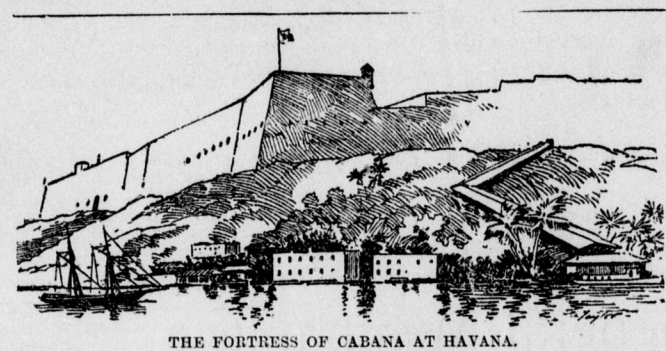


HAVANA'S DEFENSES.

Present Condition of the Fort-ress of Cabana.

No outsiders had been admitted to the fortress of San Carlos de la Cabana, at Havana, Cuba, since the beginning and ending of the war, until a few days ago, when, through the offices of a mutual and neutral friend, a correspondent of the New York Evening Post received from the general in command the freedom of the place. He is not much interested any more in preserving secrecy regarding this medieval fortification, which, it was believed by the Americans on the blockade, had been made formidable by new guns brought in clandestinely.

Among the fortifications of Havana, which include the Castillo del Principe on the land side, the Fuerte del San Diego, Castillo del Morro, Castillo de la Punta, Castillo del Ataz, Bateria de la Reina, Bateria de Santa



THE FORTRESS OF CABANA AT HAVANA.

Clara and the Bateria de Velasco, on the water side, the only ones which are commanded by brigadier-generals are the Castillo del Principe and the Castillo de la Cabana. All the others are commanded by majors of infantry, raptains, or first lieutenants of artillery. Thus one knows the importance in which Cabana is held. It occupies a front of 2400 feet on the heights, just within the entrance to the bay; on the land side it has three picturesque bastions, a moat and a drawbridge, contains accommodations for 4000 troops, and to persons whose military criticisms have been received through Sir Walter Scott and Alexander Dumas it appears to be impregnable, so thick are the concrete walls, so well is "all-outdoors" excluded from the view until one climbs to the overtopping parapets, and from these the surrounding country seems to be at one's mercy.

Santa Clara, Punta Morro, Velasco, standing guard between Cabana and the sea, look to be of small account, although Santa Clara and Velasco are about the only Havana fortifications which have big and fairly modern guns. From tidewater the walls of Cabana rise dominant as high as a twenty-two story New York building; well-manned guns, ranging a circle of eight miles, could reach nearly everything within sight by sea or land. To get into it on foot or mounted there are three entrances, two from the bay, up ziggzag common roads, and one from the land, over a drawbridge. Once within the first wall there are yet two others to conquer, and in the centre of all are the prisons and the magazines and the quarters of the soldiers.

There are now only three batteries in Cabana; the one just mentioned aiming down over the harbor, one of five old-fashioned cast-iron mortars which points towards the mouth of the bay, and one nearly over the sally-port keeping watch on the land side. In all there are scarcely twenty guns, and I should not like to be back of one when the match was applied to its touchhole. We could not say anything like this to the polite lieutenant of artillery who presently offered to guide us around the rest of the fortress, and who broke the regulations to let us see the dungeon prisoners. He and the other officers fancy that Havana has immensely powerful defenses, and they regret that they did not have an opportunity to defeat us in an attempt to take the city, but it was merciful to their pride that we did not attempt it.

What will the Cubans or Americans do with Cabana? It would last for ages yet unless hit with a modern projectile. It would be difficult to disintegrate it sufficiently to serve as a barracks, for in the centuries it has been occupied there have been no closets, no system of sanitation, and every prison cell and barrack-room is vile. Cubans will probably want to keep untouched the Laurel Ditch, or grassy space between two walls, where no less than 600 patriots have been executed. "Here," said the Lieutenant, our guide, quite unconcernedly, "is where politi-



An Indian Belle.

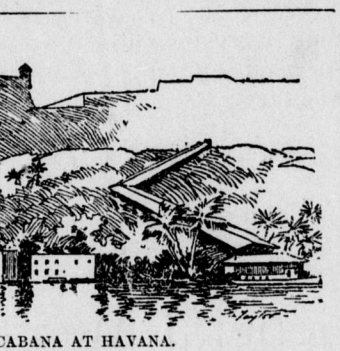
QUANG, A MOQUI SQUAW. (She is nineteen years old and is the favorite model of Eldridge Ayer Burbank, a Western painter.)

cal prisoners were shot. They were placed against that wall there, and the soldiers were drawn up about fifteen feet away; you can see the marks left by their bullets on the wall." The whole side of the wall for fifty feet and to the height of ten feet was closely pitted with bullets that had first passed through men who had dared to preach that Cuba must be free of Spain. There have not been any executions lately, but the prison contains several political and many military prisoners. As we passed, one of them called out something about "Americanos" and "liberated." Our lieutenant never minded, but offered us more cigarettes and said (wet and hot as he was) that he would like the pleasure of showing us also El Morro.

WORK ON COLON ABANDONED.

The Naval Board Believes There is No Chance to Save Her.

Captain Chester, of the United States cruiser Cincinnati, and a board of officers visited the wreck of the Spanish cruiser Cristobal Colon, off Santiago de Cuba, a few days ago, and



CRISTOBAL COLON ON HER STARBOARD BEAMS-END.

decided that work on the sunken warship should be abandoned, as, in their opinion, there is no possible chance of raising her. The men of the wrecking company, who have been at work on the Spanish vessels, have been ordered to proceed to Santiago harbor there to raise the Reina Mercedes and blow up the Merrimac, so as to clear the channel. A boat will be sent to tear down the woodwork put up by Lieutenant Hobson at the wreck of the Cristobal Colon, as Secretary Long has decided, after consultation with the bureau chiefs, that the Government will make no further attempts to raise the Spanish vessels sunk off Santiago.

There is no objection on the part of the Navy Department to private corporations making the effort, but the department will not promise to take the vessels even after they are raised. As the United States has no juris-



A Dainty Match Striker.

diction over the harbor of Havana at this time, the Secretary of the Navy is unable to grant permission to the Acme Wrecking Company to begin work on raising the Maine. Upon the evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish the department will interpose no objection to the company undertaking the work if it desires to make the attempt.

A Dainty Match Striker.

To make a pretty match-striker take a strip of cardboard and cut out a piece seven inches long and six inches wide. Then cut from a sheet of sand-



A PRETTY MATCH STRIKER.

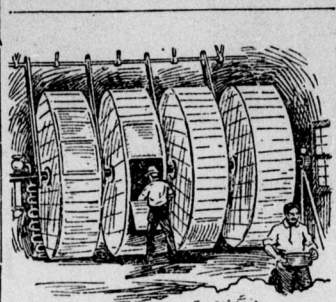
paper a piece 3 1/2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide. Paste this crosswise in the centre of the cardboard. With a hard leadpencil draw several loose matches and print the quotation, "How far that little candle throws its beams" on the cardboard above and at one side of the sandpaper.

In the lower corner draw a candlestick and candle. Color the candlestick with a thin wash of burnt sienna; the candle with Chinese white and the flame with gamboge and scarlet vermilion. These colors will be found in any ordinary box of water colors. Tint the matches with a light wash of chrome yellow and tip the edges of those representing unburnt matches with burnt sienna. Those representing burnt matches should be tipped with black. Cut openings at either end of the card and run a narrow ribbon through them, tying in a bow at each opening, leaving between them a long loop of ribbon by which the card may be hung. These match-striker are easily made, and are prettier if made of cardboard or of some delicate color, instead of plain white. —New York Tribune.

WHY FURS ARE COSTLY

They Are Buttered With Best Cream-ery Grease, Powdered With Rose-wood Flour and Bathed, Soaked and Warmed by Human Body.

From the animal's back to the lady's shoulders there is much skillful handling of high-priced furs.



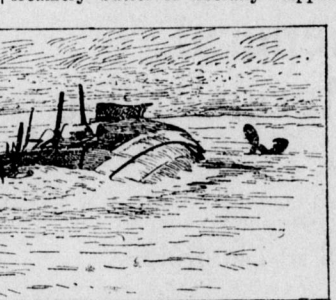
THE ONLY MACHINE USED IN THE FUR INDUSTRY.

Machines there are for the curing and tanning of skins—skins of the lower grade—rabbit and opossum, and the heavier pelts are put through a machinery process. But the high grade furs—the costly skins—sable, ermine, mink and chinchilla, still are manipulated almost entirely by hand, and this together with the increasing demand and decreasing supply adds to the final cost.

The work of the dresser is interesting, and in stages highly picturesque. The skins are turned over to him by the firm who buys its season's supply in the raw state. The trapper has literally skinned his game—turned the outside or fur side in, leaving the entire pelt exposed—hence the old nursery joke of "skinning the rabbit." The skins are greased to preserve them from vermin and soon turn stiff. This constitutes the raw state.

In curing, the pelt is first put through a softening process—a chemical solution—and the skins are then tubbed. Here they remain in the salt and water or similar wash as required over night, possibly twelve hours longer. The skins are wrung out of this bath and partially dried, then turned over to the fletcher. This is another department of the trade and requires skilled hands to scrape these skins properly. This is done on upright knives set slightly oblique at the end of a narrow bench on which the fletcher sits astraddle.

From the fletcher the skins go through a greasing process, where fine creamery butter is liberally slapped



over the pelt, the skin all this while remaining pelt out, of course.

The next departure leads one to the picturesque detail of the dresser's shop. Along either side of the room are ranged large barrels of three-quarters height. In this the men stand waist deep, while sacking forms the cover from the edge of the barrel to the man's body. This keeps in the heat which in time becomes excessive, and in these covered barrels the half-naked men tread and tread day after day, and look as though they were practicing the conche-conche dance. With their naked feet they work the butter into the pelt and fur, and the heat which emanates from their body forms a most important item in the curing of the skins. A shuffle board fastened obliquely across the front inner side of the barrel aids them in rotating the skins, which in time acquire a high degree of heat, very surprising to the novice. This heat renders the fur soft and supple. Only a few skins—ten to a dozen—are trodden at one time.

When the butter dance stops the skins are removed to a drying room and spread over the floor. At the right point of dryness they are gathered together and taken to the sawdust room. This sawdust is in truth pulverized wood, as fine in quality as cornstarch. Sometimes it is of mahogany, sometimes of rosewood. The first mechanical labor is here introduced, when the skins with a copious supply of dust are thrown into a big revolving tub which imitates closely the rotation of treading, and by passing over coils of steam pipe gets warmth similar to the heat of the treader's body. The furs and dust are revolved rapidly until sufficient dust has been taken up, when they are dumped out, picked up separately and given a deft shake and the hand labor is again called into use. The skins are spread to air, beaten, turned fur out, and given to the comb. He finishes the silky coats, evens up skins to a point of symmetry.

Must Have Soft Hands.

Girls employed in the crape industries are under a curious contract not to engage in any housework during their hours of labor. The reason is lest their hands should become coarse and unfitted for the delicate nature of their employment.

It is now stated that the invention of gunboats and armor-protected guns dates back to the fifteenth century.

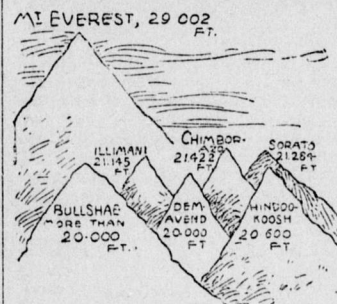
AMERICA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.

Peak in Alaska That Is More Than 20,000 Feet Above Sea Level.

A mountain peak 20,000 and more feet in height has just been discovered on the Alaskan coast, inland from Kani Peninsula, and has been named Mount Bullshae, by the United States geological party that first set eyes on it.

This discovery, the most important that has yet been made by the many exploring parties sent into Alaska, early this year, falls to the honor of the party led by George H. Eldridge. They returned to Seattle on the steamer Alki, and there seems to be absolutely no doubt that the mountain discovered is the highest in North America.

After following the course of the Sushitna a long distance it was decided to go into one of the valleys emptying into the Sushitna River from the right. The party followed this valley some distance, when suddenly they came in sight of a big, broad peak. "Bullshae," was the expression of the Indian guide when he first saw the natural monster that loomed up even among the huge peaks that surrounded them on every side. "Bullshae" the peak was named after



COMPARATIVE HEIGHTS OF TALL MOUNTAINS.

the most thorough possible investigation.

It was evident that Mount Bullshae would not allow the party to mount its crest with ease, if at all, so no attempt was made to climb it. In fact, the members of the party expressed the opinion that it never will be climbed. Great precipices present an almost impassable front on every hand as far as the members of the party could see.

Unless the atmosphere is perfectly clear the clouds enfold it on the slightest provocation.

Golden Rose of Virtue Given by the Pope.

The Golden Rose which the Pope is to confer upon the Archduchess Gisela, Princess of Bavaria, is the highest honor which his holiness can bestow upon any woman. It was said the Pope would give the Golden Rose to the young Queen of Holland, but of course that report was all nonsense, for Wilhelmina, although a most adorable young person, is a Protestant, and this special honor is reserved for members of the Roman Catholic Church only. The gorgeous thing that is called the Golden Rose is made of pure gold, and its value, so far as the mere market is concerned, is about \$10,000.

In the great rose in the middle of the group the Pope pours rose balsam. This flower is framed with a number of subordinate roses and rosebuds. The metal plant stands in a pot of pure gold and on



THE POPE'S GOLDEN ROSE.

the side of this pot are engraved the arms and the seal of Leo. Two officers of the Vatican are chosen yearly to present this magnificent gift to the lady selected by the Pope. That lady is always royal, a queen, an empress or a princess of royal blood.

"The Real Thing" in Paraguay.

In Paraguay it is considered "the real thing" to dine with the rich natives. All European and American tourists who reach that faraway South American country find a great fascination in being invited to a native's house. They never eat a meal without drinking a pint of water beforehand to prevent indigestion, nor will they serve a visitor who does not do likewise. It is needless to add that Paraguay is full of indigestion, and the custom is continually kept up.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Bedtime Folks.

(Always hateto go to bed 'fore other folkses go.) Because they take the light away or turn the wick down low. They say I won't go right asleep with lights a-blazin' high. An' laugh an' call me 'frigidy-cat, because I leave and cry. Why, dark is just the awf'flest time of any time of day! 'Tis then the goblins, gnomes an' ghosts come out to scare an' play. The ghosts come slidin' down the hall an' creak the nursery door. An' goblins play at hide-and-seek upon the big black floor. Our Tabbykins comes sneakin in, with eyes like chunks of fire; The witch's cats camp on our fence a-practicin' their choir. The brownies on our attic floor keep dancin' pit-a-pat. No, don't tell me—it isn't mice, nor 'tain't no great big rat. I know about the bedtime sprites—I'm sure you must agree—I've read too many fairy books to let them things fool me. An' so I just lie wide awake an' cover up my head. An' wish I was a better boy, till mother comes to bed. —Caroline Wetherell.

Dogs in the Army.

Probably there is no United States regiment in existence which does not possess two or three dogs, and these army animals, as a class, are highly interesting. They know when the bugle calls, and when reveille sounds they get up for the day. At drill time they do not budge, knowing that the drill is something in which they have no part, but when the bugle for dinner reaches their ears no one in the respective regiment responds more quickly, and that is saying a good deal for alacrity.

The Ant as a Farmer.

The little ants have an industry all their own in the care and breeding of insects called aphides which serve them as cows. Although the aphides do not give milk, they supply the ants with a sweet liquid which is nutritious and pleasant to the taste.

The aphides live on the stems of plants, and the busy little workers that cultivate them build tunnels over these stems, leaving a small opening at either end, just large enough for one of their number to pass in and out. The aphides are well fed and cared for by the ants, and they repay this attention by a generous supply of the honey-like fluid each day. The ants manage to keep their cows from generation to generation, carefully protecting them through the winter from cold and storms by a velvety blanket of dry moss, and over this another covering of pastylike substance.

In the spring, when the young are hatching, the ants seek food in the field, and not until the young aphides crawl out from under the moss blankets do the ants begin the work of carrying away the winter coverings. With the return of summer these little ants and farmers work faithfully that their "cattle" may thrive for the harvest days. —New York Tribune.

The Sierra Squirrels.

In the spring, before pine nuts and hazel nuts are ripe, the gray squirrel examines last year's cones to see if a few seeds may be left in them between the half-open scales, and gleans fallen nuts and seeds on the ground among the leaves, after making sure that no enemy is nigh, says John Muir, in the Atlantic. His fine tail flows, now behind him, now above him, level or gracefully curled, light and radiant as dry thistle-down, every hair in its place standing out electric. His body seems hardly more substantial than his tail.

The Douglas is a firm, emphatic bolt of life, fiery, pungent, full of brag and show and fight, and his movements have none of the elegant deliberation of the gray. They are so quick and keen they almost sting the onlooker, and the acrobatic harlequin gyrating show he makes of himself turns one giddy to see. The gray is shy and oftentimes stealthy, as if half expecting an enemy in every tree and bush and back of every log; seems to wish to be let alone, and manifests no desire to be seen, or admired, or feared. He is hunted by the Indians, and this of itself is cause enough for caution. The Douglas is less attractive as game, and is probably increasing in numbers in spite of every enemy. He goes his ways bold as a lion, up and down and across, round and round, the happiest, merriest of all the hairy tribe, and at the same time tremendously earnest and solemn, sunshine incarnate, tingling every tree with his electric toes. If you prick him, you cannot think he would bleed. He seems above the chance and change that beset common mortals, though in busily gathering burs and nuts we see that he has to work for a living, like the rest of us. I never found a dead Douglas. He gets into the world and out of it without being noticed; only in prime is he seen, like some little plants that never are noticed except when in bloom.

A King's Verdict.

The question whether an officer is justified under any circumstances in disobeying his commander has been answered differently by different judges. Royal authority at one time went on the affirmative side of the question. It was in the reign of George II of England, and the offender was Captain Hawke of the ship Berwick, of sixty-four guns. The offence was committed during an indecisive naval action off Toulon in 1744, when the English admirals in command lost the opportunity to gain a victory by shrinking from a close engagement.

Captain Hawke was indignant. His country was being wronged by the in-

action—cowardly, he thought—of the commanders. He could keep still no longer. Seeing no prospect of a general action, he boldly, and in defiance of every order issued, quitted his station and selected a Spanish ship of equal force to try the issues with. For half an hour it was an open question whether Hawke had done a wisely brave deed or simply a mad one, but at the end of that half hour, in which some brilliant fighting was done, the Spanish ship was a prisoner, and the captain's wisdom as well as bravery was clearly demonstrated.

When official and public opinion had had time to decide on the merits and demerits of the principal actors in the engagement, a flag promotion took place, in which the name of Captain Hawke was passed over. The slight was followed by a verdict from the naval authorities dismissing him from the service for his disobedient bravery.

But the matter was not yet settled. His majesty, King George, had something to say. He inquired why the officer had been dismissed, and was frankly informed that it was because Captain Hawke had disobeyed orders by quitting the line to fight the Spanish ship Peder.

"What?" cried the indignant monarch. "Disgrace a man for fighting too much? He shall be my admiral." This was the royal verdict, and it is said that some years later, in 1759, when Hawke gained a signal victory over the French fleet, the king was so overjoyed that his judgment in the choice of an admiral had been vindicated, that he pulled the wig from his head and kicked it about the palace of Kensington for very gladness that he had given England so great an admiral. —Youth's Companion.

The Mischievous Puppy.

One day a little puppy had just received a bath and his mother told him not to go out until he was quite dry, but the little dog, who never did a thing his mother told him, thought it wouldn't do him any harm to go out for a walk, and while his mother was sleeping he went out very quietly, so she wouldn't wake up. When once out of the house he raced and jumped and barked and chased the pretty butterflies until he was so tired out he didn't know what to do. At last he came to a muddy pool of water and he walked right through it, and so of course he got all dirty.

The little puppy began to feel so tired that he lay down to rest, and fell asleep. He slept for a long time, and when he awoke it was very dark, and the moon was shining on him through the trees. He started up in a fright and began to whine, but no one answered him, so he stopped and lay down again, but he could not sleep and he didn't know where he was.

The disobedient puppy began to think of his home in the barn and wished he had never left it. When daylight began to dawn he thought he heard a noise in the bushes close by and when he looked he saw two shining eyes fixed upon him.

He did not stay there a minute longer, but started to run away as fast as ever his legs would carry him. Then he heard whatever it was coming right behind him, and he tried to run faster and faster, but he could not run fast enough, and pretty soon he shut his eyes and gave himself up for lost. He dropped down on the ground, and right on top of him came two big paws, and then he heard his name. He opened his eyes, and there, looking into his face, was his own mother! It was she who had been watching him from the bushes and chased him when he ran.

With a joyous bark and one leap he was on his feet, asking forgiveness. His mother took him home and read him a very serious lecture on disobedience, and then washed all the mud and dirt off him and put him to bed.

Cowboy Feats in Hawaii.

The Hawaiian cowboy would put many of his western prototypes to blush as to feats of horsemanship, for some of the country ridden over by a Kauaka "spaniola" would cause cold chills to run down the back of a cowpuncher from the plains of Texas or Nebraska. The latter country is level or at least undulating in its general character, while in the Hawaiian Islands it is quite the reverse. The cattle there have comparatively very little grazing land, and as a consequence stray far up the mountain sides and into "the bush" looking for sustenance. When the time comes for rounding up and branding, the Kauaka has no "soft snap." Some of his riding is a little short of marvelous. Now down a deep grade on the mountain side, floored with loose rocks and lava, next into a belt of timber over fallen tree trunks and through a tangled undergrowth, only to bring up on the edge of some precipitous gulch. Nothing daunted, horse and rider scramble down to the bottom, ford the inevitable stream and up on the other side as if the devil were after them. All this on a keen jump, too, whenever possible. —New York Post.

A Wonderful Yarn.

Seven years ago a farmer living west of Webster City, Ia., hung his vest on the fence in the barnyard, and as a result of it a wonderful story is told.

A calf chewed up a pocket in the garment in which was a standard gold watch. Last week the animal, a staid old milk cow, was butchered for beef, and the timepiece was found in such a position between the lungs of the cow, that the process of respiration, the closing in and filling the lungs, kept the stemwinder wound up, and the watch had lost but four minutes in the seven years. —Chicago Times-Herald.