

THE NAVAL HEROES OF THE GREAT SANTIAGO BATTLE.



A GRANITE PILL

Facious 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 pur-



THE MONUMENT.

chased 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 Assiniboia, 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 mammy 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.

Working Dogs Are Exempt.

Dogs kept exclusively for guiding blind persons, or for tending sheep or cattle on a farm, or for shepherds, are exempt from taxation in Great Britain.

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

TOAD'S INGENIOUS PLAN.

Owens 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.

Easter Bull Fights at Seville.

We are returning from the social function of the week; for, alas! even gay and lazy Seville has its social functions which must be borne with. It is the tabalado, or inspection of the black bulls which, with great pomp and ceremony and at the cost of a king's ransom, are to be killed to-morrow by the most celebrated matadors in the kingdom. While there is a great lack of money in Seville to buy bread, there is always enough money forthcoming, even from the pauper's treasury, to pay the way into the bull-ring; and every one in Seville who is a good Christian will attend the Easter bullfight, even if, as not seldom happens, he has to pawn his household gods and sacred images to do so.—Century.

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.

Highest Point for Health.

The highest point to which a man can ascend without health being seriously affected is 16,500 feet.

BEGAN AS A CHORE BOY.

Sampson's Rise from Woodchopper to Rear Admiral.

Admiral Sampson is a man of the people. Neither wealth nor birth has helped him win his oak leaf and anchor shoulder straps. Brains alone were his heritage. His father was a farmhand, a day laborer, who earned a living in a rural community by doing a day's work here and another there, splitting wood for one man, plowing



REAR ADMIRAL W. T. SAMPSON.

for another and helping out in haying time for a third. Such are the possibilities of the republic.

Although a graduate of the academy at Annapolis William T. Sampson practically "came into the navy through the hawsepipe," as the sailors have it. Sons of farm-hands are not commonly appointed naval cadets, even in this democratic country. As his father was a farmhand, so young Sampson was a chore boy. He "worked out" too. He split wood, raked hay and dug potatoes at so much per day, and it wasn't so very much either.

But William Sampson was no ordinary chore boy. He liked books, and he studied hard, not because he had to, but because he wanted to. Even in a little village a boy who shows merit is bound to be appreciated. Young Sampson was. The local dignitary, "Squire" Southwick of Palmyra, N. Y., where Sampson was born, took an interest in him, and when the "Squire's" friend, E. B. Morgan, was elected to Congress Southwick used his influence to have "that Billy Sampson" appointed to the Naval academy. He must have felt somewhat ill at ease among so many young aristocrats, but if he did he let no one know it.

It was in 1857 that he went to Annapolis, so when he graduated at the head of his class four years later he found the times ripe for his services. Without reviewing his naval career it is of interest right here to mention an incident which happened to him early in the civil war.

He was a lieutenant and executive officer on the gunboat Patapsco, which was part of the blockading squadron off Charleston. One day the war department decided that Charleston must be taken. The Confederates had sowed the harbor thick with mines and torpedoes, so Lieutenant Sampson was ordered to take the Patapsco in and clear them out. It meant almost certain destruction, but some one had to do it. In under the belching guns of the forts steamed the gunboat.

It was a spectacular progress. Every fort yelled a murderous welcome. Steadily the little ship moved on her business. The heights were lined with sharpshooters, and soon they began to sweep her decks with bullets that came in whistling sheets like rain in a sudden storm. Sampson ordered the marines and sailors below to lie behind the iron protection, but himself kept his position on the bridge all alone.

Then the firing ceased with startling suddenness. The next instant the ironclad went up into the air, rent into fragments by a giant torpedo. Lieutenant Sampson was blown into the air and fell into the water 100 feet away. Twenty-five of his crew were struggling near him. The rest, more



WHERE SAMPSON WAS BORN.

than seventy, had been torn to pieces. The floating men were picked up, Sampson among them. He was ready for duty next day, as serene as if a flight on a hoisted ship were only a holiday experience. He was made a lieutenant commander the next year. Promotion was slower after the war closed. Sampson became a full captain in 1880.

A keen, shrewd man is Sampson, a man who knows every branch of naval theory and practice as few know it. He is never impulsive, never hurried,

never at a loss. He is almost a perfect man. You hear no anecdotes about Sampson, no funny stories or witty replies. In all this country there is only one place where they speak of him—"Billy" Sampson, and that place is in Wayne County, the section of York State in which he was born. He is a man of one idea, and that is the navy of the United States. His whole life is his profession.

FIRES THE DYNAMITE GUNS.

Lieut. John Gardner Quincy.

Lieut. John Gardner Quincy, who fired the dynamite guns on the Vindicator at the recent bombardment of the forts at Santiago, is the lieutenant and ordnance officer of the dynamite cruiser. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1860, and is a classmate of Gen. U. S. Grant at West Point. Lieut. Quincy, who was appointed to Annapolis by President Grant in 1874, and was graduated third in his class. He was the youngest member of the class, being only 14 years when appointed. After leaving Annapolis he was assigned to the Richmond as an ensign, and served on her when she carried Gen. Grant on his tour around the world. He next served the Lancaster, and from 1885 to 1887 was instructor in applied mathematics at Annapolis. His next service was a cruise as junior lieutenant on the schoolship Jamestown, and then was detailed to the receiving ship Franklin, at the Norfolk navy yard. For three years succeeding this he was in charge of the Government hydrographic office at Norfolk, after which he took a course of study in high explosives at the Naval War College.



LIEUT. JOHN GARDNER QUINCY.

Newport. He is recognized as a tactician and expert and was assigned to the Vindicator on account of his expert knowledge of the handling of high explosives.

ANCIENT REMEDIES.

Alchemy and Superstition Proposed Some Ridiculous Compounds.

It is strange to notice the great belief which the ancients appeared to have in the restorative properties of human blood. So, for epilepsy, diseases of the brain, and even for spleen, human blood was much recommended. "In the month of May take a considerable quantity of healthy young man's blood." The blood was distilled and dried in the sun. One would think that the "healthy young men" had say on this subject of blood-letting, especially as "a considerable quantity" was taken. In olden times no one remained wrinkled. All that was necessary was to "smear the face with a mixture of water and the pounded rind of wild cucumber." If any one was afflicted with freckles it was his own fault; the remedy was simple if so; pleasant; he must "rub a bull's head on the face." To us who are apt to be irritated by dust or smoke in the street while on the railway the following prescription should be valuable: "Take the psalm 'Qui habitat' thrice over, with which then douche the face." A certain remedy for curing an indigestion was to give him as many eggs as the screech owl boiled hard as he possibly eat, when he would ever be a total abstainer. This is a worthy attention of the temperance societies. The search for "the philosopher's stone" seems to have been mere craze of the unlettered. Men of unimpeachable ability and great learning wasted the greater part of their lives on this quest. Some supposed that to be the chief transmuting agent others thought that by sulphur the metals could be turned into "the most fine pure gold and silver." Thomas Bacon was a firm believer in the efficacy of Paracelsus was the most distinguished inquirer after this wondrous liquid. He prepared a remedy called "Primum Melissae," which was made of the carbonate of potash and the leaves of the melissa plant, on which was poured pure alcohol. General, however, the idea seems to have been that the elixir of life was composed of the four elements blended together. London Spectator.

The Bog of Ireland.

About one-seventh of the total area of Ireland is bog land. The Bog of Allen alone covers nearly 250,000 acres.

Impassioned Lover—Tell me, my girl, what to do to prove my love to you. I might, like some knight of old, battle for you, suffer for you, die for you. Sweet Girl—I wish you would give up smoking. Impassioned Lover—Oh, come now, that's asking much.—New York Weekly.