

END OF NAVALMEN

OF MONTEVIDEO KNOWN TO ALL NATIONALITIES.

From Mincerville, Pa., and Made Millions in Uruguay—Known Civilian in Fourth American Sailors of the World.

On South America's eastern coast, Uruguay's pretty capital, an American who is better known to the officers of all navies than to the individual in the world. This is Dr. Evans of Montevideo.

More than forty years Mr. Evans was the most prominent figure in the port, having from a beginning built up a business in handling until he was practically a competitor in the harbor. It was in Mincerville, Pa., that this wealthy millionaire set out for the equator. His advent in the harbor of Montevideo was as a sailor on a sailing ship. He saw a chance to make money, and left his home to start a business on shore. After making an excellent start, his ventures were wrecked by the manipulations of a partner.

He meant another beginning and really a harder struggle than the first. But Mr. Evans had not started to submit to failure. He was looking for success and meant to find it.

His second race for fortune was a valuable possession was a boat which he personally served his to the various ships. The stock he carried in this same craft represented his entire capital, and through harbor of Montevideo might render him again penniless, and many narrow escapes. Finally he made a sufficient amount of money to enable him to send to Baltimore, Md., for a craft which would all weathers. With the new boat added prosperity, until finally it had a steam tug and several lighters to handle his enormous trade.

Prosperity in business made outside investments possible. These were handled with so much foresight that as Montevideo expanded the Evans property increased in value, until today are worth millions. Mr. Evans retired from active business. He is now in the hands of his former clerk, Manuel Evans, an American citizen of foreign birth.

Mr. Evans has specially endeared himself to the officers of every navy which has had ships upon the South Atlantic station. These warships have been his special charge, and no sailing craft ever entered the harbor of Montevideo that was not by him on his boat carrying ice, fruits, fresh provisions and all those things which are the indispensable accompaniments of a cruise. To naval officers Mr. Evans has been a banker, and many an officer has been blessed this man from North America when she arrived at Montevideo and found her husband's ship not in port. If you arrive at Montevideo do not find me there, go to Evans, he will take care of you and see that you want for nothing. Were the travel instructions issued to officers' wives when they started to join their husbands on the station. Even now there is no change save the substitution of a tin for Evans in the instructions, the system inaugurated by the under of the business is still maintained under his successor.

IT RAINED BATS AND HAWKS.

It Blew Abroad the Ship from the East and Hawks from the West. The steamer Curityba, which arrived at New York the other day from Cuban ports, had a weird experience on her trip up the bay. When she was off Matanzas an on-shore gale, permeated with tropical moisture, filled the combers about her. The blast came thousands of land birds and big bats. Mate Bregman says the bats literally covered the ship, resting on all the rails. He says they appeared to be a "cross between a vulture and a squirrel." When the weather moderated and dawn came the bats were near enough to one of the Bahamas to venture leaving the ship.

A hundred or more miles off Florida the Curityba was visited by what the seventh mate, who is English, declares was a flock of "heagles." The eighth mate says he believes they were "hows," and the ninth mate positively asserts that they were "awks." Whatever they may be called, Captin Hoppe and his men captured two of them, which measure, according to the new ultramarine reporter who was sent out of the ship news experts to get the "tip," "about eight feet from tip to tip." There were altogether twenty eagles or hawks or owls in the flock. The news collector at quarantine reported the invasion of birds thus: "On Thursday, when off the coast of Florida, two hawks, much exhausted, flew aboard the steamer and rested on the vessel's spars. One of the crew went aloft and secured the birds. On the following day a large number of birds were sighted; some flew near the steamer. Captain Hoppe shot one but failed to secure it as it fell into the water. Another in trying to alight fell into the funnel and was burned in the furnace. All the birds appeared to be exhausted, and had evidently been blown off the land. The two captured birds are hawks of the species commonly known as fishing eagles."

LECTURED IN BORROWED SUIT.

That is Why Dr. Hillis Made Old Gentures to Duluth Audience. Many people in the audience that recently greeted the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, when he lectured in Duluth, Minn., were somewhat puzzled by the expressions that fitted across his face from time to time. His actions, too, particularly certain gestures, aroused some curiosity among the observing, and many wondered if he was having an attack of illness to keep his

ANOTHER AID TO MATRIMONY.

The Ring-Bearer a Feature of Up-to-Date Weddings.

At many of the up-to-date weddings the ring-bearer is an important feature of the bridal procession as it slowly marches up the aisle. Usually this functionary is a small boy—not so small, however, that he will lose the precious circlet with which he is entrusted—dressed as a page and carrying with much importance the satin pillow that holds the ring.

This is not an absolutely new feature of weddings, but it is one that should be encouraged by fond parents who would have the ceremony go off without a hitch. As things are now, the wedding ring is a fruitful source of trouble. When the groom takes charge of it himself he invariably forgets in which pocket he put it, and it is only produced after a nerve-racking pause and much fumbling.

When it is entrusted to the care of the best man, it is as like as not to be dropped by his nervous fingers as he awkwardly essays to hand it to his friend. Therefore, the little ring-bearer in doublet and hose is not only a picturesque addition to the wedding procession as he walks along beside the flower girl—he is also important for the preservation of peace and tranquility.

It is prophesied, by the by, that the fashionable wedding with its bridesmaids, its maid of honor, its flower girls, its music and flowers and chatting, criticizing host of spectators will soon be a thing of the past. A goodly number of young folks in smart circles have recently slipped quietly away after their engagements have been announced and been married at a clergyman's house simply to avoid this ostentatious display.

Men have always been restive under a custom which is to them theatrical and trying in the extreme, but they have yielded as the American man usually does to the wishes of the women. Now, however, even femininity seems to begin to look upon the fashionable wedding as a great bore and as unnecessary expense, and in consequence slips away quietly with the man of its choice, foregoing the pleasure of court trains and tulle veils, and is married with the gardener and cook of the rectory as the sole witnesses.—Baltimore News.

The Officer Was Satisfied.

Sir William Turner, a Scotch savant of note, is an authority on electric fish, having given much study to their peculiarities. At a "smoker" recently given by the British association he told, with much gusto, how he once got the best of an unduly inquisitive customs officer.

"When first I went to Edinburgh," he said, "the professor to whom I was assistant possessed a very rare specimen of an electric fish. Though, in a general way, like any other fish to all appearance, anyone who touched this specimen received an electric shock of such severity as to put an end to any further desire for close acquaintance with it. A professor on the continent who was greatly interested in electric fishes expressed a strong desire to see this Edinburgh specimen, and at the beginning of the autumn vacation I was entrusted with the duty of conveying it, in a specially constructed box, across the channel for his inspection. On arriving on the other side I assured the customs officer that I had nothing to declare, but, unfortunately for him, the appearance of this box excited his suspicion. I repeated my assurances of bona fides and informed him that the box contained a fish. As a fish, it appeared unsatisfactory," continued Sir William, speaking in characteristically measured tones, "I advised him, in the most courteous manner, that an investigation of the contents of the box was inadvisable. He, however, was a somewhat determined man and observed that he had better see about it for himself. Accordingly he opened the lid of the box, inserted his hand, and—Well, I had no more trouble with the custom house."

Miss Costume. Count de Ties—You was married once, wasn't ye, West? Everett West—No; I inter stammer purty bad. Dat's wot makes me hesitat'n-like and kinder timid in my speech.

He'd Taken the Medicine, Ton. Customer—I wish you'd give me a copy of the prescription you filled for me last week. Druggist—I'll have to give you the original. "Why?" "Well, to tell the truth, I can't read it."

He Explains. Mamma—Why do you call him "Jonesy?" Johnny—Well, you see, his name is Jones, but we call him "Jonesy" for short.

Invariably So. "Gracious!" exclaimed the great merchant's friend, "your establishment is simply stupendous. That tall, imposing-looking man in that group yonder is the general manager, or something, I suppose."

Good Substitute. Mrs. Jobelyn—Don't you miss your husband very much, now that he is away? Mrs. Goughly—Oh, not at all! You see, he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his place and half the time forget that he really isn't there.—Mexican Herald.

She Would. Willie Whimples—Will you love me when I am gone? Daisy Dimples—Yes, indeed; if you'll go now.

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SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Captain—I've been noticing lately that many men and some petty officers are often drunk! Accordingly, I order that hereafter when anyone has been drunk he shall himself report it to me the next day. Petty Officer—I have to report, lieutenant, that I was drunk yesterday. Captain—But you are drunk now! Petty Officer—Cap'n, I'll hie report this drunk, hie! to-morrow!—Unser Gesellschafft.

Wanted Smaller Size. "Well, Rastus, did you take those pills I gave you yesterday?" "Yes, sah; I took 'em, but, say, boss, if yo's gwine to give me en' mo' to take w'en yo' put 'em in a smaller box? I had a mighty hard time to swallow dat as box."

Often Heard. Patrice—I told Willy if he kissed me I'd scream. Patience—And what did he say? Patrice—Oh! he said he thought I had a very musical scream.—Yonkers Statesman.

Down on Chinese Fashions. "What is Bessie shrieking about?" "Oh, nurse plaited her hair in a pig-tail, and she won't have it!"—Indianapolis Journal.

For Reform. Sauntering Sam—Here's a piece in dis paper wot says more men die from overeat'n' than from bullets. Tired Treadwell—Gee! We got to be more careful about ourselves. Dis ting of eat'n' eight meals a day just because you ain't afraid to ast for 'em is a habit dat it's dangerous to let grow on you.

Women of Homely Exterior Succeed Best in Business Pursuits. As a class, women regard good looks as their most valuable asset in life, yet if they are to engage in business they find that beauty is a handicap they cannot easily overcome. A few years ago, when woman began to enter business life in considerable numbers, a handsome face was esteemed a great advantage. To-day the reverse is true. Those still youthful can remember distinctly when it was next to impossible for a homely girl to get a situation. Good looks were insisted upon in typewriters and stenographers, and merchants were then under the impression that pretty clerks brought trade. It took some time to explode that idea. The pretty clerks certainly attracted crowds to their counters, but they were crowds of duds and loafers, who would buy a 5-cent paper of pins and then flit away three or four dollars' worth of time, while the women, who constitute four-fifths of the patrons of all retail houses, had a strong aversion to being waited upon by a professional beauty. Moreover, no dependence was to be placed in the clerks themselves. The handsomest girls were pretty sure to be vain and "touchy," and when one proved really valuable she was morally certain to get married at the very time her services were most needed. So practical men began to see that pretty clerks did not pay, as a cold business proposition, and the same discovery was presently made at the offices. Typewriting belles made more trouble than they were worth. They demoralized their fellow-employees and created no end of jealousy and bitterness and friction. In many cases, perhaps in most, the poor girl wasn't in the least to blame. She couldn't help being good to look at, and was probably trying her best to attend to her own affairs, but the idiotic men wouldn't let her. However, results are the only things that count in business nowadays, and a few years ago a big reaction against beauty set in, and now pretty faces are at a discount.

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ONE WAY TO ESCAPE.

"Oh, I'm so sick of men!" sighed the society girl. "I feel as though I never wanted to see a man again."

"Then, why don't you get married?" suggested the observing girl.—Philadelphia Press.

Presence of Mind. Physician—Now, sir, you must make up your mind to smoke less. Patient—Why, I never smoke at all. Physician (affecting to be annoyed)—H'm! Don't interrupt me, sir. As I was saying, you must make up your mind to smokeless powder shells, a fowling-piece and all that sort of thing. In other words, take a gunning trip.—Philadelphia Press.

Used to Make-Up. New Nurse—Please, mum, I can't do a thing with the baby. He cries all the time. Mistress—Well, I declare! How stupid of me! His other nurses were colored girls. You'll find some stove polish in the kitchen.—New York Weekly.

Has an Advantage. First Lazy Man—After all, a clay pipe has an advantage over all others. Second Ditto—How's that? First Lazy Man—Well, if you let it fall on the pavement you needn't trouble about picking it up.—Weekly Telegraph.

A Complaint. "De way dese railroads is run," commented Meandering Mike, "is an outrage." "What's de matter wit 'em?" asked Flooding Pete. "Dey don't take no account of de comfort of passengers. De idea of makin' us use ordinary boxcars dis hot weather instid 'of fixin' it so's we kin get in somewheres nex' to de cold storage!"—Washington Star.

In for Reform. Sauntering Sam—Here's a piece in dis paper wot says more men die from overeat'n' than from bullets. Tired Treadwell—Gee! We got to be more careful about ourselves. Dis ting of eat'n' eight meals a day just because you ain't afraid to ast for 'em is a habit dat it's dangerous to let grow on you.

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LARGEST OF ALL DIAMONDS.

Weighted Nearly Half a Pound While Hunted, and Is of the First Water.

No single object exhibited at the Paris exposition even remotely approaches in value the gleaming "Jubilee" diamond, as it has been called in commemoration of the jubilee of the reign of the Queen of England. It is a diamond of the first water and of a beauty and size that leave anything known heretofore far behind. This largest and most costly of all diamonds weighs in its present shape 239 carats, while the next largest, the "Orloff," crowning the Russian imperial sceptre, weighs but 104½ carats. Also as regards whiteness and fire, as well as in the wonderful perfection of its cut, the "Jubilee" excels all its rivals.

For the time being this Goliath among precious stones is still owned by a syndicate of capitalists connected with the Jagersfontein mine, in which it was found. In this regard the price one can hardly speak about that much the stone has been sold, an event which is doubtless not going to take place in a hurry, for the gold stationed by the syndicate containing the sparkling gem gave its value at 8,000,000 francs, whether correctly or not is hard to say. Only one thing seems assured, namely, that the stone shown to the admiring crowds in the palais on the Esplanade des Invalides is paste, while its original is kept somewhere in secure custody.

This gem was found on June 30, 1853, at Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State. The stone was picked up by a native while he was loading a truck, and although a white overseer was standing near him he managed to secure it, and kept it on his person for some time. In this case, however, it did not appear that he proposed stealing the gem, but only wished to deliver it personally to the manager. This he did, and as a bonus he received £150 and a horse, saddle and bridle. The diamond weighed in the rough exactly 97½ carats, or about 7 1/10 ounces avoirdupois. Unfortunately it had a black spot about the middle, but it was so placed as to allow the stone being cut into two with the spot falling out.

GOOD LOOKS A HINDRANCE. Women of Homely Exterior Succeed Best in Business Pursuits. As a class, women regard good looks as their most valuable asset in life, yet if they are to engage in business they find that beauty is a handicap they cannot easily overcome. A few years ago, when woman began to enter business life in considerable numbers, a handsome face was esteemed a great advantage. To-day the reverse is true. Those still youthful can remember distinctly when it was next to impossible for a homely girl to get a situation. Good looks were insisted upon in typewriters and stenographers, and merchants were then under the impression that pretty clerks brought trade. It took some time to explode that idea. The pretty clerks certainly attracted crowds to their counters, but they were crowds of duds and loafers, who would buy a 5-cent paper of pins and then flit away three or four dollars' worth of time, while the women, who constitute four-fifths of the patrons of all retail houses, had a strong aversion to being waited upon by a professional beauty. Moreover, no dependence was to be placed in the clerks themselves. The handsomest girls were pretty sure to be vain and "touchy," and when one proved really valuable she was morally certain to get married at the very time her services were most needed. So practical men began to see that pretty clerks did not pay, as a cold business proposition, and the same discovery was presently made at the offices. Typewriting belles made more trouble than they were worth. They demoralized their fellow-employees and created no end of jealousy and bitterness and friction. In many cases, perhaps in most, the poor girl wasn't in the least to blame. She couldn't help being good to look at, and was probably trying her best to attend to her own affairs, but the idiotic men wouldn't let her. However, results are the only things that count in business nowadays, and a few years ago a big reaction against beauty set in, and now pretty faces are at a discount.

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HOW LOVE IS MADE IN MEXICO.

Young Men and Women Rarely Meet, Only in Presence of Girls' Relatives.

Senora Adelaida Vasquez Schiaffino, a Mexican woman, in a paper in the Woman's Home Companion, entitled "The Social Sphere of Mexican Women," writes as follows of courtship beyond the Rio Grande:

"A Mexican girl realizes she is a miss of some importance when she has attracted the attention of a would-be cavalier, who has seen her at mass or during a promenade on the plaza. Without the formality of an introduction he dispatches letters glowing with words of admiration and devotion, and nervously awaits a reply. In the meanwhile he visits the locality of her home, hoping to catch sight of the object of his admiration at the balcony or as she emerges from the house to attend church. He patiently but persistently promenades backward and forward in the street, for custom forbids his entrance to the house, and is happy if favored with a glance from her lustrous black eyes. No ridicule is strong enough to dampen his ardor, and no objections of irate parents sufficiently powerful to subdue his passion.

"Mexican lovers rarely meet, for even if the young man is related to the family of the young lady, and has been a caller at the home, the mere fact of his paying attention to her puts a severe restraint on his intercourse with the family. After a time, if things have progressed favorably, he is admitted as an accepted suitor, and is received by the girl always accompanied by her mother, who usually does all the conversation. But love finds many forms of expression, and stolen glances, never suspected, speak volumes for the lovers. As the suit progresses many an evening passes with the girl at the window or balcony, and her lover in the street below, wholly oblivious of the passer-by or his naive or caustic remark. The duration of a courtship depends upon the formality employed, the means at command of the parties, and their age. Custom for the marriage is demanded from the parents of the girl by the suitor's father, who is accompanied by a priest, that the pledges may be made the more binding."

ENGLAND'S DISTINGUISHED TENOR. Sims Reeves, Who Died Recently in Comparative Poverty. The death of Sims Reeves, which occurred not long ago in Sussex, England, removed one of the greatest singers of his day. For many years he ranked as the first of English tenors. He had a voice of wonderful purity and sweetness that captivated all who heard it, and although 70 when he died it had quality up to a short time ago. Reeves was born near London and early displayed great musical talent. Before he was 14 he could play on several musical instruments, but nature had endowed him with magnificent voice which needed but little training to bring out its richness. He made his public appearance in 1830 and met with immediate success. Later he studied under French and Italian masters and while in Milan he appeared in "Lucia Lamermoor," his singing winning the highest praise. He returned to his native land in 1847 and was immediately recognized as England's leading tenor. He never acquired the great fortune that lay within his grasp and died in comparative poverty. In 1855 he married Miss Lucecomb, an opera singer, and started on a singing tour of Australia. He became bankrupt and was recently granted a civil pension of \$500 by Queen Victoria, which saved him from utter destitution.

Carried Grandma's Picture. Some time ago when Prince Henry of Prussia, who, as all know, is the grandson of Queen Victoria, was at Hong-Kong, the captain of a British trading steamer sailing out of that port was walking round the graving dock in which the Prince's flagship was being brushed up, when he saw an officer standing near the gangway leading from the quay to the ship, and, being curious to have a look over the vessel, he saluted with a "Good morning, sir," and asked if he had any objection to his having a walk through the ship.

"Not at all," replied the officer, "I shall be delighted to escort you round." After showing him over the different parts of the warship the officer took the captain into his cabin. He offered him a cigar and a glass of wine, and they had quite a friendly chat together. Before leaving the captain happened to glance round the cabin and saw a photo of Victoria. Said he to the officer: "I notice you have a photograph of the Queen of England."

"Yes," answered the officer, "I always carry one of my grandmother's pictures with me." What the captain's feelings were when he found he had been in camaraderie with the admiral, Prince Henry of Prussia, can be better imagined than described.

French Colonists Promote Slavery. Poor ill-treatment of the native races in South Africa has met with no condemnation, says the London Telegraph, and after all there is nothing very remarkable in this when the matter is viewed by the light of the disclosures just made by Jules Durand, late deputy mayor of Noumea, in New Caledonia. He states that the principal firm of Noumea, even when they do not go in themselves for slave-dealing, sell the weapons required for the purpose. When they perceive the huggers of sixty tons burden landing at or near their shores the natives hide in the brush-wood, but the dealers are cunning and lure them out by plausible offers for the purchase of provisions. Soon the slaves are put on board. A few guns have tempted the natives, and alcohol has won the chief over to the cause of civilization.

Turkey's Order for Guns. The order of 208 guns and two destroyers for the Turkish navy has been placed with Krupp of Essen, notwithstanding that the tender of Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. of Great Britain was more than \$400,000 less than that of the German firm. There's always room at the top—but few men care to dwell in an attic.

Electric Danger from Wire Fences. Lightning has killed so many cattle while they were standing near wire fences that it is proposed to diminish the danger by means of ground wires, which will conduct the electricity into the earth. We hope we do not lack sympathy for the enthusiasm of youth, but we don't like to hear a college "yell." Don't spend any money in trying to hide a mountain.

Suppose We Smile. Humorous paragraphs from the comic papers. Pleasant incidents occurring the world over—sayings that are cheerful to old or young—funny selections that everybody will enjoy.

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THE USUAL WAY.

First Miner—How's business at Klondike? Second Miner—Picking up.

Keeping It Quiet. "Do you really love me, John?" "Awfully, Katie." "How nice that is! But don't tell anybody, for the world!" (Pause of a few moments.) "Do you really and truly love me, John?" "To distraction, Katie!" "Well, don't tell anybody—but me!"—Chicago Times Herald.

Had the Symptoms. Count de Ties—You was married once, wasn't ye, West? Everett West—No; I inter stammer purty bad. Dat's wot makes me hesitat'n-like and kinder timid in my speech.

He'd Taken the Medicine, Ton. Customer—I wish you'd give me a copy of the prescription you filled for me last week. Druggist—I'll have to give you the original. "Why?" "Well, to tell the truth, I can't read it."

Miss Costume. Count de Ties—You was married once, wasn't ye, West? Everett West—No; I inter stammer purty bad. Dat's wot makes me hesitat'n-like and kinder timid in my speech.

He Explains. Mamma—Why do you call him "Jonesy?" Johnny—Well, you see, his name is Jones, but we call him "Jonesy" for short.

Invariably So. "Gracious!" exclaimed the great merchant's friend, "your establishment is simply stupendous. That tall, imposing-looking man in that group yonder is the general manager, or