

CHINA'S NAVY.

Her Fleet of War Junks Replaced By European-Built Vessels.

Naval Academy and Schools for Teaching Navigation.

China has long recognized the necessity of a navy, and her fleet of war-junks was, before the introduction of European-built ships of war, very extensive, but her experience in the "opium war" with Great Britain led her to suspect that possibly these vessels of venerable design were not all that she imagined them to be; but events move slowly in China, and twenty-five years elapsed before that suspicion became a certainty, and she could bring herself to believe that her war-junks were worthless.

In 1867 and 1868 some gunboats were built for her in England, and a few in her own ports, but they were all small, and it was not until 1872 that a 3400-ton wooden frigate, constructed by Chinese labor under foreign direction, was launched at Shanghai. Since then a number of composite and one steel vessel have been turned out by the Chinese dock yards, the three largest of them being 2500 tons displacement, the balance of less than 1800 tons; so that today her really effective ships, viz., five armored, four protected, and thirteen partially protected vessels, were furnished by European ship-yards.

On January 1, 1886, the ships of war, which up to that time had been attached to provinces, under the orders of the viceroys, were, by imperial decree, merged into a national navy, and under the direction of a naval board of control, established at Peking.

At last accounts there was no fixed limit to the officers and men, the number being regulated by the requirements of the service.

There are two naval academies, one at Foochoo, the other at Tien-Tsin. The entering age of the candidates is from thirteen to twenty years, and the course extends over five years. It embraces the study of English and the regular scientific studies pertaining to the naval profession. The cadets then go to sea for a further three years, and after a final examination become officers. In addition to the two academies there are schools of navigation, of marine engineering, and for torpedo instruction at Tien-Tsin.

Dock-yards have been established at Shanghai, Canton, Foochoo, Takoo and Port Arthur, and arsenals at Foochoo and Tien-Tsin.

The test of all this new system will come in the present war, for it will be the first time that men will have fought under educated native officers, and it will show how much of all this scheme is real, or whether China is to add one more to the long list of her defeats.

A Wonderful Monster.

A mountain of heaving flesh, wrinkled and rough, ugly as a satyr, and even more clumsy than a hippopotamus, lives in the Arctic Ocean wherever there are clam-beds, and enough open water to afford him a home. The Pacific walrus is the most uncouth and ungainly beast that ever sets foot on land. For two or three centuries he has been called the morse, and also the sea horse—possibly because he is more like a horse than a humming-bird, though not much.

Three hundred years ago, when travelers and men of science were struggling to obtain a mental grasp of the form and habits of this strange creature, but wholly unaided by the collector and taxidermist, their pictorial efforts produced some astonishing results—just as may always be expected under such conditions. Marvelous, indeed, were some of the pictures of the walrus that were published in the sixteenth century, in the dark ages when taxidermists were not, and zoological museums were "without form, and void." And yet, with the exception of the figure by Olaus Magnus, which is half fish and half hog, with four eyes on each side of a pair of impossible horns, none of these grotesque figures are one whit more wonderful than is the true character of the Pacific walrus.

His real personality was only half known to the world until, in 1872, Mr. Elliott landed on the rocky shore of Walrus Island, armed with sketch-book, note-book, and tape-measure, and made an elaborate series of studies of this species actually at arm's length. His published pictures and notes were such a complete revelation regarding the actual form and habits of the Pacific Walrus as to cause much astonishment among naturalists: and

to some it seemed almost beyond belief that the form of the walrus was really as pictured from life by this painstaking artist.—St. Nicholas.

Fate of Two Pert Sparrows.

Two impertinent sparrows met a curious and untimely death in the presence of an interested crowd a few days ago. One of the Cunard steamships was being warped in to her dock while crowds of people on the pier and the vessel were chafing at the delay and slowness of the tedious process. A thick hawser fastened to a capstan near the bow was being used in the warping process and was stiff as a pole under the tremendous strain.

The sparrows which had been twittering and chirping about the place fluttered out to examine the hawser. Evidently it was a new perch stretched for their benefit where it would afford a good view of both boat and pier, they thought. They settled on it half way out. At first the slight vibration of the big rope caused them some uneasiness, but they soon got over it and fell to poking fun at the waiting people. They would glance pertly first at the travelers, then at the expectant friends, and then they would turn to each other and chirp out impertinent, gaudy remarks and twitter with glee until they nearly fell off their perch.

In the very midst of their enjoyment something happened. There was a muffled report and the thick hawser parted like a thread just where the feathered jokers had been standing, causing the dockmen to run as one end came writhing toward them like a snake. It was like the burst of thunder sound in Mrs. Hemans' poem: the birds, oh, where were they? Two little fluffy bunches of feathers rode the crest of a ripple in the water and disappeared under the pier.

"Poor little things. It killed them," said a lady on the pier.

Then a new hawser took the place of the old, the big ship swung in, and everybody pushed forward to greet long-absent friends.—New York Sun.

Swarms of Horrid Shipmates.

Life on board the British steamship Kennet, which has just arrived at this port in command of Capt. Davis, laden with logwood, is rendered miserable by the invasion of myriads of tarantulas, scorpions, and other pestiferous strangers, and it is difficult to keep the sailors from deserting the ship on this account.

These unwelcome visitors found their way on board with a cargo of logwood, which was taken in at Port de Paix, a small settlement in Hayti, and many nights of discomfort have been spent on board the Kennet by both her officers and crew. Tarantulas by the hundreds and numberless scorpions have been killed in the after cabin, and so thickly was this portion of the ship populated by these and other bugs that the officers have been unable to sleep below.

The officers of the Kennet, like all sailors, are afraid of the tarantulas and scorpions, and now that her cargo is being discharged every effort will be made to rid the ship of the plague before she sails from here. Bananaladen ships frequently bring with their cargoes a few tarantulas, but this ship is fairly alive with them. The only relief the crew of the Kennet had on their voyage north was on the day before sighting the capes, when the cold weather caused their disappearance from the decks.

As the cargo was being discharged it was found to be actually alive with both scorpions and tarantulas. The old sailors on board the Kennet say they will never ship in a logwood-laden vessel again, and remain now only in the fear that desertion would cause a forfeiture of their wages.—Philadelphia Press.

In It, Too.

Dodd—That Chumley is a regular echo.

Judd—How is that?

Dodd—Why, to everything I assert he says, "Me, too." I related some of my most thrilling adventures and even invented some, but it was no use; he always came out with that everlasting "me, too." At length I spoke of being betrothed to May High-fligh, and he instantly and coolly responded, "Me too."

Judd—You told him he lied of course.

Dodd—No, unfortunately in this stance he told the truth.—Judge.

A Last Resource.

Young Widow—Yes, doctor, I've followed everything you recommended, but nothing seemed to benefit me.

Doctor—Well, then, all I can recommend is matrimony. [Cards were sent out next day.]—Truth.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Imperial woodpeckers of Mexico are twenty-two inches long.

The principles of rainfall were first correctly set forth by Dalton in 1787.

The Tartars take a man by the ear to invite him to eat and drink with them.

A New York dog whose eyesight is affected is daily seen wearing a pair of spectacles.

Miles Darden, of Tennessee, who died in 1857, weighed over one thousand pounds.

The longest, largest and strongest bone in the human system is the femur, or thigh bone.

The Persians gave names to every day in the month, just as we give them to days of the week.

The foot travel across London bridge each year reduces to powder twenty-five cubic yards of granite.

The quantity of diamond dust used in polishing a very large diamond has sometimes cost five thousand dollars.

The highest lighthouse on the American coast is that at Cape Henry, Va. It is 165 feet in height, built wholly of iron.

Artificial diamonds, with such a pure and limpid quality that all but the most expert judges are deceived by them, are now being made in Paris.

In Sweden the railway stations where meals are served are known by the simple but suggestive picture of a crossed knife and fork against the name of the station.

The agitations of a society recently formed at Innsbruck to restore and preserve the old Tyrolean costumes and peasant festivals has met with an enthusiastic response on all sides.

The introduction of mahogany into England and the commerce of the world was caused by the repairing with a plank of that wood of one of Sir Walter Raleigh's vessels in 1595.

A colored man had a streak of luck while fishing in the Flint river, near Albany, N. Y. His line became tangled in something, which proved to be a lady's gold necklace, which had evidently lain at the bottom of the river for many years.

A woman at Sewallville, Me., the other day, when getting her ironing board ready to iron a sheet, noticed a long wrinkle in it and, on trying to smooth it out, found that it was caused by a two-foot snake that had crawled in while the sheet was on the line.

In the well-known house of Chequers, in Buckinghamshire, England, may still be seen the clothes worn by Oliver Cromwell when a baby. Among the articles used by the protector in his cradle days are six caps, scalloped round the edges and bound with ribbons, now yellow with age.

"Electrolickedsonintophitsaphone."

Sometime ago English electricians were staggered by an order from India for "the new machine which gives electrical shocks and sends out sparks; is a magic lantern of sorts; can make any noise desired and can ventriloquise." Our English friends took the matter as well as the order with their proverbial seriousness, and being unable to comprehend the one or fill the latter, promptly referred the whole thing to their quick-witted Yankee brothers, for elucidation and execution. It was discovered that an expert and humorous electrician had been giving concerts and entertainments in the east, with a big box surmounted by large switches and immense funnels which he had invested with the somewhat intricate but high-sounding name of "the electrolickedsonintophitsaphone." This big box with big name, covered a trap in the stage; nundry men, boys and even a Dutch band were as fancy suggested of the taste of the audience indicated. The grand finale was throwing all the switches simultaneously, when deafening thunder, lightning, sparks and colored fire, the whole affair exploded much to the amusement of some, mystification of all, but certain reputation and profit of the exhibition.—Atlanta Constitution.

Willing to Work.

Everett Wrest—Lady, if you would like to have some wood sawed—

Mrs. Potts—We burn gas.

"Then perhaps you will let me turn on the gas for me breakfast?"—Indianapolis Journal.

She Succeeded.

Landlady—I believe in letting coffee boil thirty minutes. That's the only way to get the good out of it.

New Boarder (tasting his and leaving it)—You succeed admirably, ma'am. Harper's Bazar.

WOMEN'S HATS.

ODD SHAPES FOR THE FALL AND WINTER.

Jet and Steel Ornaments to Be Largely Used—New Colors That Will Be Worn—Fashions in Furs.

FALL and winter hats show shapes of two distinct types—perfectly straight brimmed and severe, or the more or less picturesque variations of the Charlotte Corday bonnet or the picture hat. The latter hats are often ridiculously large and sometimes are be-trimmed and befeathered until they verge upon the grotesque. But certain types of faces are made all the more attractive when enhanced by such bizarre settings as the ruche brims more often than not afford, and are rendered all the more fetching and chic by these quaint substitutes for the now almost discarded fluted brim.

Indeed, hats are almost without dents, quite in contrast to the shapes of the past season. This is especially true of felts, which, as a rule, are stiff, straight and severe. Oftentimes there is no brim at all—only a very high, pointed crown, softened at the base by huge bows of trimming.

Jet and steel ornaments are largely used; cut steel ornaments and buckles will lead the style this winter. Bend buckles will also be in great favor. Handsome crescents of lace, appliqueing the corner of the now fashionable soft mortar board crowns to the brims, are very artistic and are correspondingly expensive.

Antique satins and rich mirror glass velvets of exquisite new shades enter

yellow and bright green shapes are trimmed with black ribbon or with a profusion of birds and feathers. Huge Alsatian bows and feathers and aigrettes grouped in Alsatian bow effects, instead of standing perpendicular to the brim, as heretofore, prevail. Such grouping gives a very broad effect to the front of the hat, and this is extremely trying to some faces. Many of the new hats seem to have been chopped off suddenly behind, while the old fashioned flaring bonnet effects are characteristic of many of the dressy hats for afternoon.

A TOUCH OF BLACK.

Parisian modistes are favoring a touch of black in their creations, but they use it merely as a touch and are careful not to make a costume somber by its introduction. A new fancy in black is the use of several different kinds of silk in one dress, such as the skirt of corded silk, the waist of surah and the Eton jacket of moire; or the skirt of satin, the waist of fancy taffeta and the jacket of moire. A favorite combination with Worth just now is black tulle with black satin. Black and white make a mixture still in favor, and black is used with pale delicate colors, whose delicacy it sets off by the contrast of its dark background. A shade of blue called "bluet" is the prevailing tint expected to rage, but, while pretty in itself, it is a trying color and will prove death and destruction to many complexions that will be forced into juxtaposition with it. Elegant dresses of white or black lace are draped over plain silk skirts.

FASHIONS IN FURS.

Already the fur dealers are arranging their stock. Among some of the



FOUR AUTUMN AND WINTER HATS.

largely into all trimming. Satin and velvet ribbon are entirely supplanted by ribbon of a new sheeny texture, resembling the old fashioned saraset and of such startling hues as were wont to dazzle our grandmothers' eyes in the first years of this century. Taffeta-glace ribbons also are popular; so are gros grain. Huge rosettes of the ribbon are used on most hats, and are sewn close against the high crown in preference to being placed on the brim. Paradise plumes resemble coques' plumes in shape, but are long and soft in effect, as they are made of narrow, downy feathers. Quaint new braids of soft chenille make the shapes of evening hats and those for dress occasions. These braids are much softer than velvet, and come in all of the delicate new shades.

The favorite new colors used in millinery are an odd purplish blue, called bluet; a rich yellow, suggestive of shrimpink, called Sarah, and with the favorite felts in brown (ortolan), lignum (delicate bark brown) and black, the rich new red called Jacqueminot making a striking and becoming combination. Pivoine, a handsome improvement on the cerise of last season, is a trying shade, while that exquisite new pink, rien, will be coveted by all, but would better be studiously avoided by those who do not boast a clear and perfect complexion. Cornflower blue, in all of its many shades, is very fashionable, but woe to her who has not a milk white skin and rosy cheeks if she attempts to deck herself in this color. Colibri, a very dashing shade of blue green, and azure, a shade of the sky when it is dark (blue), are fashionable and very correct.

Perveneh, that quaint blue, deepening into purple, is very closely akin to the blue of the cornflower, and is quite as fashionable. Monsee, an exceedingly rich, artistic shade of green, will afford pleasure to every artistic observer, and, fortunately, is very popular. Meteore, a rich scarlet, is sometimes combined with the mouse for evening wear. Roseau and sedum are two pleasing shades of green for evening hats. The former, though bright, is soft, and is of the color of the cup of the rose. Violetta, an odd purplish brown, is affected by blondes and old ladies with soft gray hair, who are unwilling to confine themselves to black. Coquelicot, though not entirely new to Parisians, is quite so to Americans, and is a rich, delicate shade of red that will doubtless be pleasing for a long time to come. It combines happily with almost every other shade, and can be worn by both blondes and brunettes. Fuchsia remains popular also.

Many of the felts are very bright, or are double faced, one side being dark, the other being light. Goldea



A BRIDE'S FUR JACKET.

in braid decorations would accompany any fur trimmings. If you can afford to have your winter furs attended to now it will cost much less than later on, when the rush comes.

THE USE OF PERSIAN WOOL.

Entire costumes this winter will be made of Persian lamb and other varieties of fur. One day last week a noted importer exhibited among other winter garments a coat and skirt of Persian lamb, the skirt made exactly as one of serge or tweed would be fashioned. The jacket, which was quite distinct from the skirt, was made after the style of a double-breasted walking coat, with wide reversed pointed at the top.

The Marquis of Lorne has written the libretto of an opera, which will be set to music by the Scottish composer, Hamish McCunn. The first performance will probably take place before the Queen at Windsor Castle.

BATTLE SCENES RECALLED.

SYKES'S REGULARS.

Their Part in the Fight at Little Round Top, July 2, 1863.

In a recent number of the National Tribune, Comrade Samuel R. Hazen, Co. G, 140th N. Y., says in the concluding paragraph that "the fighting on Little Round Top (Gettysburg) was done July 2, 1863, by Vincent's Brigade, and the 140th N. Y., of Weed's Brigade.

He seems to forget that Sykes's Regulars were there, and had a hand in the fight on that day.

The Second Division, Fifth Corps, was composed of 14 regiments, 10 of Regulars and four of volunteers, divided into three brigades, as follows: First Brigade, Col. Hannibal Day, composed of the 2d, 4th, 6th, 12th, and 14th U. S.; Second Brigade, Col. Sidney Burbank, composed of the 2d, 7th, 10th, 11th, and 17th U. S.; Third Brigade, Gen. S. H. Weed, composed of the 140th and 149th N. Y., and 21st and 153d Pa.

The division left Hanover Junction about 5 p. m., July 1, and arrived on the field at dawn of day on the 2d. They were halted at or near where the Baltimore pike meets in a junction with the Taneytown road. Nearly a mile to the right of Round Top, pickets were sent out to the front and occupied the ground very near where Pickett's charge was repulsed on July 3.

In two or three hours the pickets were called in, and the division moved to the left and formed in line to the east of and near Little Round Top.

The two regular brigades took into the fight that afternoon a fraction over 1,900 men and 85 officers. When the division reached Little Round Top about noon, there was neither man nor gun on the ridge at the time except two men of the Signal Corps.

Very early in the morning of the 2d it became evident to the rebels that Round Top was the prize both armies were contending for, so they began to move troops and guns down to their right, their movements being screened from the division by a piece of woods.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon they were ready for action with about 36,000 men and 60 guns to cut the union army in two and occupy the heights. Meanwhile Gen. Warren climbed to the summit of Little Round Top. Here the General says he suspected some movement on the part of the rebels, and directed Lieut. Hazlett, Battery D, 12th U. S. Art., to put a shell into the woods at the edge of the Peach Orchard. Hazlett did so and was sure enough the rebels, as they moved to look up at the shell, the sun glistened on the bright barrels of their rifles, revealed to Warren their movements.

In an instant the truth flashed upon him. He hurried down the east face of the hill, where he fortunately met Gen. Barnes's First Division, Fifth Corps, and started them on the run for the extreme left and the summit. He went farther and met Wood's Third Brigade and sent them in to support Battery D, 5th U. S. Art. (Lieut. Hazlett), which had been dragged to the summit. In a few minutes Lieut. Hazlett was killed and Lieut. Eitzenhouse assumed command of the battery.

About this time the rebels advanced and made a desperate onslaught on the Third Corps (Gen. Sickles), and with overwhelming numbers were pressing it back. The First Division, Fifth Corps, being on Round Top, it left a gap between the Second and Third Brigades and sent them to the left of the Third Corps. Ayres's Division of the Regulars was ordered into the gap. The exulting rebels were pushing by the left of the Third Corps and climbing into the ridge.

Sixty guns were turned upon the heights to keep the Union line back. The division of Regulars advanced to the top of the hill in the face of the terrible storm, the Second Brigade being in front, with the 2d U. S. on the right and the 17th U. S. on the left.

Never before in history were troops placed in such a terrible position. The field in front swept by the fire of 60 guns and a long gray line of men more than three times their number, climbing the ridge 50 yards below, determined to capture or drive the Yankees from Little Round Top. Officers and men were going down every instant. The field in front would be simply to court gradual annihilation from the enemy's shells. Someone gave the order to charge, and down they plunged into the whirlpool of fire and smoke.

Then began one of the fiercest hand-to-hand struggles known in the rebellion. Muskets were clubbed, and in the frightful melee bayonets, swords, pistols, knives, and even stones, were used. All forms of humanity were forgotten, and the brute instinct in man predominated.

Such a battle could not last long. The gray line wavered and fell back; the grass and rocks were crimson with the life blood that flowed from the mangled bodies of the slain, and Plum Run was choked with the fallen on both sides.

Across the run on a slight rise of ground the division attempted to make a stand. It was facing now about southwest, with the left of the 17th U. S. in the Devil's Den. The battle then changed to the right, and the howling rebels were swarming around our right flank and getting in the rear.

The brave old 2d U. S. was overpowered, and doubled back on the left of the brigade. Half of its number were dead and wounded. Every regiment in the division had suffered in a like manner. The array of officers had dwindled down to a handful. Again the battle changed to the left. Hood's Texans and Barksdale's Mississippians charged and turned the left flank. The 11th and 17th Regulars were doubled up as the whole Second Brigade in a disordered line with the First Brigade, which had suffered in loss equal with the Second. The division was now completely surrounded. They had made a desperate fight, but were overpowered by numbers and every avenue of escape cut off. The Regulars had gained the object for which they were sent, and they had held in check a superior force of the enemy until the line could be strengthened. The carnage had been fearful. Nearly half of the division were dead and wounded.

But help was near. The famous Pennsylvania Reserves and Bucktails (Gen. Crawford's Division) charged with the shattered remains of the Regular Division, and the rebels were swept from that part of the field, and Little Round Top was saved. The worn soldiers fell back to the cover of the ridge, and the battle of July 2 was over.

The roll was called. It was found that the two Regular Brigades had lost 825 out of a fraction over 1,900 that went into the fight. The Regular Division covered the ground with their dead from the west slope of Little Round Top across Plum Run and away up to the fatal Peach Orchard. The total loss of the 17th Regulars was only exceeded by two regiments in the whole Fifth Corps, viz.: 4th Mich. and 62d Pa. The loss in the Second Brigade, Second Division, was more than any other brigade in the Corps.

Had not Sykes's Regulars been there to be sacrificed, perhaps the story of Gettysburg might have been written differently.—MATT. F. KIRKPATRICK, 17th U. S. Arsenal, Columbia, Tenn.

The Adirondack Silence.

It is the silence of Adirondack woodlands that impresses the visitor at this season. Save the occasional cry of a woodpecker, the voice of neither bear nor bird is ordinarily heard. No living creature is visible save at early morning or at evening in the woodlands bordering the region of civilization, and the solitude, disturbed only by a faint insect hum, is oppressive.

The season for corn packing is well advanced, and owing to conditions more favorable, than promised two months ago, the total pack makes a fair showing, although the crop behind 1893 or any recent year. Best estimates place the total at 3,000,000 cans, or 9,000,000 cans, against 14,600,000 cans in '95 and 16,000,000 in '92.