OF KALAMAZOO CELERY. KALAMAZOO, MICH.

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Porter, John T., 26 and 28 Lackawanna.
Rice, Levy & Co., 30 Lackawanna.

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Connell, W. P. & Sons, 118 Penn.
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Keller, Luther, 813 Lackawanna.

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Walsh, Edward J., 32 Lackawanna.

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Williams, Samuel, 221 Spruce.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Goldsmith Bros., 304 Lackawanna.

WALL PAPER, ETC.
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