Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Lieut. Grace was present and certain entries were made in the log book. The two servants of her majesty were prompt and business-like in their questions. Tyars had taken the precaution of bringing the log-book of the Martial, in which the deaths of the whole crew excepting himself were faithfully recorded. The proceedings were ship-shape and business-like, but as the story progressed the old commander became more and more interested, to the detriment of his official punctilio. When at last Tyars finished his narrative with the words:

"And this afternoon Lieut. Grace found me asleep on the wheel," the old sailor leaned forward across the little cabin table and extended an unsteady, curved hand.

"Your hand, sir; I should like to take by the hand a man with such a record as yours. You have done a wonderful thing in navigating the ship almost single-handed as far as this. In nursing the poor fellows you have acted with the tenderness of a woman; in the management of your ship you have proved yourself a good sailor, and in your marvelous pluck you have shown yourself a gentleman—for such I think you must be, though you shipped as second mate of a merchantman."

Tyars took the proffered hand, smiling his slow, unconsciously mournful smile.

"But," he said, calmly ignoring the interrogation of the old man's glance, "you must not give me the whole credit. There are other records as good as mine, but they are finished, and so the interest suffers. Some of the men behaved splendidly. One poor fellow actually dropped dead at the wheel, refusing to go below until it was too late. He knew it was hopeless, but he took a peculiar sort of pride in dying with his fingers around the spokes."

Then the young surgeon of the Foam appeared and took charge of his second patient—for the terrier Muggins had, by Tyars' request, been attended to first.

In the quiet days that followed the rescued man and his dog recovered from the effects of their hardship with wonderful rapidity. Muggins had a decided disadvantage of his master. He was older as a dog than Tyars as a man; moreover, his hardships had been greater, for thirst is a terrible enemy and leaves his mark deep sunken. Tyars had passed through a most trying period, but Providence had chosen to place within his broad chest a heart semi-indifferent, semi-stubborn—the hard heart of a fearless man. In his place nine out of ten would have lost their reason; Grace found him as nearly hysterical as a strong will could well be.

Claud Tyars soon regained his energy, and with the return of it came that restlessness which characterized his daily way of life. He wished to be up and doing, holding idleness as an abomination. A few men had been put on board the merchantman with instructions to keep near their own ship under all circumstances, and in consort the vessels were creeping slowly through the placid waters toward the north.

It happened that Lieut. Grace was soon to leave the slaver on a long leave of absence, and he was therefore selected to go on board the Martial, with Tyars as joint commander, and a few men—with a view to sailing for Madeira, where the crew would be strengthened.

At last the doctor announced that the rescued man was perfectly strong again, and that the fever-stricken ship was purified and disinfected.

"But," he added gravely, looking at Tyars, "the dog is in a critical condition. I do not consider myself justified in allowing him to go out of my hands. He requires constant medical attendance."

"Bosh!" replied Tyars, with much solemnity.

"I will give you five pounds for him," said the doctor, innocently.

"I have not come on board this vessel to sell my dog."

The offer was increased, but to no purpose. Tyars was as faithful to his dog as Muggins to his master. And so the two returned to their vessel early one morning, when a fair breeze was blowing. For the third time since her departure from South America the Martial's sails were all shaken out, and beneath a cloud of snowy canvas she moved away on her stately progress northward, while the little slave-catcher returned to the cursed coast which required so close a watch.

Tyars held a master's certificate, and by right of seniority succeeded to the command of the Martial, vice captain and first mate, dead and buried. In Lieut. Grace he found a coadjutor of sympathetic mettle. Energetic, alert and bold, he ruled the deck with cheery despotism, and went below for rest with the comforting conviction that Grace would never shorten sail from nervousness.

The question before this little band of men was the safe conduct of a valuable ship and precious cargo home to England, and this they one and all came to look upon in time with that breadth of view which the circumstances required. Man-of-war trimness was out of the question—carpenter there was none, so paints could not be mixed, nor decks caulked, nor woodwork repaired. There was no sailmaker, so things must perforce be allowed to go a little ragged.

After a long consultation with Grace, Tyars had called together his little crew round the wheel, and there delivered to them a short harangue in his best "Union" style. The result of this and a few words from the lieutenant was that the island of Madeira was enthusiastically shelved. There were to be no half measures on board the Martial. They would take the ship home if there was no watch below for any of them.

This program was ultimately carried out to the letter. With the aid of good fortune, a safe and rapid passage was performed, though, indeed, there was not too much sleep for any on board. No mean energy was displayed by Muggins among others. He gravely superintended every alteration of sail, every bit of work requiring all hands, and was never missing from his post by night or day. When at last the Channel pilot came on board, gazing curiously up aloft, where things were anything but taut, Muggins was among the first to greet him with that self-possessed gentlemanliness which he wielded so unconsciously.

And during the voyage home Lieut. Grace had studied his companion with a slow, comprehensive scrutiny. The two commanders had not been thrown much together, by reason of their duties being separate, but it was not to this fact alone that the naval officer attributed his failure to make anything of Claud Tyars. He had found this ex-wrangler calmly installed in the humble post of second mate to a merchant sailing ship. Moreover, there was no attempt to conceal an identity which was, to say the least of it, strange. Tyars appeared in no way conscious of an unanswered question existing in his intercourse with the naval officer, and there was no suspicion of embarrassment such as might arise from anomaly.

CHAPTER IV.

Things were in this state between the two young men when, one morning in June, the Martial dropped anchor at Gravesend to await the tide. The news of her tardy arrival had been telegraphed from the coast, and the Channel pilot had thought fit to communicate to a friend in the journalistic interest a somewhat sensational account of the wonderful voyage.

It thus happened that before the anchor was well home in its native mud a stout gentleman came alongside in a wherry and climbed on deck with some alacrity. His lips were a trifle white and unsteady as he recognized Tyars, and came toward him with a fat gloved hand outstretched.

"Mr. Tyars," he said, breathlessly, "you don't remember me, perhaps. I am George Lowell, the owner. I have ten riggers coming on board to start unbending sail at once. I have to thank you in the name of the merchants and of myself for your plucky conduct, and you, too, sir, as well as these men."

So the voyage was accomplished, and Grace recognized the fact that the time had arrived for him to withdraw his eight bluejackets. Their strange duties were at an end, and one more little tale of bravery had been added to the great roll.

He gave the word to his men and went below to get together his few belongings. As first officer he had navigated the ship, and for some minutes he leaned over the plain deal table in his diminutive stateroom, with his elbows upon the outstretched chart.

Across the great spread of ocean was a dotted line, but in the marks there was a difference, for three navigators had worked out the one voyage. As his eyes followed the line, day by day, hour by hour, in vivid retrospection back to the still, hot regions near the equator, the young fellow realized that the voyage had been something more than a mere incident in his life. The restless days and sleepless nights had been very pleasant in their sense of satisfactory toil; the very contrast of having too much to do instead of too little was pleasurable. But above all, there was the companionship and friendship of a man who interested him more than any he had yet come in contact with.

Looking back over the days and nights they had passed through together, he realized how little leisure there had been for mere conversation. In the working of the ship, in the attempt to enable ten men to do the work of twenty, there had been sufficient to keep them fully engaged without leaving time for personal matters. But it is in such a life as this, lived together, that men really learn to know each other, and not in mere interchange of thought, or give and take of question and answer.

Lieut. Grace was in his small way a student of human nature. Men who watch the sea and sky, to gather from their changes the deeper secrets of wind and weather, acquire a habit of watching lips and eyes, gathering therefrom little hints, small revelations, tiny evidences which, when pieced together, make that strange incongruous muddle called Man. Of the human being Claud Tyars he knew a good deal—of the gentleman, the university athlete, the traveled sportsman, he knew absolutely nothing. Beyond the bare fact that Trinity College had left its ineffaceable mark upon him, the past history of this sailor was a blank to Grace.

When he went on deck a little later, leaving his baggage to be brought up by one of the bluejackets, this thought was still uppermost in his mind. He found Tyars and Mr. Lowell walking together on the after deck; the former talking earnestly, while the owner of the ship listened with pained eyes. They came toward Grace together, and he told them of his intention to take his men up to London by train at once in order to report themselves at the Admiralty.

There were boats alongside—the riggers were on board, indeed, they were already at work aloft, and there was no cause for further delay. He turned away with visible reluctance, and went forward to call his men together. Mr. Lowell followed and shook hands gratefully, after which he went aft to speak to the pilot. Thus Grace and Tyars were left alone amidships, for the men were busy throwing their effects into the attendant boats.

"I hope," said Tyars, "that you will not get into a row for coming straight home without calling at Madeira on the chance of picking up more men."

"I don't anticipate any difficulty," was the reply; "my uncle has the pulling of a few of the strings, you know."

Tyars nodded his head. There was nothing more to be said. The two men were already clambering down the ship's side, eager to get ashore.

"Good-by," said Grace, holding out his hand. "I—eh—I'm glad we got her home."

"Good-by."

They shook hands, and Tyars stood still upon the deck he had trodden so bravely, while the little officer moved away toward the gangway. Somehow there was a sense of insufficiency on both sides. There was something left unsaid, and yet neither could think of anything to say. Grace had not gone many yards when he stopped, hesitated, and finally returned.

"I say, Tyars," he said, hurriedly, "is this going to be the end of it all? I mean, are we going to lose sight of each other now? We have been thrown together in rather a singular way, and, under peculiar circumstances, we have got on very well together—haven't we?"

Tyars changed color beneath his sunburn.

"Yes," he replied, with the awkward geniality of a man accustomed to the exercise of an iron reserve over any emotion. "Yes, we have got on very well."

"I don't think we ought to lose sight of each other," suggested Grace.

"No; I don't think we ought."

"Then will you come up and see us in town? The guv'nor would like to make your acquaintance. Come and dine tomorrow evening. No. 105 Brook street, Grosvenor Square. You won't forget the address?"

"Thanks; I shall be most happy. What time do you dine?"

"Well, I don't know. I have been away from home four years; but come at seven."

"Seven o'clock; No. 105 Brook street. Thanks."

They had reached the gangway, and Grace now turned with a little nod of acknowledgment, and began making his way down the unsteady steps into the boat awaiting him. Tyars stood on the grating, with one hand resting on the rail of the ship, the other in his jacket pocket.

"By the way," called out Grace, as the boatman shoved off, "bring Muggins."

That sage dog, standing between his master's legs, wagged the white stump that served him for a tail and dropped his pointed ears in quick acknowledgment of the mention of his name in a way which he knew to be friendly.

"He is not accustomed to the habits of polite society," remarked Tyars in a shout, because the stream had carried the boat astern already. "He has got out of the way of it."

"Muggins is a gentleman," shouted Grace, "who knows how to behave himself in all societies and all circumstances. You must bring him!"

"All right!" laughed Tyars; and he smiled down at the upturned eager face, the quivering ears and twitching tail of the dog—for Muggins knew well enough that he was under discussion, and waited the verdict from his master's lips.

CHAPTER V.

At 7 o'clock that night the Martial found rest at last, moored safely alongside the quay in the East India dock. There was a little crowd of idlers upon the pier and on the gates of the tidal basin, for the fame of the ship had spread. But more eyes were directed toward the man who had done this deed of prowess, for the human interest is, after all, paramount in things in which we busy our minds. For one who looked at the ship there were ten of those mariners, dock laborers and pilots who sought Tyars.

"He ain't one of us at all," muttered a sturdy lighterman to his mate. "A gentleman, if yer please."

But gentleman or no gentleman, these toilers of the sea welcomed the plucky sailor with a hoarse cheer. The stately ship glided smoothly forward in all the deep-seated glory of her moss-grown decks, her tarnished brass, her slack ropes. There seemed to be a living spirit of calm, silent pride in the tapering spars and weather-beaten hull, as if the vessel held high her head amid her sprucer compeers. She seemed to be conscious that her name was far above mere questions of paint and holystone. Her pride lay in her deeds and not in her appearance. Her sphere was not in moorings, but upon the great seas. She came like a soldier into camp, disdaining to wipe the blood from off his face.

Tyars stood near the wheel, hardly noticing the crowd upon the quay. The pilot and the dockmaster had to some extent relieved him of his command, but he still had certain duties to perform, and he was still captain of the Martial, the only man who sailed from London in her to return again.

When at last she was moored and his command had ceased, he went below and changed his clothes. When he came on deck a little later Claud Tyars was transformed. The keen, resourceful sailor was merely a gentleman of the world. Self-possessed and somewhat cold in manner, he was the sort of man one would expect to meet on the shady side of Piccadilly, while his brown face would be accounted for by military service in a tropical climate.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT YOUR BACKBONE.

Evolution of That Valuable Member of Your Anatomy.

The history of the backbone, like that of most life, is not altogether a majestic upward evolution; it has its tragedies, and its setbacks, its hopes and failures. In the waters along our shores are creatures, some sponge or lichen-like, others with strange bulb-like bodies, growing on the end of long stalks. Almost we call them plants. But they hold a secret from the crabs and snails which crawl about, and when the fishes brush up against them—if their poor dull sense only knew it—they might claim a blood brotherhood, says C. William Beebee, in the Outing Magazine.

When they were young, for a little while a gristly cord was theirs also, but this, with all the hopes that such a beginning brings, of fish, of bird, of man even, soon melted away, and there they nod and sway in the watery currents, never to know of the opportunity which nature has snatched from them—why, who can tell?

In sharks, the backbone has become jointed and flexible, and a rude kind of skull is present, but still more important is the presence of four fins, which correspond to the four legs of lizards and to the wings and legs of birds. A curious basket-like skeleton protects the delicate gills, and it is probable that this existed long before the limbs appeared. All is still of gristly cartilage.

In the higher fishes bone replaces the cartilage; and when the lowly tadpole—fish-like at first, swimming about by means of the fin around his tail—pushes forth his legs and climbs upon the land, our skeleton is well on its way birdward.

Reptiles of old took to trees; their backbones grew less flexible so that they might safely sail through the air; feathers replaced scales; two fingers of each hand were lost, and one from each foot; teeth disappeared; a beak of horn proved best; intelligence increased and the forehead rose high, and behold—a bird!

Ostriches Poor Sailors.

"Ostriches are terrible creatures to have aboard ship in a storm," said a sailor, according to the New York Press. "Knocked about by the waves, they fall and break their legs.

"We once carried eight superb ostriches. They were good sailors. Their sea appetites were fine. But two days from port a nasty gale overtook us.

"And then it was pitiful to see those ostriches. The ship's lurches and ducks knocked them off their pins, sent them rolling back and forth, to and fro, wildly, helplessly.

"Imagine a dozen ostriches, now on their feet, then—bang—on their backs, their long legs in the air, rolling every which way. What you'd expect to happen happened, of course. Their legs broke. You could hear above the storm the sharp crack of the splitting bone.

"Of those eight fine ostriches, only two reached port alive."

Spoiled a Jewel.

"Mrs. de Peyster, excuse me, but is it true that your son married a girl you didn't like?"

"No—on the contrary, we did like her. She was the best girl we ever had in the house."—Cleveland Leader.

His Reason.

"Bowly calls his wife's dog 'Simple Life.'"

"Gracious! Why?"

"Because she leads it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Of all Americans those of French extraction spend the smallest proportion of their income on food.

EARTHQUAKE CENTRES on the AMERICAN CONTINENT

Danger spots on the Pacific Coast as surely charted as ocean reefs.

Destructive earthquakes are so infrequent that it is not generally appreciated that seismic shocks are really of almost daily occurrence. Hardly a day passes without an earthquake occurring somewhere in the world. Most of these, fortunately, are mere quivers of the earth crust, and would pass unnoticed had not science invented the seismograph, a most delicate instrument, which records these feeble shocks.

The American Continent furnishes almost one-half of the recognized earthquake centers of the world. Excepting for the Caribbean region, these centers where seismic disturbances are frequent and expected lie along the Pacific coast. Earthquake shocks have been felt at various points along the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, but, excepting the devastating earthquake at San Francisco and at Charleston, these have been of slight importance.

SECTION OF THE GLOBE CONTAINING THE "CIRCLE OF FIRE."

Authentic Data Needed.

Before the student of earthquakes can say a certain district is likely to be free from seismic tremors a great deal more authentic data must be acquired. As it is, all that can be said of any section of the country is that it has or has not been frequently shaken. The cause of the Charleston earthquake, for instance, has not yet been determined, but it is true that in recent years the origin of many earthquakes has been discovered. Many others, however, cannot be accounted for with certainty.

Seismology, like meteorology, is not yet far enough advanced to announce any invariable laws. It had been the opinion that serious earthquakes never occurred on low lands which had a gentle gradient into the sea. The destruction of Charleston, while not nullifying this principle, at least showed that it was not to be considered as invariable. On the other hand, there are mountainous districts in which earthquakes are of great rarity and in which devastating shocks are unknown in historic times.

Scientific Study Recent.

While earthquakes have been noted for the last 3,000 years, they have been made the subject of scientific study for only a comparatively recent time. Many circumstances are responsible for this delay in attempting to collect and collate data in a systematic manner. One of the chief causes was the absence of an instrument to record the movements and duration of the seismic tremors. The invention of the seismograph has made possible the important progress of late years. It records every earthquake, no matter in what part of the world it is central, for every earthquake is felt all over the surface of the earth, but when it is thousands of miles distant the waves are not perceptible excepting to the delicately balanced instrument designed to respond to the most feeble pulsation.

Another valuable contribution to the science has been the tables of the distribution of seismicity prepared by De Montessus de Ballore. In these tables the observations have been brought down to the year 1897 in those districts in which seismic occurrences have been most frequent and best observed. They include all earthquakes recorded in historic times, and list a total of 131,292 quakes and 16499 epicentres, or points of origin. The records, naturally, are incomplete, but sufficient data are given to show that earthquakes are of great frequency, and that practically they occur in every part of the world. The tables also show markedly that certain parts of the world are especially liable to be shaken, while in others seismicity is rare or at least infrequent.

Great Circle of Fire.

The so-called "great circle of fire" around the Pacific Ocean is found to produce the largest number of recorded earthquakes. In Central California alone there were observed between 1860 and 1897 no fewer than 1,066 earthquakes at 131 epicenters. Owari, Japan, is much more frequently shaken, 3,356 shocks being recorded at 48 epicentres, or an average frequency of 24.74. The mean average of frequency at Tokio, however, is 22.25, the highest average in the world. It should be remembered that these are seismologic observations, made of those shocks which were perceptible to the human senses without the aid of instruments.

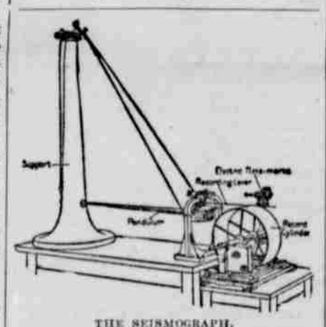
The study of the geographical distribution of earthquake centers brings out some significant facts, but at the same time it fails to account satisfactorily for some phenomena observed. As has been remarked, earthquakes are divisible into two classes, volcanic and tectonic, according to their causes. It is not always possible, however, to declare with confidence to which of these classes a particular quake should be assigned.

One of the significant facts whenever the question of class arises is the situation of the epicenter with respect to an active or recently extinct volcano. Close proximity to a volcano raises a presumption that the quake is of volcanic origin. Tectonic quakes also have certain characteristics which, though not always exclusively exhibited by them, are much more common with them than with volcanic quakes, and vice versa.

There is in Japan a remarkable absence of any tendency of earthquakes to associate themselves with volcanoes. Most Japanese earthquakes originate at sea, and their vibrations on land indicate that they have traveled a considerable distance, and that the disturbance which originated them must have involved a much higher aggregate of energy than is exerted even in the most forcible volcanic quakes.

Around the supposed "fiery great circle," which surrounds the Pacific from Cape Horn to Bering Sea, thence down the eastern archipelago to Asia to the Dutch East Indies, are a considerable number of districts of high seismicity, separated by wide intervals of low seismicity. They are situated upon the most pronounced slopes leading from land to sea-bottom. Between Japan and Luzon, in each of which there is a fairly high seismicity, there is no evidence of any exceptional degree of earthquake frequency.

According to the catalogue of recorded quakes in California from 1769 to 1896, made by Prof. E. S. Holden, ten earthquakes of high intensity were



THE SEISMOGRAPH.

felt in the State during the nineteenth century. From 1850 to 1886, 254 quakes in San Francisco are recorded.

California Indications.

Of the California quakes, Major Dutton says they, as a class, suggest a tectonic origin. "High intensities are not common," he declares. "The higher intensities are felt over considerable areas, which suggest great depth of focus. The seismographic traces show considerable length of period and well-marked separation between the short preliminary tremors and longer waves, which is indicative of considerable distance traveled by the vibrations between the centrum and the recording station. The deep foci, the long periods, the absence of small tremors, the considerable areas over which light vibrations are felt are indicative of tectonic rather than volcanic origin.

"Proceeding southward along the Pacific coast no marked development of seismic activity appears until we reach southern Mexico, in the State of Colima. Occasional reports are made of quakes in the civinity of the great volcano Colima, and the City of Mexico has been visited by a few shocks of moderate intensity, and by occasional light tremors. But the developments of seismic action are not great. In the State of Oaxaca, however, there is a sudden and great decrease of seismicity. It occurs in a long and rather

RECORD OF FRISCO'S QUAKE.

The diagram shows how the seismograph in Washington recorded the San Francisco earthquake. At one point, it will be noticed, the recording stylus left the tape entirely.

narrow belt, extending parallel to the coast, reaching into Guatemala and through the entire length of the Central American States in the Isthmus of Panama."

The Central American and South Mexican seismic regions indicate a volcanic origin. These regions are famous for their volcanoes, which are more numerous and closely adjacent than anywhere else in the world. Throughout the 1,500 miles of volcanic coast line earthquakes have always been abundant and often highly destructive. In 772 quakes of which records have been made, it was found that their epicenters occurred in close proximity to the volcanoes, and never more than four or five miles from them. It is a remarkable fact that none of the notable quakes observed in this district suggests a tectonic origin.

Following the coast line into South America, two seismic regions are encountered at Panama, both of them at a great distance. One is in Venezuela, far to the eastward; the other in Ecuador, far to the southward. "Our knowledge of earthquakes in the Andes," continues Major Dutton, "is usually too insufficient in detail to enable us to form a very definite opinion as to their nature and class. Some of them originate in places which are not far distant from volcanoes, but whether near enough to create the presumption that they are really associated with them is not always known. On the other hand, many Andean quakes display the tectonic character so clearly that their origin is equally free from doubt."

Both classes, however, are abundant. From a point about 250 miles north of Callao to beyond Valdivia, in Chile, the South American coast has been subject to earthquakes of the greatest energy. Sometimes they have originated upon the sea-bottom. In these cases great sea waves have rolled in upon the coast with disastrous effect.

Australia is little disturbed by earthquakes, but its neighbor, New Zealand, has been visited by 800 in forty-three years. The Dutch East Indies are, as is well known, a region of both volcanoes and earthquakes.

Along the Andean System.

To refer to the Western Hemisphere again, it has been recognized by various geologists that the Windward and Leeward Islands of the West Indies are part of the continuation of a spur of the Andes. The seismic belt which begins in Venezuela continues along the reefs and basins into these islands. The descent of the Andean system is rapid to the coast of La Guayra, and thence to the depths of the Caribbean. Throughout the Windward and Leeward Islands the frequency of quakes is high, but the intensity is seldom great. About forty miles north of the Island of St. Thomas is the deepest abyss in the Atlantic. San Domingo, Jamaica, the eastern part of Cuba and Porto Rico are frequently shaken, and their seismicity may be put, according to the authority quoted, into relation with the fact that the sea-bottom in the vicinity of those islands is one of the most rugged and highly diversified in its profiles of any part of the earth.

UNPOPULAR TWOPENCE FINE.

Agitation in Vienna Against Penalty for Coming Home Late.

Tired of paying twopence to get into or come out of their own houses after 10 o'clock at night, many good citizens of Vienna have been agitating for an extension of "closing time," at least until 11 o'clock, says the Pall Mall Gazette. This custom of "Sperrstunde" (closing time), with its accompanying "Sperrgeld" (entrance money), is one peculiar to Vienna. It obtains in no other capital or big city on the continent, although they resemble the Austrian capital in that their residences are practically all flat houses. But in all these cities the tenants are provided with house keys. Only in Vienna must those who are out after 10 o'clock ring up the porter and pay twopence before they can get to their own apartments. Similarly, too, anybody wanting to leave the house between that time and 6 o'clock the next morning, be he visitor or tenant, must pay the same toll, which is the perquisite of the porter.

And not only is the house door locked, but all lights in halls and staircases are put out precisely at 10 o'clock and the late home-comer must grope his way upstairs with the aid of a wax taper stuck in a bit of cardboard, which drops grease spots impartially on clothing and stairs.

It is this locking-up time which gives Vienna streets at night the aspect of country lanes, which strikes every foreign visitor. In no other European capital are the streets so dull and empty long before midnight.

While, however, thousands of people complain of the nuisance and the extortion involved by this ridiculous custom, it is upheld strongly by the landlords and city authorities—by the landlords because the "Sperrgeld" enables them to get house porters for little more than lodging quarters, and by the authorities because the locking up of the houses affords immense protection against burglaries and night crimes generally and a consequent saving in police duties. In fact, it is almost solely upon the ground of the public safety that the government has now again refused to permit any abandonment of this peculiar custom or even any extension of the hour of locking up.

"Sperrstunde" and "Sperrgeld" originated in the troublous times of 1848, when the government used the house porters very much as the Russian police still use the "dvornik," for the purpose of spying upon the occupants of their houses. Those times have long since passed, but with true Austrian conservatism "Sperrstunde" and "Sperrgeld" remain, and promise to do so for some time to come.

ACTRESS HALF A CENTURY.

Ellen Terry is still the idol of the British play-going public, which recently celebrated her fiftieth artistic anni-

ELLEN TERRY.

versary with a huge banquet to her. The great actress' first appearance on the stage took place on April 28, 1856, when she played the little Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale" at the Princess Theater, London. She was then 8 years old. The fact that she is now a grandmother has not affected her popularity, nor her remarkable vivacity nor her popular title of "Miss."

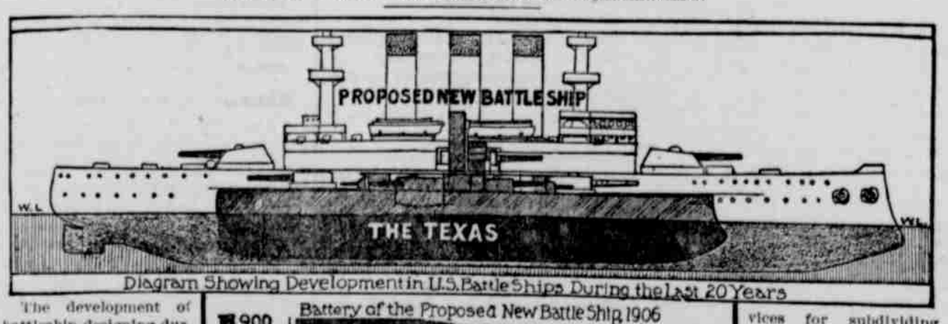
Cheered Him Up.

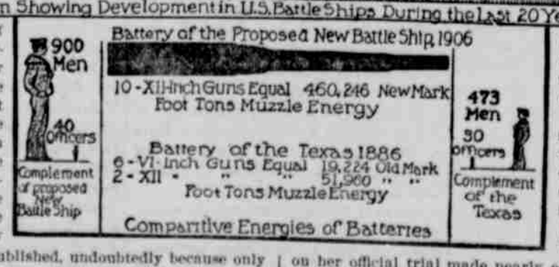
When John Sharp Williams was fighting to get the quarantine bill through the House the other day the Texas delegation fought it tooth and nail. They denounced it as a violation of the constitution and to a man predicted the downfall of that venerable document if the bill passed. The House, however, passed it. An hour or so later Mr. Williams bumped up against Mr. Slayden of Texas in the cloakroom. Slayden looked at Williams with sad reproach, but spoke not. Williams looked back at Slayden apologetically. Then he placed his hand on the Texan's shoulder. "Slayden," he said, comfortingly, "cheer up. To-morrow I am going to introduce a bill to re-enact the constitution."

Every man is willing to patch up a quarrel—providing he is allowed to select the patch.

The original rule of three is that of faith, hope and charity.

TWENTY YEARS' DEVELOPMENT IN BATTLESHIPS.





The development of battleship designing during a period of twenty years is shown in the graphic comparisons set down above between the Texas, authorized in August, 1886, and the great vessel just recommended by the House naval committees. The specific data of the new design have not been published, undoubtedly because only a few essentials have been settled, but the sketches illustrate with considerable accuracy the comparative size and gun power of the types selected for comparison.

The displacement of the two vessels are 6,315 tons and 19,500 tons. That is a difference of 13,000 tons, an amount greater than twice the tonnage of the earlier type. The respective batteries are two 11-inch and six 6-inch guns on the Texas, and ten much improved 12-inch guns on the projected vessel. This means that the main muzzle energy of the latter's battery will be at least six and one-half times greater. Nor will the protective power afforded by modern armor and by the new structural devices for subdividing and strengthening the under water body be much less startling.

It is expected that a speed of twenty knots will be sought, and here, curiously enough, the differences are not so marked. The Texas was, for her day, a surprisingly speedy ship, and on her official trial made nearly eighteen knots for three and three-quarter hours. But the large variation in coal storage space must give the new ship a much increased radius of action and release her from too close dependence on fixed bases. The crews will, when each vessel is fully manned, roughly aggregate thirty-three officers and five hundred men in the smaller and forty-five officers and a thousand men in the larger.

It is said by naval officers that the differences in displacement do not, after all, measure the real superiority of the later vessel, as with her greater speed, enormously heavy battery and splendid armor protection, she could overcome five ships of the Texas class.