HALF AN HOUR UNDER WATER.

Experiment with the New Torpedo-Boat Nautilus—A Successful Dive.

"Have you made your will?"

"It's a splendid place down in there to die of asphyxia."

These, says *The New York Herald*, were some of the nerve-tickling comments hurled yesterday after a reporter who chanced to be at Fort Hamilton, in the narrows, and was about to undertake a weird trip to the bottom of the bay on board of Lieut. Zalinski's iron-tipped submarine torpedo boat, the Nautilus. The people on the dock could afford to be facetious; they were not going down into the depths. The reporter was, and his answering laugh therefore sounded perhaps a little forced and raspy, but it was well intended.

The Nautilus has been "tied up" for a long time at the government pier at Fort Hamilton. Experiments have been carried on meanwhile with great activity by Lieut. Zalinski and by Mr. Joseph Holland, an engineer, working under the direction of his brother, Mr. John Holland, of this city, who has perfected the engines on board. Yesterday's trial trip was intended to test the value of the experiments so long going on, and which it was judged had sufficiently progressed to warrant a "dive."

The reporter asked permission to take this first dive. The lieutenant said:

"You can go if you think you want to chance it."

The "crew" of the boat was promptly on hand. It consisted of one man—a youthful, nervy fellow, selected for his utter disregard for the dangers of the deep, and who has gained the appellation of "The Dynamiter." He descended into the boat, which lay in the water, rolling easily in the long swells sent out by the oft-passing steamers. The little craft looked like a huge cigar—a high-priced one—and pointed at both ends. The reporter next followed the crew into the turret-hole, and was soon joined by Lieut. Zalinski and the Holland brothers.

In a few minutes the engine was started. The throb and thump of its working and the short puffs from the air valves were painfully loud in the "cabin." This air-compressor has lately been perfected, and, though the boat is not constructed with any other idea than to demonstrate the theory so long ago advanced that submarine sailing is practicable, a speed of nine miles an hour has been obtained. It worked perfectly. The air is compressed by means of it until the tubes on the port side have a pressure of eighty-five pounds per inch and on the opposite something less.

"Close the turret," said the lieutenant.

A last look outside revealed a few soldiers and civilians on the wharf and a man lolling on his oars in a rowboat watching the monster. In obedience to the order the cap to the turret was swung around by an inside lever and stout clamps inside soon fastened it firmly down so as to exclude the water. Only the light which drifted in through a bull's-eye and a row of small deadlights illumined the cabin, and candles were indispensable.

"Open your valve!"

The crew turned a stopcock. Water from the bay rushed into the water-chambers enveloping the cabin and into the diving-bell, and the boat began to descend, with a slight tilting forward, where the eight hundred pounds in the diving-bell helped to bear it down. On the inside could be heard the plashing and lapping of the water as the waves washed up within the walls to the turret. Then the water covered the shell entirely and the stern settled more evenly with the bow. The turret was soon half under. Down went the boat faster and faster, and in a moment more a wave washed completely over its top.

That was a queer sensation.

It caused the breath to come quick and short for a minute, and everybody tried to be jolly.

"I've got a bucket of water here," volunteered the lieutenant; "but we haven't any provisions."

A nice prospect. It is very easy to sink a boat, but to raise her is the question. And something to eat would be handy, in case the diver could not rise, to last until search parties could haul it to the surface, for her machinery might not work right. And while these thoughts "bobbed up serenely" in one's mind the motion of the waves was no longer felt, for the boat was entirely submerged: The engine was not working and the boat was at rest on the bottom of the bay. Thus was realized, though only in degree, Jules Verne's imaginative "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

It needed only a sliding panel in the side to be opened and disclose the wonders of the submarine depths. Fish were perhaps nosing about the smooth sides of the conical craft in wonder or scurrying away from it in terror.

The panel scheme would be a good one, but in lieu of it the "dead lights" were handy. No fish, however, were to be seen through them, but dead leaves and seaweed floated about beneath the surface, moved by the outgoing tide. Looking up through the bull's eye in the crown or roof the water was lighter. The sun's rays drifted down through it, making it translucent, and objects, like shadows passing on the surface cast below them a deeper shadow still, which looked queer in the wierd, greenish waters. The water was twelve feet deep thereabouts. The Nautilus, submerged, ordinarily draws six feet. An easy calculation showed the depth of the boat. A yacht might sail over it.

And now an odd feeling became noticeable. The compressed air liberated into the "cabin" rendered the atmosphere denser than under normal conditions, and there was a ringing in the ears of those on board. Perspiration was forced from the skin, although the air was not warm, and the reporter's collar began to wilt sadly.

"Let us go up."

Mr. Holland finally suggested this very calmly. Would "she go up?" Everybody awaited the result of the order eagerly. The fate of the boat, maybe of its passengers, depended on it. At a signal the crew opened a valve. A sound of rushing air from the tubes indicated that the diving-bell was being rid of its weight of water. How quickly it was all done. Only fourteen seconds and relieved of only 800 pounds of water the boat rose until the top of the turret shot into the light and air above the surface.

By manipulating two valves the water was driven from the water chambers to the diving bell and thence forced outside until eighteen inches of the roof of the shell were out of the water and the turret could be unclamped. The dense air in the boat rushed out of the opening and the pressure of the atmosphere was reduced. The same strange ringing in the ears made the occupants of the boat alive to that fact. The adventurous quintet were soon welcomed by their friends on the dock. The vessel had been half an hour on the bottom.

"That beats a Turkish bath all hollow," said one of them, looking down at the perspiring divers.

"That settles the practicability of the boat," said Lieut. Zalinski. "It demonstrates that she can be directed, sunk and brought to the surface at the will of her captain. I am greatly pleased."

STORIES OF CRIMINALS.

The Judgment of the Late Dr. Elisha Harris.

A young girl, incarcerated in the Detroit house of correction, was overheard praying aloud in her cell, and these were her exact words: "O God, you do know that I want to be good, but somehow or other I can't."

A private house in Chicago was entered by a burglar in the evening, who found the lady of the house in her bedchamber. She had not yet gone to bed, and at the sight of her unexpected and unwelcome visitor she fainted, whereupon he coolly proceeded to ransack her bureau, and carried off all the jewelry that he could find. A few days later she received the following note from him:

"DEAR MADAM: As you lay upon the floor the other evening, you looked so lovely that I was strongly impelled to kiss you, but the instincts of a gentleman prevented me."

A discharged prisoner entered the office of the late Dr. Elisha Harris in New York, one day and said: "I am just out of the penitentiary." Dr. Harris replied, "I am very glad to see you. Take a seat. What can I do for you?" The young man continued: "I want to get honest work to do, and to lead an honest life. Can you aid me to find employment?" Dr. Harris told him that he thought that he might be able to do so, and directed him to a lodging house where he could remain for a few days, when he would let him know the result of his efforts in his behalf. He happened to be acquainted with a gentleman who had occasion to hire a large number of men in some manufacture, who had no objection to take convicts on trial, and his application to him in the prisoner's name proved successful. The young man was so attractive in his appearance and manners that the gentleman and his wise both became deeply interested in him, and wishing to be of more use to him took him to their own house, where they spared no pains to influence him in the direction of amendment and right living. He apparently softened under their gentle ministrations, professed to have become a Christian, and expressed a desire to unite with the church. Something of a sensation was created in one of the fashionable places of worship in the city of New York one Sunday morning, when his employer walked down the aisle with him and stood by his side, as the rite of Christian baptism was administered to him. Not long afterward the prisoner's new and faithful friends met Dr. Harris and asked him what he thought of their protege. He said: "I do not think that he will hold out." "Why not?" "Oh, I can not tell you. His looks, his gestures, his whole manner seem to indicate a fatal lack of moral stamina." "Why, doctor," exclaimed the lady, "do you mean to set limits to the grace of God?" "By no means, madam. The grace of God can do everything for everbody, but there are some men for whom it seems, in fact, to do very little, and I incline to think that this young man is one of them." They were rather indignant at his want of confidence and lack of sympathy with their own enthusiasm. But time rolled on, and the young man disappeared. He had been absent for some weeks, when he wrote the lady: "I can never thank you as I ought for your very great kindness to me. I am sorry to have requited it so badly, but the truth is I could not stand an honest life. I did try, but would rather die with a jimmy in my hand than be the possessor of the finest fortune in America."—*International Record.*

A Washington Scene.

There are sixty thousand darkies in Washington. This is an easy statistic to remember, for there are sixty thousand shade-trees in the streets. Whether this be merely a curious coincidence, or whether the commissioners found it advisable to set out one tree for each darky, is more than I can say; but the fact remains. The trees are of no practical value until 10 or 15 years old, but the darky's career of usefulness begins when he is able to crawl to the street on all fours, lie close to the asphalt, like a chameleon, and send near-sighted bicycle-riders to the hospital. Bicycles career wildly over every street and avenue at all hours, and you take your life in your hand at every crossing, for the rubber tires make no sound, the riders give no warning, and before you are aware the cyclone of nickel-plate and knickerbockers is upon you and over you, and both your salvation and trousers are a wreck. After one such experience you take a solemn pleasure in watching a pickaninny bask in the middle of the road and seeing the next wheelman describe a trajectory and skate a few yards on the bridge of his nose.—*Cor. New York Times.*

BUILDING A CHURCH.

What One-fifth of a Ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery Will Do.

A few weeks ago the Blade noticed the dedication of the German Evangelical Lutheran Lucas church, near the corner of Broadway and Walbridge avenue. The church remains partially unfinished for the lack of funds.

Last Saturday evening Mr. Henry Sass, 29 Western avenue, received $5,000. Mr. Sass held one-fifth of ticket No. 77,227, which drew the second capital prize of $25,000 in the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery company on July 13.

Mr. Sass is a member of the German Lutheran church of which Rev. A. B. Weber is pastor. He will loan at a low rate this $5,000 to the new church, which but for the aid thus rendered would remain unfinished for lack of funds.

Mr. Sass is an honest German tailor nearly 70 years of age. He has been a resident of this country about twenty years. By his needle he has supported and raised a large family. He is very popular in the neighborhood where he lives, and the people there rejoice with him in his good fortune.

This is the second time within the last few months that $5,000 prizes have been drawn by citizens in the Fifth ward.—[Toledo (Ohio) Blade, July 27.

Mr. Stewart's Little Plum.

John A. Stewart, of the firm of Ledbeter & Stewart, well-known contractors, whose office is located in the basement at No. 5 Lafayette avenue, was one of the three fortunate holders of a one-fifth interest in ticket 19,406, which drew $10,000 at the July drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery. A Tribune representative found Mr. Stewart last evening at his elegant home at 736 Cass avenue, and learned from his own lips the story of his luck. He said:

"Some time before the July drawing my friends W. J. Sullivan and William Hertebus of this city and myself parted with $5 each and received therefor fifteen different pieces of pasteboard representing a one-fifth interest in fifteen different tickets. It was my first venture. Of course we expected nothing, but judge of our surprise when we received notice that ticket No. 19,406, in which we had a fifth interest, had drawn $10,000. Shortly after a check for $2,000 was received, and we forthwith divided the money equally."—[Detroit (Mich.) Tribune, July 28.

An international exposition will be held in Paris in 1889.

SAFE, permanent and complete are the cures of bilious and intermittent diseases, made by Prickly Ash Bitters. Dyspepsia, general debility, habitual constipation, liver and kidney complaints are speedily eradicated from the system. It disinfects, cleanses and eliminates all malaria. Health and vigor are obtained more rapidly and permanently by the use of this great natural antidote than by any other remedy heretofore known. As a blood purifier and tonic it brings health, renewed energy and vitality to a worn and diseased body.

The receipts of the Brooklyn bridge for the past month aggregated $58,171.10.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is an excellent regulator of the stomach and bowels, and should always be kept on hand, especially at this season of the year, when so many suffer from bowel complaints. There is nothing so quick to relieve in attacks of cholera.

Ned Buntline left an unfinished play, in which the hero was a pirate king.

Reduced from $1.50 to 75c per year, Weekly State Journal and Lincoln Monthly. Best news and educational papers in Nebraska. Send money at once to Lincoln business college, Lincoln, Neb.

A congressman ought to make a good yachtsman, for every yacht wants plenty of wind.

Send 40 names of young men and women to Omaha Commercial College, 1114 Farnam street, and receive College Journal free one year.

Germany has been secretly training carrier pigeons in France for war purposes.

A heavy growth of hair is produced by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer.

Every description of malarial disorder yields to the curative power of Ayer's Ague Cure.

The total amount of taxable property in Kansas is $277,110,683.

Those desiring a thorough business education should attend the Commercial College at Iowa City, the oldest and best in the west. Send for College Journal.

W. N. U., Omaha - 324-34.