

# ODDS AND ENDS.

**Great Britain at War.**  
The purely defensive strength of the British navy is a subject of sufficient interest to all eyes as to its position against the possibility of being started into submission, although otherwise unobtainable. This necessarily means that the navy must be in a position not only to guard home waters, but also to undertake extensive operations, offensive as well as defensive, upon any sea. Any serious interruption of our trade would entail consequences almost as disastrous as the complete stoppage of our food supply. Whether the British navy is or is not sufficiently strong not only to guarantee the United Kingdom against actual invasion, but also to protect adequately our immense volume of foreign trade, is a matter of opinion. However, assuming that the desired conditions can be accepted as actually existing, it will scarcely be denied that every ship set free from the task of guarding our own shores must add an additional guarantee to the safety of our merchant ships abroad. It follows therefore that if the army were in a position to prevent the possibility of a successful landing without the aid of the naval forces the latter would enjoy a freedom of action which they cannot have while hampered by the millstone of possible invasion hanging about their necks. It needs to be ever borne in mind that, however successfully and by whatever means we secure ourselves against being invaded, war upon such terms would not offend indifferently without at least touching the point at which we should be obliged to choose between peace at any price and ruin.—Broad Arrow.

**"Hitting" Soldiers.**  
Is courage to be taught in peace? A Russian general once proposed to "sell" his soldiers by loading one rifle in ten with ball cartridges during maneuvers. This ghastly preparative was too revolting to civilized minds, and it has never been carried out, but, if adopted, it would make the army trained under such circumstances invincible, and so in the end tend to shorten war and save life. It would accustom the soldier to the sights and scenes of the battlefield and overcome his dread of the unknown. It would enable him to control his nerves in the tumult of the actual encounter. Such a pursuit as climbing has the same moral effect.

**Endurance, mutual trust, self-control, may be learned on the high Alps, or, for the matter of that, in Wastdale, where a slip on the face of the mountain means destruction. The valley of stones down some precipitous gully is not less deadly than the hail of shells and bullets on the battlefield. And, in a less degree, hunting and the mauler forms of athletics give the game result. Sports involving risk to life are thus of supreme value from the national point of view, and this should be remembered when the ignorant and degenerate assail them.—Fortnightly Review.**

**Colliding by Steam.**  
It is not generally recognized that the friction between air and other gases and solids or liquids is very great. It is on account of this friction that we have such enormous waves at sea during gales of wind. The film of oil which reduces the breaking of the sea seems to act not only by its cohesion and deadening action upon the water, but by having a less amount of friction with the air. Be that as it may, however, air, steam and most gases have a great deal of friction with solids. When under pressure, this friction is increased, and if the gas is escaping through a small orifice the law of friction in regard to speed, while pressure and surface remain equal, still holds true. It is a fact known of long observation that the small valves of certain kind of steam drips out with great rapidity if allowed a very small rise or opening. That steam jets and sprays like a knife, especially when the pressure is high and the outlet small, is a fact tolerably well established and known to most old engineers.—Philadelphia Record.

**A Manager of the Period.**  
Walter Kennedy wrote to the manager of a prominent theater in Connecticut, asking for his open time for a week in the following repertoire: "Samson," "Othello," "Virginie," and "Damon and Pythias," and this was the answer: "Walter Kennedy—Dear Sir: I must say that I have never heard of that two of the actors you mention in your company. Samson was at the dime museum here not long ago, breaking fake chains, and Othello played here last winter at the opposition theater. They say he is a good actor, but I don't care about playing colored stars at my house, as I cater to the very best lady audiences, and then I don't think I would like a show with all men in it. I want shows with plenty of singing and dancing, songsters and comedians, with funny gags. That's the stuff for me."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**The Gallery Goes.**  
It is a common saying that the "gallery gods" are the best critics, and many people believe it to be true. It might have been years and years ago, but at present the reverse is true. The ascendancy of farce comedy, vaudeville and exaggerated melodrama has not been uplifting. The "gallery gods" of the present day know nothing of the legitimate drama. They have degenerated because theatrical offerings have not in any way exerted to educate them.—Albany Journal.

**Facts in Natural History.**  
The Philadelphia Record says that some Maltese cats drink beer. Now we know why those cats that stay out late at night carry on.—Cleveland Leader.

**It is said that the pilgrim to Mecca, starting from Washington, would have to travel 6,596 miles in order to reach the Chaba.**

**In all states of the Union, excepting California, a bushel of rice is 66 pounds in that state it is 54 pounds.**

## BLOOD WON.

**Fair Anna Won a Deacon's Niece, but She Enjoyed the Race.**  
One of these men who came in from the country and has climbed to the top of the ladder to the top likes to tell a story on his wife, whose second beauty is crowned by a mass of silken hair as white as cotton. "We both lived on a farm then," he says. "Anna was an orphan and brought up by a strict old uncle, who was a deacon. She was pretty and bright, but as prim and straitlaced that she would sanction nothing to which the deacon himself objected, and no old Covenanters ever drew the lines more closely than he did." "Next to Anna my affections were centered on a colt that was good to look at and developed a wonderful speed and gait, and spoke of aristocratic descent. I told this to no one but Anna, and it was with great difficulty that I induced her to ride one Sunday with me to a camp meeting behind a real trotter. "Going to the meeting I regulated the colt's pace to suit the day and the occasion, and he was as sedate as the deacon himself. The only girl of the neighborhood who pretended to rival Anna in beauty was there with a young fellow who prided himself on having the fastest horse in the county. Toward sundown she told Anna that we had better start home early. They would require much less time and would probably pass us on the way. That made me mad and I thought I detected an unwelcome fire in her eyes. We were jangling homeward as decorously as we could, talking solemnly as we should, when there was a rash past us, a cloud of dust and a mocking laugh that made us 'good-by.' My colt was prancing and pulling like a tugboat. I was bound to please my girl, grinding as it was. " 'Let 'er go!' came between her red lips and white set teeth just as a girl of the period would say 'Let 'er go, Galloway.' " "That was enough. Fences and trees flew the other way. Blood and sweat and coils of smoke. When we were gone and my Anna was so excited that she wanted to take the reins for fear I couldn't win the Sunday race. But the gallant colt shot us through ahead. It wasn't long till Anna wore a little jewelry and telegraph cards to the extent of playing 'old maid.'—St. Louis Republic.

**WINDFALLS FOR GRIMING.**  
Two English girls, shipwrecked on a Isle of Bright Hope. Quite recently the pretty wife of a prosperous manufacturer was looking into a confectioner's window when a barefooted lad of about 10 coolly walked up to her and placed his ragged arm through hers. "Excuse this liberty, ma'am," he said, with conical ceremony, "but I ain't got a mother of my own, and I'm lonely. Will ye kiss me?" For a moment the lady was too astonished to speak, but the sight of the dirty face turned so audaciously up to hers drove away her indignation. Much to the amusement of the passers-by she kissed the lad soundly, and when he yipped he lived and diminished him with a few coppers. But that was not the end of the little incident, for some weeks after the boy was hunted up by the lady's husband and presented with £100—"payment for the kiss taken in front of the confectioner's window," the lady said.

**Engaged and Wed.**  
The engaged girl was thoroughly engrossed in her ideas, while the girl who was not engaged was given to old-fashioned romanticisms. "Tell me all about it," said the girl who was not engaged. "Oh, there ain't much to tell," answered the engaged girl. "I suppose the method of procedure is about the same in all cases." "I presume," said the girl who was not engaged dreamily, "that he looked soulfully into your eyes and asked you if you loved him?" "Not a bit of it," returned the engaged girl quickly. "He was altogether too wise to ask any such questions as that. He merely asked me if I'd marry him."—Chicago Post.

**His Choice.**  
An Irishman in France was challenged by a Frenchman to fight a duel, to which he readily consented, and suggested shillalahs. "That won't do," said the second. "As the challenged party you have the right to choose the arms, but chivalry demands that you should decide upon a weapon with which Frenchmen are familiar." "Is that so?" returned the Irishman. "Then, begorra, we'll fight wid gullitons!"—London Tit-Bits.

**It is said by philologists that there are 13 original European languages—the Greek, Latin, German, Slavonic, Welsh, Sincayan, Irish, Albanian, Tartarian, Illyrian, Janygian, Chaucin and Flump.**

## STEERING A STEAMSHIP.

**"Running the Time and Distance" in Foggy Weather.**  
Gustav Kobbé has an article entitled "Steering Without a Compass" in St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobbé says: "The degree of A. B. is not confined to college graduates. Aboard ship it means 'able bodied' seaman. Every nautical 'A. B.' knows how to 'box the compass' and how to steer by it, but you will be surprised to learn that no good helmsman will steer by a compass unless all other things fail him. Among those 'other things' are the horizon, the wind, the wake of the ship, the stars, the sounding lead, the line of the start when running along the coast. And so the able-bodied seaman, when a greenhorn takes his trick at the wheel, hands over the helm to him with this caution: 'Keep your head out of the binacle.' " "I am speaking of sailing vessels, Storms, especially those that travel on regular routes, steer by compass. They 'run their course' from point to point—from light-house to light-house, light-ship, day mark, buoy, bell or fog whistle. In thick weather they know, taking wind and tide into consideration, how long they should stand on each course and try never to pass the 'signal' at the end of it. When they have seen or heard that signal, they start on the next 'run' or course. This is called 'sounding the time and distance.' I have gone into Halifax on a steamer that met with thick fog for Cape Cod twice. Once morning the captain said to me: " "We ought to pick up Sambaia in half an hour." " "Surely enough, about half an hour later we heard, through the fog, a cannon shot, the distinguishing fog signal of the Sambaia light station on the Nova Scotia coast." " "Real sailors—the Jack tars that mean sailing vessels'—sailors, they start on the next 'run' or course, and they sail faster than by compass, and they sail rather than the steamer pilots have to."

**THE OPEN BOAT.**  
At the mercy of the Sea—Stephen Crane describes his boat. In the meantime the other rowed, and then the correspondent rowed, and then the other rowed. Gray faced and bowed forward, they mechanically, turn by turn, plied the wooden oars. The form of the light-house had vanished from the southern horizon, but finally a pale star appeared, just lifting from the sea. The stroked rafton in the was passed before the all morning darkness, and the sea to the east was black. The land had vanished and was exposed only by the low and drier thunder of the surf.

**Canada's Forest Wealth.**  
The forests of Canada have supplied more or less the wants of Europe for centuries. From the earliest days of its occupation by the French the forest wealth of the country washed by the St. Lawrence engaged the attention of the government of France, who saw there vast resources available for its naval yards. It drew from these forests large numbers of masts and spars and issued stringent regulations for the preservation of the standing oak. When the country was first ceded to Great Britain, but little attention was paid at first to its vast timber supply, owing to the fact that almost the whole of the Baltic trade was carried on in British bottoms, and that the timber of northern Europe provided an unending and convenient return freight for the shipping thus engaged. When, however, the troubles of the Napoleonic era commenced, and especially when the continental blockade was enforced, the timber supplies of the Baltic becoming uncertain, the attention of the British government was directed to the North American colonies, with the result of increasing the quantity of timber which reached Great Britain from 2,600 tons in the year 1800 to 125,300 tons in 1810, and to 308,000 tons in 1820. In 1845 the amount exported to the United Kingdom showed a total of 1,310,685 tons.—Northwestern Lumberman.

**From Scandinavia.**  
A new way of constructing a solid foundation for a tall building has been tried with success in Berlin. It was necessary to find a solid base sufficiently strong to carry a building weighing more than 10,000 tons. The plot of ground upon which the building was to stand was adjoint on both sides by high buildings, which rendered unsafe the digging to any depth for a foundation. The only way out of the difficulty was the sinking of a caisson in the center of the plot, upon the cemented top of which a hollow form of cement was built. Into this form molten iron was poured, filling up the space, and upon this case iron foundation plate the understructure of the building now rests, while the side walls are supported by a cantilever structure. The full weight of the load upon the cast iron foundation is estimated at more than 30,000 tons.—New Ideas.

**Nash and His Theory.**  
"The financial situation has caused considerable research on the subject," remarked the observer to his partner the other day. "I suppose," he continued, "that you have made a study of the 'monies of the Bible'?" "Oh, yes," replied the minister blandly. "I am familiar, to be sure, with the Biblical coins." "I infer that paper money was used at the time of the flood," continued the idiot, sparring for a chance to make a home thrust.

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# A Daughter Saved.

## WONDERFUL RECOVERY OF MISS MATTIE KING.

Stricken to the Bed and upon the Verge of Despair—She Finds a Remedy when Hope had Almost Fled—The Best Physicians Failed to do Anything for Her.

From the *Rheason, Rhason, N. Y.*

Miss Mattie King, of 94 Humboldt Street, Rhason, N. Y., who was recently so ill that little hope was entertained of her recovery, has entirely regained her health. Her case is one of unusual interest. Following is substantially the language of her stepfather, Chas. M. Burnett, corroborated by that of the mother, in speaking to a reporter of the *Rheason*:

"Another bad symptom was a cough, which was so tormenting that it was the general opinion of our friends that she was consumptive. She lost flesh rapidly. Sometimes she would be confined to the bed for two or three weeks, then be around again, but only to suffer a relapse." "She was not only a physical wreck, but her mind was affected, and in those days had no realization of what she was doing. We feared, in fact, a complete mental overthrow and consequent removal to an asylum, for although we had two of the best physicians in the city, and had tried several proprietary medicines, none benefited her."

"We had read considerable about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and had also heard of some cases where they had done good and we decided to give them a trial. We purchased some at the drug store of White & Burdick, of this city."

"Mattie began to take the pills in the early part of January of this year. Improvement was noticeable after the first box had been taken. The first hopeful sign that I noticed was that she did not complain of headache. The attacks of dizziness also began to abate, and she was able to get up and go to work. The situation in her mind and body is almost past belief."

"I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they saved the life of our daughter." (Signed) CHARLES M. BURNETT. Subscribed and sworn to before me May 10th, 1897. C. R. WOLCOTT, Notary Public, in and for Tompkins County, N. Y. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.



**MISS MATTIE KING.**  
"Mattie is now seventeen years old. A year ago last August she began to complain of indigestion, which became gradually worse. She suffered excessive nausea and attacks of vomiting. There were days when she could keep little or nothing on her stomach. She was so troubled with kidney disease. Her blood was so thick that the drop or two drawn by the prick of a needle was almost as colorless as water. She had trouble with her heart and often fainted from the slightest exertion, as upon rising from bed, or from a chair."

**As to Children and Slaves.**  
Washington Irving has often been accused of saying that little dogs and children were influential members of French society. It is quite true that in the United States I never noticed that close and sentimental intimacy between human beings and quadrupeds so frequently seen in France. American life is so active, so desperately crowded, either usefully or socially, that perhaps it does not permit the loss of time inevitably brought about by friendly intercourse with a dog. As for children, I believe that their importance is equally great in all countries, but it asserts itself in a more noisy manner in America than anywhere else. Everything is sacrificed to them, for they represent the future, which is all that counts in a country whose past is very short and whose present is a period of high pressure development. Yet no one must suppose that, before presenting an apology for French children, I intend to malign American children, as certain travelers have taken the liberty of doing very thoughtlessly, although they had met them only on steamships, cars or at hotels, enjoying a holiday with that buoyancy which is the characteristic mark of the whole race. I have known some who were very well brought up, even from our point of view, and among those who were not I have admired precocious sense, vivacity of mind, quiet determination and capacity for self-government—qualities which I should wish for all ours.—Th. Beston in Century.

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ADDRESS: M. H. de YOUNG, Proprietor & F. Chronicle, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
An Aged Trick. The schoolmaster gave a wild howl and fell with a bang from his wheel. "What is it?" cried his favorite pupil, as she circled around him. "It's a trick," moaned the master. "In your time." "In my saddle."—Indianapolis Journal.  
Mogambo is the name of a tribe of Mohammedans which forms a fourth part of the population of the Malabar coast of south India. They are supposed to be descendants of Moors and Arabians who established themselves on the coast and intermarried with native women. Some years ago there were about 600 of them.