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BILLVILLE ON THE RUN.

(A Story of the Coming War.) A soldier of the Legation lay dreaming in Geewhizz; There was never lack of glory for that hero heart of his; But a fair face bent over him, as he snored the time away, And he heard a low voice whisper; "John the gas bill's due today!"

The dreaming soldier faltered as he heard that voice so bland, he said: "Thank heaven, no more I'll see my own-my gas bilf land! Take a message to my creditors, and comfort them with it, For I was born for Glory-for Glory on the Grit!

"Tell my tailors and my grocers as they meet and crowd around To figure up their losses on the old, abandoned ground, That I hit the grit full bravely, and ere the day was done I was fifty miles from Billville-from

Billville on the Run! "Tell my bankers not to weep for me when on my notes they gaze nd find the weather dampened with the dues of thirty days;

But to 'figger' on 'em bravely from morn till set of sun, For I was born at Billville-at Billville on And the calm moon-she rose slowly, and

camly she looked down On the soldier there at Geewhizz, long miles from Billville Town; Yes, calmly o'er his slumbers her journey she begun, As she shone on those who mourned him at Billville on the run!

A MODERN SEA FIGHT.

Its Horrors as Illlustrated in the Chili-Peruvian War.

The following account of a fight bereen two modern naval vessels-the dwo-turret-ship Huascar of Peru and the ironclad Almirante Cochrane of Chili-is taken from "A Famous Sea-Fight" (in the Chili-Peruvian war of 1879), in the April Century, by Claude H. Wetmore:

The drummers and buglers were ordered to sound calls, first for general quarters, then for action; and, stripped to the waist, the guns' crews crowded into the ill-ventilated turret, where they were to toil and sweat at the great pieces in an altmosphere that the sun's fierce rays, already causing the morn- ed back the tube-flap to give his diing to be close and sticky, would make stiffing. Ammunition holds were thrown open, and the long curtains of green felt were slung from the deckbeams above to protect the magazine passages, in order that sparks might not fall among the explosives. A dozen men hurried into the main military top to serve the Gatling gun and rifles there. Rubber cloths were stretched mounted, and twenty men killed. The over the ward-room table, and fastened in such a manner that the blood of the wounded would flow smoothly and be caught in buckets that were placed at The four corners, for there one science would endeavor to save the lives that another science was trying to destroy. the pools of blood to seize hold of the The surgeon and his assistants laid out scalpels, long gleaming knives, and

The stewards hurriedly passed about coffee and bread, and the sailors in the turret ate their morning meal leaning lagainst the already loaded pieces, and those in the top had pails of coffee carried up to them, which they drank while setting their sights. The hinged bulwarks of the little vessel were let down and the smooth water rippled only four feet below the Huascar's deck. The forecastle and main hatches were battened, but the after companionway was left open, for down this passage the zon, took the place, and as he did so he wounded would be taken. Between called through an aperture, telling the ecks were stationed those sailors not geded in service of the guns, where they would be most handy to assist, in the navigation of the ship, the service of ammunition, or to replace the killed. A score of non-combatants were also there. At nine o'clock the Cochrane was within three thousand yards, and Grau, having given al ast glance around, and having signalled the Union to keep out of the enemy's way, entered the conning-tower that was to prove his tomb. Not a shot had as yet been fired. These modern ships, carrying guns that could throw a shell from four to five miles, reserved their fire for closer quarters. Five minutes later Grau gave a command to the officer in the turret, and a shot from one of the Huascar's ten-inch guns whistled over the water. The commander of the Cochrane wished for still closer range, and did not reply until three shots had left the turret of the little ship. Finally the answer came in the shape of a broadside, and a shell dented the Huascar's protective belt just above the water line. A moment later the Gatling guns in the tops of both ships were brought into action, and a leaden hail began to patter, while great projectiles were hurled from the large deck cannon. The rapid-firing pieces of the Chilians were turned upon the Huar's turret apertures, while the one in the military top of the latter vessel | ered beef; for there was no time to use was aimed at the gun-ports of the enwounded, hit by one of these shot. For fifteen minutes not much was accomplished by the great gun-fire, the heavy shot either fell short of the mark or were buried in the armor. By this time, when the ships were within fifteen

again discharged the twin pieces . tAt this stage of the combat victory and red; but even as it did so the commander of the Cochrane saw relief starboard through a peep-hole in the ing over the sides of the military tops. conning-tower, he saw the Blanco Encalada bearing down; while veering hands rushed to sations-perhaps two

hundred yards of each other, a snell

from the Cochrane entered the Huas-

car's turret, exploded and killed twelve

chamber was cleared of the corpses,

the guns were loaded again, and the

car secured an advantage. One of her

a casement on the starboard side of the

Cochrane, exploded on the deck, dis-

mantled a gun, and killed several men.

For a few minuted the enemy was in

such confusion that not a cannon was

fired; and it became almost a panic on

the Cochrane when the Huascar edged

in closer, her sailors cheering as they

seaward, only a few cable-lengths astern of the rapidly approaching ironclad, were the Matias Cousino and the Covadonga, evidently starting off to give chase to the Union, by this time well in the offing, and fitted, because of her superior speed, to take care of herself. Grau therefore turned his attention to his own ship, which indeed

was in sore straits. Seeing aid at hand, the men on the Cochrane had redoubled their efforts, and when the Blanco had ranged along to port the horror of it began, and the engagement resolved itself into a marine carnage; for the Hauscar lay between the two fires, the Cochrane to starboard, the Blanco to port, and both so near that the gunners in the turret of the little ship could see the faces of their adversaries as the latter sighted the pieces on the Chillan boats.

This turret rapidly became so crowded with the bodies of the dead that the steam training-gear of the iron roundhouse was clogged and useless. 'As the men struggled to remove the tumbled corpses of their comrades, blood became smeared over their chests and it mingled with the sweat which dripped as they toiled in quarters that resembled a baking charnel-house, through which filtered steam and smoke, while a nauseous odor rose from the bodies and the heated guns. The sun beat down upon the wild scene through air so calm that after the white smoke had beliched from the guns, it rose in pillars and clung to the mastheads.

From the first of the battle the encouraging voice of Grau had come to the men in the turret through the speaking-tube from the conning-tower; but when the Blanco crowded into the thick of it, and great shot struck the Huascar's sides as regularly as blows of a battering-ram, the orders of the commander were no longer heard. The officer in charge of the turret called to his superior. There was no answer. and when CommanderElias Aguerre ran up the narrow little ladder that led to the tower, he stumbled over the dead body of his admiral. A shell had struck the conning-tower, and had taken off Grau's head as meatly as if the decapitation had been by the guilotime. This shell also killed Lieutenant Ferre, the admiral's aide. There was only time to push the corpses aside, and the new commanding officer pullrections; but as he did so the Huascar staggered, keeled over, then shook in every plate, while a concussion more terrific than any so far told that a shell had enterred the turret and had burst there. When the fumes had cleared away so that a person could speak, a midshipman called out that one of the great guns had been dissurvivors tumbled the bodies through the hatch that opened into the deck below, thus releasing the clogged machinery; and as the corpses rattled down other men rushed up, throwing off their clothing as they jumped into gear and swing the remaining gun into position, that it might train upon one saws. Huge piles of fint were placed of the ships-they could no longer make out which, nor did they care and it was discharged, hauled in, loaded, and discharged again.

Once more all was silent in the conning-tower. Lieutenant Palacios hastened there, but before he could enter he was compelled to push three bodies out of the way. He had barely given his first command when a bullet from the well-aimed rifle of a marine in an enemy's top lodged between his eyes. Then the fourth to command the Huascar that day, Lieutenant Pedro Garequartermaster to put the helm to port; for he had determined to ram one of the adversaries, and sink with her if necessary. Over and over spun the wheel, but the Huascar's head still pointed between the Chilians. "Port! Port, I say!" screamed the

commander. "She won't answer," came back the sullen reply from the only one of four quartermasters alive; the bodies of the others were lying upon the grating at his feet.

"A shot has carried away the starboard steering-gear, sir," reported an ensign; and he dropped dead as the words left his mouth. . The Huascar now lay drifting in a

hell of shot and flame, but all the while the red, white, and red fluttered from the peak. One by one, in twos and in threes, the men in the turret dropped at their posts; and at last the remaing great gun was silent, its tackle literally choked with dead. The turret could not be turned for the same reason. Corpses hung over the military top; corpses clogged the conning tower.

With coats and waistcoats off, the surgeons had been laboring in the ward room upon the wounded, who, shrieking in their agony, had been tumbled down the companionway like so much butchstretchers or to carry a stricken comemy. Many a man dropped, dead or rade to a doctor's care. Steam and smoke filtered through the doorways, and the apartment becoming stifling. While they were sawing, amputating, and bandaging, a shell tore into the ward room, burst, and fragments wounded the assistant surgeons, the chief of the medical staff having been killed earlier in the conflict. Those unfortunates who were stretched upon the men. But the places of the dead were table waiting their turn under the knife quickly taken by men from below, the | and those who lay upon the floor, suffered no more pain; they were killed as they lay groaning. This shell tore action was renewed. Then the Huas- away ward room and stern cabin, and hardly a trace was left of the bulkhead. ten-inch shells forced its way through After that what little surgery was done was performed in the coal bunkers.

Huddled in a passageway near the engine room were a score or more of non-combatants-stewards, pantrymen, stokers. They were in a place that was lighted only as flashes came from the guns; it was filled with powder smoke and clouds of steam that drifted from below told that the Huascar had been struck in a vital spot-her perched for a moment on the red, white machinery. Suddenly they hear a crash, followed by the rending of the deck, and the little iron clad swayed sh Grau had not perceived. In fact, as if she had struck a reef. Some one of that ploughed into the Huas- passed the word that the maintopmast car's side was the first warning the had been shot away. As it came down Peruvian admiral had of assistance it brought living men to be dashed to coming to the Chilians; and, looking to death, also corpses that had been nang-There was a cry of "Fire!" and all

men to a boat's crew, one to a pump gang. "D- the fire!" shouted Lieutenant

Garezon. "Repel boarders!" They were metamorphosed by this order from the fire fighters into warriors again, and formed a line of bleeding men, their clothing in rags, and ranged in company front, stokers elbowing marines, pantrymen levelling rifles in union with midshipmen, awaited the coming of a fleet of the enemy's boats which, crowded with marines, were forcing their way through the water toward the wounded, staggerng Huascar, that lay like a log, motionless.

But the fire raged between the decks, and flames flared up the after companionway; and when the boats had crowded around, like threshers attacking a whale that had been struck to the death, the few survivors were compelled to yield to the force of the numbers, and the Chillians swarmed the ironclad's deck. As they mounted it the red, white, and red, tattered and torn by bullets, still fluttered its rags at the

peak. The victors had barely got control of the flames when word was brought to the officer commanding the boarding party that the prize was sinking. He examined her sides, and as there was no great injury below the water line, he summoned Chief Engineer MacMahon, and accused him of scuttling the ship. The latter laughed defiantly. The officer cocked a revolver, placed it at his head, and threatened to shoot if the man did not tell what he had done. Only then did he admit having opened the sea valves, and the Chillians rushing below, were only able to close them just of the blood stained water lapped the slipper deck.

There is no authentic record of the number slain, but the accounts in Callao were that of 200 men on the Huascar nearly 100 were killed, and of the remainder only half caped without injury. The Peruvian dead were thrown into the sea as the Blanco Encalada took the battered, blood-stained Husacar in tow.

PREMONITIONS OF DEATH.

The first symptom of approaching death with some is the strong presentiment that they are about to die. Ozanam, the mathematician, while in apparent health, rejected pupils from the feeling that he was the eye of resting from his labors, and he expired

soon after of an apoplectic stroke. Fletcher, the divine, had a dream which shadowed out his impending dissolution, and believing it to be the merciful warning of heaven, he sent for a sculptor, and ordered his tomb. "Begin your work forthwith," he said at parting; "there is no time to lose." And unless the artist had obeyed the admonition, death would have proved the quicker workman of the two. "Mozart wrote his requiem under the conviction that the monument he was raising to his genfus would, by the power of association, prove a universal monument to his remains. When life was fleeting very fast, he called for the score, and mustering over it, said, "Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself that I composed that death chant?" Another great artist, in a different department, convinced that his nand was about to lose its cunning, chose a subject emblematical of the coming event. His friends inquired the nature of his coming design, and Hogarth replied, "The end of all things." "In that case," rejoined one "here will be an end of the painter." What was uttered in jest was answered in earnest, with a solemn look and a heavy sigh. "There will," he said, "and the sooner my work is done the better." He commence ed next day, labored upon the drawing with unremitting diligence, and when he had given it the last touch, seized his palette, broke it in pieces, and said "I have finished." The print was published in March, under the title of "Finis," and in October the curious eyes which saw the manners in the face were closed in the duct. Our ancestors. who were prone to look in the air for causes which were to be found upon the earth, attributed these intimations to various supernatural agencies.

John Hunter has solved the mystery, if mystery it can be called, in a single sentence. "We sometimes," he says, "feel within ourselves that we shall not live; for the living powers become weak, and the nerves commun-

icate the intelligence to the brain." His own case has often been quoted among the marvels of which he offered this rational explanation. He intimated, on leaving home that if a discussion which awaited him at the hospital took an angry turn, it would prove his death. A colleague gave him the lie, the coarse word verified the prophecy, and he expired almost immediately in an adjoining room. There was everything to lament in the circumstance; but nothing to wonder at.

Circumstances which at another time would excite the attention are accepted for an omen when health is failing. The order for the requiem with Mozart, the dream with Fletcher, turned the current of their thoughts to the grave. Foote, prior to his departure for the continent, stood contemplating the picture of a brother author, and exclaimed, his eyes full of tears, "Poor Weston!" In the same dejected tone he added, after a pause, "Soon others shall say 'Poor Foote!'" And to the surprise of his friends, a few days proved the justice of his prognostication. The expectation of the event had a share in producing it; for a slight shock completes the destruction of prostrate en-

The case of Wolsey was singular. The morning before he died he asked of Cavendish the hour, and was answered, "Past eight." "Eight of the clock?" replied Wolsey; "that cannot be; eight of the clock-nay, nay, it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock you shall lose your

The day he miscalculated, the hour came true. On the following morning, as the clock struck eight, his troubled spirit passed from life. Cavendish and the bystanders thought he must have had a revelation of the time of his death, and, from the way in which the fact had taken possession of his mind. we suspect that he relied on astrologiical prediction, which had the credit of a revelation in his own esteem .- House-

Debt-An easy thing to run into but hard to walk out of. · Energy-The ability to work given LINCOLN'S PRESENTMENT.

He Told His Friends He Would Die Barly in His Second Term-Visions Which Haunted Him.

Like Napoleon, Abraham Lincoln always believed he was born a man of destiny. He thought he would rise to some lofty station in life, but that he would have a sudden fall. He was pleased, yet alarmed, at what he looked upon as a rent in the veil which hides the fiture from mortal sight, for the vision he saw was one of glory and of blood.

Lincoln's friends never willingly allowed him to dwell in his faith in occult influences, and not until the dark shadow of the anticipated had fallen did they see strange fatality in his recurring visions. The one that most impressed him happened in Springfield in 1860. He was lying on a lounge in his own chamber when, glancing into a mirror that hung near, he saw a double image of himself reflected there. Alt that time Lincoln was in the full glow of health and hope, but in the mirror the face showed a moral paleness. Again and again he tried the experiment, and always with the same ghast-ly result. Afterward he tried it in the executive mansion, but there it failed. He did, not attach so much importance to this vision or illusion until 1864, on the day of his renomination at Baltimore. On that day Lincoln was at the war department in telegraphic communication with General Grant, who was at Richmond. A telegram arrived at the White house informing Lincoln of his renomination as president, but though he went home for hasty lunch he did not stop to read the telegram. On returning to the war department a dispatch was handed to him telling him of the nomination of Andrew Johnson for the vice-presidency. Mr. Lincoln was surprised and

"I thought it was customary to nominate the president first.". On being told of the first telegram e said, mournfully recalling the double image in the mirror: "I'll never live through my second

term. That belongs to Johnson-at least the best part of it." Shortly before his assassination Lincoln hald a strange dream, which he related to his wife and Mr. Lamon, his former law partner.

"I retired late, for I had waited up for important dispatches, and I soon fell into a sight slumber. I dreamed there was a deathlike stillness about me, but still I could hear the subdued sobs of a number of people. I left my room, wen all through the house in my dream, everywhere the same weeping and wa'ling, but I could see nobody. Finally I went into the East Room, and there a saw a coffin with many soldiers as guard. " Who is dead in the White house?

I asked. "'Why, don't you know?' said one of the soldiers, the president has been assassinalted. Then a loud burst of grief came from the crowd, and with that awoke."

Mrs. Lincoln remembered the dream on the fatal night of his death, and cried out:

"His dream was prophetic!" Lincoln had one fortunate dream, which he often dreamed, and which he said was always welcome, as it invariably preceded a great union victory. He said he dreamed it before the battle of Antietam and again before that of Gettysburg and sereval other en gagements. He dreamed that he saw a badly damaged ship sailing away rapidly, while pursuing vessels overtook and demolished the wreck. This

dream always comforted him. When Mr. Lincoln would be called to task by his friends for his belief in dreams he would invariably quote the Bible for his authority. After his most important dream he said:

"In the morning when I took my Bible the first chapter I opened at was the twenty-eighth of Genesis, relating Jacob's wonderful dream. I looked through the Bible and everywhere I seemed to find the same lesson. Sixteen chapters in the New Testament that reveal God's meaning in dreams.' His former partner, Mr. Lamon, says:

"The more intense the light which is poured on what may be Mr. Lincoln's weakest point the greater and grander will his character appear."-M. L. Rayne in Chicago Times-Herald.

NAVAL ENLISTMENT SLOW.

(Springfleld Union.) The navy cepartment is having great difficulty in enlisting suitable men for its war vessels. This is not because seamen are lackin in courage or patriot ism, but rather because service in the navy is not particularly attractive, and the number of trained sailors is small, For about a fortnight efforts have been made to enlist seamen, but the number procured is not so near so great as naval officers had anticipated. The pay of the seamen is not high, but it is reis the fact that a sailor cannot advance above a petty officer. This has been a drawback to the naval service for years, and was largely responsible for the great number of unnaturalized men in our navysa few years back. Good, stout, and earnest American boys are not anxious to go on war vessels in times of peace, unless they have an opportunity to advance themselves. In wartime, pagriotism will furnish a plen tiful supply of men, but skilled sailors are at discount. A naval recruit cannot learn his tluties in as short time as he might in the days of wooden ships. Now the vessels are filled with complicated machinery and guns, and a high grade of intelligence is required to work them. Skilled mechanics are really needed on the warships nowadays, but such men will find little inducement to enlist until they know that they can rise above seamen or petty officers. Until the service is made more attractive and offers more inducement, it will lack in the best character of seamen. As the Philadelphia Press says, the navy must "Open the way for promotion." Prejudice against the man who was not graduated at Annapolis must not be per mitted to interfere with the good of the service.

Marriage-Sometimes a success sometimes a failure, but usually a comto otherwise perfectly harmless bodies. promise, Chicago News.

HAS ANDREE BEEN HEARD FROM

(Philadelphia Record.)

From British Columbia comes the strange news that one "Jack" Carr, a former mail carrier in Alaska, has arrived at Departure Bay, on the Canadian western coast line, with advices from Andree, the missing Arctic explorer. This bearer of eventful tidings has come, moreover, according to current account, from St. Michaels, at the mouth of the frozen Yukon River, by way of Dawson City, 1,600 miles up the the great stream.

environment could have come into possession of information in regard to an Arctic balloon voyager who was lost with his two companions nearly nine months ago, is a mystery scarcely less profound than the real secret of Andree's fate.

A MAN WHO WANTED TO GO THE POLE, TALKS.

Chicaga, Ill., April 5.—Evyln B. Baldwin, who visited the Andree balloon station in Spitzbergen, and who volunteered to accompany the daring aronaut on his voyage to the North Pole, but could not on account of the limited capacity of the balloon car, was interviewed this afternoon regarding the bulletin from Victoria, B. C. Mr. Baldwin said:

"While I can scarcely believe the report to be true-it seems too good to be true-I realize that it is not impossible that Andree may have arrived in Alaska, for to accomplish that feat was his most ardent desire. That he could have done so by this time, provided his balloon carried him for enough eastward, say to some point on the sea ice north of Alaska, is proven by the safe arrival of a captain of one of the whaling vessels fast in the ice off the north coast of Alaska after a six months' journey southward.

EXPECTED TO HEAR FROM HIM. Andree may have arrived at some point in the Tehookchee peninsula, off Northeaster Siberia, last autumn, as Baron Nordenskjold believed he would, and as Andree himself thought he might, and thence made his way across. Behring Strait to Alaska. Personally I have held that Andree would most likely be heard from in Franz Josef Land, and had about completed arrangements to assist in the search for him in that region, my plans being to

start next month. "I received a letter this morning from Capain Ernest Andree, of Sweden (a brother of the aeronaut), and the captain expressed his belief in his brother's return and that the world would hear from him not later than next Au-

ANDREE'S HEROIC EFFORT. Andree sailed away in his big balloon from Spitzbergen, Norway, on July 11, 1897, with two companions, Dr. Strumdberger and Dr. Fraenkil.

Just before he sailed he dictated a

message to the Copenhagen (Denmark) Aftonblattet, in which he said: "We shall probably be carried in a northeasterly direction." He had figured out his probable course to a nicety. He had about 700 miles to go to reach the pole and about 1,200 miles more before he would be where it would be advisable to land. His balloon left Spitzbergen, going at the rate of 22 miles an hour, which would mean his arrival at the pole in 32 hours of about 10 oclock Monday night, July 12th. This would not interfere with observations, however, as there is no night at the pole just alt his time of the year, so that the explorer had daylight.

He said himself as to his time: "We shall be three weeks or even more. I would rather not do it so quick because of our observations.'

In the beginning of July, two years ago, Nansen's Fram had in the polar basin the identical winds with which Andree left Spitzbergen. Dr. Nansen also confirmed another important fact for Andree, and that was that there are no highlands up to the 86th degree of latitude, so the explorers will not have to consume any great amount of gas to lift them over any mountain

The explorers had decided that they would go in one of four directions. First. That the balloon will land in Siberia in about latitude 70 north and lognitude 135 east.

Second. It may land on the Samogedan Peninsula, in latitude 70 horth, longitude 70 east. This is in the vicinity of the Gulf of Obi, in the northeastern part of Russia.

Third. It may land in the vicinity of Point Barrow, Alaska, in latitude 70 north and longitude 155 west, where there is a United States government station. Point Barrow is about 600 miles northwest of the new Klondike gold regions, and about the same distance from the mouth of the Yukon River or about 500 miles from Bering Strait. It is almost opposite to Spitz-

This direction is what Andree characterized, in his address before the Society of Anthropology and Geograhy, in Stockholm, Sweden, on March 20, 1897, as "the desired way." He gave his reasons in substance as follows:

"This part of the world is not now so nearly desolate and uninhabited as it was when the Franklin expedition perished. Ever since 1889 American vessels have been stationed about the hunting purposes and twelve to fifteen mouth of the Mackenzie River for ships pass the winter there with 400 or 500 persons aboard. Along the coast of Alaska are to be found more or less civilized Indians and Esquimaux. In the interior of Alaska ther are a great number of gold diggers."

Andree had a fourth possible route, viz: That the balloon may land in British North America in latitude 67 north, longitude 100 west, which is in the vicinity of Melville sound.

Landing at the points at an angle to the pole would not necessarily mean that Andree did not cross the pole because the topographical and astronomical charts of the Arctic show that he might be carried from Spitzbergen across the pole and landed in British America because the winds blow in a circle much after the fashion of the gulf stream of the Atlantic ocean.

Experience-The strongest wheel in the wheel of fortune.

It is a wise child that knows enough to keep its face straight when its father is learning to ride a wheel,

SPAIN'S NAVAL STRENGTH.

An interesting compilation of the na-

(Washington Star.)

val strength available for Spain in calle of war has been issued by Colonel Wagner, chief of the military information division of the war department. It shows the total number of ships, inchiding those now building, and such merchant vessels as may be impressed in o service by Spain, to be over 100. The compilation, however, does not include coast-defence 'vessels proper, ice-locked and impenetrable channel of . nor a number of small special craft emplayed by the Spanish government in How a single individual in such an special waters or under special circumstances. There are eleven armored ships of an aggregate tonnage of over 81,000, all of which, except three, have a speed of 20 knots or more. There are thirty-eight cruising ships, which include cruisers proper, gunboats, torpedo gunboats, gun vessels, dispatch vessels and sloops of war. All except eight of these are of less than 3,000 tons. About two-thirds are of less than 1,200 tons. None of the cruising ships has any armor, except two or three, which have a slight deck protection. Thirteen of them have a speed above 18 knots. There are three gun vessels and four gunboats designed for service in Cuban waters." They are of light tonnage and armament. There are also eighteen small, steel inboats for service in Cuba, carrying each one 6-pounder Maxim-Nordenfeldt rapid-fire and one 1-pounder Maxim-Nordenfeldt automatic gun. In the torpedo-boat-destroyer class there are six vessels with a speed of 28 knots or over. There are sixteen torpedo boats of light tonnage and a speed of ranging from 8to 25 1-2 knots per hour. The ships building include the following: Battleship, unnamed, 12,000 tons, designed to make 19 knots; an armored cruiser, unnamed, 10,500 'tons, 21 knots; two protected cruiss-the Reina Regente of 5,372 tons and the Rio de la Plata of 1.775 tonseach of 20 knots; the armored cruiser Ledro d'Aragan, 6,840 tons, 20 knots; torpedo gunboat Velos, 750 tons, of knots speed, and torpedo gunboats, he number of which is not given. Chirteen vessels of the Compania Trans-Atlantica, of Cadiz, are designated as being available for arming as cruisers. They average from 3,084 to 6932 gross tons each, and have a speed of from 13 1-2 to 17 knots.

## THE LAST GREAT AUK.

Dr. Kenneth Campbell, Oban, has been telling the story of the last living Great Auk. It seems about fify years ago a strange bird was seen one day on St. Kilda. It was agreed to try and fatch it, as, though it had an enormous heak, it seemed to have very small wings. Several of the natives, who were adepts at bird-stalking, managd to get so near the srange monster that they threw themselves on the bird, an , afer a severe struggle, were successful in capturing it alive. When the huge bird was taken o he ownship, The island parliament" was assembled to deliberate on the strange visitor, and t was agreed to tie its legs securely with strong cords, and to tether it for the night to a stout pin fixed in the ground near the houses, and to decide its fate the next day.

On the morrow the Parliament was called very early, as the bird had made such hideous noises during the night that hardly anybody could sleep. The bird, was undoubtedly considered an evil emissary. After serious consideraion the verdict was given to have the ile bird stoned to death, and the sencence was at once carried out. Montha fiter this, when communications were again opened with St. Kilda, and the natives minutely detailed the points of this awesome bird to a visitor, they were informed that if they had kept ven the carcass it would have brought them £300 on 400. Then their chagrin yas beyond expression, and some of them began to search for some of the fones of the innocent and valuable victime.—Westminster Gazette.

HOUSEHOLD SAVED BY A DOGI

Here is The Spectator's latest dog story:

"Zulu," who sleeps in the basement of a large house in a fashionable quarer of one of our largest cities, was early one Sunday morning lately roused by an outbreak of fire, which had apyarently been smouldering for some time between the floor of the diningsoom and ceiling of the room below. He, after repeatedly scratching at the bed-room door of one of the servants, succeeded in waking her. Thinking the dog must be unwell, she let him into her room, and got into bed, but was not allowed to sleep, as "Zulu," sitting close by her bedside, kept "talking" to her (as she describes it) so vigorously hat she suspected something must be wrong. On getting up the dog appeard so delighted that she followed him out of the room, and on looking into one of the rooms, discovered the celling burning. Upon rousing the owner ho immediately had the ire alarm rung (which was fortunatey close at hand), "Zulu," seeming to smow he had done his duty, rushed up stairs to his mistress and left the nouse with the children, evidently sat-sfied that he had fulfilled his part. On the fire brigade's arrival it was found that the fire had taken serious hold. The timely action of the dog, however, saved the dwelling, and the Aliance Insurance Company, with whom the premises were insured, have awarded a silver medal to "Zulu." We hope it will not disturb any Russophobe's enjoyment of this story to learn that

DEVIOUS DEFINITIONS.

Daily News.

Millionaire One man in a million. Coupon-The veal cutlet of the golden calf. Heat-The tailor that makes the

"Zulu" is a Russian poodle.-London

pants of a dog. Fable-An open-faced lie with a moral attachment. Diamonds-The gems of thought most peculiar to women.

Monopolist-A man who tries to get monopoly on monopolizing. Egotist-A man who can't disguise the interest he feels in himself. Hypocrite-A man who prays for

something he isn't willing to work for.