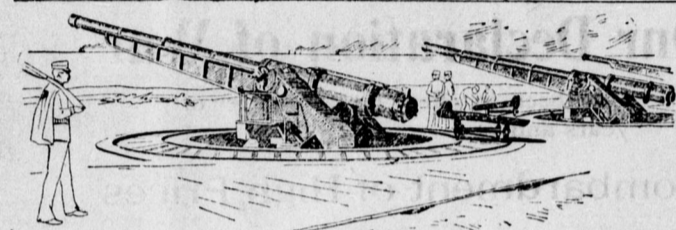


TERRIBLE DYNAMITE CRUISERS AND BATTERIES.

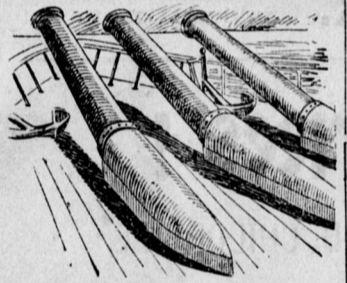
WE OWN TWO SHIPS UNLIKE THOSE OF ANY OTHER NAVY.

With the incorporation of the Brazilian cruiser Nietheroy into the United States Navy under the name of the Buffalo that branch of the service will have two ships that are unlike those of any other navy in the world—destroyers on a huge plan. These two ships—the Vesuvius and the Buffalo—are throwers of dynamite. The explosives which they throw do not depend, as do those thrown from the torpedo tubes of ordinary warships or the missile sent from a torpedo boat, on any mechanical contrivance inside of the missile. They travel through the air, and their propulsive force comes from compressed air, which is stored in a tube that is more like a gun than a tube. The shots have ranges far superior to those of the torpedo and accuracy which is almost perfect.



SANDY HOOK'S DYNAMITE BATTERY.

use their dynamite guns properly the ship against which they operate is doomed. No armor, no strength of construction, no bulkheads can save the warship that is struck by the tremendous charge of nitro-glycerine or explosive gelatine with which the aerial torpedo is loaded.



THE THREE DYNAMITE CRATERS OF THE VESUVIUS.

Janeiro. She was refitted pretty thoroughly as a cruiser, and her coal bunkers were so arranged that they protect the machinery and the parts necessary to operate the gun. The latter is mounted in the bow, and projects through an opening in the spar deck, giving it a clear range forward and permitting a free motion on each side, so that it can be trained either to port or starboard. The air reservoirs of the gun are in the lower hold, on the starboard side, directly under the gun, and a central air-pipe leads up through the foundations on which the carriage of the gun

is different. Against this objection the gun offers these advantages over the submarine torpedo: It has greater range, is almost absolutely accurate, and the projectiles cannot be stopped in its course by torpedo nets or exploded by rapid fire guns, as it is too swift in its flight.

The aerial torpedo which is thrown from the dynamite guns on these two ships is shaped like the head of a rocket and is about ten feet long.



FIFTEEN-INCH FULL CALIBRE DYNAMITE PROJECTILE.

Spiral vanes guide its flight and the explosive charge, consisting of from 200 to 500 pounds of nitro-glycerine, is in the head and middle of the projectile. When loaded the entire affair weighs 1000 pounds. It can be set to explode either on impact or by a time fuse. A range of 2000 yards with entire accuracy is attainable.

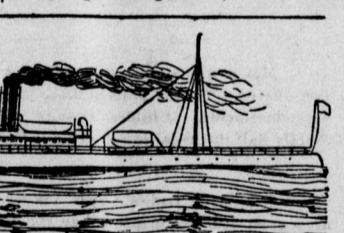
As said before, the question is whether a ship carrying these guns

could get near enough to attack an enemy. To approach an alert ship of war close enough to use the dynamite gun the Vesuvius or the Buffalo must steam for several miles under fire, for the ordinary powder guns of any warships will throw shot at least three or four miles, and the big guns will carry seven miles with fair accuracy. The dynamite throwers must rush at the enemy under a storm of shot, therefore, and this, at the rate of speed of either these ships, would mean that they would be exposed to it for fifteen minutes at the least before they could reply. But if they survive this fire and drop one projectile within fifty yards of the greatest battleship afloat, the result will be the enemy's annihilation. No craft can withstand the shock of an explosion of the amount of gelatine or nitro-glycerine which their projectiles can carry.

It is somewhat misleading to speak of dynamite guns when referring to the dynamite battery on Sandy Hook. What they are really is torpedo tubes that discharge aerial torpedoes instead of the submarine variety. The tubes are mounted like cannon, and to an extent look like them; but, exactly speaking, they are torpedo tubes, and nothing else. Like the submarine torpedo, they are of use only at close range, or what is considered close range in these days of high power steel cannon which throw shot ten miles. The dynamite battery has an extreme range of only 4300 yards, a little over two miles.

The accuracy of fire of the dynamite battery is great. This is due to the absolute evenness of the propelling force. Compressed air projects the torpedo. The best of powder varies in pressure, while compressed air is exact. The full calibre projectile (called full calibre in distinction from the smaller projectiles, which are made to fit the tube by means of fingers) weighs 1000 pounds, 500 pounds of it being explosive gelatine, either nitro-

glycerine or guncotton, and it is fired with an air pressure of 1000 pounds to the square inch. This pressure is exerted so evenly and gradually that the explosive is not shocked into premature detonation, and it is so steady that the unwieldy torpedo or projectile hits with remarkable accuracy. The enormous charge would wreck the hull of any battleship afloat, even if it did not strike the ship directly, but exploded anywhere within fifty feet of it under water.



DYNAMITE CRUISER VESUVIUS.

rests. Shields protect the weapon and the men who serve it. On the way to Brazil the crew practiced with it, using "dummy" projectiles, and its accuracy was found remarkable. The gun was so new, however, that the men were almost as much afraid of it as the enemy was expected to be, and there was considerable relief on board when it was found on arrival in Brazil that there would be no need for firing it with real dynamite, as the revolution was over. Since then the successful installation of two batteries of these guns in United States forts has made artillerymen more confident, and much reliance is placed in the work of both the Vesuvius and the Buffalo.

One weakness of the dynamite gun is the fact that the projectiles discharged with compressed air, which, of course, means complications of the kind that every naval officer is anxious to avoid. It is not so bad on land, where the necessary steam plant can be protected with earthworks, but on a ship the matter

There are two dynamite batteries at forts in this country. One is in Fort Scott in San Francisco Harbor and the other is in Fort Hancock, on Sandy Hook. The Fort Scott battery consists of three fifteen-inch and the Fort Hancock battery has fifteen-inch and one eight-inch tube or gun. The torpedo boat Vesuvius has fifteen-inch guns.

A Kansas genius introduced a bill in the legislature against snoring in sleeping cars, hotels, churches and other places where the practice is more or less annoying.

Children's Column



The Song of the Tub.

Scrub! scrub! scrub!
Hark to the Song of the Tub!
Saturday night is the time for me!
Then is the time that you kneel with glee.
Fill up the tub with the water so hot!
Never be sparing, but put in a lot.
Now for the soap and the lather as well,
Oh, how delightful! Its joys who can tell?
Scrub! scrub! scrub!
Hark to the Song of the Tub!

Scrub! scrub! scrub!
Hark to the Song of the Tub!
How you look forward to Saturday night,
Down by the fire so cozy and bright;
First you must dip in that jolly old tub,
Then you must dry yourself—rub! rub! rub!
Scrub! scrub! scrub!
Hark to the Song of the Tub!

The Big Wall.

A story of the Chinese wall was read to a class in composition. After the reading they were expected to reproduce the story in original style, and they did so. Here is a sample: "Once they was a man, and he was the greatest man of any one there, or in the United States. And he had to build a wall, so he built it. He had a lot of Shanghai, and he built the wall around the Shanghai. These were all China people. Some of the other people who were not China people tried to climb the wall, but they didn't, cause they were afraid of the Shanghai."

Trifles Make Perfection.

When Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, was employed on one of his noblest works of art, a friend called to see him, and during his visit expressed great surprise at finding his statue apparently no further advanced than when he had seen it a few weeks before. "Stay, my friend," said the artist, "I can assure you that I have been hard at work on it since I saw you last. I have deepened the furrow on the brow, and slightly depressed the eyelid, while I have added another line to the mouth." "Yes," said his friend; "I see all that, but these things are only trifles." "That is true," replied the sculptor, "still, it is these trifles which make perfection, and do you call perfection a trifle?"

To Make a Combination Picture.

Have you ever made a combination picture? It is a splendid way to put in long, disagreeable evenings. "A Cluster of Babies," makes a good subject for the girls, and "Football Favorites" will do for the boys. The pictures can be clipped from the newspapers and the magazines. After the girls have a large collection of baby faces the picture must be neatly trimmed and pasted on a big sheet of paper so that the effect will be that of a hundred or more babies looking out of a window frame. Some are crying, some are smiling and some look pert and saucy. If you are fond of birds, make a combination picture of them, or you can have a flower garden if you wish. Gathering pictures of public men is a good plan, too, for it familiarizes one with celebrated faces.

The Emotion of Grief in a Dog.

Dutch was a brown retriever of advanced years. Curly was said to be a Scotch terrier, but his appearance suggested some uncertainty in his descent. Dutch was chained to her kennel, and Curly, who enjoyed his liberty, evinced his friendship by frequently taking bones and other canine delicacies to his less fortunate friend. One morning Curly presented himself at the house evincing unmistakable signs of grief by his demeanor and his whines. A visit to the kennel, where poor Dutch was found lying dead, showed the occasion of Curly's unhappiness. We buried Dutch decorously under a vine in the garden, and supposed that Curly would forget the incident, but we were touched to see him in the capacity of faithful mourner often revisit the spot where his old friend was laid, taking by way of offering choice bones, which he carefully buried by the grave. This practice Curly maintained for two years, when we left the house.

Two Ways—A Fable.

Two little weeds grew on a bank by the roadside. All summer they had drunk dew and sunshine, and had been happy, but now autumn was come, with gray skies, and winds that nipped and pinched them.

"We shall die soon," said one little weed. "I should like to do something pleasant before I die, just to show what a happy time I have had. I think I will turn red, and then people will see how I feel."

"You will be a great fool to waste your strength in any such nonsense!" said the other little weed. "I shall live as long as I can, and hug the brown bank here."

So the first little weed turned bright scarlet, and was so beautiful that every one who passed that way turned to look at it. By and by there came along a most lovely maiden with her lover; and when the lover saw the scarlet leaves, he picked them, and set them in his maiden's hair, and they lent her a new grace. This made the little weed so happy that he died for pure joy.

The second little weed lived on, and turned slowly brown, like the bank

"He was a fool!" he said, speaking of his companion. "He put all his strength into turning red, and so he died."

"I was proud of him," said the brown bank. "He did what he could, and people observed him."

"Yes; but I am alive and stay with you," said the weed.

"Much I care!" said the brown bank.—Laura E. Richards, in the Church.

Do Your Best.

A gentleman once said to a physician, "I should think, doctor, that at night you would feel so worried over the work of the day, that you would not be able to sleep."

"My head hardly touches the pillow before I fall asleep," replied the physician. "I made up my mind," he continued, "at the commencement of my professional career to do my best under all circumstances; and so doing, I am not troubled with any misgivings." A good rule for us all to follow. Too many are disposed to say: "No matter how I do this work now; next time I'll do it better." The practice is as bad as the reasoning: "No matter how I learn this lesson in the primary class, when I get into a higher department then I'll study." As well might the mother in knitting stockings say: "No matter how the top is done, even if I drop a stitch now and then, I'll do better when I get further along." What kind of a stocking would that be? "I don't care how I make the foundation of this house; anything will do here; wait till I get to the top, then I'll do good work."

Said Sir Joshua Reynolds once to Dr. Samuel Johnson: "Pray tell me, sir, by what means have you attained such extraordinary accuracy and flow of language in the expression of your ideas?" "I laid it as a fixed rule," replied the doctor, "to do my best on every occasion, and in every company to impart what I know in the most forcible language I can put it."

Pigeon's Devotion.

In the animal kingdom there are many strong examples of mother love, and the birds are particularly noted for displaying it. A remarkable instance of this maternal instinct was recently noticed near Elwood, Ind. A mother pigeon whose young one had mysteriously disappeared searched unceasingly for weeks for the little one, and one day was seen flying violently against the side of a frame building in the city.

Each time she came in contact with the house she chipped of a small bit of wood with her bill. For nearly two days the old bird kept this practice up, often during that time falling exhausted from the repeated shocks and fatigue. In the afternoon of the second day she had pecked a hole in the wall, the wood of which was old and soft from the weather. This hole was large enough to admit a man's hand, and through this the mother bird went and came.

Every time she entered she carried grain or seeds or grass. Some curious people investigated the hole while she was absent, and there they found the little lost pigeon, just below the hole, wedged in between the weather boards. For two days more the bird continued to bring the little one food, and would stay fluttering near the hole, chirruping and trying to cheer the little prisoner up. Many times it entered and seemed to be trying to extricate its young one, but it could not succeed in doing so, try as it would. The prisoner had flown into the building, which was empty, and managed to get between the weather boarding, near the top of the inside. Falling a considerable distance, it lodged in the narrow space, which did not permit it to use its wings in rising again. Its plaints had reached the mother, and she, not being able to reach it from the inside, had cut through from the out. An admiring man thrust his hand through the hole and brought out the fluttering young thing, much to the great delight of the anxious mamma bird.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Language of Colors.

There is a language of color as well as of flowers. White expresses power, wisdom, purity, candor, chastity. Red is symbolic of power, passion and riches. Kings and rulers on earth have always worn red mantles, and so have the executioners of old, so that this color also stands for cruelty and hardness. Blue denotes fidelity, sweetness, tenderness, loyalty, a spotless reputation. Aerial divinities are invariably clad in blue. The ancients allowed yellow to stand for glory and fortune. Now it is called the color of infidelity and shame. Green is emblematic of hope and joy. It is the emblem of youth, because spring verdure is green. Jealousy does not have any showing in discussing this color. Black stands for sadness, for dejection, for disappointed hopes. In feral deities are painted black. Legend says that Apollo turned the raven black because it betrayed him. Hence the raven is called the bird of misfortune. Pink denotes health, love, youth, pleasure. Violet is the tint allowed faith. Orange means divine inspiration and poetry. The muses are represented as draped in orange colored draperies. Orange was once the color of Hymen. Brides in olden times wore orange colored veils called flammeum, and they could not pronounce their vows unless covered with flammeum. Even now brides wear orange blossoms on their wedding day.—Philadelphia Times.

THE CUBAN WATER MONKEY.

One Must Be an Expert to Drink From It Gracefully.

The Cubans have a domestic utensil called a "water monkey," that is to be found in houses, hotels and offices. It answers the same purpose as the olla in Mexico and the clay jugs of India. It is made of gray porous clay and is manufactured in Malaga, "where the raisins come from." By absorption and evaporation a blanket of cool air surrounds the jug continually and



DRINKING FROM A WATER MONKEY.

keeps the water almost as cold as if it contained ice. In a country where ice is both scarce and expensive these jugs are indispensable.

The water monkeys have two apertures, one about the size of a dollar, through which water is poured into a glass. On the opposite side is a protuberance with a small hole running through it. From this the experienced Cuban drinks without touching it to his lips. When about to drink he holds it two or three inches from his mouth, into which the tiny stream of water pours. Gradually and slowly he lifts the monkey away from him until it is almost at arm's length, the water continuing to flow from the monkey down his throat. Occasionally the drinker gulps, and when his thirst has been satisfied he returns the monkey toward his mouth, then suddenly tips it up, shutting off the stream. It takes considerable experience to drink out of a water monkey gracefully. The beginner sends a stream of water down his neck instead of his throat four times out of five, until he has mastered the art.

FIRE FIRST SHOT INTO CUBA.

Cadet Charles Boone, of Dayton, Ohio, Had That Honor.

Cadet Charles Boone, the Dayton (Ohio) boy who sent the first shot of the war into Cuba from his gun on the flagship New York, in the bombardment of Matanzas Harbor, received his appointment to Annapolis through Congressman Sorg. He had



CADET CHARLES BOONE. (United States Naval Officer who fired the first shot into Cuba.)

been in the school four years and was detailed on the New York a few months ago. He is but little more than twenty years old, but is spoken of highly by his superior officers.

At once, on being transferred to the flagship, he was placed in charge of an eight-inch gun, with twenty-four men under him. When the order came from Rear-Admiral Sampson to "cut loose," he sent the first ball straight through and through the walls of the Spanish fort, tearing away everything in its path.

At the Soda-Wa' Fountain.



Spanish Fizz—"What will you have?"

Commodore Dewey—"I'll take Manila."

A state lunch in China contains 146 dishes.

THE FLAG.

Lo! in a night dry rods have boomed In flowers of red and white and blue; On every staff the dawn's illumed The new glorious banner waves anew!

No blossom this, to droop and fade In sulphurous smoke of belching guns; Its roots were set, its tints were laid In the best blood of Freedom's sons.

Across its hues the eyes of men Flash each to each with patriot fire, And heroes press its sacred stem To lips that smile as they expire.

The sluggish blood, by commerce chilled, Leaps to its fount with sudden pride; And children gaze, with bosoms thrilled, At this their heritage and guide!

—Grace Duffie Boylan.

HUMQROUS.

Newsboy (to distinguished author just arrived)—Extra, sir. Full account of your arrival.

The Rejected One—I have a rival, then? The Girl—Hardly that; I have promised to marry him.

Many a young man who has entered on a career has been glad soon afterwards to get a steady job.

Mrs. A.—Do you think Mary Gilbert is as old as she looks? Mrs. B.—My dear, she couldn't be.

Fuddy—Are you in favor of a single tax? Duddy—I go farther than that. I would have no tax at all.

Teacher (showing off his pupils)—Now, Johnny, tell us how the earth is divided. Johnny (vivaciously)—By earthquakes, sir.

Clerical Friend—I hear you are having trouble in your church. The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—Not a word of truth in it. The trouble is in the choir.

His Wife—They say a photographer is to establish a place here soon. The Suburbanite—How can he expect people who live here to look pleasant?

Miss Blackleigh (looking at her photograph)—I should like to know what people say about my picture. Miss Daisey—No, dear, I don't think you would.

She—Do you recollect the night that you proposed to me? I bent my head and didn't say anything. He—Quite right; but you've made up for it since.

Proud Father—My daughter strikes B and is reaching for C. Friend—Oh, but you can't really complain until she begins to strike you for V's and reach for X's.

Editor—Why don't you want your article on "Advice to Housewives" signed? Hack-Writer—Because I want my wife to take some of the advice herself.

Governor, the bicycle trade positively refuses to go to the front. "What's the reason?" "They claim that they would be at once disabled by the hard-tack."

He—"In the spring the young man's fancy" you know; the little birds begin to mate—the She—Yes; in the spring, even the potatoes begin making eyes.

"Pa, can I go to the circus?" "No, my son; if you're a good boy, you won't want to go to the circus." "Then I'd better go while I'm bad enough to enjoy it, hadn't I?"

"Do you think said the man who is slightly superstitious, 'that a comet presages danger?' "Well," replied Mr. Meekton, with the deliberation of a man who is accustomed to think many times before he speaks, "it does if I stay out late enough to see it."

Pat was suffering dreadfully from seasickness, and there was no prospect of relief, for the vessel pitched and rolled without cessation. "By t'under," he cried in his agony. "Won't somebody second this motion and let it be passed without debate?"

A teacher asked a little boy to spell "responsibility," which he did. "Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me the meaning of that big word?" "Yes, mum," answered Tommy. "If I had only four buttons on my trousers, and two came off, all the responsibility would hang on the other two."

"Papa," said the youthful student of history, "is an ultimatum the last word?" "No-o, not exactly; that is, not always," replied the old gentleman thoughtfully. "You see, there are circumstances under which a man may give an ultimatum to a woman—his wife, for instance—but, of course, that doesn't mean that he will have the last word; not by a good deal."

Caught a Witness. A man named Hogan was charged with murder. A hat, believed to be the prisoner's, was found near the body of the murdered man, and this was the principal ground for supposing Hogan was the perpetrator of the foul deed. O'Connell, who was retained for the defense, felt the case required the exercise of his utmost powers.

The counsel for the crown made a strong point on the hat. O'Connell cross-examined the witness who identified it. "Are you perfectly sure that this was the hat found close to the body?" "Sartin sure." O'Connell proceeded to inspect the cap, and "Was the prisoner's name, Pat Hogan," (he spelled each letter slowly), "in it at the time you found it?" "Twas, of course." "You could not be mistaken?" "No, sir." "And all you swore is as true as that?" "Quite." "Then get off the table this minute!" cried O'Connell triumphantly. Addressing the judge, he said: "My lord, there can be no conviction here. There is no name in the hat!"

Antique Vegetables. Asparagus was originally a wild sea-coast weed of Great Britain and Russia, and is now so plentiful on the Russian steppes that the cattle eat it like grass. In some parts of southern Europe the seeds are dried and used as a substitute for coffee.—Philadelphia Inquirer.