

THE NAVAL HEROES OF THE GREAT SANTIAGO BATTLE.



A GRANITE PILL.

Feculent Suggestion of an Old Bay State Odd Fellow.

The authorities of the Oddfellows of Worcester, Mass., are anxious that all local Oddfellows shall be buried together in the local cemetery, and, as an inducement, the tomb shown has been put up. The monument is made of slabs of solid granite, and has been polished. It looks like a stupendous ball of stone, and is the most conspicuous object in the cemetery. A large plot of land round about it has been purchased.



THE MONUMENT.

chosen by the committee, and the Worcester Oddfellows will have their names engraved on this unique memorial.

It appears that some of the members do not approve of the idea, as many people prefer to be buried with their families. Some amusement was caused by one of the objecting members suggesting that the memorial should be placed over the grave of a doctor who died recently, as the ball of stone would represent a certain pill which it appears the physician had been fond of giving to his patients.

Climate of Iceland.

Iceland is not by any means so forbidding a country as its name implies; it is no more a land of ice than Greenland is a land of verdure. It is not nearly so cold as many places in the United States, not to mention the Canadian Dominion. The fifty and sixty degrees below zero registered every winter in the Northwest Territory and Assinibola, and even the thirty-five and forty below experienced in Montana and Northern Dakota, are unheard of in Iceland. Neither is the other extreme of great heat felt, such as these very regions in North America endure. No Icelanders know what a temperature of a hundred in the shade is. There are no sudden fluctuations or great changes; the climate is remarkably equable. A variation of thirty degrees in a month is probably not on record in the island. This equableness is due, of course, to the same cause that produces a similar effect in the British Isles—the gulf stream. This great ocean current washes the southern and western shores of Iceland, insuring a mild winter and a balmy summer. There are glaciers, but they form no icebergs. The sea around the island is never frozen, nor indeed is any floating ice seen, save on rare occasions off the northern coast. Now and then, in summer, prolonged storms will carry floating ice across from the Greenland coast, and drive it upon the northern shore of Iceland, together with cold fog and rain. In this way polar bears

are also sometimes landed on the island. On the other hand, the winters are so mild that thunderstorms often occur. In fact, most of the thunder storms in Iceland are in the winter months.

A Taste of Discipline.

The woman who insists on dragging her helpless child into the most crowded of shops is abroad in the land this year, as usual. I encountered her, or a certain variety of her, in the waiting room of a big store day before yesterday. She wasn't quite the common variety, for her child was not helpless. In fact, it was quite evident that the child had dragged the mother, and not the mother the child. She must have been 5 years old, and was so "spoiled"—well, as my old nanny used to put it, she was spoiled till her presence was really an offense to the olfactory sense. She wanted something her mother couldn't give her, and she proceeded to scream. The mother coaxed. The mother begged. The child screamed. The child danced with rage, and then she held her breath. The frightened mother tried to pacify her, and then when the child grew purple in the face and seemed on the point of choking, the poor woman began to cry.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she sobbed. "The doctor told me not to get her into a tantrum. She'll die, I know she will!"

Just at this juncture an elderly woman, with a square chin, stepped up. She did not say a word. She simply reached down, lifted that child, laid her across her knee, and gave her several resounding spanks. The astonished child caught her breath instantly. She was too surprised to go on screaming. She simply stared. The mother began to say things to the elderly woman with the square jaw, but the elderly woman walked calmly away. There was the look in her face as of a great desire gratified.—Washington Post.

Their Hats Came Off.

"I had a bit of fun on Labor Day," said an English resident of New York. "I was on the big ferry steamer coming across the ten miles wide bay, when I said to the crowd on board, 'Take your hats off.' 'What for?' was the reply. I laughed, and said, 'See those ships over there? About three hundred, aren't there? They are British ships, every one. See that little red flag hanging at the stern of each? Take your hats off to that. Those three hundred or more flags are Britain honoring your Labor Day; take off your hats and return the compliment. Where are your manners, anyway?' And the hats came off."

Novel Anti-Burglar Device.

In a report from Leipzig, Germany, Consul Warner describes a novel German anti-burglar device. This consists of flexible safety curtains made of hardened tubes properly connected, which are invulnerable to the ordinary burglar's tools, for the reason that the tubes revolve freely and the centerbit or other tool can find no hold.

Cannot Work in High Altitude.

It has been found in Switzerland that in building a railway laborers could work only one-third as long at a height of 10,000 feet as a mile lower.

Highest Point for Health.

The highest point to which a man can ascend without health being seriously affected is 10,500 feet.

TOAD'S INGENIOUS PLAN.

Owes Its "Board and Keep" to the Electric Light Company.

A Kansas City toad owes its "board and keep" to the electric light company. An electric arc light hangs at the corner of Prospect avenue and Independence boulevard, and at night it



HOW THE ELECTRIC LIGHT FEEDS HIM.

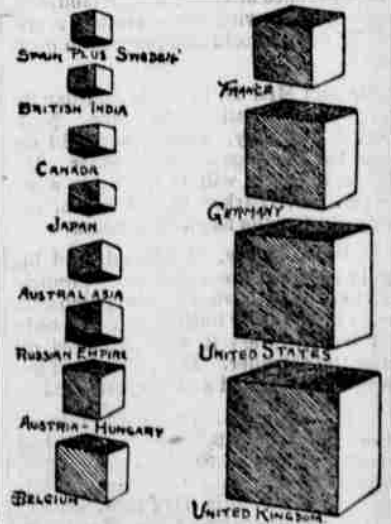
attracts myriads of flies and bugs. They flutter too near the flame, become blinded or singe their wings and fall to the toad, who sits below in delightful anticipation.

He dines slowly, as becomes an epicure, taking about an hour for the performance.

WORLD'S BLACK DIAMONDS.

British Isles Supply Nearly 88 Per Cent of All the Coal Mined.

The British Isles congratulate themselves that, in spite of their limited



THE COMPARATIVE OUTPUT.

area, they supply 88 per cent. of all the coal mined in the world at the present time. The United States is not far behind, however, annually digging from the earth 30 per cent. of the valuable black diamonds.

A Hall of Education.

Greater New York is to have a hall of education, to cost something like \$500,000. The project has been dragging along for nine years. It is to be used exclusively by the Board of Education, which now rents quarters on the outside from time to time.

People are beginning to admit that many men are looking for work who do not want it.

DEWEY FIGURES IN IT.

Anecdote Showing the Bravery of American Seamen in Danger.

Capt. Isaiah H. Grant, keeper of the United States lighthouse department storehouse on Central Wharf, recalls an interesting anecdote that is particularly appropriate at this time, and goes to show the stuff of which the American navy is composed. Captain Grant is a brother of William G. Grant, the keeper of the light on Matinicus Rock, and of the later tells this story:

It was back in 1864, and Commodore Dewey was then executive officer on board the United States vessel Colorado. William Grant was a seaman on the same ship, and is naturally well posted as to our gallant commodore's fighting qualities. The Colorado was steaming into Hampton Roads, Va., towing a large boatload of sailors, relates the Portland (Me.) Express.

It was a windy day and the waves were running high. In some manner the boat capsized, and in a moment every one was struggling in the water. All but one, however, succeeded in getting on its bottom. One sailor who could not swim sank to the bottom. A boat was at once lowered from the Colorado, William Grant being one of the men assigned to it.

The men rowed with a will, and soon reached the overturned boat and the sailors clinging to its bottom. They had so much headway that the boat shot over the place where the unfortunate went down. Mr. Grant was in the bow keeping a sharp lookout for him when he came to the surface. As the boat moved along he looked down into the water, which was clear, and plainly saw the man near the surface. Like a flash, he scrambled to the stern of the boat, and, without hesitating a second, dived over the coxswain's head for the drowning man. He calculated just right, and in a moment had him by the collar and succeeded in bringing him to the surface. Both men were taken into the boat, and after hard work the half-drowned sailor was revived. He owed his life to Mr. Grant's bravery and prompt action.

The next day Dewey, as executive officer, called Mr. Grant up on to the quarterdeck, and before every one thanked him cordially for his bravery in rescuing the sailor.

A few years ago when Dewey, then commodore, visited the Maine coast and called upon Mr. Grant at Matinicus, the incident was recalled, and a long talk was enjoyed by the men. Commodore Dewey recalled the matter instantly and again complimented Mr. Grant.

Slenkiewicz's Method of Work.

Slenkiewicz's method of making a book is as follows: He works out a detailed plan, and writes it down carefully. He fixes this in his head, and lets it "soothe and ferment" there, as he says. When ready to begin work, he divides his time, not into days, but weeks. During the first week he produces a certain amount, the second week a similar amount, and so on, week after week. He writes without correction, and never copies, producing just one manuscript—the one which he sends to the printer. Each week's work continues that of the preceding week. Though the plan of the book is elaborated carefully in advance, this plan is not followed strictly; from the "soothing and fermenting" in his head changes are suggested to the author, and he makes them. He has no secretary, amanuensis, copyist, or assistant.

To write such books as he does without copying or correcting, to create works like the trilogy and "Quo Vadis" by a series of efforts, each one of which gives a finished part, and each part being a seamless and flawless continuation of the preceding, till the last, together with all the others, forms a complete, unbroken whole, is perhaps the most amazing tour de force in literary experience. Slenskiewicz employs no man or woman to help him. He makes all literary researches himself; visits and studies the places which he needs to see; and when writing in Switzerland, Italy, France, or other countries, takes with him all the books he requires, and shuts himself in with them during working hours, which for him are from eight or nine till lunch at one o'clock, and then a couple of hours later on. He never writes after dinner in the evening, and has so ordered his "works and days" that he needs no assistance.—Century.

Wesley's Sermon.

Now and again, no doubt, the text is everything, the sermon nothing. There is an anecdote of a London bishop who, having read that story of John Wesley cutting out every word of his discourse that his servant maid did not understand, determined to preach to a country congregation the simplest sermon he could write. He chose an elementary subject, and took as his text, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." On leaving the church he asked the parish clerk what he thought of the sermon. "Oh, my lord," said he, "it was very fine—very fine and grand. I've been talking it over with Mr. Beard, and we said how fine it was. But, after all, we can't help thinking that there is a God."

Temper of Married People.

A recent inquiry was made into the temper of married people. Out of 245 couples who were examined 52 per cent. of the wives had good tempers, and only 46 of the husbands were good-humored. Out of the bad-tempered men 32 had good-tempered and 22 bad-tempered wives. Worse than all, 23 per cent. of wives were fretful, 13 per cent. violent and 6 per cent. very masterful.

A Woman's Watch.—Miss Hilborn—it seems to run very well for a day and a half, and then it will not go at all. Watchmaker.—Yes; it should be wound occasionally.—Jeweler's Weekly.

CENTENNIAL OF OUR NAVY.

From the First Its History Has Been One of Brilliance.

The United States navy completed its first hundred years of existence on Saturday, April 30, 1898, and it is a coincidence worthy of remark that the century ended as it began, with a country facing a foreign war.

As a matter of fact, it was the prospect of trouble with an alien people that called the navy into being. During the revolution, in which such cap-



STEPHEN DECATUR.

Who recaptured the Philadelphia from Tripoli.

tains as John Paul Jones and Esch Hopkins made the patriot cause redoubtable upon the seas, naval affairs were entrusted to a marine committee. The few public cruisers which remained after that costly conflict were sold, and when the Dey of Algiers began to prey upon American commerce, the infant nation was, for the moment, powerless to protect its own. This led Washington to urge the creation of a naval force; Congress in 1784 voted money to build six frigates, the Constitution, President, United States, Chesapeake, Constellation and Congress, and on April 30, 1788, the present department was formally created.

From the first the navy confirmed the wisdom of its creators. Early in 1790, the Constellation—we then had a little misunderstanding with France—fought and captured the Insurgent in West Indian waters, and late in 1803 a squadron of four vessels was sent to protect American rights and honor in the Mediterranean. The frigate Philadelphia, under Capt. Balafridge, captured a Moorish privateer, but ran aground in the harbor of Tripoli, and the officers were made prisoners of war. Stephen Decatur, then a young



JAMES LAWRENCE.

Who died shouting, "Don't give up the ship."

lieutenant, proposed to the commander of the fleet to put a crew on board a Tripolitan ketch that had just been captured, enter the harbor at night, and rescue or burn the Philadelphia. This was done on Feb. 16, 1804. The tiny Tripolitan vessel stole quietly to the side of the captured frigate, and Decatur and his men recaptured her in ten minutes. But as it was impossible to move her, she was fired, and Decatur escaped into the open sea without the loss of a man.

The navy's part in the war of 1812 was a glorious one. At the outset of that war Great Britain had 1,048 ships, carrying 27,800 guns and 151,572 officers and men. The United States, on the other hand, had but seventeen ships, carrying 442 guns and 5,025 officers and men. Yet at the end of the struggle, which lasted less than three years, the little American navy had for the time swept the British mercantile marine from the seas, capturing upwards of 1,500 vessels, on board of which were more than 20,000 British seamen.

This is a record without parallel, and it quickens the pulse to read how in its making the frigate Constitution, commanded in turn by Isaac Hull, William Bainbridge and "Old Ironsides" Stewart, captured the Guerriere and



OLIVER PERRY.

The hero of Lake Erie.

four other British men-of-war; how in the battle of Lake Erie Oliver Perry compelled the surrender, for the first time in history, of an entire British squadron, and Thomas McDonough won a victory not less decisive on Lake Champlain; how captains like Joshua Barney and Richard Dale came out successful from a dozen hard-fought battles, or David Porter, in the harbor

of Valparaiso, fought the Essex against two British vessels for two hours and a half, and only surrendered when the frigate was burning under him, and finally, how when the British Shannon captured the Chesapeake, at the mouth of Boston harbor, James Lawrence, the American frigate's lion-hearted commander, died at his post, shouting which his last breath, "Don't give up the ship!" It is a chronicle that will live as long as the language in which it is written.

THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS."

English Writers.

In the Century Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of "Quo Vadis," has a paper entitled "An Acquaintance with Slenskiewicz." Mr. Curtin says: Slenskiewicz expressed himself at some length on English literature and art. I give his own words:

"Of English novelists I like Dickens best. His 'David Copperfield' seems to me nearer genuine human nature than any other English production of the century. Dickens derived immense pleasure from the people whom he described; he had a true and vivid appreciation of unusual characters. In literature Shakespeare stands apart. His knowledge of man seems to me almost superhuman. I am amazed at his insight and truthful vision, especially when I compare him with other writers. Scott had a power of narration that was really phenomenal, but there is much in his novels that is not true; not infrequently he ornamented in his own way—beautified, as he thought. His account of the chivalry and knight-hood of the middle ages does not correspond at all with reality. Still, he was a wonderful writer. Thackeray was a great novelist, but to me he has always seemed enthralled more or less by society, mastered by it in a degree, hence injured as an artist. Tennyson used beautiful language, but he was artificial; he was the poet, not of humanity, but of a class, and devotion to a class always enfeebls an author. Of recent Englishmen, Kipling stands alone as a writer of short stories. Du Maurier was very much of an artist by nature. In 'Trilby' his description of Parisian artist life is fine; but the book, though entertaining, is too fantastic; the end especially is unreal beyond measure, as is, of course, the hypnotism. Rider Haggard I know to the extent of one novel, 'She,' which I read in Eastern Africa. Though very extensive, English literature is weak in one kind of mental creation, in which it is not likely to be strengthened—the fable. In this field the Russians have surpassed all Europe; their Kryloff is the greatest fabulist of modern times."

SPANISH PUNCTILIO.

Amusing Phase of Castilian Character Exhibited by a Cabinet Crisis.

The Cabinet crisis which took place in Spain in 1888 exhibits an amusing phase of Spanish character. The ministerial crisis had existed almost a year, when the resignation of the Cabinet took place as the result of a trivial question of military etiquette. The Queen had left Madrid for an excursion to Valencia, which the Minister of Justice insisted on her making, according to the published arrangement, lest the postponement should be construed as a sign of fear of the Zorillist republicans, who had convoked a mass meeting in the same city. The Infanta Isabel, who was left to represent her, decided to take a journey also, and informed General Martinez Campos that her sister, the Infanta Eulalie, would give out the military watchword. The military governor of Madrid replied that the married infanta was not legally competent to perform that office, and that it was impossible, according to military rules, for him to receive the parole from her husband, Prince Antonio, Duc de Montpensier, who was only a captain in rank. The Minister of War, who was not on good terms with the captain general, sent a brusque telegram ordering him to receive the password from the Princess Eulalie, whereupon General Campos offered his resignation. All attempts to settle the quarrel failed, and, as a majority of the Cabinet sided with the captain general, General Cassola and the ministers who had supported his view resigned their portfolios. Senor Sagasta handed in the resignation of the entire Cabinet to the Queen Regent, but subsequently, upon the latter's request, formed a new ministry.

A Tart Inscription.

Great Barrington's free public library appears to be under obligations to one of her summer residents in the person of Justice Gaynor of Brooklyn. It has received a copy of the Bible with the following inscription on the fly-leaf, signed by Judge Gaynor: "I have visited many libraries which lacked many books, but only one library which lacked The Book and to that one I send this."

Italians and Military Service.

Out of every 100 young men called out for military service in Italy in 1895, 52 were refused for physical unfitness or other reasons.

"I suppose you are very glad that your husband is entirely cured of his rheumatism?" said a doctor recently to a fashionable lady of Germantown. "Yes, I suppose I ought to be," answered the lady, "but from now on we will have to guess at the weather or buy a barometer if his bones quit aching before a damp spell."—Philadelphia Call.

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.—Judge.

Many a man who has nerve enough, hasn't money enough.