

NAVAL PUNISHMENT.

BARBAROUS PENALTIES INFLICTED UPON BRITISH TARPS.

Refractory or Thoughtless "Sea Dogs" Are Subjected to Discipline of the Most Rigid Kind.

Naval officers do not always mete out to the men the punishments laid down in the king's regulations. They frequently adopt punishments of their own invention which prove most effective in preventing the recurrence of offenses. These punishments are often of a very curious nature.

It is an everyday occurrence to see half a dozen sailors lined up on deck facing the paint work, their hammocks on their shoulders and their faces presenting a most woeful picture. For the punishment is not so trivial as it appears, says London Tit Bits. The hammock is not very heavy, it is heavy, but after an hour or so it drags on one's shoulder like lead. Besides it is far from pleasant to stare fixedly at a square foot of gray painted woodwork for 60 minutes at a stretch. Jack would much prefer to do a few days "Tan A" or to have his leave "kibbled."

Spitting upon the deck of a man-of-war is strictly prohibited. As soon as the bugler has sounded the "Stand Fast" spittoons are placed at intervals along the deck for the use of the sailors, and were betide the tar who ignores the presence of these tubs and expectorates about the spotless deck. On many vessels a wide belt is kept, and this the man who departs from the regulations is compelled to wear upon his person, and is thus subjected to the ridicule of his shipmates. He is given an opportunity of retrieving his character, however. He is permitted to walk the deck with the other men, and should he spot a sailor committing a like offense he at once presents him with the hated belt and the new victim has to undergo a similar ordeal.

Some officers adopt more drastic measures. If Jack is detected excreting anywhere but in the receptacles provided a "split-kilt" is strapped to his chest, and any man who cares to do so may make use of this curious walking receptacle. As may be supposed, this humiliating punishment effectively prevents the men from violating the regulations.

Were a civilian given two large wooden buckets, one empty and the other full of water, and told to baste the liquid from the full tub into the empty vessel with a small spoon, he would consider the order to be that of a madman, or a revival of ancient tortures. Yet this punishment has on several occasions been meted out to refractory "sea dogs." Nothing is more amusing than to see a weather-beaten sailor carefully basting out spoonful after spoonful of water, and as carefully depositing the fluid in a large bucket at his side.

A punishment frequently employed is that of setting the defaulter to walk slowly backward and forward along the deck, nursing in his arms a six-inch projectile (weighing a little over 100 pounds). After a quarter of an hour or so this beneficial "exercise" the unhappy victim is glad to drop the load and rub his aching limbs. At the same time he probably makes a solemn mental resolve never to repeat the offense for which he has been "sawred" this dire penance.

An old naval captain—one of the old school—was at one time sadly addicted to stammering. He could not utter a simple sentence without a great amount of spluttering and hesitation. This was one day too much for an intrepid sailor, who was receiving an order from the captain in that official's usual halting manner, and he unfortunately burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. This much laugh he bitterly repented. Capt. was a disciple of the homeopathic system. Making Jack stand upon the fore-bridge, in full view of the entire ship's crew, the officer surrounded his victim to laugh continuously for an hour and a half. This he was compelled to do, though the painful expression of his weather-beaten, sunburnt visage denoted anything but a happy and contented frame of mind.

Whistling in forbidden parts of the ship has often been punished in a similar manner. The offender has been obliged to whistle his loudest, under the eagle eye of the commander, until poor Jack's lips have become so parched and cracked that he could not produce another note.

Pot-Hunters in Australia.

A fearful destruction of animal and bird life has been going on in Australia during recent years. From a number of places come reports of the ruthless manner in which the black swans are being exterminated. They are said to be shot down in dozens by pot-hunters, who frequently leave the birds maimed and wounded. Western Australia was originally known as the "Swan River Settlement." All the early issues of stamps in that colony had a graceful black swan floating in their centerpiece.

New Style Freight Ship.

Of the very latest type of freight carriers is the British ship Bellerophon built without masts, instead of which she has four pillars, two foremost fore and aft, for derricks. The hold is made especially to accommodate heavy machinery and other bulky cargoes for the China and Japan trade. Twenty-six winches and derricks can be worked from the deck.

DEGREE IN 14 YEARS.

STUDENT WINS DIPLOMA AFTER LONG TOIL.

University Honors Awarded to Chicago Man—Works as Messenger, Paper Carrier, Lamp-lighter and Porter.

Chicago.—One of the 125 degrees which were conferred by the University of Chicago at its fifty-eighth convocation went to Abraham Bowers, who has toiled and studied and struggled through 14 long years to secure his coveted sheepskin.

Bowers was the first student to enter the University of Chicago, matriculating on August 29, 1892. For six years he pursued his studies while he helped build the campus, worked at the World's Columbian exposition, carried newspapers, lighted street lamps, acted as postman and messenger, scrubbed floors, did janitor work, earned a day laborer's wages in the city parks, clerked, guided boats over the chutes, waited on tables, ran boarding clubs, and taught night school to gain a mere subsistence.

In 1897 he married, and soon afterward found the needs of family life so exacting that he gave up his studies and went to work in a printing office. Two years later he secured a position as teacher in an Indiana country school. So diligently did he apply himself that in three years he was superintendent of schools in Colfax, Ind., and later in Sheridan. Not once did he give up his cherished ambition of securing a diploma, and during all these years he was taking work through the correspondence school to secure a few more major credits in the university. Last summer he returned to Chicago to renew his student days, and with money earned as school-teacher he furnished a home and began renting out rooms to support his family, for he now has three children. And now at last, at the age of 37, Abraham Bowers is to secure the title of bachelor of philosophy.

FINDS A FAMINE REMEDY.

Chemist Makes the First Analysis of Great Source of All Muscular Strength.

Berlin.—The German press discusses important and startling investigations by Prof. Emil Fischer, of Berlin.

It is contended that the principal nourishment required by the human body for its maintenance is albumen, according to the renowned professor of physiology, Pfeiffer, the source of all muscular strength. For this reason it has at all times been the endeavor of our learned men to obtain more knowledge of this important ingredient of our daily food.

It will now all such efforts have been in vain, but it was recognized that were it possible to make artificial albumen, a complete change in the present system of nourishing the human body would be brought about and would render the now so necessary meat foods to a great extent unnecessary.

Prof. Fischer, director of the leading chemical institution, the Berlin university, has gained the credit of having accomplished the first analysis of natural albumen. He has established the composition of the various ingredients, some of which he has succeeded in producing artificially. The substance thus obtained he has called "polypeptide," and it is said to possess a large number of the properties characteristic of natural albumen.

HER EYES ARE LIKE X-RAYS

Woman Claims to Look Into Interior of Body and Detect Ills—Scientists Disagree.

St. Quentin, France.—Whether Miss Barre possesses a pair of X-ray eyes which can dispense with any ordinary or extraordinary formalities and see through the flesh and take a peep into the inner regions of the body is the question on which scientists disagree.

Louise Barre insists that her remarkable gift is superinduced by hypnotism. She claims that when mesmerized she can see into the human frame and diagnose illness of any kind. But she does not stop at the mere naming or locating of the malady. She very properly follows it up with a prescription for the cure of the disease. This is written and signed "Dr. Hamand."

The mode of procedure is original. Her father puts Louise under the influence. She then takes the patient's hand, with the results already said. She is being prosecuted for illegally practicing medicine.

WHO RANG LIBERTY BELL?

Monument to Mark Grave of Bell Ringer of July 8, 1776—Burial Place Long a Mystery.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The Daughters of the American Revolution have decided that the grave of the man who rang the Liberty bell when it announced to the world the signing of the Declaration of Independence, shall no longer remain without a fitting monument. Philadelphia chapter, at its meeting in the church house, decided to erect such a monument over the obscure grave of William Hurry, who tugged at the rope on July 8, 1776, when the bell above proclaimed liberty throughout the land.

For many years no one knew where the ringer of the bell had been buried. About a year ago the sexton of Pine Street Presbyterian church, in poking about among the old graves in the church yard, found a dilapidated stone, half buried and covered with moss. He soon uncovered the inscription, and found that he had discovered the long-sought-for grave of William Hurry.

The grave has been cared for since that time, but the old stone is slowly crumbling away. The ladies of Philadelphia chapter, D. A. R., took the matter in hand. At the meeting a resolution that the chapter procure and cause to be erected over the grave of William Hurry a suitable monument was passed unanimously. Hurry died October 22, 1871, at the age of 60, and for 100 years his name was forgotten.

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Inmate of Poorhouse Declared to Be Daniel Flynn—Has Wealthy Relatives.

Terre Haute, Ind.—A year ago the story of "the man without a country" was printed everywhere, and the closing statement that finally the comedy of which Terre Haute is the seat had accepted him and sent him to the poor farm to rest the remainder of his days, was thought to be the last publicity of this old fellow, past 85 years. He said he had no kin and no friends; that he had been passed along by county and township authorities for several years; that he could not work for a living, and wanted some place to die in peace.

Clarence C. Shipp, of Indianapolis, had given him a home. Shipp says that the old man is Daniel Flynn, who was a prosperous contractor for the Missouri, Kansas & Texas road, and that he disappeared eleven years ago from Oklahoma, where Shipp was his friend. Shipp, now a resident of Indianapolis, learned of the inmate of the poor farm here, and investigation, such as he had made in many other cases, disclosed the man's identity. Shipp says that at the time Flynn was in Oklahoma he had a number of well-to-do relatives there, and an effort will be made to get in communication with them. If they are not found the old man will have a home with him.

MAN TOYS WITH LEG IRONS

Hobbles Himself So Effectually That He Wears Shackles All Night—Solves Problem Finally.

Paris, Ill.—Curiosity as to the working of a pair of irons sent by Sheriff Summers, of this city, to the sheriff at Marshall got Roy Claypool, a telegraph operator of this city, into an awkward predicament. Claypool was on the train going south and noticed the irons lying on the floor of the baggage car. He adjusted them to his own legs, and after a time attempted to take them off, breaking the key in the operation.

The train crew was unable to render any assistance, and Claypool was still wearing the irons when he arrived at his destination, which was West Union. The efforts of his friends there were attended with no better success and he was obliged to wear the shackles all night, returning to this city to enlist the aid of Sheriff Summers. Owing to the key being broken off in the lock, the latter could do nothing, but a local jeweler finally succeeded in solving the problem with a file.

Claypool left later in the day for West Union, taking another pair of irons to the Clark county sheriff and promising to try no more experiments.

GHOSTS FORCE PAYMENT.

Police Chief Uses Novel Method to Get Fines from Prisoners Who Liked Jail.

Hazleton, Pa.—Chief of Police Edward Jones, of West Hazleton, has a new method of inducing recalcitrant prisoners to pay their fines.

Two foreigners were arrested charged with violating a borough ordinance. They had money, but refused to pay the fine imposed by Burgess Hugh McClellan.

They were remanded and Chief Jones locked them in cells adjoining one which he told them was haunted by the ghost of a suicide. During the night Jones entered the quiet lockup and made mysterious rappings on the iron bars. They he emitted blood-curdling yells.

The two foreign prisoners were almost paralyzed with fright, and when dawn came they begged to be allowed to pay their fines and escape from the "haunted" lockup.

RIVER STEALS FARMS

MISSOURI WIPES OUT FORTUNES OF TWO TILLERS.

Several Instances Chronicled in Which Erratic Stream Has Eaten Up Livelihoods of Agriculturists—Tale of One Venture.

Omaha, Neb.—The peculiar manner in which the erratic Missouri river eats up fortunes in a day and carries the work of a lifetime away, has been exemplified again near Omaha.

In 1868 Samuel J. Belville, of Hermann, Neb., then eleven years old, and his father came to Omaha. Soon after their arrival a real estate agent tried, in vain, to induce the elder Belville to invest in city property. The prospects were not then alluring, and the Belvilles, who wanted a farm, declared that the city was no place in which to bring up children.

At this point in the discussion the boy Sam, pulled out his silver watch and looked at it with boyish pride. The real estate agent saw it and said: "I'll tell you what I'll do, boy. Give me that watch and I'll give you this block of land in exchange. Just hold it, my boy, as an investment."

But the boy said his watch cost \$35, and he wasn't going to trade it for a few rods of Nebraska dirt. The family moved to Burt county, and the father took up a claim. Twenty years passed. They had improved the claim until it was valued at \$30,000. Then, one spring, the fierce Missouri, all of a sudden switched over to the west just far enough to sweep away the Belville homestead.

In the meantime, the son had grown to manhood and also owned a farm. This also has just been wiped out by the river, the two changes in which have left the family almost penniless.

The block of land which the boy refused to take in 1868 in exchange for his silver watch is at Sixteenth and Farmington streets. It is now worth \$1,500,000.

MAY BUILD GIANT WARSHIP

Vessel Larger Than Famous Dreadnaught Urged by Bonaparte for Navy.

Washington.—Secretary Bonaparte appeared before the house committee on naval affairs in support of an increase of the navy. He advocated an appropriation this year for two 16,000-ton battleships and in case congress does not see fit to provide for two such ships, he urged the construction of one 19,400-ton battleship.

In this recommendation he surpassed Admiral Dewey, who supported the committee by advocating 18,000-ton battleships after the type of the English battleship Dreadnaught.

The secretary advocated the building of four destroyers at a cost of \$3,000,000, two submarines costing \$500,000, one gunboat costing \$600,000, and two river gunboats at a cost of \$200,000.

The secretary's estimates for construction aggregate \$23,300,000. Of this sum the chief item is \$15,000,000 for the two battleships recommended. The cost of the two proposed scout ships which Secretary Bonaparte said were not indispensable is estimated at \$4,000,000.

Secretary Bonaparte advocated the 19,400-ton battleship, because, he said, American constructors felt this tonnage was necessary to carry on 12-inch guns such as the Dreadnaught is carrying.

PICK DUCK BY ELECTRICITY

Stroudsburg Ben Franklin Grasps Idea When Bird Gets Fatal Shock from Bolt.

Stroudsburg, Pa.—Hereafter ducks will be plucked by electricity. The invention of two young men, Lee Tyerman and Benjamin H. Hursh will, it is said, do away with the tedious process of "dry picking" the birds by hand.

Tyerman conceived the idea. He saw a bolt of lightning hit a telephone wire, run down the pole and electrocute a duck. Every feather in its body was loosened.

DISAPPEARING TURTLES.

"Soft Shells" in New York Aquarium That Burrow Out of Sight.

In the row of smaller tanks encircling the great central pool on the floor of the aquarium there is one with a label that reads "Soft Shell Turtles," says the New York Sun. And the turtles are there in the tank, sure enough, though there are times at this season when you would look in vain to see them.

At such times the turtles are buried in the sand. Many turtles of various kinds bury themselves in the mud in winter.

If the water in the tank gets chilly the soft shell turtles bury themselves in the sand on the bottom for their greater comfort; and when the water warms up they may come out again. You might see one still emerged, with its broad, flat back still covered with sand, like a turtle with a gravel roof.

Or you might see sticking up out of the expanse of the sandy bottom of the tank an odd-shaped head looking almost snake-like. This is the head of one of the buried turtles, which it had thrust up above the sand in order to breathe.

And then again you might not see any turtles in the tank; but they are there, nevertheless, strictly in accordance with the label.

ITALY'S KING GOOD SHOT.

Quick and Accurate Firing Characterizes His Forays in Game Preserves.

During his sojourn in Caserta King Victor Emmanuel has spent most of his time shooting in the magnificent preserves of Licola and Agrifoglio, killing every time more than 100 head of big game, he being a very quick and good shot, firing immediately after putting the gun to his shoulder without waiting to take aim, writes a Rome correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. Queen Elena, who claims to be a better shot than her husband, has given up shooting since the birth of the little crown prince, but all the same she has always assisted at these expeditions from a box especially built for her in the middle of one of the largest trees. Both king and queen are very affable with the beaters, with whom they often enter into conversation, inquiring about their condition and needs. In one of the last shoots, which had been very fatiguing on account of the bad weather, and in which the beaters were tired and covered with mud and soaked with rain, the king ordered them to be given double pay, and invited each to take one animal killed by him. The duke of Aosta, who lives now in Naples, is just the opposite of the king, disliking shooting to such an extent that for years he has not fired a shot.

ENGLISH LACK CURIOSITY.

An Instance Which Illustrates Its Entire Absence in Some Britons.

"While going through an English cathedral," said a returned visitor to the other day, says a New York Times writer, "we noticed that all the tombs except one had inscriptions explaining them. Being curious to know whose tomb it was that did not bear an inscription I walked down to an iron railing, the gate of which was in charge of an old man. We had not yet this gate to view the tomb, paying the customary sixpence admission. Pointing to the tomb, which was less than 75 feet from the gate, which the old man was stationed, I said to him: 'Excuse me, but whose tomb is that one there?' It has no card on it, and I'm curious to know its history."

"Looking up toward where I was pointing and peering through the rather dim atmosphere of the church the old man in the most pathetic tone imaginable replied: 'I don't know, sir; I've never been up that far.'"

"Supposing that he was a new-comer I said: 'How long have you been here?'"

"Slowly but proudly came the reply: 'Twenty-seven years.'"

Cigarettes and Other Smokes.

In smoking a cigarette we are partly inhaling about ten grains of tobacco, which as a rule is milder and freer from adulteration than any other form of smoking tobacco. One pound of tobacco will furnish \$100 for about 416 cigarettes, and one pound of cigarette paper will serve to envelop 12,000 cigarettes. One cigarette consists of one twenty-sixth of an ounce of tobacco wrapped in about one hundred and fifty-sixths of an ounce of rice paper. Ten cigarettes about equal one full-sized cigar. An ordinary pipe holds tobacco equal to the amount required to make five cigarettes.

Through Strong Drink.

Liquor drinking is one of the results of European penetration of Morocco. The taste for strong drink, though still indulged comparatively in secret, is steadily increasing, the practice spreading from force of example among the Moors themselves, as a result of the strenuous efforts of foreigners to inculcate this vice. As yet it is chiefly among the higher and lower classes that the victims are found, the former indulging in the privacy of their own homes, and the latter at the low drinking dens kept by the scum of foreign settlers in the open ports.

Only the Poor Escape.

"Why do you imagine that he is poor, because he doesn't dress better?" "No, not that; but there has as yet been no talk of investigating him."—Houston Post.

MICHIGAN HERON ROOKERY

One of the Few Nesting Places of the Birds Is Located in That State.

A notable nesting place of the great blue heron is ten miles west of this city, on the north bank of the Kalamazoo river.

It is notable, says a Battle Creek correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, for the reason that there are now only a few nesting places left in the state, and still more notable for the fact that this is the only rookery not located in inaccessible swamps, almost impossible to penetrate, especially for women bird students.

Hérons always return to the same nesting place. The ones at this rookery have returned annually for 25 years past.

The nests are huge, rude affairs, built of sticks and twigs of about the same size, loosely packed together and forming a sort of lattice work on which the eggs are laid.

They use the same nest every year, simply adding more sticks. The eggs number from three to four, are of a bluish green color, a little larger than hen's eggs.

If possible, sycamore trees are always selected for nesting because the color of the bark harmonizes perfectly with the plumage of the bird and affords what ornithologists term "protective coloration."

The herons during the nesting period are of great benefit to the farmers, as they destroy all the snakes and field mice for miles around. When they are feeding the young, the noise and commotion made can be heard at a great distance.

"THE WORLD FOR CHRIST"

Enormous Growth of the Christian Endeavor Societies Everywhere.

Sixty-six thousand societies, with a membership of more than 3,000,000, have grown in 25 years from "a tea and talk" in a quiet home in Portland, Me.

Dr. Father Endeavor Clark—as he is affectionately called through a pun on his initials, F. E.—was pastor then of the Williston church, in that city, and it was in his house and at his invitation that some of the young people of the church founded the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, which celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary this month.

There are almost 50,000 of these societies in the United States and Canada, and more than 10,000 in Great Britain and Ireland. In Africa there are 233 societies, in Brazil, 62, in Bulgaria, 15; in China, 250; in Finland, 19; in Hungary, 12; in Russia, 10; in Sweden, 148; in Hawaii, 54, and in India, 367.

The annual Christian Endeavor conventions have become stupendous, being attended by something like 60,000 registered delegates, not counting thousands of outsiders. It is proposed at the quarter century celebration to commence the erection of an International headquarters building in Boston. This will not only provide offices for the society but will serve as a memorial to the founder, Dr. Francis Edward Clark. The motto of the Endeavorers is "The World for Christ."

OFFICER WAS TOO CURIOUS.

Watchman Mistook Lover for Nocturnal prowler with Evil Intentions.

Recently there was a series of burglaries committed in the fashionable section of Baltimore. So anxious were the police authorities to apprehend the culprits that instructions were issued to the roundsmen to exercise extraordinary vigilance during their tours of inspection, relates Success Magazine.

On one occasion, just after midnight, an officer saw emerging noiselessly from a house in Eutaw place a young man, who hastily darted down the street. The officer made after him as rapidly as possible. When he had stopped the young man, he said: "Didn't you come out of the corner house just now?"

The young fellow, though of quite a respectable air, seemed ill at ease. "I did," he answered, with some confusion. "Do you live in that house?" sternly demanded the officer.

"That's an impertinent question," replied the young man, in a tone of great indignation. "I don't see what business of yours it is, so long as her father doesn't object."

Wise Youth.

"But can you support me in the style to which I have been accustomed?" she asked.

"I smiled. 'I don't think I should have any hesitancy in promising that,' he said. And then she suddenly realized that he knew her folks kept but one servant, that the gown she wore was last season's style, and that her mother had let the upper hall bedroom to a roomer who was in the gimlet department of a downtown hardware store."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Trying to Prove an Alibi.

"Now, Tommy, either you or Johnny have been stealing grapes again. Here are the skins." "Wasn't me, ma—honest it wasn't. I eat all my skins."—Cleveland Leader.

Hard Slap.

Cromnitz White—"I'd do anything in the world for art." J. Canis—"Well, why don't you quit painting?"—Judge.