

hardy race of English seamen, who learnt in time how to beat the Spaniards wherever they found them. It was a strange mixture of religious devotion and lawless privateering which the Inquisition in Spain engendered in our seafaring population. But these pious adventurers eventually formed the nucleus of the Royal force which defeated the Invincible Spanish Armada, and ultimately wrested from Spain the sovereignty of the seas.

Mr. Froude's articles are well worth the attention of naval men. He brings out the old Sir John Hawkins in a new light as outwitting Philip the Second, and worming from him the secret of his plots against the life of our Queen. And no doubt, in the October number, we shall find new light thrown upon Sir Francis Drake's marvellous career. The rise of our maritime greatness is always a fascinating story, which loses nothing in the telling at the hands of Mr. Froude.—United Service Gazette.

### Bullet Proof Cloth.

Contrary to what was at first thought the bullet resisting powers of the so-called cloth invented by the Manheim tailor do not appear to have been exaggerated. Capt. Zeigler, the officer who presided over the trials with the bullet-proof material, states that bullets from a seven millimetre rifle, which would go clean through ironplates of six millimetres thick, did not penetrate the plastrons made of the "cloth" either at 400 or even 200 metres. The bullets instead of penetrating, remained, we are told, embedded in the composition, and it was noticed that "the point of the steel coating of the projectile dropped as soon as the bullet struck, and the lead contents fell into a liquid form." What the bullet proof "cloth" consists of can at present only be vaguely conjectured, but the principal constituent seems to be a kind of cement plastered over wire netting. The German military authorities evidently regard Herr Dowe's invention with much favor, but they are probably influenced by the report of Capt. Zeigler, of Manheim, the officer who presided at the experiments. On the other hand, Herr Von Mannlicher, the inventor of the rifle of that name, and an authority who ought, therefore, to be competent to express a decided opinion as to its merits, requires more proof than is at present forthcoming, before being convinced of its practical value. He doubts the portability of the armor, and thinks earthworks a better protection. But, even assuming that this wonderful coat of mail is able to stop the swiftest bullet, it cannot destroy the force of the impact. Because a bullet is so small a thing, very few people with the exception of soldiers have any idea how great is its weight at the terrific speed it travels. A soldier receiving a bullet on his coat of mail would undoubtedly be knocked senseless for a time, in which case if many soldiers were struck in a battle, the opposing force would probably conquer; but they would find themselves burdened with an uncomfortably large number of prisoners. Then again, as the stuff is not flexible, being half an inch

in thickness, it could not be used for uniforms, though, as its inventor suggests, it might perhaps be made into plates to cover the vital organs. In spite, however, of the practical value of the cloth being doubted by Herr Mannlicher, the inventor is said to have been approached with lavish offers by the representatives of several Governments and syndicates. From a humane point of view the inventor will be very favorably regarded, as soldiers wearing the armor, instead of being killed when struck by a bullet, will only be put hors de combat for a few minutes. A similar cloth, it seems, was invented by Herr Scarneo, a Viennese engineer, some three years ago, but it came to nothing. Being greatly impressed with the havoc wrought by the Prussian bullets in the Austro-Prussian war, he set to work to devise something that would protect the vital parts of the soldier from musketry fire, and the result of his studying was the invention of a sort of portable armor, which was patented in all European countries, but after being thoroughly tested by military experts it was pronounced to be useless for purposes of defense in war. There is some difference in the composition of the armor of the inventors of Manheim and Vienna, although the effect when the bullet strikes, is described as the same, namely, the steel coat flying off and the lead contents melting. The invention of the material recalls the story of the Duke of Wellington, who was called on by an inventor of bullet-proof clothing. The laconic commander asked his visitor to don the uniform and sent his orderly for two files of men with loaded muskets to test the coat, but the inventor fled.—United States Army Magazine.

### After "Lights Out."

By Leyson T. Merry.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

The speaker was the sentry over the guard-room door at a recent Brigade camp. The individuals addressed were the Brigade Major and myself.

"Friends!" answered my companion. But the sentry was more than usually vigilant or deaf, or both, for with renewed and increasing vigor he again challenged.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Friend!" again shouted the Brigade Major

"Yus, that's all very well, sonny, but you jest report yerself to the guard-room."

We passed on in silence.

"D'ye year," shrieked the now enraged sentry "report yerself to the guard-room on the left. Guard, turn out!"

And they came across the common after us with a celerity that more than pleased my companion, but they pulled up short when they discovered our identity, and hurried back to the guard-room, doubtless feeling that they had created a favourable impression in the mind of the officer whom, next to the Brigadier himself, they would desire to most favorably impress.

This is a type of the many funny things that happen in the best organized camps after "Last Post" and "Lights Out" have

sounded. Were I so inclined I could fill a volume with funny stories of a like character, to say nothing of the little fairy tales, choice and otherwise, that enliven the ante-rooms for many hours after Corporal Bill Jones and Private James Tompkins have curled themselves up to dream of a 5.30 parade under the Sergeant-Major.

But I do not propose to do so. I want, just now, to devote my energies to snorers—either in camp or out of it. First of all I want to know why there are always so many snorers in a camp and on a boat? It is a strange but easily verified fact that if you want to hear the snorer at his best you must either sleep in a camp or on board a steamer.

In the camp to which I have just referred we had the champion snorer, and as ill luck would have it, he was in the very next tent to me. Wild horses shall not drag from me his name, suffice it to say that on the first night under canvas as some half-dozen of us picked our way through the lines about 1.30 a.m., and peered about in a vain search for our respective tents, a strange, unearthly sound smote on our ears.

"Wh—wh—at's that?" gasped "The Boy," who was being initiated into the mysteries of camp life.

"Sounded like a load of coals being shot," said Spooks of the Fifth.

"Or a traction engine blowing off steam," hazarded Jimson, as he fell over his fourteenth rope and struck his nose on a tent peg.

"Or a volley by a section of 'H' Company of the Sixth."

"Hng — naw — aw — aw — aw — ooo — ooo — oop."

There it was again, right under our noses.

"Hold on, boys," whispered Spooks, "it's old Gasper of the Seventh. Here's his tent. He's orderly officer. Don't make a row. Good-night, old man. Good-night. So long, Jimmy. See you to-morrow. Au revoir."

And we silently sought our respective abodes. Occasionally there came a deep "Hng-aw" from Gasper's tent, but none of us seemed to notice it until we were in that borderland between sleeping and waking, when the slightest sound jars upon one's ears and causes one to turn over and find an easier position and sigh, and—shall I say it?—swear.

I could hear in the adjacent tents sundry vicious murmurings, and disjointed curses, mingled with Gasper's name, but I gave up all hope of sleeping, when, after a particularly prolonged and exasperating snore from Gasper, there followed, from Spook's tent, a loud and unmistakable

"Minow — ow — ow — ow — molrow — pht — pht — pht."

"Oh, shut up, Spooks, let's have some sleep," came from the tent of a man who had turned in at ten-thirty.

The only reply was another snore and another "miaow—molrow," followed by a fair imitation of a pack of beagles at the dinner hour. This new acquisition to the disturbing party was a good-mannered mild youth, who, ordinarily, was too quiet for anything, and was, therefore, designated "Dismal Jimmy." Such is the