

AMERICA'S THREE GREAT ADMIRALS—FARRAGUT, PORTER, DEWEY.



David Glasgow Farragut, first admiral of the United States navy, was born in Tennessee. He entered the navy as a midshipman and fought his first battle on the Essex in 1814. He served in the navy fifty-eight years. He was 60 years of age when the civil war came. His first orders in that conflict were to capture New Orleans, which he did under heroic circumstances in 1862. In this battle he destroyed forts carrying 120 guns, twenty armed steamers, four ironclads and a multitude of fire rafts. He was made a rear admiral for this in 1862. In 1863 his fleet aided in the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and one year later captured Mobile. It was at Mobile that he was lashed to the rigging of his flagship, the Hartford, while under fire. For his bravery Congress made him a vice-admiral in the fall of 1864, and in 1866 the office of admiral was especially created for him. After his elevation he was placed in charge of the European squadron of this Government. He died at the Portsmouth navy yard unexpectedly in 1870.



David Dixon Porter, second admiral of the United States navy, succeeded Farragut in that office, his commission dating from Aug. 15, 1870. He was born in Pennsylvania and entered the navy as a midshipman when he was 16 years old. He was a lieutenant in 1841. In the first eighteen years of his service he was ten years in the Mediterranean service and the remainder of the time on duty with coast surveys. He was in command of the mortar flotilla at the capture of New Orleans, and in 1863 was made an acting rear admiral and assigned to command the Mississippi river squadron. For his services in reducing Vicksburg he was made a rear admiral in 1863. In the spring of 1864 he fought with Banks on the Red river expedition. The North Atlantic squadron was placed in his charge in 1864, and he attacked and captured Fort Fisher, protecting Wilmington. The fight lasted twenty days and was very bloody. He was made vice-admiral in 1866 and soon after was placed in charge of the naval academy at Annapolis.



George Dewey, third admiral of the United States navy, is a Vermont by birth. He is in his sixty-first year of age. He graduated from the academy at Annapolis before the civil war and immediately sought active duty with the Union fleets of Foote and Farragut, then pressing the Confederate navy in the South. He served with such gallantry under Farragut that he was especially commended in writing by that eminent commander. At the end of the war he cruised in European waters and was with the Asiatic squadron for a time. Returning to the United States, he was given shore duty, which was not to his taste, and he returned to the sea. In January, 1898, while on land duty at Washington, he requested to be sent to sea again. The Secretary of the Navy decided to place him in command of the Asiatic squadron, with little thought as to what that would in the end mean for this country. Dewey on taking charge of the Asiatic squadron was a commodore. For the battle of Manila, May 1, 1898, he was made rear admiral.

DOWNFALL OF A MASHER.

A Smart Woman's Way of Crushing an Impudent Young Dude.

One member of the army of professional "mashers" who infest the downtown streets after business hours met his deserts several nights ago, and is taking a temporary vacation from the pursuits of his duties in this connection. He was a young chap, scarcely out of his teens, and his face showed dissipation far beyond his years.

He was walking down State street at the hour when the theaters are discharging their audiences, and noticed a handsome and stylishly clad woman advancing. He placed himself in her path, and when she stepped aside to pass him he coughed and muttered an unintelligible remark. The woman paid no attention, and the young man followed her, coughing insinuatingly, and giving expression to a variety of sounds to attract her attention.

A group of well-dressed, middle-aged men stood conversing at the entrance of the Palmer House as the pair approached. Here the woman turned and in a tone just loud enough to be heard by the group, she said to the young man, after surveying him calmly from head to foot:

"You have been at considerable pains to attract my attention." The young fellow grinned, half foolishly and half expectantly.

"Evidently," she continued, "you imagine I might encourage your advances. Now look at me and tell me what there is in my appearance that indicates I would tolerate you for an instant. I am fairly good-looking, of at least average intelligence, and well dressed. You, on the other hand, are far from prepossessing. One glance at your face reveals your dwarfed mind. You are dressed in atrocious taste, and your tailor had better be carrying the hod instead of making clothes, as yours fit you shockingly. The fingers of your ungloved hands are soiled with nicotine stains, the nails not clean, and your clothes and breath exhale an odor of stale liquor and tobacco that should make it a crime for you to ride in an owl car. Now, pray tell me what suggested to you that I might admire that sort of thing?"

The young man stood half dazed. He suddenly realized that his answer was being awaited by a breathless and grinning audience, as many passers-by had stopped to listen, and increased the original group in front of the hotel. He made a break to get away, his face flushed crimson, but one of the bystanders grasped him by the arm and detained him.

"No, you don't," said he. "Not till you've answered the lady's question."

"I can't," gasped the young man. "Let me go. I don't know."

"Yes, let him go," put in the woman. "He doesn't look old enough to know," and she swept on, while one of the bystanders explained to the crowd that he knew the youth's mother to be an honest washwoman, industrious and decent, who had washed for his wife for years. This was much worse in the estimation of the blasé youth than if the bystanders had been told his mother was a well-known confidence woman. He departed amid the jeers and groans of the crowd, some of whom asked him why he didn't go home and turn the wringer for his mother, and others remarking, "Get on to the misfit suit."—Chicago Inter Ocean.



A train which ran between Philadelphia and Atlantic City last summer is credited with the world's record for fast regular trips. The distance run is fifty-five and a half miles and the scheduled time was fifty minutes, making the rate sixty-six and six-tenths miles per hour. But this time was often beaten, the fastest run having been made at the average speed of seventy-four and four-tenths miles per hour.

United States Consul Powell at Stettin calls attention in a report to a comparatively new industry in Pomerania, which might be practiced wherever turf moors abound. The turf is broken into small lumps by a mill, and afterward ground into powder. It is then thoroughly dried in passing through heated tubes, and from the drying-machine it falls into a plunger, where it is pressed into the form of bricks. These bricks make an excellent slow-burning fuel, and cost about one-tenth of a cent apiece at retail.

The microscope, as constructed heretofore, only allowed the inspection of even surfaces, and its focus was so limited that objects of any thickness had to be first prepared between glass plates or upon a flat surface to become visible at all. This quality makes it a most difficult matter to observe objects through a microscope of great enlarging power. In order to obviate this difficulty and to enable the enlarging of small bodies as well as of flat surfaces, an American living in Paris, Mr. Greenough, constructed a microscope with a greater depth of focus, which has since been further improved by the optician, Czapski, of Jena, Germany. Its lenses

are so arranged that they will permit the inspection of uneven surfaces, and in order to make the vision more perfect, two systems of lenses are provided, giving the image a strongly stereoscopic effect.

The engines used to drive the propelling engines of ocean steamers are much troubled with racing or running for a few seconds at very high speed when the propellers or screws are lifted out of the water by the pitching and rolling of the ship. A new electric governor designed to prevent this operates by mercury contacts. These are so arranged that the mercury, moving about as the vessel pitches, turns on a current of electricity at certain angles of disturbance. The electricity then operates steam-valves and shuts off the steam. As the vessel rights itself the mercury flows back and the steam-valves open again.

A photographic telescope, having a peculiar purpose, is to be set up at Helsingfors by the Columbia University Observatory. The telescope is the gift of Miss C. W. Bruce of New York. It is intended to photograph, not stars, but star trails. If a telescope, having a photographic plate in its focus, is pointed at the stars and then fixed in position, the stars will, in consequence of their apparent motion caused by the rotation of the earth, impress lines, or trails, upon the plate, the length of the lines depending upon the time of exposure. It is these star trails that the new telescope is intended to photograph, but only the stars near the north pole will be chosen. The telescope will be pointed at the true pole of the earth's rotation, and the star trails will appear as circles, or parts of circles. Then, by careful examination of these star-made lines, changes in the direction of the earth's axis may be revealed.

ASSUMING TOO MUCH.

The Sympathy of the Old Ladies Was Not Wholly Deserved.

A hard-working man, two gentle old ladies, with the feminine ability to base their conclusions on nothing at all, and a steamboat ticket, made it possible for W. Pett Ridge, a clever English observer, to contribute a bit of real life to the Windsor Magazine.

A grimy-faced man looks out of the aperture over the engine-room of a Thames steamer. The passengers look at him wonderingly.

"Like to have as many sov-reigns—" "Beg pardon, mem?"

"I say," repeats a genial old lady, "I shouldn't mind having as many sov-reigns as times you've been up and down this river."

"Well," remarks the grimy-faced man, "it's like this. I—"

"You must get very tired of this," remarks the old lady's sister. "The monotony, I mean."

"And the smell of the engines."

"And the feeling that so many lives depend upon you."

"And the going on all the summer—"

"Morning, noon and night."

"Day after day, week after week."

"Year after year."

The old ladies seemed to enjoy their duet of sympathy very much.

"Growing old in the service of the company you have served so long and faithfully."

"And I only hope," says the first lady, "that they superannuate you and provide for your children. When a man's spent all the best years of his life slaving away like a nigger—"

"Look 'ere!" interrupts the man, uneasily. "Who are you calling names?"

"Of course the work naturally makes you look rather black in the face, because you cannot be always washing, can you now? Trying work, it must be, at the best of times, and I don't wonder you can't keep yourself so neat as you might wish."

"If I was the company," chimes in the other lady in her turn, "I should feel that the least I could do with an old servant like you, that's been with 'em no doubt for the best part of a lifetime, was to see that your family didn't have to bear the expense of putting you away when—"

"I say," says the grimy-faced man, protesting, "give us a chance. You're reckoning me up at a fine old rate, you are. Why, I ain't been in this service not five minutes! This is my first trip."

"Then I do think," remarks the old lady, with dignity, "you might have mentioned it at first, my good man."

Outwitted His Sharp-Tongued Wife.

An Englishman of Lymington had the misfortune to live in a continuous quarrel with his wife, who was a modern Xantippe, and threatened, in case she survived him, to dance over his grave. It was her lot to outlive him, but it was not so easy to carry out her threat. The husband had the precaution to make an injunction in his will requiring his body to be buried in the sea near his residence and without ceremony. The injunction was complied with.

Asia the Birthplace of Leprosy.

The original home of leprosy is Asia, and it flourishes there more than in any other part of the globe. China is a hot-bed of leprosy; in Japan it prevails extensively, while in India it is known that there are at least some 130,000 lepers.

The less sense a man has, the more apt he is to go to law, or call a doctor.

PIGMIES OF AFRICA.

Mr. Alfred B. Lloyd Sees and Talks with Many of Them.

The English traveller Mr. Alfred B. Lloyd, made the journey from Victoria Nyanza to the mouth of the Congo in three months, the quickest time on record, using the Congo steamboat service and railroad for two-thirds of the way, traveling through the great equatorial forest of which Stanley gave so vivid a description. His route was a little to the south of Stanley's road, and he saw much of the dwarfs who inhabit the forest region.

"I was three weeks crossing the great forest," he said. "Often the darkness even at midday is remarkable. Sometimes I was unable to read at noon, when as you know the sun near the equator is almost directly overhead. One day I tried to photograph my tent, but failed on account of the dimness of the light. I walked throughout the forest journey, though I had a saddle ass with me. I could not use him without constantly exposing myself to the danger of being unsaddled

developed, as much so as in a good specimen of an Englishman. These men have long beards half way down the chest, which imparts to them a strange appearance. They are very timid, and cannot look a stranger in the face. Their eyes are constantly shifting, as in the case of monkeys. They are fairly intelligent.

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

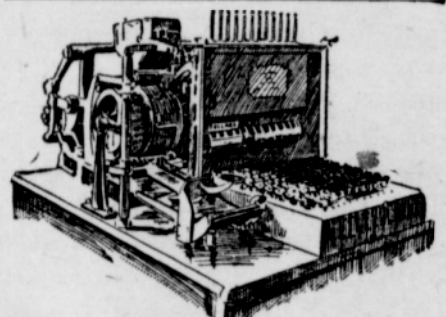
A Bank of Brides.

Simla, the summer capital of the Indian Empire, is a pretty pine-treed place well up in the foothills of the Himalayas. A feature of Simla life is

MACHINE KEEPS BOOKS.

Ingenious Device in a New York Bank Is Operated by Electricity.

An adding machine in use in the Union Dime Savings bank, New York City, is operated by electricity. It marks in a depositor's book the amount of his deposit, and makes a duplicate of the entry on a tape locked in a box



THIS MACHINE KEEPS BOOKS.

attached to the machine. At the same time the amount of the deposit is automatically added to the total of the bank's transactions, so that a glance at the latter would tell just how much money the bank had received since its organization.

The machine is placed on a table at the teller's right hand. In front of it is a keyboard, with rows of figures arranged like the letters on a typewriter. When a deposit is made the teller places the depositor's book under a cylinder filled with movable figures on the side of the machine. Then he pulls the figures on the keyboard that represent the amount of the deposit. These figures are connected by wires with the figures on the cylinder. The teller next moves a lever and that sets the machine in motion. The amount of the deposit is printed on the book and at the same time on a tape locked in a box placed just above the cylinder, so that a double entry is made. Should the teller make any mistake there is an ingenious contrivance attached to the machine that would prevent it from working and thus notify him of the error.

After the entries have been made in the depositor's book and on the bank's tape another cylinder is set in motion. This is in the middle of the machine and contains movable figures running up into the millions. These figures tell the total of the bank's receipts since it was organized and the amount that has just been deposited is added to it.

At the end of a day's business the officials of the bank add together the totals registered on the two recording machines, deduct from them the total registered on the paying out machine and strike a trial balance in a moment. The machines are inclosed in glass cases, so that every part can be readily seen.

Matches Without Phosphorus.

Kohlmann Rosenthal, an Englishman, and Dr. Von Komocki, a Berlin chemist, assert that they have invented a match that will strike anywhere and no phosphorus is used in it. This invention, they say, will do away with the horrors of necrosis, to which employees in match factories are subject.

City of Bridges.

Ghent, Belgium, is built on twenty-six islands, which are connected with one another by eighty bridges. Three hundred streets and thirty public squares are contained in these islands.

There is one thing that is true of a widower: he is always wondering if he can bite at a bait without getting caught in the hook.



MR. LLOYD RECEIVING VISITORS IN CAMP.

by the vines that hung over the path. We sometimes narrowly escaped being killed by the fall of enormous trees, some of whose trunks measured over 20 feet in circumference. The silence of death reigned in this forest unless broken by animals or the fall of trees."

Mr. Lloyd saw many more dwarfs than Stanley met in the same region and thus described them:

"I saw a great many of the pigmies, but, generally speaking, they kept out of the way as much as possible. At one place in the middle of the forest, called Holenga, I stayed at a village of a few huts occupied by so-called Arabs. There I came upon a great number of pigmies who came to see me. They told me that unknown to myself they had been watching me for five days, peering through the growth of the primeval forest at our caravan. They appeared to be very frightened, and even when speaking covered their faces. I slept at this village, and in the morning I asked the chief to allow me to photograph the dwarfs. He brought ten or fifteen of them together, and I was enabled to secure a snapshot. I could not give a time exposure as the pigmies would not stand still.

"I was amazed at their sturdiness. Their arms and chests were splendidly

the annual fair held by the native hills people, an attractive item of which is a "Bank of Brides" in an amphitheater, where sit numbers of young women who thus calmly announce that they are candidates for hymeneal honors. Some of these aspirants to matrimony so patiently awaiting a choosing are quite pretty, and have intelligent faces; but those of Mongol caste must needs linger long for a partner, if personal beauty enters into the equation.—Woman's Home Companion.

Artistic Arithmetic.

Customer—How much will you charge for coloring and finishing these two photographs?

Artist—Ten dollars apiece and twenty-five dollars for the two.

Customer—Is not that rather queer arithmetic?

Artist—Oh, yes; that's artistic arithmetic.

Customer—Does it often win?

Artist—Always. The patron is always persuaded that such eccentricity in mathematics is sure evidence of artistic genius.—Judge.

Every young girl who pays a good deal of attention to "society," will be found to be extremely dull at school.