

## TORPEDO BOATS.

How They Compare with Armed and Unarmed Cruisers.

It is remarkable that our country, while taking up with so much energy during the last half dozen years the construction of armored and unarmed cruisers, has done so little in torpedo warfare, says a New York paper. Certainly it is not the expense that stands in the way, since for a single 7,500-ton armored cruiser Congress has allowed a cost of \$3,500,000, exclusive of guns, while for the first-class torpedo boat now built by the Herreshoffs they are only to receive, outside of premiums, \$82,750. More than forty torpedo boats can be built for the price of one medium armor-clad. Nor can it be said that this is too new and experimental a class of construction. Examples of it are found by the hundreds in the navies of Europe. But so many drawbacks have been suggested in the employment of torpedo boats that even in our country, where the defense of harbors is of primary importance in the naval programme, there has been much reluctance to go into the manufacture of torpedo boats on any large scale.

The lightness of these boats, which is unavoidable in order to give them their high speed, tends to make them structurally weak, and on several occasions they have proved unable to weather heavy gales without injury. Again, the appliances which have been devised for neutralizing their destructive powers have been made very efficient. Steel nettings are applied to armor-clads for protection against torpedoes. Electric search lights have greatly diminished the dread of night attacks on which these boats largely relied. Revolving cannon and rapid-fire guns are able to riddle them before they can approach sufficiently near to discharge their missiles. Fast vessels have been specifically designed as torpedo-boat catchers. These circumstances tend to diminish in our country the reliance placed upon torpedo warfare. In addition, two influences have had special weight. One is the development of the pneumatic torpedo vessel, essentially an American invention, which aims to project through the air torpedoes much heavier than those carried through the water, and with greater accuracy of aim. The attention paid to this device has undoubtedly detracted from the interest which would otherwise have been felt in ordinary torpedo boats. A like influence has been exerted by the hopes entertained of the submarine torpedo boat, which has also received a large share of attention in this country. There could be no comparison in effectiveness between a surface and a submarine boat for torpedo warfare, if the latter could be relied upon. It is now said that Spain is thoroughly satisfied with her recent experiments with submarine boats, and will begin to construct them for regular naval use. Should this prove true, they will attract renewed attention from our Government.

## Abolish Mourning Clothes.

Much might be done toward abolishing the custom of mourning by means of arbitrary methods of clothing if people, when making their wills, would add a few words to the effect that they wished their relatives to make no change in their dress, writes Lady Habberton in the *Woman's World*. It is quite impossible to believe that any one can derive pleasure from the thought that his or her death will entail a certain amount of discomfort on their dearest friends. True grief would also be more fittingly shown by people going about in their quiet, everyday garments than by suddenly budding out in fresh dresses. This would also have the advantage of doing away with the absurdity of seeing people who, though relations in blood, are, in reality, strangers, pretending to be distressed by the demise of relatives they have either never seen or at least not known, in the common acceptance of the term. Why a pretense of mourning, under these circumstances, is considered so peculiarly gratifying and consolatory to the immediate family is one of those things that must forever remain a mystery; and though there is every reason why those who have lost one who is dear to them should be left in peace until time has somewhat deadened the pain of grief, there is no reason why a system should be upheld which practically sacrifices the living to the dead.

## Belgium's Hatless Monarch.

Leopold, King of the Belgians, is a sworn foe of tobacco and an ardent supporter of the Belgian Anti-tobacco League. He is, as well, a man of "simple and severe way of life." He rises early, breakfasts sparingly, and—a rare thing on the Continent—takes his morning tub with all an Englishman's fervor. His wide sympathies embrace vegetarianism in their scope, and his most notable passion, perhaps, is for going about without a hat. Whenever the weather is suitable, King Leopold goes abroad in his garden as hatless as Adam, exulting in his freedom from the conventionalities of a head-piece. He has some strange craze about the wind's action on the brain, and he puts his craze in practice whenever possible. In fact, eccentricity of the intelligent kind marked him for her own. He is a linguist of rare acquisitions, and is always deep in the study of some new language or other. Music is one of his aversions, but the sister art of painting finds in him an appreciative and enthusiastic amateur. His face is strong and intelligent, without being handsome, and a

beard of appropriately regal length sweeps his chest.—*London Court Journal*.

## Wanted Tony.

A man on horseback rode up to a cabin in the backwoods of Mississippi. An old fellow, with an amusing squint in his eyes, came out and, bidding the visitor good morning, seated himself on a stump.

"How long have you lived here?" the stranger asked.

"Let me see, now. Bill had the swamp fever in August—I think it was August, but it must have been later; Sal ran away and married a constable in October—must have been in October, but still I ain't prepared to bet on it; Bob had dew pines in November—some of the neighbors low it was later, but I am willin' to bet on that; wife she up and dies in December, but I ain't right shore about the time, still I know that the yaller steer was killed by a fallin' tree in November, an' it strikes me that wife she died after that. Now, let me see. I've been livin' here about three years."

"You have a peculiar method of reckoning time."

"Yes, but I had to make some sort of shift after I lost my almanick."

"Do you know of a man named Tony Beers?"

"Beers? Let me see. Believe I do—yes, I know I do."

"Where does he live?"

"Well, you take this road, go about five miles and come to a gum spring. Then you turn to the right, go about two miles and come to the river; cross over, and keep on the right till you come to an old log house. It used to be a church, but it's still-house now. Then you take the left-hand road and that leads you right to Tony's house. Is he a friend of yours?"

"No," the traveler answered. "What sort of a man is he?"

"Oh, he's a putty stirrin' feller."

"Is he quarrelsome?"

"No; can't say that he is in particular."

"Will he fight—that is, would you term him a desperate man?"

"Don't believe I would say he is desperate."

"Do you suppose he would shoot rather than submit to arrest?"

"Don't think he would. I had a difficulty with him once and he didn't try to shoot me."

"You don't like him very well if you had a difficulty with him, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, then, I'll tell you my business with him. He stole a very fine horse in Texas some time ago and he is wanted in that State."

"You don't say so! I ain't surprised, though. The reason I didn't appear to know much about him when you first asked was because I was afraid you was a friend of his. Stole a hoss, hah? Well, you can jest slip over there and nab him as easy as slippin' off a sycamore log. I'd go and help you but I ain't got nothing to ride."

"I wish you could. I suppose, though, that I can make inquiry along the way?"

"I wouldn't do that, for he's got a good many kin folks scattered along and they mout drop on you."

"You are doubtless right; I am glad you cautioned me."

When the stranger had gone the old fellow got off the stump, and, taking up a bridle, said: "Mr. Tony Beers, you've got to do some riding now on that fine hoss from Texas. That chump will have a nice wild goose chase while I am getting out of the country in another direction. It's a good thing for some of us that every man wasn't born smart."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

## Breakfasts and Luncheons.

At no season of the year does it require greater ingenuity and culinary judgment on the part of the housekeeper to provide inviting, relishable meals for her family, than in summer and early fall.

Avoid monotony in the bill of fare. Fruit should be served at each meal.

The following makes a very good breakfast: oranges, poached eggs, with white sauce, dry toast, cold sliced roast veal, lamb garnished with parsley, crisp white lettuce, oat meal, cream, sugar, breakfast cakes, and clear, fragrant coffee.

Or another equally good bill of fare is fried chicken garnished with fried mush, baked potatoes, jelly-cranberry, or currant, oat meal muffins, sliced tomatoes, muskmelon, rolls, coffee, etc.

For luncheon it is frequently deemed necessary by the prudent housekeeper to utilize the meat and vegetables left over from the previous dinner, and if care is taken in cooking and seasoning, very tempting dishes may be evolved.

Meat, toast, potato puff, variety salad—made by using two or more kinds of vegetables into a salad bowl and pouring over all a simple dressing of three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two of salad oil, seasoning with salt, pepper, and a little dry mustard.

With fruit and good tea, coffee, and chocolate, this will make an inexpensive and palatable luncheon.

Cold meat may be converted into a number of appetizing dishes, and the same is true of vegetables.—*St. Louis Magazine*.

FROZEN MILK, it is asserted, may be kept in a fresh state indefinitely, and many steamers sailing on distant voyages are now provided with steam refrigerators, in which milk and other foods may readily be preserved for any length of time.

POWER obtained from a fall of water a mile distant is to be used for lighting the tower of Segorbe in Spain.

## The Grand Prerequisite of Vigor.

The dual operation of digestion and assimilation is the grand prerequisite of vigor. To insure the conversion of food into rich nutritious blood, it is only necessary to use with persistence and systematically Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The fountain head of supply in the animal economy is the stomach. To regulate, to invigorate that organ, and thus facilitate its digestive and assimilative processes, should be the chief aim of those troubled with a deficit of stamina. Nervousness, insomnia, feeble appetite—these are usually traceable to impaired digestion. Overcome this and you of necessity dismiss its multifarious, perplexing and harassing symptoms. The Bitters can easily hope to gain fresh so long as assimilation is imperfect. The Bitters surmounts the only obstacle to increase not only of vigor but of bodily substance. Conquer also with the Bitters malaria, kidney and liver complaint, constipation and rheumatic trouble. Thoroughness characterizes its effects.

## A Fresh Wonder.

Gentleman in Bank—I wish to open a little savings account with this institution, if you please.

Receiving Teller—Yes, sir; just inscribe your name and address in this book. That's right, sir. Now, please give me your age and occupation.

Gentleman—My age is thirty-three; occupation, editor.

Bystander (grasping friend for support)—Editor! He said editor, didn't he, Squibbs?

Squibbs (somewhat dazed)—That's what he did, Spreadit. Who ever heard of an editor depositing money in the bank! I tell you, old man, this is something remarkable, isn't it, now?

Spreadit—Eet tees, eet tees! Will wonders never cease? Squibbs, old chap, this knocks the proverbial-impunity-of-the-editorial-profession theory off the stoop, doesn't it, now?

Squibbs—It does, for a dead moral. I tell you, chumby, we are favored of the gods to behold this fresh wonder. Let us take heart, for who can say that we, also, may not, at some day in the dim, distant future be able to put some greens to soak.—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

## "Mamma's Giltin Better."

There is gladness in the household; The shadow fades away; That darkened all the sunshine Of many a summer day.

"O, mamma's getting better." The happy children cry. And the light of hope shines bright again In the loving husband's eye.

In thousands of homes women are "sick unto death" with the terrible diseases so common to their sex, and it would seem as if all the happiness had gone out of life and the household in consequence. For when the wife and mother suffers with her, this ought not to be, and it need not be, for never-failing remedy for woman's ailments is at hand. Many a home has been made happy because the shadow of disease has been banished from it by the potent power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the unfailing remedy for all weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women.

\$500 REWARD for an incurable case of Catarrh by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

## Posted.

Mrs. LaMode—"Is my bathing suit ready?"

Marie—"Oh, madame, I cannot find ze suit anywhere."

Mrs. LaMode—"Not find it? Oh, what shall I do?" (Weeps.)

Marie (entering soon after)—"Oh, madame, let us be joyful. I pick up zis postage stamp from ze desk and I find ze bathsuit sticking to ze back."—*Judge*.

MANY industries having been established in the South, particularly at the rapidly growing city of Florence, Ala., the Chicago and Eastern Illinois (Evansville Route) has decided to run five personally conducted excursion trains as follows: August 6 and 20, Sept. 10 and 24, and Oct. 8. All the railroads in the Northwest have agreed to sell for those dates excursion tickets to points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana at one lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good returning thirty days. Persons desiring to join these excursions can obtain full particulars by writing to J. B. Morrell, Traveling Agent C. & E. I. R., 501 First National Bank Building, Chicago, or to William Hill, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

FROM the general appearance of the vegetation, together with a discussion of the origin and relations of the flora, it is concluded by eminent botanists that Greenland is not a European province from the point of view of botanical geography, but has nearer relations to America.

THE Insect House of the Zoological Society of London is said to be the only place where an attempt is made to attract public attention to the various and wonderful groups of the insect family.

EXPERIMENTS made on the dog and rabbit show generally that the quantity of water is less in the venous than in the arterial blood.

If you wish to do the easiest and quickest week's washing you ever did, try Bobbins' Electric Soap next washday. Follow the directions. Ask your grocer for it. Been on the market 24 years. Take no other.

HUSBAND: "Wife, Dr. Smith, the chiropodist, will dine with us to-day. Wife: "All right; I'll order corned beef."—*Town Topics*.

A POCKET CIGAR CASE and five of "Tannin's Punch," all for 25¢.

A BROOKLYN man calls his wife "Phonograph," because she stores up everything he says and repeats it afterward.

## Why Don't

You take Hood's Sarsaparilla, if you have impure blood, have lost your appetite, have that tired feeling, or are troubled by sick headache, dyspepsia, or biliousness? It has accomplished wonders for thousands of afflicted people, and, if given a fair trial, is reasonably certain to do you good.

"I have been troubled a great deal with headache, had no appetite, no strength, and felt as mean as any one could be about my work. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have not had the headache, my food has relished, and seemed to do me good, and I have felt myself growing stronger every day." M. A. STEINMAN, 19 Grand Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO. Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

## They Were Frank.

A shuffling fellow, meeting a well-dressed man, stopped him and said:

"Your face encourages me to be frank."

"That so?"

"Yes, and I am going to be very frank with you. I drank too much last night."

"I'll be equally frank with you. So did I drink too much last night."

"I thank you," said the shuffling fellow, "for your encouragement, but I am forced to make another statement. I want enough money to get a drink."

"Ah, you encourage me to make a statement equally frank. I won't give it to you."

"Well, then, good-by. Wait a moment. We have been frank, haven't we?"

"Yes."

"That's encouraging, anyway, and I am led to believe that the world is improving. Again, farewell."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

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occupation, editor.

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