



SPAIN'S FORMIDABLE SHIP VIZCAYA.

The cruiser Vizcaya, now defending Havana, is a first class modern armored cruiser. She carries 20 great 11 inch rifles, one forward and one aft, ten 5 1/2 inch rapid firing guns, 20 smaller guns and 8 torpedo tubes. She has an armor belt a foot thick and 6 feet broad.

A PROPOSAL OF TO-DAY.

"For some time," observed Mr. Markham, "I have been by the idea of proposing to you." He was standing with his excellently flat back to the mantelpiece, and Miss Greatorex was covering a silk handkerchief with an opposition pattern in colored wools—why Mr. Markham could not make out. There was no one else in the room, and, as was evident, the gentleman was disposed to be confidential. Miss Greatorex smiled. "And why have you not?" "I have at times been half afraid that you might accept," replied the candid young man. "At others," he added thoughtfully regarding an almost invisible dust speck from his sleeve, "I have been much perturbed by the possibility—oh! certainly the possibility—that you might refuse."

"It would be disagreeable to be refused," remarked the lady, impersonally. "That," the gentleman considered, "depends. If I were sure I wanted to marry you, it would unquestionably be disagreeable to be refused." "And you are not sure?" "No; very far, indeed, from being so. At times I think I should much enjoy the role of Mr. Greatorex, so to speak." "But not always?" "Oh, dear no!—not nearly always." Miss Greatorex had a canary, which at this juncture began to sing with an air of the most uncontrollable merriment. (Mr. Markham went to a neighboring drawer and produced thence a cloth, with which he covered the cage. "You are not sure whether you are in love with me or no?" remarked the young lady, as the bird's indignant silence succeeded to his previous irrelevant rhapsody. "Mr. Markham came back to the mantel piece, and, having readjusted his back, he said in a low voice, and looking down at the very adjacent brown, bent head: "I think I am disappointed." She looked up rather quickly. "Bitterly. I have no idea that you could be stupid—it is evidently possible. From the motion of Miss Greatorex her head—as they would say in the old books—she implied a note of interrogation. "It is stupid not to have grasped the question. I have for quite a long time known that I was in love with you." "Ever since luncheon?" "Perhaps not quite so long as that. But certainly ever since, almost ever since. Lady Greatorex left the room." The young lady laughed. "Was my mother such an instance of George Eliot's malign prophet standing behind her daughter and threatening what she will be?" "I merely meant that the presence of a chaparrin is incompatible with sentiment."

love to explain Taj to you, and the... "You would take pleasure as well as I in Adeliza, perhaps?" "That would be different. I suppose the place for those to whom it commands itself, but personally I should not like it so much." "Miss Greatorex laughed. Mr. Markham left his sequestered seat and took one beside her on the little sofa. "Were you thinking," asked the lady, "that you would like to take my hand?" "I have thought that before. I was thinking of taking it. Now, if we are married," he continued after an interval, "this would be my business. It would be expected of me, as it is of a fiancé to lay eggs, or the Prince of Wales to lay foundation stones." "And then it would cease to please?" "It would then become detestable. And often lately I have pictured myself as riding home in the deepening dusk of a winter's afternoon, from hunting, either with you by my side or to find you waiting for me at home. When I think of it I nearly take a hansom and come here to lay myself at your feet."



MINISTER STEWART L. WOODFORD.

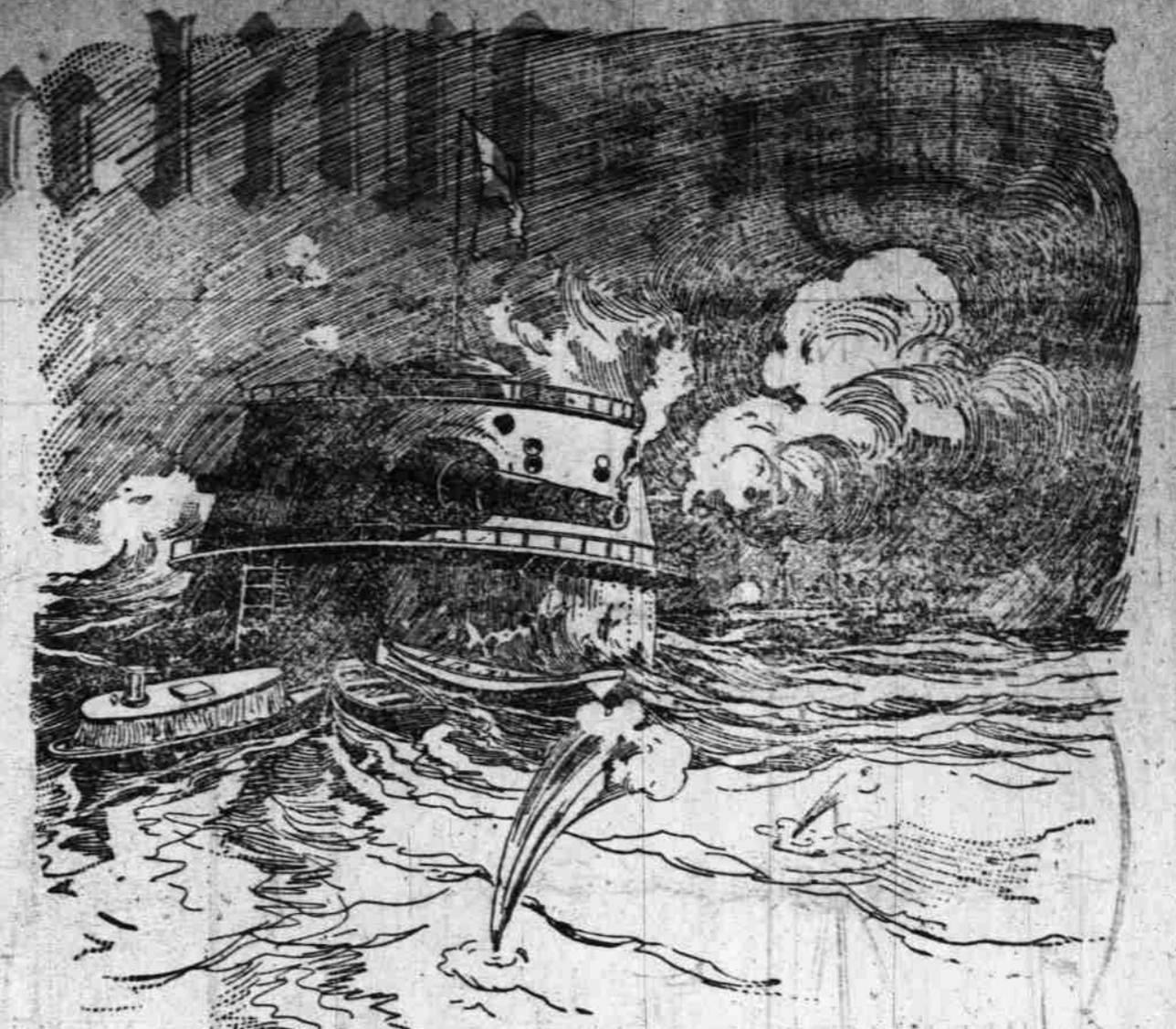
Uncle Sam's minister to Spain was born on the Bowery, New York city, in 1835. He was educated at Columbia and Yale, was admitted to the bar in 1857 and became a famous Brooklyn lawyer and politician. During the war he was promoted to a colonel for gallantry on the field.

(Mr. Markham took no notice whatever of this frivolous interruption.) "Well," added the lady, "on one condition I will come. Do not look frightened; I don't mean to insist on a prior engagement. You need not promise to marry me. But I will come for a whole year to Markham if—if I may bring Lord Mendip with me." "Lord Mendip!" Mr. Markham released what he had been holding and laid it back in the young lady's lap, with something of the air wherewith one puts down again upon the counter an article that one has been fingering in a salesroom when one discovers it is marked "Sold." He resumed his position on the hearthrug, but without again accommodating his back to the mantelpiece. "It was," he remarked presently, "very nice of you to inform me of your engagement in that way, gracefully. You can do things, when you try, very nicely. What I find fault with is," he declared, without very directly replying to her question, "that unless one to marry you one could not do several things one would like. For instance, I would like very much to take you to India."

something unusual, also about her... "There was a slight sound behind her. Her eyes turned to the young man looking over her head, so the suddenly opened door, "comes Lord Mendip himself to receive my congratulations in person." Miss Greatorex leaped to her feet. "Don't, for heaven's sake don't!" she cried in a smothered voice. "It was a lie. I did it to see if I could shake you at all." Lord Mendip smiled forward with a keen old look in his faded eyes, and a much "cooked" expression about his half-deaf old ears. "Congratulations, ah? Who am I to congratulate? I think I heard some thing about congratulations in person." "Yes, Lord Mendip, I want yours." Mr. Markham sighed heavily. "I have just proposed to Miss Greatorex, and she has been good enough to accept me."

DID NOT RECOGNIZE HER.

Some trouble had occurred between the teller of a Pittsburgh bank and his best girl. Both were very proud and high-spirited, and the young lady insisted upon repeating to the teller that he must never again speak to her; that he should never recognize her under any circumstances, and that if he did so she would consider it an insult. The teller was greatly offended. He longed for revenge, and a few days ago he had it. While shopping down town the young lady became short of money. She kept a small amount at an East End bank, but the money was needed at once. So she tripped lightly into the teller's bank, filled out her check for a few dollars, and presented it to her erstwhile escort. "Are you acquainted with any one here?" asked the teller. The young woman, nearly faint. "If not," resumed the teller, "I'm afraid I can't cash your check. No doubt, it is perfectly good, but our bank requires that we know and recognize both the persons and signatures of all those to whom we pay money." The girl between them now can never be bridged.



REVOLVING TURRET FOR COAST DEFENSE.

Several of these revolving turrets, armed with mammoth guns, are to be placed upon Romer shoal, New York harbor, for the defense of the metropolis.

COULD NOT HAPPEN SOUTH.

Unique and unequalled among American newspapers stands the New York Evening Post—unique as the sole paper among the 45,000 or 20,000 published in this country that has sunk all honor, all patriotism, and unequalled in the depths of degradation in which it has wallowed since the first announcement of the disaster to the Maine. Not content with the persistent effort that it has made to prove that the destruction of the Maine was purely accidental, and to decry any possible effort which this country might make to relieve the suffering in Cuba or to defend its own honor, if need be, the Post has now sought to belittle the effort that is being made to build a monument to those who lost their lives when the Maine went down in the harbor of Havana. Probably no higher motive inspired the Post than hatred of the New York Journal, which first suggested this monument, and while the Manufacturers' Record has not by any means always admired the Journal, it would a thousand times prefer to stand before the world responsible for the Journal's Cuban work than to be loaded with the shame of the Post's malicious, degrading course—a disgrace to American journalism and to America itself. Commenting on this movement to build a monument, the Post says: "We ought always to consider what posterity will think of the monuments we erect and what posterity will do to them. We may imagine a future generation coming upon this monument, wherever it may be erected and asking: 'Why lumbereth it the ground?' The answer will be that certain sailors of the United States navy met with an accident, to wit, an explosion, on their ship, and that since it occurred at a time when there was a good deal of talk about war, and a pretty lively sale of extras, and since the accident was an explosion and not a collision or a hurricane, it was deemed advisable to erect a monument to their memory. 'Very innocent intention,' posterity would say in such a case, 'disgraceful rather as being emotion than of sound judgment.' And thereupon, if it happened to be in a place wanted for some other use, it would be thrown down without compunction."

AN ULTIMATUM.

"There is one thing I want distinctly understood," said the only daughter of the household, as she cornered her parents and looked as though she were issuing a proclamation of war. "I want no more interference in my affairs so far as the young men who come here are concerned. I'm old enough to exercise my own judgment and form my own opinions. You are act very much to me as though you thought some young man was trying to marry the whole family, and that it devolves upon you to make a satisfactory selection. You have succeeded in running off two or three for whom I had a special liking, and now I call a halt. That's my ultimatum!" "See here, my young lady," began the father. "But that was as far as the proceeded. He was courteously informed that young men did not call to get his views on the financial question, the chances of a war with Spain or the advantages offered by Michigan for the best sugar industry. They had access to the newspapers and read all the news that it cost millions of dollars to collect. He did not amount to any more than a tin whistle at a band tournament." "Elizabeth, I'll not permit any such talk to your father. I guess we know what is best for you, and we certainly have your welfare at heart. I give you to distinctly understand."

EXPERIMENTS WITH NICOTINE.

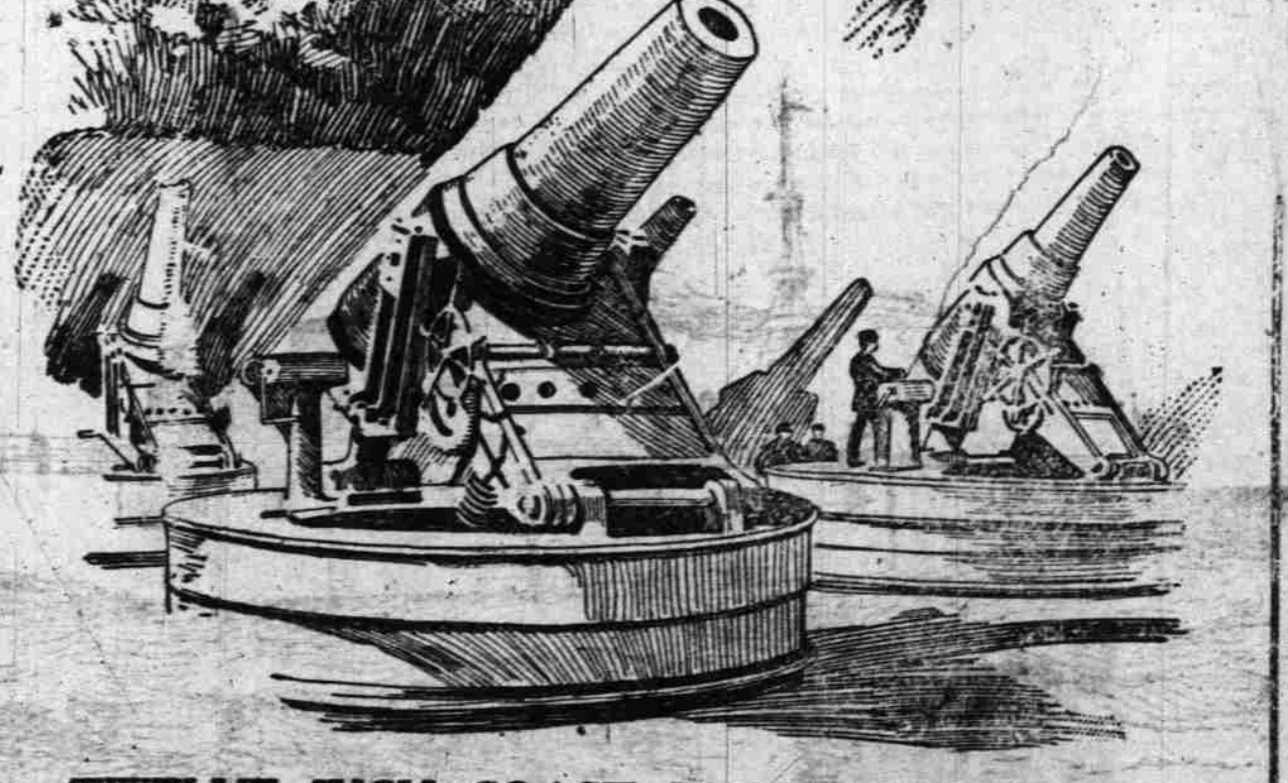
Professor J. U. Lloyd has made a very thorough study of the effect of hooding an insect (the Professor does not smoke), and has devised methods for extracting and using it as a parasiticide in sheep dips, plant sprays, etc. He has sold his right to an Eastern company on a royalty basis, and this company, which has now been operating for some two years in Chicago, has now arranged for the erection of a large factory in St. Louis.—From the American Druggist.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Certainly, no careful observer, either in New England or the country at large, can be blind to the fact that a crucial period is at hand for the New England cotton spinning industry. In the keen and incessant fight for manufacturing supremacy the factory which draw from its immediate environs the supplies of raw material needful for its daily consumption is the one which is best equipped to survive the struggle. This is precisely the situation in the southern states today, as compared with New England. The latter hauls her coal for hundreds of miles, likewise the raw cotton out of which her fabrics are woven. The south, on the other hand, finds its factories surrounded with the cotton fields, and it is but a stone's throw from the coal mines to the furnaces of those factories. Granting these two facts alone, the odds are heavily against New England. But when, in addition, cheaper labor confronts her manufacturers than is possible in the rigorous and changing climate of what are, after all, comparatively sterile states, as contrasted with the productive fields of the south, what shall be said of the outlook? It would seem inevitable that for the lower and medium grades of cotton goods, if not, indeed, for the more expensive as well, the bulk of production must sooner or later swing from New England south of Mason and Dixon's line.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

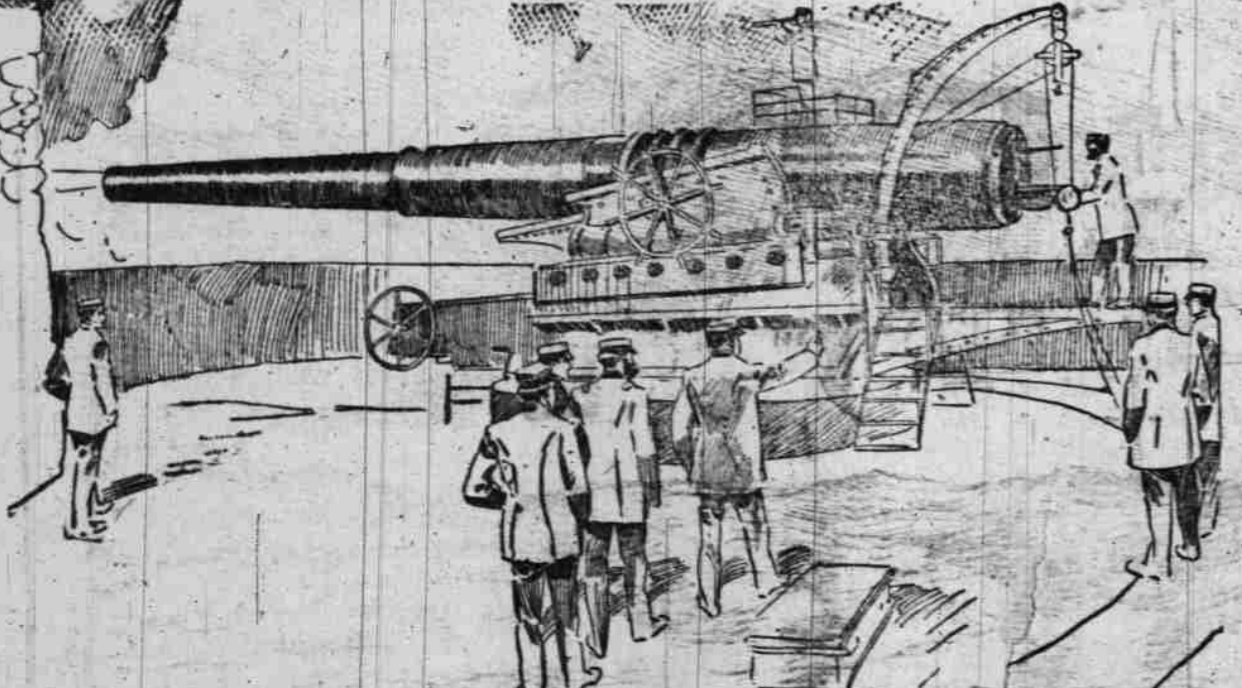
POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The contortionist leads a double life. The notes of a bad singer always go to protest. He laughs best who waits until he gets out of the woods. The man who is entirely satisfied with himself is easily contented. Men may come and men may go, but the gas meter goes on forever. A raffle is bound to be a success if people will only take the chances. About the only good thing some men have is a reputation for being bad. When a man becomes thoroughly contented he has outlived his usefulness. Very few people have weak eyes from looking on the bright side of things. The woman with a baby and the woman without one are always sorry for each other. The gray matter behind the other fellow's brow causes many a man to feel brwv beaten. Take care of your pennies and some one will come along with a scheme to take care of your dollars for you. Time may be money but somehow your friends always appreciate the money you spend with them than the time.—Chicago News.



TWELVE INCH COAST DEFENSE MORTARS.

Sixteen of these powerful 12 inch mortars are now mounted at Sandy Hook, near New York city, and similar batteries are in position at various seaports. They are mounted in deep pits, are invisible to an enemy and are designed to drop tons of projectiles on the deck of an attacking ship.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST GUN.

The first 126 ton gun for coast defense is now being completed. It is of 16 inch caliber and is the largest gun ever made. It will hurl a mammoth projectile nearly 15 miles with telling effect.