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NAVAL CATASINOPHES.

ne That flave Taken Place Attended With Great Loss of Life.

Maritime records since the intro duction of ironclad would seem to fully justify the condemnation of the new royal yacht, built by the Admiralty for the use of the British sovereign, but found to be unwieldy, if not actually dangerous, to those on board her. More than one terrible naval catastrophe has resulted from faulty construction, the modern iron or steel battleship being far more dangerous than the old wooden war

Such a vessel is likely to "turn turtle" and go to the bottom within a few minutes, whereas the wooden war ship, though full of water, would float. The fires and engines in the modern war ship add, moveover, to the dang ers of the craft in case of accident.

The first accident which called attention to the terrible dangers of ironclads was the loss of H. M. S. Captain in 1871. She was a sea going, masted, turret ship, of 6,900 tons, and was regarded as the finest fighting vessel in the British navy. She was 320 feet long, with a beam of 53 feet, a draught of 25 feet 91/2 inches, with a freeboard of only 6 feet 8 inches. The turret armorwas 13 to 18 inches thick, and that on the water line 6 to 8 inches. She had an immense sail spread on her three masts, and carried five hundred officers and men.

On September 6, 1871, she was manoeuvring in the Bay of Biscay with the British Channel squadron, near Cape Finisterre. Under sail, but with steam up, she was rolling at angles from 121/2 to 14 degrees in heavy squalls of wind. The last seen of her was at a quarter past one A. M. Some of the survivors struggled to Cape Finisterre. They reported that the Captain, with steam up but screw not working, and under three duble reefed topsails, began to roll heavily and then to lurch from side to side at increasing angles of from 18 to 28 degrees. She finally rolled to her beam ends and low on her side, her masts in the water. The sea rushed down the funnel onto the furnace fires, and many of the engineers were scalded to death. As the Captain slowly turned over some of the men walked on her bottom. Suddenly she sank, stern foremost. Out of five hundred men on board only eighteen survived. The

catastrophe was attributed by the Admiralty to too great top-weights.

The second disaster to an ironclad was unattended by loss of life, but it emphasized the "sinkability" of the new ships. The British Channel squadron left Kingstown for Queenstown on September 1, 1875, when the Iron Duke, steaming at seven knots, struck the Vanguard four feet below her armor on the port quarter abreast the engine room, making a rent twenty-five feet square, the opening being into the two largest compartments in the ship. One hour after the collision the Vanguard, which was heavily down by the stern, whirled around two or three times and then sank, af-

taken off. Three years later a similar disaster occurred to the German fleet when the Koenig Wilhelm collided with the Grosser Kurfurst off Folkestone. The ram ploughed up the armor as if it had been an orange peel. The water poured through the great breach into the stokehold, flooding the furnaces, and a heavy list to port laid the vessel on her beam ends and prevented the crew from getting out the boats. The captain tried to run her into shallow water, but she sank within five minutes of the time of being rammed. Of a crew of 497, 216 were saved. The Grosser Kurfurst

was a turret ship of 6,600 tons. But the most tragic of all these mis-Adventures was the loss of the Victoria flagship of the British Mediterranean squadron which occurred June 22 1893. The fleet was manoeuvring off Tripoli in two columns, one led by the Victoria, the other by the Camperdown. Admiral Tryon, on board the Victoria, ordered the two columns to turn inward at an angle which would inevitably bring the leading vessels into collision.

As the Vitoria and Camperdown approached each other it became evident that one would strike the other. The screws were reversed when it was too late. Four minutes after the signal the Camperdown struck the Victoria, almost at right angles, near the forward turret.

The ram ploughed its way in about nine feet, and the deck and iron work buckled up before it. When the Camperdown pulled away it was seen that the breach measured about 125 square feet, into which the water poured. The watertight doors inside both vessels were open at the time.

As the bow of the Victoria sank her stern rose and from the other ships her screws could be seen whirling. Admiral Tryon, on the deck house of the victoria, said "it is all my fault," but declined to accept assistance being convinced she would float. As the tilt of the ship grew greater, the crew were drawn up in line on deck, excepting engineers and stokers, and finally the order was given to "jump." The

crew leaped into the water. Suddenly there was a tremendous roll to starboard, and the Victoria dived, bow first. The last seen of Admiral Tryon he was on top of the chart house. The number of officers

and men lost was 321. Still unexplained is the loss of the Spanish cruiser Reina Regente, in Your Soiled Linen
To The

Spanish cruiser Reina Regente, in March, 1895, while conveying members of the Moorish mission from Spain to Tangler. She disappeared in a violent storm, and no trace of her was ever discovered. She was heavily armed for her size, and carried a crew of four hundred officers and men. Catastrophes, of less important to the storm of and men. Catastrophes of less importance were the loss of the Japanese cruiser Unebi in some unexplained way ct sea, the floundering and loss of the French floating battery Arrogante and the loss of the British gunboats Wasp and Serpent.

Celebrated Men. At the time of the recent varsity boat race in England "An Old Cantab" wrote to The Chronicle:—"The Lord Chief Justice will have to forego the pleasure of being present to-day at the Oxford and Cambridge athletic sports. He has assisted at them in various capacities, as competitor, as judge and is spectator. In the first inter-university athletic games, as they were then called, held on Christ Church cricket ground, Oxford, in 1864, the present Lord Chief Justice, then R. E. Webster, of Trinity, Cambridge, was second in the two-mile steeplechase. In the next year he had his revenge. In 1865 the Cambridge and Oxford athletic games, as they were next called offigames, as they were next called officially, came off on Fenner's ground, Cambridge, and then the future L.C.J. iid distinguish himself. I have before me a record of the races, and there I find that not only was the two-mile race won by R. E. Webster, but that he won the mile, and the Earl of Jersey, for Oxford, was second to him. One does not often have a future Lord Chief Instice setting home first in a does not often have a future Lord Chief Justice gettling home first in a mile race, and having as his second one destined to be the Governor of a great Australian colony. The official time in which R. E. Webster did the mile in 1865 was 4 minutes 43 1-2 seconds. That may be beaten to-day, and will be, but it is quite certain that to-day Richard Everard Webster, Baron Alverstone, could not do what Richard Everard Webster, Trinity College, Cambridge, did in the middle sixties, run a mile in 4 minutes 43 1-2 seconds—and what of the Earl of Jersey?"

Nell-He has perfect eyes. Belle-Yes, but none of his features compares with his cheek.-Philadelphia Record.

There was a mysterious sound. Suddenly the black curtains parted.
"Hear that rapping?" whispered the "It is your departed hus-

"Don't sound like Jeems," said the little freckled widow. "Jeems didn't have enough manners to rap. He'd always rush right in."—Chicago News.

Two boozy companions were wander ing through the park a few nights ago when they drew near an object dimly when they drew near an object dimly-outlined in the semi-darkness. They had reached that stage of inebriation in which a mere shadow will provoke an argument. Naturally they saw this beject differently. One claimed it was a statue, and the other was sure it was a messenger boy, and for several minutes they held each other up in "Easy dem'strate," said one as he umblingly drew a pistol from his hip-

ocket.
"Whatsh goin' t' do ?" queried his "Goin' t' shoot derned thing," replied the fellow with the gun as he tried to adjust his inverted brain. "If it's a statoo it'll jump, an' if it's a meshenger boy it'll stand still."—Leslie's Weekly.

"Why do they speak of the secret of

"Just a form of speech."
"Because, as a matter of fact, there's secret about it. Success always cells."—Philadelphia Times. Edwin Markham, Bliss Carman, pert Hubbard and Richard Le denne met the other day and sat in one room for nearly an hour and a naif. An eyewitness informs us that they presented a hair-raising sight.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Willie," said the small boy's mother, "I hope you are polite to everybody."
"Yes'm, I am. I sicked the dog on a tramp, but I said 'excuse me' afterward."—Washington Star.

The applause that is oft the gift of palms, To him who understands, Tho' it wear the mask of truth, is but

Hypocrisy of hands.
—Philadelphia Times. "There is one thing I must say for Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton. "She is very firm once she gets her mind made up."

She can't be argued out of her opin-"No, indeed. That's what makes home so happy. If she expresses her-self in the morning, I know perfectly well that she hasn't changed her mind well that she hasn't changed her mind when I get home at night. It makes it very much easier to converse."— Washington Star.

"A woman," said Mr. Plattitood, "can't keep a secret."
"Huh!" said little Johnny. "Teacher kep' me workin' an hour on a ole example, when she might have told me the answer any time."—Indianapolis

"I'm trying to get some information about a friend of mine named Fox, who came out here," said the stranger from the east. "They tell me he died some throat trouble."
"I guess that's about right," replied "What was it? Bronchitis?"

"Bronkitis? That's a new one on me, but I reckon I see the connection. He stole a bronco."—Philadelphia Times. Here's a sandal that belonged to

Caesar's mother And a slipper from the ma of Bona-This rod of birch, believe me, is none Than caused the Kaiser's childish

This ferule whacked the Father of His Country, Lord Nelson felt the fervor of this The cane here shown, 'tis said, had the effront'ry on Willie Shakespeare's frame to lightly tap.

Then down with the legends and myths of the past,
From Balmung to foam Aphrodite, We're getting to cold realism at last— These paddled the seats of the

mighty! \_\_The Cornell Widow. They were engaged to be married, and called each other by their first names, Tom and Fanny, and he was telling her how he had always liked the name of Fanny, and how it sounded like

name of Fanny, and how it sounded like music in his ear.

"I like the name so well," he added at a sort of clincher to the argument "that when sister Clara asked me to name her pet terrier I at once called li Fanny, after you, dearest."

"I don't think that was very nice," said the fair girl, edging away from him; "how would you like to have a dog named after you?"

"Why, that's nothing," said Tom airily; "half the cats in the country are named after me."

They don't speak now.—Tit-Bits.

DO ANIMALS FEAR DEATH

hows That in the Wild State They are Defiant to the Last. Do animals understand the approach of death? If so, do they fear it? Here is a problem which no scien-tist has ever settled, but up in which

thrown light. To assume that the animal cannot understand death because he cannot comprehend the foolish things that men say about it, is to do him an in-

observers have recently

As a matter of fact, it appears that animals that do fear death have caught this fear from human beings with whom they have mistakenly associated, and that the wilder an animal is the more serene and dignified is his attitude toward his own dissolu-

Compare, for instance, the lion pictured here—courageous, defiant in the face of death—and the dog, cowering before the policeman's pistol. Most religions teach that this present life is but an avenue toward one

most glorious. Most animals—with the exception of those assured of decent burial in the back yard-have no reason to hope for more than prompt extinction and a slow whitening of their bones

under the blue of heaven. From this the relative attitude toward death of men and-dogs, for instance—should logically be one opposite of what it is.

All animals, according to the Frenchmen who have just been studying the subject, realize when death is near. Savage beasts actually "prepare" for death with a fine composure unshadowed by any possibility of subsequent "will contests." So-called domestic animals, while not showing the fear characteristic of their masters, become strangely clinging and dependent and seem to dread separation from the human beings to whom they are attached.

To give definite instances. Pierre Loti tells the following story of the death of a young ape, par-ticularly tamed, which he had mortal-

ly wounded. "As I raised it up it still lived but was too feeble pulsation to make restoration possible. Like a dead thing, I took it in my ares. The little pinched lips trembled and the childlike eyes looked into mine with an unforgettable expression of agony, ter-ror and reproach. Its forehead rest-ing on my broast, the ape died in the confiding attitude of a little child."

On the other hand, a wild ape, wounded by Brehm, a German naturalist, fell to the ground, remained quietly seated, and wiped away without the least cry the blood which poured from its wounds.

"There was,(" says the naturalist, "at this moment something in his look so human, so noble and calm that I was touched to the point of plunging my nunting-knife into the poor creature's body and thus ending his sufferings.

M. Jules Gerard tells of a lion which having fallen into a great ditch that had been dug for him, resigned himself after several ineffectual efforts to escape. He heard the cries of delight of the rien who saw him trapped He understood that he was lost; that he was about to die an ignominious and defenseless death.

But it was his way to receive the injuries that were to come to him without sound of protest. After taking a dozen bullets without moving he lifted his fine head with a majestic movement to cast a look of scorn on the Arabs who were aiming at him their final shots. Then he lay down resigned to death.

One elephant, after being captured by Sir. E. Tennent, lay upon the ground and sought for twelve hours to cover himself with dust with the aid of his trunk. Finally he stretched himself out quietly and died without making the slightest sign.

Dr. Fere tells of the death of a twelve-year-old Scotch collie, which was ill with a complication of diseases. During his entire life this dog had been almost constantly with his mistress, to whom he was devotedly at-

During the last hours of his life he was too fil to move and remained looking after his mistress with a pitiful look, almost of anguish, if she left the room for a moment. Her return, however, calmed him immediately. Finally his breathing grew more difficult and his anxious expression positively terrifying. And in an agony of terror he died.

It was dreadfully dusty and almost green, but with winter clothing to buy for the children and coal going up he did not feel able to expend the \$2.50 for a new Derby just yet, and was still clinging to the straw which had done service all summer and wa? no longer white or shapely.

So one day I determined to experiment. "The hat is no good as it is," thought I, "so if I fail, the loss will not be irreparable; surely one could pick such a rusty looking thing up in the streets."

So I got the ink bottle-a good blue black ink, with thick sediment at bottom. Pouring off the top I used the thick, applying it with a soft sponge, first once around the wrong way of the felt and thereafter the pile, until I had gone over the hat three times, ribbon and all.

The ribbon on the brim I was careful to rub up and down the grosgrain lest it get shiny. Then with pieces of soft white fiannel I smoothed the pile round and round, until the last piece showed clean and the hat was dry.

The hat looks fine, and my better has been married it.

half has been wearing it for two weeks now, rain and shine. It cost me one cent for a lemon to clean my hands, but I had a good glass of lemonade in the bargain.

The Kansas Atchinson Glope thinks "the divine right of kings isn't in it with the right of the married daughter who comes home for the first time to show off her baby to her parenta," **Physicians** 

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