

WIGHTY FORTRESS.

Famous Rock of Gibraltar and its Armament.

UN IN EVERY CREVICE.

aces Stored With Food and Munitions of War to Stand a Siege of a Year—An English View of the Studded Stronghold.

enemy's boat could be sent to bottom in ten minutes before getting within five miles of Gibraltar. A torpedoboot could succeed in striking the bay unobserved on the night. That sums up the aspect of the most eminent naval fortress as to the impregnability of the greatest fortress.

disappointment awaits the sight of the visitor. The rock, though bare and covered with luxuriant vegetation, is not a fort prominent, not a gun seen even with the most powerful glasses, no discernible armaments, no strongholds, only a full, prosperous harbor and a struggling town.

at night, and the maneuvers are swift playing searchlights transverse the bay into a sheet of shimmering water which are seen in the British warships and elongated shadows, the torpedoes. Guns are seen out of every conceivable crevice and corner, blending in one line upon, while scores of shells are being fired for miles around.

galleries are everywhere; infantry are crouched in the shadows; hundreds of gunners stand ready behind rows of guns in these mysterious depths hewn out of the solid rock-galleries. The vicious barking Maxim guns give contrast to the muffled bayonet of these mammoth pieces of ordnance, the mere report of which cracks stone roofs and bursts windows and whole windows. Could any live through the murderous hail of shells?

Gibraltar never sleeps. By day and night two perfectly equipped signal stations, proudly flaunting Britain's ensign, incessantly sweep seas around to a distance of fifty miles on a clear day. Instantly upon the coming and going of a vessel, sentries guard all the adjacent forts, magazines and gates; gunners sleep beside their guns; sentries are ever ready beside the searchlights.

Modern "needle" guns, the finest in Europe, are installed on all the most important points. They are unreachably from the sea, even as they are inescapable, owing to the skill with which they are painted and draped to blend with the surrounding vegetation. The huge screens drop automatically before them as each shell is fired.

There is a range of fifteen miles could drop shells on Ceuta, in Africa, opposite, quite comfortably. One weighs 110 tons and is capable of penetrating a shell weighing three-quarters of a ton. In that marvel of engineering under great difficulties, the guns are concealed for every year.

These galleries are divided into three sections, entry to which is guarded. The one is closed even to high officials, containing preserved stores, munitions of war, rainwater (for Gibraltar has no springs) and a complete desalting plant—all calculated to outlast a siege of seven years.

The firing is the most mathematical, perfect imaginable. The surrounding waters are mapped out into areas, upon which certain guns are at ready command, so that it is almost possible to miss. During practice gets are towed across the bay, the jets being to hit the water a few feet in advance of them.

Although the sentries have now been reduced, a few years ago 158 were stationed daily, the most important point being the north front, where English sentries face Spanish sentries. But a mere pressure of an electric button by the officer of the guard would use a miniature earthquake on the actual ground.—Cassell's Saturday Review.

Waggle as the Scotch Make It.

To make baggis take the heart, aggie and small liver of the sheep, pound of bacon, four ounces of tumb of bread, the rind of one lemon, two eggs, two anchovies (sardines may be used), a quarter of a teaspoon of pepper and two teaspoonfuls of oil. Chop the heart, tongue, liver and bacon, mix thoroughly, add the readcrumbs, the anchovies, chopped pepper and salt. Beat the eggs and pour them over. Pack this into a kettle or mold, cover and boil or steam continuously for two hours. Turn it out and serve very hot.

A Clever Cook.

Mrs. March was in the jewelry store. "There are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in," said the clerk, "and I think they are very nice." "Oh, they are lovely!" she exclaimed. "I must have some of those!" "How much would you like?" "I want a dozen." "All right, madam."

Well Potted.

"What was that musty old explorer did?" "Well, he was exploring the languid Patagonia." "And how do you play it?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, that makes the feast.—Clarendon.

LINCOLN'S STORY.

It Contained a Lesson For the Man With a Grievance.

An old farmer once called at the White House and complained that the Union soldiers in passing his farm had helped themselves not only to hay, but to his horse, and he hoped the president would urge the proper officer to consider his claim immediately.

"Why, my dear sir," replied Mr. Lincoln blandly, "I couldn't think of such a thing. If I consider individual cases I should find work enough for twenty presidents."

The caller urged his needs persistently, and Mr. Lincoln declined good naturedly.

"But," said the persevering sufferer, "couldn't you just give me a line to Colonel—about it—just one line?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" responded the president, crossing his legs. "That reminds me of old Jack Chase out in Illinois."

"You see, Jack—I knew him like a brother—used to be a lumberman on the Illinois river, and he was steady and sober and the best raftsman on the stream. It was quite a trick to take the logs over the rapids, but he was skillful with a raft and always kept her straight in the channel. Finally a steamer was put on, and Jack—he's dead now, poor fellow!—was made captain of it. He always used to take the wheel going through the rapids. One day when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current and Jack's utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep it in the narrow channel a boy pulled his coattail and hailed him with:

"Say, Mr. Captain, I wish you would just stop your boat a minute! I've lost my apple overboard!"

"Think that story over, my friend, and see if you can find any lesson in it."

A LOVER OF PEACE.

He Had Decided Opinions on the Way to Abolish War.

"Men talk sincerely," once said W. T. Stead, the great apostle of peace, "about loving one another, about the universal brotherhood of man, and in the same breath they assert that it is right to burn and maim and kill in war. They are not so logical as a young colored recruit who served in the Philippines. This young man at the end of his initial engagement was hailed before his captain.

"So you ran at the first fire, did you?" said the captain scornfully.

"Yes, sah, an I'd a run sooner, sah, if I'd knowed it wuz comin'."

"Have you no regard for your reputation, Calhoun?"

"Mah reputation hain't nuffin to me, sah, 'longside o' mah life."

"The captain smiled and twirled his mustache. Here was an intelligent young man. He'd talk him over to the right point of view.

"Even if you should lose your life, Calhoun," he said, "you'd have the satisfaction of knowing that you had died for your country."

"Wot satisfaction could dat be to me, sah, when de power o' feelin' it wuz gone?"

"Then patriotism means nothing to you?"

"Nffin, sah. I wouldn't put mah life in de scales agin any government dat eber existed, for no government could replace de loss o' me."

"Calhoun, if all soldiers were like you the world's governments would all go to pieces."

"On de contrary, sah, dey'd last forever, for, if all soldiers wuz like me, den dere couldn't neber be no fightin'."

The Last Straw.

"Every time I give a party," cried the discouraged hostess, "I vow I'll never give another, but I've decided this time. No more for me. It's the red cheeked man. I don't mind their taking up the rugs and dancing until after midnight and getting dispossession notices served on me the next morning, or leaving cigarette ashes all over the place for me to clean up, or scattering the Welsh rabbit from one end of the flat to the other, but when the red cheeked man sits on my piano keys when he gives an imitation of something or somebody and I have to pay \$4 to have my piano tuned the next day that'll be about all."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Illustrious Barbers.

William Winstanley, to whom we are indebted for the "Lives of the English Poets," began his career by soaping faces. Farr, who introduced coffee into England; Dr. John Taylor, whose eloquent voice so often sounded in St. Paul's; Jean Baptiste Belzoni, giant and explorer; James Craggs, secretary of the south sea bubble; Mr. Herbert Ingram of the Illustrated London News; Allan Ramsay, the "Gentle Shepherd"; Lord Chancellor Sugden, Lord Tenterden, Jeremy Taylor and Elzet, the composer of the opera "Carmen," were born and bred and were trained in barbers' shops.—London Notes and Queries.

Preacher's Daughter Too.

A Cleveland minister has three daughters, the youngest one only five years old. The other day the child's nurse reproved her.

"If you talk to me that way again," spoke up the five-year-old, "I'll say something to you, and it'll have a L. in it." Then, as an afterthought, "it won't be lily either."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Optimist and Pessimist.

"What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?" "A pessimist is always thinking of his liabilities, while an optimist thinks only of his assets."—Judge.

He who has a good seat should not leave it.—Manuel.

THE SMART DRUMMER.

There Was Something Coming to Him, and He Got It.

"Gentlemen," said the drummer of druggists' sundries as he looked around on the half dozen men who were asking him for the latest story, "I believe I have felt about 400 different feelings in my life, and the balmiest one of all was the feeling that I had something coming to me and would get it if I stayed on the road long enough."

"And have you got it?" was asked.

"I have. I got it coming into Chicago. I was very comfortable in my Pullman when a young man came along and told me a pitiful story and wanted me to buy his diamond ring. The game is older than the hills, and I was on in a minute—bought story and bogus diamond; willing to sell me a \$200 ring for \$30. I asked him where the green spot was in my eye, and while I was pluming myself the man in the other part of the section pulled out three tens and pocketed the ring. Did I look down upon him with pity and contempt? Did I smile? Did I grin? Did I ask him where his guardian was? Oh, yes—oh, yes, and he spoke up and claimed that the stones were diamonds and the ring well worth 200 plunks. It nettled me to see the ass so cocksure and to hear him say that of course I was no judge of diamonds, and I put up \$50 that he'd been done for. The conductor held the money, and when we got into town we made for a jewelry store. We took in four of 'em before I laid down. Same story in each place—ring worth \$200."

"And you lost your \$50?"

"Silck as silck."

"And there was a game in it?"

"Of course, you camel. Seller and buyer were confederates, and they probably worked the scheme six days a week. If I'd got ready to buy, some excuse would have been made to head me off. Yes, gentlemen, I had something coming to me, and I got it, and I feel relieved."—Baltimore American.

EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

How Hunters Dress Where There Is No Dawn and No Dusk.

We wore khaki for daytime and warm clothes for night when sitting around the camp, as after the sun goes down a great chill immediately settles down that makes winter clothing and a good big fire most essential.

During the daytime we always wore pith helmets, although sometimes early in the morning and late in the afternoon, when the sun is not at its maximum, a double teryl felt hat may be substituted. It is far more comfortable than the helmet.

As additional protection we wore sun pads which covered the spine. These are merely heavy quilted strips that reach from the collar to below the shoulders, as we were advised that the effect of the sun was just as deadly at this point as on the head. I do not know what maximum the thermometer would reach in the sun, as I was afraid to leave it exposed when it got higher than a little above 150 degrees, as beyond that point there was great danger of breaking it. In the shade the temperature would be usually from 85 to 100 degrees, but there was always a breeze blowing, and the dryness of the air cooled one off quite rapidly as soon as one got out of the sun. It was always cold in the morning when we started out at the first peep of light, and we were usually shivering for a few minutes prior to the sun's appearance. Day does not dawn in equatorial Africa, but it bursts! It is dark one minute and full sunlight the next, and the reverse occurs in the evening, for the sun goes down and night comes on as if a curtain had suddenly been drawn down over the west, and the chill of night begins instantly.—Percy C. Madeira in Metropolitan Magazine.

"A Sound Box."

Take an ordinary rubber band and stretch it between the thumb and forefinger of your left hand. If you pick it with the fingers of the right hand and let go suddenly it will make a sound which you can hear distinctly enough yourself, but which will not be audible to any one a few feet away. But if you were to fasten the elastic, with a pin at each end, to an empty wooden box, only not so as to touch the wood, and then twang it the sound would be much louder than before. That box is the sound box or sound board, and all stringed instruments have one in some shape or other.—St. Nicholas.

Pride.

'Arry and his best girl were discussing recent events in the High street, Bethnal Green.

'Arry—Did you read the list of presents Ann Smith had for her wedding? 'Arry—Yes, I did. The hidea for such as them 'avin' the wedding put in the paper! They might be bloomin' harlots.

'Arry—Fancy her mother giving her such a 'andsome present as a 'orse and trap! 'Arry—Garn! It was a clothes'orse and a mouse trap. I've seed 'em. That's their bloomin' pride!—London Scraps.

A Thoughtful Boy.

Anxious Mother—Johnny, is it possible that you, as sick as you claim to be, have eaten that whole rhubarb pie? Johnny—Yes, mamma. You know the doctor said my system needed rhubarb, and I thought I'd better take a good dose of it before I got any worse.—Chicago News.

The Answer.

"Widow" and "window" are very much alike.

"Well, and what's the answer?" "When I get near either I always look out."—Boston Transcript.

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