

SHORT AND TRAGIC

Career of the First Submarine Used in Real War.

SHE WAS BUILT IN MOBILE.

Constructed of Boiler Iron and Crude in Design, She Was Operated Against the Federal Ship Housatonic With Disastrous Results.

It is a fact that a submarine boat did actual service in the war between the states and was perhaps the first practical submarine used in actual warfare.

The boat was built in Mobile in 1864 by two men named Hundley and McClintock. It was of boiler iron, sharp at both ends and was about thirty feet long, five or six feet in beam and five or six feet deep. It was propelled by a screw, the shaft of which ran horizontally along the hold, almost from stem to stern and was turned by eight men, who sat four on each side of the shaft.

The only hatchway, placed well forward, was two feet in diameter, and it was closed by an iron cap that worked on a hinge and was airtight. In the forward part of the cap there was a clear glass bulls-eye, through which the pilot could see. The boat had water-tight compartments, by filling or emptying which it could sink or rise. A ballast of iron balls was placed outside the hull, and by means of keys they could be detached so that the boat could rise instantly if necessary.

Besides a rudder, the boat had side paddles, or fins, which could be used to guide it up or down through the water.

The boat could go perhaps four knots an hour. It could remain submerged for half an hour or an hour without serious inconvenience to its crew, and once it remained as long as two hours under water without actual injury to them.

A floating torpedo was fastened to the boat by a line 100 feet long, and the inventor proposed that the boat should dive beneath the keel of the enemy's vessel and haul the torpedo after her. The triggers or sensitive primers of the torpedo would press against the ship's bottom, explode the torpedo and sink the vessel.

The boat was sent to Charleston to operate against the blockading fleet. General Beauregard had the torpedo fastened to the bow. It terminated in front with a sharp lance head, so that when the boat was driven against a ship the lance head would be forced into the ship below the water line and the torpedo fastened against the side. The boat was then to back off and explode the torpedo by a lanyard.

General Beauregard called on the Confederate fleet for volunteers, and Lieutenant Payne, a Virginian, and eight sailors volunteered. On the evening fixed for the expedition the crew had embarked, and the boat was submerged until only the combings of her hatch were above water. Lieutenant Payne was standing in the hatchway when the swell of a passing steamer rolled over the boat, and it sank instantly with her eight men. Lieutenant Payne sprang out of the hatchway as the boat sank, and he alone was saved.

In a few days she was raised, and again Payne volunteered and with him eight more men. The embarkation for the second attempt was made at Fort Sumter, and, as before, all being made ready, Payne, standing at his post in the hatchway, gave orders to cast off, when the boat careened and sank instantly. Payne sprang out, two of the men followed him, and the other six went down with the boat and perished.

Again the boat was raised, and her owner, Captain Hundley, took her for an experimental trip to Stone river, where, after going through her usual evolutions, she dived into deep water and disappeared. After a week's search she was found at an angle of forty degrees, her nose driven into the deep, soft mud of the bottom.

Her crew of nine men were standing, sitting or lying about in her hold, asphyxiated. Hundley had died at his post with a candle in one hand, while with the other he had been vainly trying to unclamp the hatch. The angle at which the boat had gone down had jammed the keys so that the men could not cast off the iron ballast that held them down.

Again the ill-fated vessel was prepared for action, and volunteers were called for. Lieutenant Dixon, of the Twenty-first Alabama volunteered and eight men with him.

The ship Housatonic was selected for attack and on a quiet night the brave crew set out from Charleston. Lieutenant Dixon guided the boat straight to the Housatonic, and the explosion tore open the ship's side, so that she went down with all her crew in two minutes.

The torpedo vessel never returned, and whether she went down with her enemy or drifted out to sea was long unknown. Many years after, in the work of deepening the bar off Charleston harbor, divers in submarine armor visited the wreck of the Housatonic and found the little torpedo vessel lying by her huge victim, and within her the bones of six devoted and daring men as ever went to sea.

In the history of the submarine certainly the Hundley is entitled to honorable mention.—Youth's Companion.

Peace would be universal if there were neither thine nor mine.—Italian Proverb

REAL EVERYDAY LIFE.

As Seen on the Stage and Appreciated by Two Spectators.

Two women stood in a queue waiting to get in to see a melodrama. "This'll be a good show," said the first woman. "Life, you know—real life—nothin' overdone."

"Yes, I like life, too," said the other. "I don't want to be put to sleep, though. Still, I can't stand nothin' far-fetched."

"Same here," said the first woman. And then they went in and sat through five acts, wherein the hero killed thirty Kaffirs with his naked hand, found a diamond as big as a duck's egg, smashed with his revolver from a mile away the bottle of poison that the beautiful heroine was about to swallow rather than yield to the blandishments of the villain and finally killed the latter in an aeroplane duel, slightly off the stage, inheriting later an unexpected dukedom, and so forth, and so on.

When the curtain fell to the sound of wedding bells the two women looked at each other with glowering eyes.

"Grand, wasn't it?" said the first. "Life, real life, eh?"

"You bet," said the second. "That's life, that is—nothin' far-fetched or overdone."—Detroit Free Press

TOWER OF SKULLS.

A Legacy Left by the Turks to the Serbian City of Nish.

There have been many tragic episodes in the history of Nish, in Serbia. In the fifteenth century the Turks captured the city, and for 300 years it remained in their possession, although there were brief periods when the Austrians held it. Then, in 1809, the Serbians, who had recovered most of their country from the Turks, besieged Nish, but were defeated with great loss. The Turks to celebrate their victory erected a rough tower composed alternately of lumps of rock and skulls of Serbians cemented together.

It is related that there were originally 1,200 skulls in the tower of Nish.

For a long period it was the habit of travelers to Nish to carry off a skull as a souvenir, and this reduced their numbers. But in the Russo-Turkish war the Serbians, under the command of the Milos besieged Nish, and the fortress fell on Jan. 10, 1878.

The remaining skulls were then reverently buried by the Serbian troops except one, which was too deeply imbedded in the plaster to be extracted. The so-called "tower of skulls" is now only about four feet in height, and only one skull can be seen to remind the traveler of its gloomy history.—London Answers.

Aaron Burr's Grave.
Aaron Burr died at Port Richmond, Staten Island, Sept. 14, 1836. His remains were conveyed to Princeton, N. J., where, according to his request, he was interred at the feet of his father and grandfather. Both his father and grandfather were presidents of Princeton college.

For nearly two years the spot where he lay was unmarked, when one morning it was discovered that a small, very substantial and not inexpensive monument of granite and marble had been placed during the night over his remains. No one in the town saw the monument erected or knew anything whatever respecting it. There was no stonemason in the vicinity capable of executing the work. The stone bears the inscription: "Aaron Burr, Born Feb. 6, 1756. Died Sept. 14, 1836."

Armenian History.

The history of the later years of the Armenian kingdom is bound up in the history of Am. The stronghold city became the capital of the Bagratid kings of Armenia in 981. The Byzantine emperor captured it in 1046, and it was then a hive of many scores of thousands, a wealthy city and an inviting one. The Seljuk Turks carried fire and sword throughout its confines eighteen years later. The warlike Georgians took it five times between 1126 and 1208. The Mongols overran it in 1239, and an earthquake in 1319 completed the work of ruin. The great cathedral, the most perfect survival, was founded in 1010, just at the beginning of the city's long chain of misfortunes.

Keeping It Quiet.

A little girl was out walking the other day with her mother when she caught sight of a man with a wooden leg.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried. "See that man with a stick for a leg?"

"Don't talk so loudly," said mamma.

"He'll hear you."

"Why?" the little one replied in surprise. "Doesn't he know it?"—London Mail.

Easy to Preach.

"Who wrote that article on how to support a family of six on \$10 a week?" a friend asked Wiggins, the editor of the Household Friend. "Bingham, one of our best men," said Wiggins, without a smile. "We pay him \$5,000 a year."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Record Clean.

"Your son doesn't work very hard in the office since he left college."

"No; he doesn't want to jeopardize his amateur standing."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cure For Tippling.

To cure a man of drinking take down in shorthand everything he says about himself in a barroom and read it to him the next day.—Pittsburgh Press.

Base envy withers at another's joy and hates the excellence it cannot reach.—Thomson

NO DRY BATTERIES.

They All Contain Moisture or They Would Be Useless.

So-called dry batteries are in common use for small electric call bell systems and private telephone lines and were first extensively for ignition on earlier makes of automobiles. Applying the word "dry" to the battery is misleading, for there is no such thing as a "dry" battery. There never was, nor will there ever be.

If it were dry no current would generate, as it requires moisture to produce chemico-electric activity when the circuit is completed from the plus to the minus elements.

The so-called dry battery is really an "inclosed wet battery," which retains its moisture to its limit of life, whether in service or not. The limit of life depends on the stored capacity, how frequently the circuit is applied to it, evaporation due to age and deterioration of the conducting elements.

The battery consists of a zinc cylinder case containing a carbon in the center, the intervening space filled with a paste composed of one part zinc oxide, one part sal ammoniac, three parts plaster of paris and two parts water. The quantities are greater as the capacity of the battery is increased.

As soon as a circuit is completed a chemical combination is started, and the current flows from the internal part of the zinc to the carbon, then out from the carbon to the appliance and returns to the zinc. The external terminals of the battery are the reverse of the internal.

When the battery is exhausted it can be recharged by sending current into it from a close circuit battery, such as a nitric or sulphuric acid cell. Pouring water through a small hole at the top of the battery is an aid to the return of its life, but neither this nor the former will restore the battery to its original efficiency.—New York World.

THE MYSTERIOUS EAGLE.

Curious Ancient Monument Left to Us by the Indians.

On the broad-top of a stony, rain-gulched hill in middle Georgia there lies a very large eagle, concerning which conflicting stories are told. The one point that seems to be certain is that the Indians left the eagle as a legacy to the state. A hundred years from now it will probably be found lying on its back, with outspread wings and tail, even as it lies today. For it is made of quartz rocks so cunningly placed that it would require a pick in a strong man's hands to displace any one of them. The rock lap and over lap in such a manner as to represent feathers. No cement holds them in position, and the stones vary in size, weighing from a half pound to three or four pounds. The image rests on a very firm foundation, for the stonework extends several feet into the ground.

Once, perhaps twice, treasure-seeking vandals dug into the breast of the eagle, but the work must have proved too laborious, for the diggers gave up before they had reached the bottom layer of overlapping stones.

Rough but fairly accurate measurements of the bird show the length of the eagle from the middle of the tail to the head to be 102 feet and from tip to tip of outspread wings 120 feet. The length of the beak is ten feet, and the height of the body at the center of the breast is ten feet. The eagle lies with its head to the west.

Tradition does not give any satisfactory explanation of the age or the meaning of the great stone mound. It may have had religious significance to the red men who built it, and it may be the burial place of some great chief. It is one of the most mysterious and most interesting of prehistoric monuments in the United States.—Youth's Companion.

The Head of the Firm.

As he appears to—
The office boy: A large, fat being whose grumble is worse than Jove's thunder and whose commendatory nod is worth almost any amount of personal inconvenience.

Head bookkeeper: A good man, with no head for figures, who has arrived at his present exalted position by a combination of luck and pull.

The stenographer: A pleasant old party with singular weaknesses and a strange capacity—rarely exercised, however—to make one cry.

His wife: A baby.—Life.

Repertory.

On the train going out Subbubs got into conversation with a stranger, who remarked:

"I see you are putting up a good many new buildings."

"Yes," answered Subbubs, "new buildings are the only kind we put up."—Kansas City Journal.

Both Ways.

"What on earth are you doing sneaking around in the room that way, Maria, when you know I can't bear to be disturbed?"

"I was looking for an egg to make the cake fying with."

"Well, beat it!"—Baltimore American.

His Plan.

"He's one of our most successful business men."

"That so? What's his secret?"

"Well, in the first place he insists upon his clerks selling his customers what they want, not what the clerks themselves want."—Detroit Free Press.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the powers to achieve, but the will to labor.—Sulwar-Lytton.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Shewn in the Confessions of a Happily Married Man.

It takes my wife a long time to read anything. I skim whole pages instantly. She hates to be read aloud to. I love it.

When we travel I always suggest to her in advance the car we shall take. She agrees, but will suddenly change her mind and insist upon taking another one. I grumble to myself and obey. She likes the top of the auto up. I loathe it up. It remains up.

I always praise her golf, no matter how badly she plays. She always depreciates mine, no matter how well I play. When I criticize anything she does I don't say it; I think it. That sometimes makes trouble enough.

I compliment her occasionally before others. She pretends that she doesn't understand why I do it.

When I buy a new suit she will never admit that she admires it until it is worn out. Then she says the next one isn't half so becoming as the last. When she gets a new gown I admire it intensely until it is about time to replace it with another. She never liked any hat that I have ever bought. I like every one of hers—on principle.

I laugh at her when she gets too serious. When I get too serious she scolds me.

I keep her informed about my business only when she asks me. She never asks me, so you know the result.

I tell her a funny story every day if I have two I keep one for the next day. Sometimes she laughs at them.

She asks me occasionally if I think her hair is as long as it was. I always tell her it is longer.

I hate bridge, dinner parties, dancing and the opera. She respects my opinion and makes me do them all.

She makes out checks and forgets to enter them on the stubs. Every time I catch her in this omission she reminds me of the celebrated occasion when I left the tickets to a large theater party in my other suit.

She always keeps her temper when I lose mine. I keep mine when she loses hers.

I once told her she was thoroughly spoiled. She kissed me and said she knew it.—Life.

LUNGS OF A BATTLESHIP.

Ventilation is a Serious Problem in Building War Vessels.

One of the most difficult problems in building a battleship is to secure satisfactory ventilation. She is a very complicated creature, made up of so many steel boxes, large and small, for the accommodation of officers, men, coal, ammunition and stores, dotted here and there with so many steel ladders, automatic lifts, steel bulkheads and water-tight doors, varied here and there by miles of electric wires belonging to lights, telephones, bells and motors, to say nothing of the endless mileage of pipes for feeding, draining, pumping, fresh water, fresh air or compressed air and speaking tubes.

First in importance comes the ventilating of the boiler and engine rooms. When you begin to think of gangs of coal black demons working away in the bowels of the ship at a temperature of 120 degrees; when, too, you commence to realize that unless the furnaces receive their required draft the speed of the battleship drops to below that of her sisters in the squadron, you appreciate the importance of the steam driven fans to the furnaces and boiler rooms. The supply of air comes down through large water-tight trunks, which are continued right up to the weather deck, armored gratings being provided at the protective deck.

For ventilating engine rooms large electric fans are employed. So, too, the coal-bunkers have to be ventilated, owing to the gas which the coal gives off. This gas when mixed with air forms an explosive, so in order to prevent the possibility of injury to men or ship supply and exhaust pipes are fitted in such a manner as to cause a current of air.—Pearson's Weekly.

Only Nation Without Budget.

We are the only civilized nation that hasn't a budget system. France, Germany, Russia, Japan, England, Italy, Spain, Rumania, Serbia, Portugal, Bulgaria and Venezuela—all these countries and many more have budgets. In each country, that is, certain responsible officers prepare a definite plan for doing things, estimate the cost of executing it and suggest means for raising the money. There is only one important nation that has no business plan, and that is the one that has chiefly distinguished itself as a nation of business men—the United States.—World's Work.

Human Mystery.

Almost every man believes in the mystery of woman. I do not. For men are also mysterious to women; women are quite as puzzled by our stupidity as by our subtlety. I do not believe that there is either a male or a female mystery; there is only the mystery of mankind.—W. L. George in Atlantic Monthly.

Luck.

Jack—Congratulate me, old man. You—What's up? Are you engaged? Jack—No. Miss Roxleigh refused me the day before her father made an assignment.—Boston Transcript.

His Own Den Too.

Husband—A man is coming to see me on business. Can I have him come into my den? Wife—And interrupt my dreamer? Never!—Life.

To Her Taste.

Jeannie—Why did Mae marry Harold? He's a perfect blockhead. Bess—Well, you know she always liked hard wood trimmings in a house.—Judge.



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A Querulous Question.

"The sameness of these meals is getting on my nerves."

"I can't think of anything else."

Magistrate—I award the clock to the plaintiff.

Defendant—Then what do I get?

Magistrate—I'll give you the eight days.—Stray Stories.

Hindering the Process.

Doctor—Well, John, how are you today? John—Very bad; very bad. I wish Providence 'ud 'ave mussy on me an' take me. Wife—"Ow can you expect it to if you won't take the doctor's physic?"—London Mail.

Something Else.

"Is loving a verb?"

"No; it's just plain nonsense."

Having made this reply to his daughter's question, Mr. Grouch looked a few daggers.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The Reason.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunbeams all the paths of life.—Richter

"How is it that one never forgets a love affair?"

"Because that is something one learns to hate."—Dutton Transcript.