

# THE FAMILY STORY



## ON THE STILL RIVER.

There was considerable ill-feeling between the two camps. It all began with Billy Chetwynde declaring that he could paddle from Silver Glen dam to the railroad bridge in twenty minutes. Nobody had ever thought of doing it in less than twenty-five before, and Hal Burgess, who heard Billy's boasting from the other tent, stuck his head through the flap and said:

"What you crowing about, Billy? Do you want to make a new record for Still River?"

"I can do a better sprint than you, anyway, Mr. Smartie!" exclaimed Billy, shying a sauce-pan at Hal's head. But the head was immediately withdrawn and there was only Hal's mocking laugh in reply to the missile, and that was all the beginning. But the ending—

Hal took it up the next morning as soon as Billy appeared. "When you going to make that wonderful record, Billy?" he asked, and before the day was over we were all squabbling over the individual paddling of both crews. Nothing would satisfy us but a chance tournament in which every member of the Chetwynde crew was pitted against some member of the Burgess fraternity. Now take my advice: whenever two parties of school friends camp out near each other see that there is no racing or trials of dexterity. At least if you want a quiet time.

There isn't a more peaceful spot in all the State than the stretch of quiet water known as Still River. But from the day Billy and Hal got to wrangling over who could make the best time between the dam and the railroad bridge, the two tents full of fellows were in a continual squabble. Before we were all having a jolly good time and every fellow behaved himself. But after the "mid-evil angel of peace" folded its wings and fled—well, as my young brother Teddy remarked with great freedom of speech, "the Kilkenny cats weren't in it!"

The race came off, and naturally the greatest excitement was over the trial

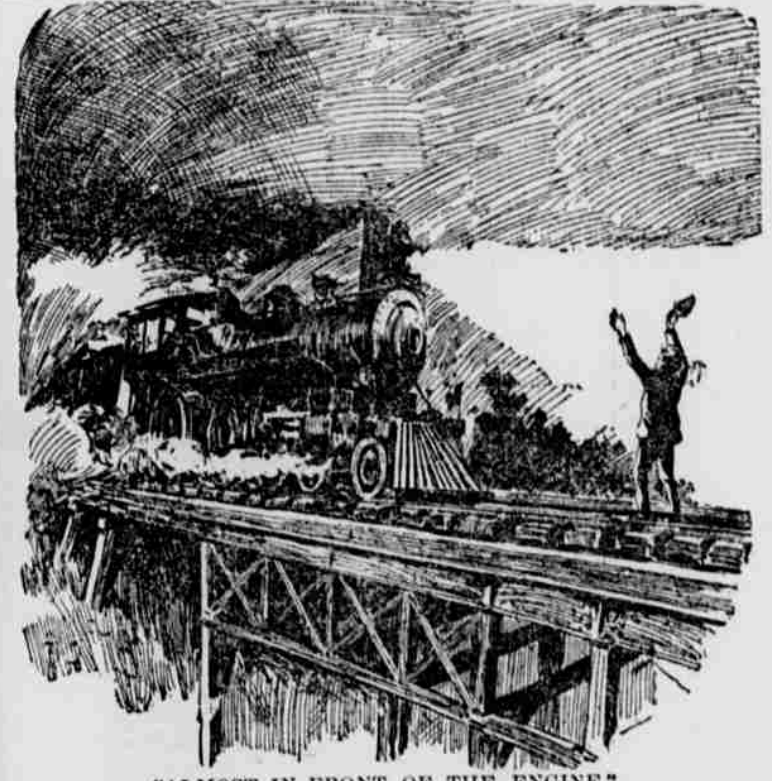
of the trouble at the mill did not want Hal's father as arbitrator, and therefore the message was to be sent him from Lonsdale so that there would be less liability of the strikers learning of it. I thought myself that old Nolan was a pretty leaky sort of fellow to let into the secret, for if he'd tell a party of school boys like us, why wouldn't he tell other people?

Naturally we were all excited over the prospect of a row, and the day the strike came off Hal and two or three of his crowd went over to Silver Glen to see what was going on. Mr. Burgess wouldn't be able to get up till the evening train, which reached the Glen at about 7, and the hands had a whole day to talk and get filled up on Sam Pickle's whisky. They'd be in fine fighting humor by night.

Most of us forgot the recent race and a good many of our differences in the strike excitement. But Billy Chetwynde was as gloomy as an owl and spent most of the day on the river. He couldn't get over his defeat at Hal's hands. Heretofore Hal and him had been as "thick as thieves"—the chummiest chums in the school—and I don't know but the fact that they were no longer friends really troubled Billy more than being beaten in the canoe race.

Hal didn't show up at supper time, and Fred, who came down from the Glen early in the afternoon, said he was worried. The temper of some of the strikers was bad and Fred said he feared Hal had got into trouble. Billy, when he heard this, got out his canoe again and paddled up stream. What happened after that we only know from Billy's own story, and for a wonder, as it is hard work to get Billy to talk about it even now.

He paddled up to the dam to see if he could hear or see anything of Hal. It was getting dusky on the river, and as he went up near the west bank he was entirely in the shadow. Some of the men—maybe half a dozen of them—were talking together under the dam



"ALMOST IN FRONT OF THE ENGINE."

between Billy and Hal. Both had the best canoes of the lot—real Indian birchbarks made by Johnny Nose (or Nosey Johnny, as we called him), a half-breed Indian who was quite a character about Silver Glen. All we could think or talk about were the races, and fishing, ball play and swimming were forgotten while we practiced our strokes on the quiet waters of the Still River.

Well, Billy was inclined to "blow" on all occasions, and he had done an extra amount of bragging before this race, so perhaps it served him right to be beaten. But I hated to see Hal do it. Hal was always so awfully "topping" when he got the best of a fellow. Billy had declared that he could make the distance in less than twenty minutes, and he was just twenty-one minutes and seven seconds in getting over the course, according to Freddy Maxwell's stop-watch, while Hal got in in a little over nineteen minutes.

Well, the Burgess crowd was, of course, too unbearably fresh to live with after that, and when it was discovered that Ned Chetwynde, Billy's cousin, had invited Hal's brother Dave around behind the tents and thrashed him royally, we older fellows, who should have frowned upon any such proceeding, never took either of the youngsters to task.

So these were the strained relations existing between the two camps on the day the mill hands at Silver Glen struck. We heard they were going to strike the day before, for Jim Nolan, Hal's father's gardener, drove by one day to Lonsdale and told us about it. Mr. Burgess was one of the chief owners of the mill, and Nolan had been sent to telegraph him to come up from New York and settle the trouble with the men. All the old hands liked Mr. Burgess and they would listen to him, knowing that he would give them fair treatment.

But the men who were stirring up all

the trouble at the mill did not want Hal's father as arbitrator, and therefore the message was to be sent him from Lonsdale so that there would be less liability of the strikers learning of it. I thought myself that old Nolan was a pretty leaky sort of fellow to let into the secret, for if he'd tell a party of school boys like us, why wouldn't he tell other people?

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the Lonsdale crossing on time, and in the half darkness the engineer saw a figure wildly climb the trestle and swing his arms almost in front of the engine at the edge of the bridge. The engine-driver stopped the train in time, the loose rail was discovered, and after it was repaired they bore Billy to Silver Glen in a state of mild collapse, but a good deal of a hero.

### TELEPHONES IN THE NAVY.

Our Warships Equipped with a New Set of Signals.

The present war between this country and Spain is credited with hastening the equipment of United States naval vessels with a new signalling system.

The apparatus of the Telephotos Company, of Buffalo, has been approved by the United States Navy Department, and several sets are being made for American warships. The telephotos is considered the most rapid, most powerful and effective night signal system yet invented. It consists of a series of four double lanterns, lighted by powerful groups of incandescent lamps, the four double lanterns being hung vertically on strong wire cables, the upper end of which can be run up to a mast or yardarm, while the lower end is intended to be fastened to the deck of the vessel. The upper half of each lamp is white and has within it a group of three lamps surrounded by powerful magnifying lenses. The lower half is red, and has four lamps, in order to make the red beams the stronger, which are surrounded by heavy red lenses.

The carefully insulated cable connects the lamps and passes from the lower one to the deck or bridge, where a keyboard enables the operator to spell out the code signals as rapidly as a typewriter is manipulated, and very much in the same manner. The keyboard is arranged on a standard and inclosed like a binnacle, the operator standing in front of it while manipulating the keys. By a simple automatic arrangement each key, as depressed, lights a combination of the four red and the four white lights, making a letter or a number, according to the code of signals. All of these operations are automatic and the combination is made by one touch of the key. Another feature of the keyboard is that when one letter is down all the other keys are locked so that another cannot be accidentally pushed down and confuse the signals.

Any key pressed down can be turned one-quarter way around, like a screw, which motion locks it in place and leaves the signal burning in case it is desired to use it as a standing signal for an order in the secret naval code. Thus the keyboard can be used to telegraph ordinary instructions by the usual letters, to send a cipher dispatch or special code orders. Notwithstanding all this apparent complication, the keyboard is compact and its mechanism so simple that it cannot be readily disturbed or gotten out of order.

**Dean Stanley's Handwriting.**  
Dean Stanley, though he wrote letters so illegible that his correspondents had to guess at the meaning of his scrawls, was loved because he was transparent and guileless.

The first proofs of his "Sinal and Palestine" informed the reader that from the monastery of Sinal was visible "the horns of the burning beast." The dean thought he had written "the horizon of the Burning Bush." The same proofs stated that on turning the shoulder of Mount Olivet in the walk from Bethany, "there suddenly burst upon the spectator a magnificent view of—Jones!" The printer had read "Jerusalem"—as "Jones."

Once a lady who had invited him to dine was obliged to write back and ask whether his note was an acceptance or a refusal. A workman, to whose question the dean had written an answer, wrote him humbly requesting that the reply might be written out by some one else, "as he was not familiar with the handwriting of the aristocracy."

**The Brave at Home.**  
The maid who binds her warrior's sash  
With smile that well her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash,  
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles.

Though heaven alone records the tear,  
And fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As e'er bedewed a field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword  
Mid little ones who weep and wail,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder,  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear,  
The bolts of death around him rattle,  
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words and  
brief,

Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,  
With no one but her secret God  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of honor!  
—Thomas Duchanar.

**Still Sadder.**  
"It is sad," murmured the Musing  
Theorizer, "to think that every man has  
his price."  
"Yes," admitted the Intensely Practical  
Worker, "and it is a sad fact that  
half the time he can't get it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Trouble in the Parker Family.**  
Willis—Parker's salary was doubled  
a short time ago, so I hear.  
Wallace—Yes, it was; but it got him  
in lots of trouble.  
Willis—How's that?  
Wallace—His wife found it out—  
Town Topics.

**Dislikes Tobacco.**  
Queen Victoria is perhaps the only  
European sovereign who has a positive  
aversion to tobacco in all its forms.  
Woe be to the Prince who pollutes the  
apartments at Windsor with its fumes.

An Amazon warrior faces powder  
and her peaceful sister powders her  
face.  
Young girls complain that all the de-  
strable men are married; so are all the  
women who are good cooks.

### CONGRESSMAN NEWLANDS.

Author of the Resolution Providing for the Annexation of Hawaii.

Congressman Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, who introduced the resolution providing for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands and the assumption by the United States of their national debt of \$4,000,000 is now serving his third term in the House. He is a native of Natchez, Miss., a graduate of Yale College, and has been a citizen of Nevada since 1888. Mr. Newlands studied law at the Columbian University law school, and before going West he was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Then he went to San Francisco, where, like all San Franciscans, he be-



FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS.

came interested in the Hawaiian Islands and their destiny. Mr. Newlands is the only Congressman Nevada has, and he is also the only man in Congress who has a party all to himself. That is the "silver party," as he calls it. He has been very active as a silver agitator ever since he went out to live among the mines, and silver has no more devoted adherent than he. For years he was the vice chairman of the National Silver Committee. In fact, the Nevada Representative is deeply concerned with all questions pertaining to the big West. He was a trustee of the estate of United States Senator Sharon, of Nevada, and before removing to that State he had built up a good law practice in San Francisco. He is said to be one of the richest men in Congress.

### SERMONS OF THE WEEK.

**Idleness.**—If you have a son the best way to insure his future well doing is to have him learn some regular business or occupation. He who knows not any means of making a living is most apt to fall victim to temptation. It is well said that "The devil's best workshop is an idle brain."—Rev. S. P. Sprecher, Presbyterian, Cleveland, O.

**The Religion of Christ.**—In the twentieth century men will see in Christianity less of the so-called Christian religion and more, vastly more, of the religion of Christ.—Rev. J. G. Schurman, Presbyterian, Ithaca, N. Y.

**An Awakened Nation.**—What have we to fear? We have exhausted resources. We are able to put millions of men in the field. An alliance of France with Spain, armies coming from the three quarters of the globe, need not alarm us. The nation has been awakened by honor.—Rev. Hugh Johnson, Methodist, Baltimore, Md.

**The Truth of Christ.**—The open tomb, the risen Savior, was to be for all time the evidence of the truth which Christ, the Lord, preached to men. Although men had raised others from death to life, by the power of God, no man had raised himself from death to life. The test of the truth of Jesus Christ was to be in the resurrection effected through his own power.—Rev. T. J. Conaty, Catholic, Washington, D. C.

**Follow Christ.**—We are to follow Christ in the road of renunciation and self-sacrifice. This is the secret of the life of Jesus Christ. This is the secret of any man's life which is in the highest sense successful. We are to follow him in the life of toil and hardship. We are to follow Christ in the road of suffering and pain.—Rev. J. W. Atwood, Episcopalian, Columbus, Ohio.

**The Call.**—After the vision comes the call. Not until we have seen him do we hear his voice. When you are consecrated you are ready for service, open to calls anywhere. God wants messengers, he loves volunteers. Self-consecration is the door to service. Then he tells you what to do. He opens the way. Are you ready for service? He is waiting to fit you for his work.—Rev. G. Houghton, Methodist, Cincinnati, O.

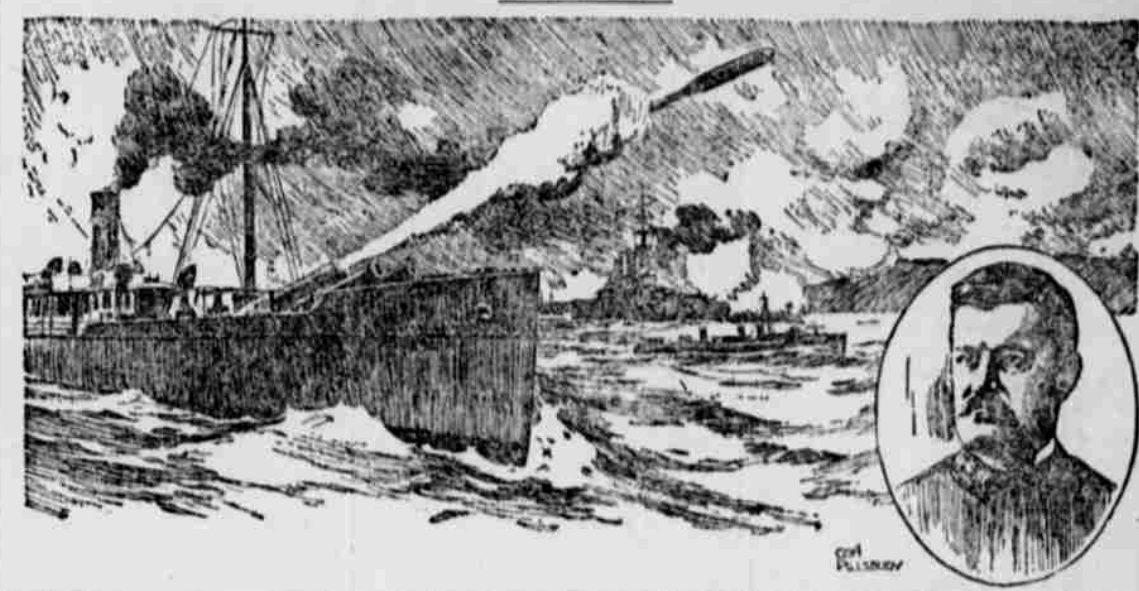
**The Man Who Works.**—What can we do for the man who works? What can he do for himself? It is only when he is doing the best he can for himself that other people can effectively help him. Even the gods can not help him who will not help himself. Life means work, struggle, conflict, patience, persistence; it means standing on your own feet and working out your own salvation; when it ceases to mean all this, it will not be worth living.—Dr. Gladden, Congregationalist, Columbus, Ohio.

**While Sister's Young Man Waited.**  
"Sister's keepin' you waitin' a good while, ain't she, Mr. Clancy?"  
"Oh, not so very long, Bobbie."  
"I bet I know what's keepin' her, I say I bet I know what's keepin' sister, Mr. Clancy."  
"Well, never mind, Bobbie."  
"Fleas is hard to catch, ain't they, Mr. Clancy?"  
"I suppose so, Bobbie."  
"Then I guess you'll have to wait a little longer, Mr. Clancy. Sister was playin' with my new dog to-day and he's just full o' fleas."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

**Pearls in Palms.**  
Among the curiosities of tropical plant life are the pearls found occasionally in the cocoa-palm of the Philippine Islands. These pearls, like those of the ocean, are composed of carbonate of lime. The bamboo also yields another precious product, in the shape of true opals, which are found in its joints.

When you see a woman on the streets on a stormy day, it is either on church or dry goods business.

### DYNAMITE GUN VESSEL VESUVIUS IN ACTION.



### TARGET FOR ALL EYES.

The Dynamite Cruiser Vesuvius May Revolutionize Naval Warfare.

The naval authorities of the world are anxiously watching the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, that tiny craft whose pneumatic guns did such terrible execution at Santiago. The Vesuvius is in a class by herself; there is no other vessel like her in the world. This is the first time in the history of warfare that high explosives have been used in pneumatic guns and the success that attended the trials of the Vesuvius at Santiago will in all probability revolutionize the construction of warships. With

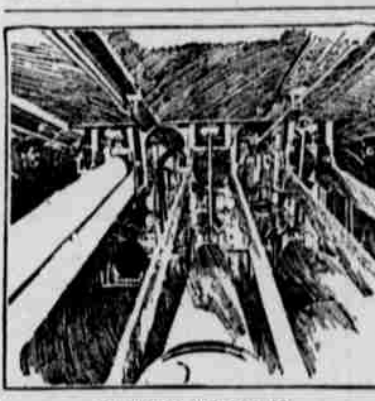


REGULATING THE PRESSURE.

a greater range of fire, which it is believed by experts can and will be obtained by improvements in pneumatic guns, the Vesuvius, or a vessel carrying similar guns, would be more than a match for the best battleship afloat. The Vesuvius was built by Cramps at Philadelphia in 1880 and was accepted by the government and placed in commission four years later. Its armament consists of three pneumatic guns, which are in the forward part of the vessel. The guns are built into the vessel, which acts as a movable gun carriage. Their muzzles are carried forward and project above the deck, near the bow, at an elevation of 18 degrees. They are made of thin cast iron, are 15 inches in diameter, and are 54 feet long. They are not rifled, the vanes upon the projectile being relied upon to give the desired axial rotation. The full-sized shells for the guns are 14 1/2 inches in diameter and about 7 feet long. A tail is fitted at the end of the shell with spiral vanes, which secures its alignment and rotation. They are designed to carry a charge of 150 to 200 pounds of dynamite or gun-cotton, and the effect of the latter charge the results at Santiago attest. Experts say that if one of these giant shells exploded within twenty feet of an armored vessel, a large section of the hull would disappear.

The guns are hoisted from the guns by compressed air and so powerful is this force that they can be sent with accuracy a distance of two and a half miles. The air is compressed into reservoirs containing a large number of wrought iron tubes. Each shot that is fired at a mile range takes 150 pounds of air.

The guns are loaded and handed with ease. Under the rear of each gun are two "revolvers," each containing five chambers for the shells. When the



LOADING THE GUN.

gun is to be loaded the breech is unfastened and falls on a pivot at the extreme rear end. The opening in the gun comes directly in line with the lowest chamber in the "revolver." A hydraulic ram pushes the shell forward into the breech, which is at once swung upward, completing the continuity of the barrel. The "revolver" is thus turned forward one division so as to be ready to supply the next shell. Hydraulic power is used to execute all the maneuvers. The complete armament of each gun is ten projectiles.

When the gun is to be fired the air is admitted to the chamber by means of a valve. The distance that the shell will be thrown depends upon the amount of air admitted into the pneumatic tube, which is controlled by the valve. The firing can take place as rapidly as the shells can be loaded into the tubes.

The Vesuvius is particularly well adapted for blowing up mines by exploding dynamite shells in the mine fields. A shot from one of her guns, it is estimated, will set off every mine within a radius of fifty feet from the point where the shell explodes. The great weakness of the Vesuvius lies in its armor, which is but 3-16 of an inch thick and could easily be pierced by a shell. The impact would be liable to set off the dynamite on board the vessel and that would be the last of the Vesuvius and the navy men who man her. The destroyer is designed principally for night attacks, stealing up under cover of the darkness, noiselessly discharging a few shells and then rushing back, at a high rate of speed, out of harm's way.

**Cost of Spain's Sunday Amusements.**  
That the Spanish people are in a national and moral decline cannot be wondered at when we learn what it costs

Spain to educate its people by Sunday bull-fights. The following statistics have been compiled from Spanish sources:

"Guerrita is the king of the toreros. He earned \$31,200 during the season of 1897, from April 5 to Oct. 30. Next after him came Revuelto, with \$28,700; Mazzantini, with \$24,000; Romblita, with \$23,800; Algabeno, with \$23,000; Puentes, with \$19,500; Minito, with \$15,000; and Villita, with \$10,000. Premier Canovas' salary was \$5,400 a year. There were during the season 438 performances, in which 1,218 bulls, worth \$300,000, were killed. Over 6,000 horses perished in the fights. These figures include only high-class bull-fighting at the most important cities. In each of the smaller towns they have, every year, one or two fights in which the number of persons killed or crippled always exceeds that of the bulls fought."

### LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE.

Went Ashore at Santiago, Traveled 72 Miles, and Spied Cervera's Fleet.

Lieutenant Victor Blue, whose bold tour of Santiago de Cuba Bay won for him high praise from Admiral Sampson, has taken his place beside Hobson, Rowan, Fremont and the other young men who have distinguished themselves in the war with Spain. Blue made a tour around the bay of seventy miles, and counted the four armored cruisers and the two torpedo boat destroyers of Cervera's famous armada. Young Blue had no lack of exciting adventures after Sampson's ships got into Cuban waters. He was in charge of the Swanee (the transformed Mayflower) when hostilities began, and he accompanied the Gussie on her expedition. The Swanee, backed up by the



LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE.

gunboat Newport, tried to enter the Spanish harbor, but they refused the bait. Blue's boat ran on a reef near Cape Francis, and would have made an easy prey for the Spaniards. She did not get away until after twelve hours had passed. Blue ran the gauntlet of five Spanish gunboats, and reached the outposts of General Gomez, where he planted the American flag. On his return from his hazardous expedition around Santiago Bay he brought with him a copy of a Santiago newspaper. His daring trip into the very homes of the Spanish set at rest the fiction that the Cape Verde fleet was not bottled up in the little bay.

### GROWING FAR FROM HOME.

Beautiful Tropical Plant Which Grows Off the Coast of England.

The breezy isles of Selly, just off the Cornwall and Devonshire coast of England, are almost an eighth wonder of the world in regard to the remarkable way in which tropical plants flourish on them. In the spring London is buried under the daffodils and Arum lilies from these fragrant bits in the sea, and the flora of Australia, New Zealand, Algeria, Mexico and South Africa is lavishly represented in the northern islets. Tree ferns, the curious eucalyptus and groups of flowering dracaenas abound, but probably the foreign plant reaches a higher degree of perfection



ALOE IN BLOOM.

than does the tall aloe, which is particularly beautiful about the quaint old church on Treco Island, where the lord proprietor has his home.

**Disproved the Slander.**  
There is a Mexican bull fighter—El Curita—whose enemies have made the statement against him that he had been beaten by a woman. He denied this and notified the local newspapers that the actual facts were that he had knocked the woman down four times with a chair. Moreover, he had been sentenced to jail, but his eight-day sentence had been commuted on the payment of a fine, which he construed as a vindication of his character.

Dressmakers say that every really good figure is manufactured.

### "UNCLE REMUS."

Joel Chandler Harris began life as a Printer's "Devil."

Mr. Harris will always be known, first and foremost, as the author of the "Uncle Remus" tales. Few men make two literary hits in one lifetime. It was genius that induced this Southern newspaper writer to give the world the negro folk tales which he had heard as a boy about the wide, old fash-



MR. J. C. HARRIS.

ioned fireplaces. It was literary instinct of a high order which enabled him to reproduce so perfectly the dialect of the Southern negro and at the same time make it clear to one who never lived in the South. Since "Uncle Remus" gave Harris a world-wide fame he has written many stories, all of which are marked by perfect simplicity and clearness of style and by admirable character-drawing. One long story he has essayed, but it was not a success. It will interest young writers to know that Mr. Harris' favorite book, when he was a boy, was "The Vicar of Wakefield," and that he read Goldsmith's story so often that even now he can repeat many pages of it. He began life as a printer's boy at 12 years of age, and it was at the printer's case, like Ben Franklin, that he first felt the impulse to put his thoughts into writing.

### KING OF GUIDES.

Famous Old Swiss Who Piloted Many Travelers Over the Alps.

Of all the guides who have helped American travelers to love the Alps the chief, perhaps, was Christian Almer. He was the king of his tribe. He enjoyed his calling, and pursued it from boyhood with the zeal of an artist. Until he was quite an old man the famous old Swiss was actively engaged in "guiding." His eye was keen, his foot sure, his judgment unerring and his delight in crossing the most difficult



CHRISTIAN ALMER AND HIS WIFE.

of the passes and mounting the steepest of the peaks was great long after most guides have retired to the chimney corner and given their business up to their sons. Almer lived at Grindelwald in Switzerland. He was photographed there a year ago with his wife on their golden wedding day. He died recently.

**The Soldiers' Good-By.**  
She bravely bade her Horace good-by,  
That girl with the Auburn hair,  
And smiled through the tear that dimmed  
her eye,  
That girl with the Auburn hair,  
And she kissed him, and kissed him, and  
kissed him,  
That girl with the Auburn hair,  
And kissed him, and kissed him, and  
kissed him,  
And kissed him, and kissed him, and  
kissed him,  
And his soldier comrades had to assist him  
To leave that girl so fair.  
—Chicago Tribune.

**Another Powerful Anaesthetic.**  
According to the British and Colonial Druggist a Russian chemist has discovered a most powerful anaesthetic. It is several thousand times more powerful than chloroform, volatilizes powerfully and acts, when freely mixed with air at great distances. Experiments are being made at St. Petersburg to see if it cannot be inclosed in bombs, which would have the extraordinary effect of anaesthetizing instead of wounding the enemy.

**Where Women Go Bared-headed.**  
In Mexico women of every rank go bared-headed.  
The fates are really very kind; every worthless man gets along better than he deserves.