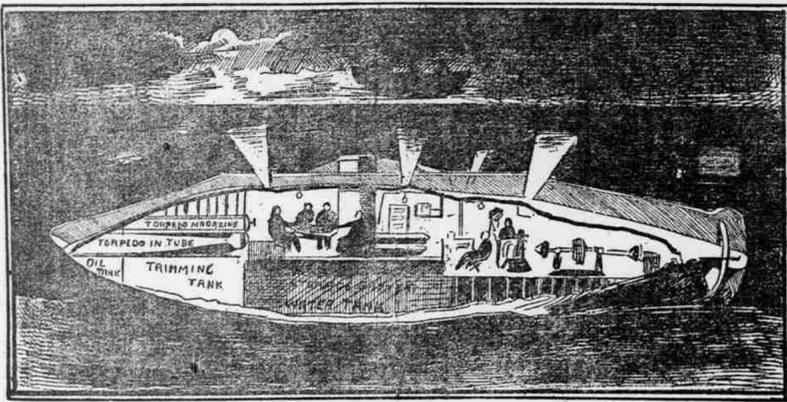


TORPEDO BOAT, FULTON, REMAINS UNDER WATER FOR A PERIOD OF FIFTEEN HOURS.



HOLLAND SUBMARINE BOAT AS IT APPEARS UNDER WATER.

ONE of the most remarkable tests in the history of the United States navy was successfully made in Long Island sound recently. For fifteen hours the Holland submarine boat, Fulton, lay on the bottom of the sound with at least eight feet of water washing over her decks. Within the steel shell were eight men, including Rear Admiral John Lowe and Captain Frank T. Cable. The men suffered no inconveniences whatever. They slept, ate, read and played cards. They knew nothing of a fierce storm which was raging over them, wrecking vessels and destroying property.

The test demonstrated that the vessel could remain under water for weeks as well as hours, so far as the question of pure air was concerned. None of the air contained in the four flasks was used, and yet when the boat arose the air in it was pure and wholesome. The question of the air supply being settled, the time which the vessel can remain submerged depends entirely upon the amount of food and fuel which it can carry. The boat was not damaged in any way on account of resting on the bottom and the winds and waves above. This proves that such a boat in case of a storm at sea could quickly sink from danger. Should a hostile boat threaten it the little wonder could disappear beneath the waves and if necessary remain out of sight and danger for days.

The marvelous boat is of the same style as the original Holland submarine vessel, but great improvements have been made in the apparatus which controls it. Experts are of the opinion that the boat is now the highest type of submarine craft. Its speed is from 7 to 9 knots an hour. It is the belief that two such boats could successfully guard any harbor or destroy a hostile fleet. It is probable that in the near future such boats will form an important, if not the most important, part of our navy, and may be the cause of revolutionizing the naval architecture of the world.

A FAMILY MATTER.

She sewed a button on my coat,
I watched the fingers nimble,
Sometimes I held her spot of thread,
And sometimes held her thimble.
"I'm glad to do it, since you're far
From sister and from mother."
"Tis such a thing," she said, and smiled,
"As I'd do for my brother."

The fair head bent so close to me
My heart was wildly beating;
She seemed to feel my gaze, looked up,
And then our glances meeting,
She flushed a ruddy, rosy red,
And I bent and kissed her.
"Tis such a thing," I murmured low,
"As I'd do to my sister."
—Brooklyn Life.

Forty-six Minutes with Death

THE strike at the "Foundry," starting from comparatively small grievances, had—thanks to the influence of a few of the leaders—reached a state where satisfactory settlement seemed impossible. The men had expected to be out a week, or ten days at the most, but nearly two months had elapsed, and their position was almost desperate. Several deputations had waited on old Mr. Vice, the proprietor, but had been invariably referred back to the manager, with the understanding that he had full authority to deal with them.

HE STROVE TO SHAKE HIMSELF.



HE STROVE TO SHAKE HIMSELF.

of intelligent sympathies, from the first had been willing, even eager, to discuss the men's grievances and help them to an understanding. But when he found that the leaders, to whom the men had entrusted their cause, not only were disposed to take advantage of his justice, but were seeking their own ends, at the expense of the men, he suddenly changed his attitude and refused to listen to any proposals other than absolute surrender. He gave the three leaders to understand in the plainest language that under no consideration would he tolerate their presence in the shops again.

The result of this understanding and the contemptuous way in which the manager had expressed his opinion of the leaders and their scheming roused these men from sullen spite to hatred. They could not keep the men back or get back themselves unless—well, unless Shotwell changed his mind, and they knew him too well to hope for that.

Shotwell's obstinacy had surprised even old Mr. Vice, who had known him from boyhood—known him so well, in fact, that he had sanctioned the young man's engagement to Dorothy, his daughter. It was possibly the thought of a future partnership that made him so determined to stand to his guns now and show the old man and his sweetheart that he was capable of holding the reins.

Even Dorothy's lover hardly understood her. She had strange ideas of "soul communion" that made the matter-of-fact young man gasp; and she had an unanny knack of demonstrating the proof of her beliefs by reading his unspoken thoughts with an accuracy that, to a less healthy, wholesome young fellow, might have been embarrassing. But withal she was so womanly and tender, and her fancies so pretty, that gradually he grew used to them, and found himself often lingering over them and almost wishing they could be true.

To one of these fancies he had readily yielded; each evening both sat wherever they might be in silence for a little time and let their thoughts go out freely to each other. "Soul talks," Dorothy called them; and whatever they were, the result was that his love for the girl grew more tender, and he knew that in some subtle manner he was coming to understand her better and better each day. These times had been inexpressibly dear to him of late. They were his moments of absolute rest from the worry of the strike, and he always felt his brain refreshed, and afterward was better able to cope with his growing difficulties.

The pulse of the strike was growing feverish, and night after night Shotwell had slept at the office, fearing some kind of an attack on the premises. By the end of the week worry and lack of sleep had told heavily upon him, and as he sat smoking in the mysterious shadows he determined that this must be his last night alone; he would get a watchman to aid him. His thoughts grew vague and mixed; his pipe fell to the floor and made him jump, then his eyes closed for a moment, opened sluggishly, dropped again and he was fast asleep.

With a start and a fearful sense of oppression he awoke, struggling wildly in his chair—tried to cry out, and realized that he was tied down. A cloth was wound tightly over his mouth, while the room was filled with a subtle, sickly odor of chloroform. He heard a sneering laugh behind his chair, and—well, yer took a purty good nap that time, didn't yer? There was an answering growl from another throat, and the two men came round in front, both muffled in heavy coats, and pieces of cloth covering the upper half of their faces. One of them carried a small black box somewhat gingerly to the desk and sat it down in front of Shotwell. He turned a little brass key in it and hidden machinery began to tick-tack, tick-tack, like a clock. He twisted the box around and Shotwell saw a small dial, with the hands pointing to 9:50 o'clock. One of the men attached one end of a string to a lever on the box, and with the greatest precaution tied the other end to Arthur's left wrist. Now, see here, Mr. Shotwell, yer've got just forty-six minutes, and then that thing goes off, and God have mercy on your soul. If ye should want the thing to go quicker just struggle hard, and if ye manage to pull either of them strings, well, I guess it'll oblige ye.

"Now, Bill, we've got no time to waste. Here's the keys; ye go for the safe and I'll fix the desk."

Inside of fifteen minutes Shotwell's guests had gone, leaving little trace of their visit except a faint odor of chloroform, and that strange-looking black box, with its monstrous tick-tack, tick-tack.

The whole thing had happened so suddenly, and his brain was so heavy with the drug, that the men were gone before he fully realized the horror of his position. As it dawned on him he could not believe it was true; it was some terrible nightmare. He strove to shake himself, but the tightening of the strings on his wrists and a half jar in the tones of that ceaseless tick-tack brought him back to his senses with a chill of horror. He glared terror-stricken at the little clock that was ticking off the moments of his life—a second each time. A few more minutes and then—he broke out into a cold sweat; an unmanly fear of this unknown, cruel thing crept over him, and for a while he sat, huddled in abject terror; then slowly the soul of the man steeled itself; he closed his eyes to pray, and the word that came was "Dorothy." With a fierce mental effort he pulled together his shaken faculties for her sake. For her he would die like a man. Perhaps she would know he had been no coward.

Tick-tack, tick-tack, twenty minutes past 10. Ah! it was time to sit and talk to "Dorrie." Well, he would do it!—would give to her those last twenty minutes. And so he sat on, his face drawn and ghastly, but his courage firm—and made a long good-by to the girl he loved; thought strong, manly thoughts to her, that kept fear from his heart. But while his inmost self talked with "Dorrie" his flesh grew gray and pinched, the lonely silence broken only by the steady ticking of his clock of doom.

Dorothy that night sat reading; then later fell to wondering of Arthur alone in that great building, and at the thought of his loneliness all her heart went out to him; and perhaps some of

her soul, for her body fell asleep. Then she, too, woke with a start—a start of perplexity and fear; fear for Arthur—what was it? She passed her hand over her forehead, bewildered. What was it—why could she not remember? Then the ticking of the clock on the mantel caught her ear—caught it strangely, and she listened, breathless, trembling; tick-tack, tick-tack—what did it mean? Then slowly and softly a solemn voice fell on her inner ear: "Good-by, Dorrie; good-by, darling."

"Ah!" she rose to her full height—was rigid there for an instant, then quietly: "Yes, I know; I understand." She walked quietly to her father's room, took his keys, and, taking her hat and coat, slipped unseen out into the night. Tick-tack, tick-tack, eight minutes more. "Eight minutes; eight years; God! Can I wait? One brave spring now would end the torture, and—no, no, for Dorrie's sake, for the honor of love, I'll live my life out to the last bitter second." Shotwell closed his eyes a few moments, then opening them, saw a face in the doorway gazing at him; to him it seemed the soul of Dorrie, come to say "good-by."

He was not afraid, hardly awed; it was not real; drying men's eyes are sometimes strangely clear; he noticed the hat, the coat; the face drawn with fearful anguish—sould did not look like that—it was Dorrie herself. A moment of wild joy was swallowed up in a still greater horror—"Dorrie!"—here, with that thing—Oh! God; this was worst of all—but her quick hands touched him, deftly untieing first the handkerchief that gagged him, then delicately slipping those fearful strings from his wrists.

"How long, Arthur?" she whispered. He glanced desperately at the clock. "Two minutes; don't stop to untie me; water, quick! There's a bucket; fill it at the tap; it's our only chance."

She comprehended instantly. Oh, how slow the water ran! She walked swiftly to the desk, took the box in her hands, and carried it, ticking, to the bucket; placed it in and held it, trembling, as the water swallowed it, until there was a little rasping jar in the ticking. Shotwell drew one deep, long breath as he stooped over the girl and waited for what never came. One, two, three minutes passed; then, with a breath of fearful relief, he looked down at Dorrie. She was fast asleep, nestled in his arms and breathing peacefully.

He waked her with a kiss. She stared at him in sleepy surprise. "Why, Arthur! Where am I? What is it, dear? How white you look; and see, the water's running all over the floor; you careless boy—I—oh, Arthur, I—take me home!"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The Roman Saturnalia.

Feasting and revelry and all the mad pursuit of pleasure are the features that seem to have especially marked this carnival of antiquity, as it went on for seven days in the streets and public squares and houses of ancient Rome from the seventeenth to the twenty-third of December. But no feature of the festival is more remarkable, nothing in it seems to have struck the ancients themselves more than the license granted to slaves at this time. The distinction between the free and the servile classes was temporarily abolished. The slave might rail at his master, intoxicate himself like his betters, sit down at table with them, and not even a word of reproach would be administered to him for conduct which at any other season might be punished with stripes, imprisonment or death. Nay, more masters actually changed places with their slaves and waited on them at table, and not till the serf had done eating and drinking was the board cleared and dinner set for his master.

A Peculiar Accident.

A peculiar accident occurred in a Western town recently. The big iron safe in a shoefactory refused to open, and the bookkeeper and engineer conceived the idea that they could burn out the combination by use of carbon and electricity. It took several hours to accomplish their purpose, but they finally succeeded, but not until they had stood for several hours in the glare of the electric light taking turns at holding the wire and carbon. When the work was over both complained of a dizziness and pain in the head which increased as the hours passed, and in a short time both went suddenly blind at about the same time. All efforts to restore their sight have been unavailing, for while the eyeballs appear all right, the sight is destroyed.

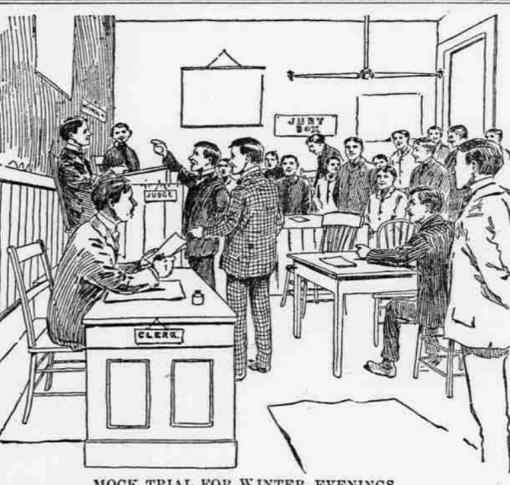
HOLD MOCK TRIALS.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT FOR CLUBS AND SOCIETY.

Legal Proceedings Gives Opportunity for Dramatic Display—Culture Club Hears Divorce Case Unrestrained by Bailiffs.

Seekers after novel entertainment for winter evenings have caught upon the mock trial, which is consequently doing its turn at popular favor. Fortunately the trial adapts itself to any company and may be just as amusing or just as educational as its managers care to make it. It gives opportunity for a play of wit which livens the monotony of the regulation court proceeding and it gives plenty of room for such personal touches as will add to the entertainment of an audience composed of friends of the players. Moreover, as a large part of the company can be subpoenaed for the trial the interest will be most unflagging. From the impaneling of the jury to the final verdict the audience will receive enthusiastically every stage of the trial's procedure.

A ridiculous charge is brought against a member of the party; often this is a club meeting. A young lawyer or law student is chosen for judge, as he can at the same time direct the conduct of the trial. The greatest care is taken to have everything in strict accordance with the legal custom and the slightest deviation from the regular order of trial is zealously guarded against. The lawyers appear with a burden of dignified leather-bound volumes, which they consult frequently and with ridiculous effect. The dignity of the judge is boldly overdrawn and his peremptory rulings intensified until the figure becomes a laughable caricature. Primed for the occasion, the questions and answers of the lawyers and their witnesses



MOCK TRIAL FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

es are intentionally mirth-provoking and the stupidity of the jurymen is meant to add to the fun.

Although some of the most difficult problems of law are thus sometimes given an airing, a straightforward criminal case is most frequently chosen as the subject of a fun-seeking community. J. Brown is tried for the murder of his sister's cat and a series of interesting exhibits are shown to prove the assertion. At the end of several hours of earnest argument J. Brown clears himself by producing the cat, which has yowled all evening from his hiding place under J. Brown's chair. All of this gives plenty of opportunity for fun at the expense of Brown and the members of the court and it also gives an opening for a display of dramatic ability, which is another thing that never comes.

Perhaps the most commendable feature of the mock trial is the fact that it gives opportunity for theatrical ability or the sensibility of the average person. Everyone likes dramatic opportunity if it is not overwhelming, as is so often the case with the out-and-out amateur theatricals. Everyone likes the play of imagination which the trial makes possible and the dramatic incidents which its development produces. As a spectacular performance it pleases the dramatic sense of everyday people without displeasing their sense of congruity in their own actions.

The Roman Saturnalia.

A trial appeals to the imagination and to people who know nothing of them has a fascination and mystery. For this reason, perhaps, as much as any other, the mock trial has gained its present popularity. In the rush for the mysterious which is overwhelming everyone nowadays the mock trial has found its place at the head of the list of entertainments. It has taken its place as a clever means of home entertainment and as a pleasing novelty for clubs.

At an evening gathering where some other form of amusement is the prearranged entertainment a mock trial is often interspersed with the greatest satisfaction. The members of the company assume the various roles easily and if ready of wit can find good opportunity for fun-making. When conducted in this way the trial soon becomes a battle of wits in which the cleverest is bound to be the victor. And besides furnishing the most satisfactory entertainment for those engaged in the repartee it is the greatest fun for the listeners, who perhaps can appreciate a joke even though they cannot make one.

TIMBER INCREASING IN PRICE.

Product Becoming More Inaccessible and Therefore More Costly.

In an interesting report on the trade of Riga, the British consul writes that "as regards the wood trade of the world, in general, one broad fact is ever before us. It takes from sixty to seventy years to grow an average convertible tree and two minutes to hew it down. Thus each year the supply of timber is diminished, the forest fringe recedes further and further from the ways and means of transport; each year the expense of working out the forest is in-

creased by the extra distance the logs have to be carried. Then, owing to the nature and manipulation of the trade, consumption and supply cannot keep pace with each other; one is continually catching up the other, and the consequences are rises and depressions.

"But, in the opinion of all who know anything about timber and have studied the great question of supply, there must be a steady increase in the price of every description of wood goods, and each year of higher prices will attain a higher level than its predecessor.

"As far as the Riga sawing trade is concerned, the forests which furnish the timber are now so far away from the rivers which carry the logs that Riga cannot be supplied unless prices are fairly high. If 70 per cent of the cost price of a log in Riga consists of the expense of bringing it down from the forests, it is clear that a reduction can only be made on the remaining 30 per cent.

"By the remarks I have made I do not intend to imply that the supply of timber is reaching its end. There is still plenty of timber, but it is becoming comparatively so inaccessible that in many parts it can only be worked out when prices rule high. Higher prices will always render accessible for supply those forests which it was not considered worth while to work at low rates. It is much the same, in fact, as with coal and the working of deeper levels."

ARGUMENT THAT FAILED.

How Admiral Kirkland Squelched a Would-Be Son-in-Law.

APROPOS of the marriage of an impecunious ensign in the navy a short time ago, some of the veterans at the navy yard recall this story of Rear-Admiral William Kirkland, who was affectionately known in the navy as "Red Bill."

"A young ensign hesitating found his way into the admiral's cabin one day, and with a great deal of circumlocution and coughing finally let it be known that he loved the admiral's daughter

GOOD Short Stories

The late Dowager-Empress Frederick once asked Bismarck to bring her a glass of water, and, as he handed it to her, she said to a lady-in-waiting, who sat near: "He has cost me as many tears as there are drops of water in this glass."

As a preface to his attack upon the recent army appointments in England, Rudyard Kipling tells a story of a man who was carrying a bag, and of whom a fellow-traveler asked what it was that the bag contained. "Mongoosees," was the answer; "my brother sees snakes, and I'm taking the mongoosees out to kill them." "But your brother doesn't see real snakes." "No; but these aren't read mongoosees."

On one occasion Hans Richter was present at a concert given by a brother composer, at which the latter performed a long and not particular interesting work of his own. When the composition came to an end Richter expressed his criticism in a very few words. "Well," he said, "I too had written compositions to make a pile so high," raising his hand three feet from the ground; "but I haf burned them!"

Once, while Daniel Webster was speaking in the Senate on the subject of internal improvements, the Senate clock began to strike, but instead of striking twice at 2 p. m., it continued without cessation more than forty times. All eyes were turned to the clock, and Mr. Webster remained silent until it had struck about twenty, when he thus appealed to the chair: "Mr. President, the clock is out of order: I have the floor!"

In one of his conversations with Augustus Hare, Chief Justice Morris said he was sitting on the bench in Ireland, and after a case had been tried he said to the jurymen: "Now, to consider this matter, you will retire to your accustomed place," and two-thirds of them went into the dock. Another time he said to a culprit: "I can produce five witnesses who saw you steal that cow." "Yes," said the prisoner, "but I can produce five hundred who did not."

It is said that one evening when Dr. Friend was summoned from a rather too festive board to the bedside of a lady patient, he felt her pulse but could not count its beats. "Drunk, by Jove!" he soliloquized, and pulled himself together sufficiently to order some harmless mixture. His delight may be imagined when, the next morning, instead of an indignant dismissal from further attendance, he received from his patient a confession that he had diagnosed her complaint quite correctly.

The Duke of Wellington was once much surprised by receiving a letter which he read as follows: "Being in the neighborhood, I venture to ask permission to see some of your grace's best breeches. C. London." He answered to the Bishop of London that he had great pleasure in assenting to his request, though he must confess it had given him very considerable surprise. London House was thrown into confusion. The note was from London, the great gardener, and "breeches" should have been read "beeches."

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Blaze Would Have Been Costly Had It Happened to the Night.

Mr. Ransom's nephew was building a house, but an uninitiated person, seeing Mr. Ransom's daily supervision of work and workmen, would have been convinced that he himself was the rightful owner of the new cottage.

One day, while making his daily tour of inspection at the noon hour, he discovered a little bunch of shavings on a window sill. Seizing them in his hand, he hurried downstairs and out to the big elm under which the carpenter and his two assistants were eating their dinner.

"See what I found on the window-ledge!" he demanded, pointing an accusing finger at the carpenter.

"Seems to be a clump of shavings," said the man, wonderingly, as he munched a doughnut.

"Yes, sir, that's what 'tis," declared Mr. Ransom, "and I'm s'prised to think a man o' your experience should 'low such doings!"

"There was a man in South Plympton, where I was raised, that was building him a house with bull's-eye window panes in the windows. The men that were a-working on the house left a bunch o' shavings no bigger'n this one on the window ledge, and the sun was terrible hot, same as 'tis to-day, and it made a focus through that window pane, and what happened?"

"What happened?" repeated Mr. Ransom, with increased solemnity. "Why, the shavings ketched fire, and a blaze started, that's what!"

"But there ain't any bull's-eyes round here," suggested the carpenter, mildly. "Makes no odds, one way or t'other," replied Mr. Ransom, severely. "What's happened once one way may happen next time some other way!"

"Did the house burn up?" inquired one of the other men, with a natural curiosity.

"No, it didn't," admitted Mr. Ransom, "but that was just by good luck. 'Twas the noon hour, and I was there, for the man was a friend o' mine that I'd known from boyhood, so the blaze was put out. But s'pose it had happened in the dead o' night. The whole building would have gone. Nothing could have saved it. I tell ye, ye can't be too careful 'bout things o' that kind!"—Youth's Companion.

PAYING OFF AN OLD SCORE.

Prairie Dogs Get Even with Their Old Enemy, the Rattlesnake.

It is a familiar story that rattlesnakes are often seen entering or leaving the humble tenement of the prairie dog. The sight gave rise to the belief, formerly held, that the reptiles and the small owls, which also frequent these underground dwellings are on the best of terms with the prairie dogs, and that all live together, a "happy family." That belief is now known to be without foundation, and a gentleman, of whom the New York Tribune tells, once witnessed a scene which shows

that the rightful owners of these prairie homes, although sometimes forced to submit to eviction or intrusion, know how to balance the account when the opportunity offers.

On this particular occasion the cattle-man was riding after some steers. He managed to get close to a colony of prairie dogs, and stopped to watch their quaint antics.

Considerably apart from the others, two dogs were sitting with their noses close together. They appeared to be much concerned over the movements of a big rattler which was lazily crawling about near them. When the snake moved a length or two the dogs became excited and danced like little juncos, but when he ceased his motion there they were, with their noses together, managing somehow to keep abreast of him without seeming to follow him.

Once the snake coiled, and then the dogs had business elsewhere, but when he straightened out they were close beside him again.

The rattler in the course of his wriggings came to a hole and stopped there, as if undecided whether it would be worth while to enter or not. The prairie dogs began to act in an unaccountable manner, as if they had been feeding on loco-weed and suddenly felt its effects. They danced on one hind foot and rolled over. They dashed up behind the snake as if they were aching to push him into the hole, and every little while they would come to attention, with noses together—talking, perhaps.

The snake soon began to slip into the hole. The dogs, although intent upon his movements, remained perfectly quiet until the last of him had disappeared. Then they got to work in earnest, and the way they kicked dirt into that hole would put a railway section hand to shame.

They worked systematically. When the entrance was well filled with loose dirt they tamped it and then threw in more dirt, and tamped that. They were not satisfied until the entrance to that hole was blocked and packed down with dirt until it was as solid as the original sod. Then the little rascals seemed greatly amused, and rubbed noses times innumerable before they danced off to join their friends and relatives, apparently with the intention of telling them all about it.

Magnanimous.

It became necessary for an Elmsworth papa to chastise mildly his small son the other evening. Some time later, wishing to negotiate for a favor, the chastised one stated his wishes, and as an inducement added:

"Papa."

"Well, James?"

"If you'll do this, pap, I'll excuse you for that whipping you gave me."

Occasionally a foolish young man flatters a girl until she gets too stuck up to speak to him.