

STOREHOUSE OF EXPLOSIVES.

Care in Handling Shot and Shell at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

(Copyright, 1888, by the S. S. McClure Co.)

We had come into the store room for torpedoes at the Brooklyn navy yard and the talk turned to high explosives.

"We have to keep a sharp watch on the gun cotton," said one of the gunners who was with me, "so see that it does not get dry and does not get too acid. There is never a day goes by on a battleship but careful inspection is made of the stores of gun cotton. Dip in a piece of litmus paper and see if it comes out blue; if it does all is well, but beware if it comes out red. That means acid and acid means danger."

"What do you do when it comes out red?" I asked.

"Neutralize the acid. You see, gun cotton deteriorates a lot in an acid solution."

"Do you always keep the gun cotton wet?"

"Always, that's one of the first principles. When it's wet it's safe; when it's dry it isn't. Let it have all the water it will soak up, which is about 30 per cent."

"Suppose you were to touch of some gun cotton here on the grounds, what would happen?"

"Nothing at all, if it wasn't confined. You might burn a ton of it like cord-wood in a bonfire and you'd only get a pretty flame. But pack it in a tin box, even a flimsy one, and you'll have fun. And of course the stronger the box the more fun you'll have."

"How is the gun cotton brought here?"

"That depends on where it comes from. Most of what we use is made in this country, but during the war we imported a lot from abroad. A few weeks ago 1,800 cases of imported gun cotton were landed here off

their general use desirable. You see, if an enemy's shell happens to strike one of the torpedoes it is a kooky ship. That is one reason why the Spaniards suffered so cruelly; we succeeded in exploding some of their torpedoes; and but for good luck or bad shooting they might have returned the compliment."

"Then how will torpedoes be used in the future?"

"Perhaps on fighting ships specially constructed to carry high explosives."

"Like the Vesuvius?"

"Yes; except designed for the use of torpedoes. You know, the Vesuvius throws dynamite."

"Is dynamite as dangerous as gun cotton?"

"More dangerous, just as nitroglycerine is more dangerous than dynamite. Nitroglycerine is as used at all in modern guns."

"As a final question I asked how much dynamite the Vesuvius throws, and learned that she has projectiles of two sizes, one containing 200 pounds of dynamite, the other containing 500 pounds. And these she drops at distances ranging from two to four miles."

With this we left the high explosive room to take up another part of the subject.

WONDERFUL WATCHES.

Comparisons Between the First and the Last Watches Made.

During the recent watchmaker's convention at Berlin, Germany, there was an interesting collection of rare and curious watches exhibited, where the progress of the art of watchmaking could be studied from its first beginnings in the fifteenth century to this day.

The earliest and the latest products of the art brings out the enormous progress made in this, as in every other industry. Our illustrations show alongside of each other the first known specimen of a watch constructed by the young Nuremberg locksmith, Peter Henlein, called for short, Hele, the smallest watch ever made, recently completed in a Swiss factory. Hele was the first to employ a spring in a watch, all the

parts of which he made of steel or iron. His watch weighed a couple of pounds. The little watch is here illustrated, full size. Its face is six millimeters, or about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and it would take about 500 of these watches to weigh a pound. Yet its price is in no proportion with the amount of material employed in its construction, for it costs \$2,000. This price merely represents the cost of making this one watch, for in its production entirely new machinery and tools had to be used and invented in part, which are useless for any other purpose.

BOY WHO HAS QUEER POWER.

Has Mesmeric Control Over All Kinds of Beasts and Birds.

Chicago numbers in its floating population a boy with queer mesmeric power. His name is Bob Tyler. He can run down and capture the speediest of wild animals, such as foxes, rabbits and squirrels, catch wild ducks as they swim about in the water and subdue the most vicious of horses, bulls, lions and tigers.

Bob Tyler was the Aladdin's lamp of the First Illinois volunteer cavalry. Rub him the right way and you were sure to get your wish. If you were homesick and blue, Bob could reach up and get spirits from the air. If you were convalescent he could put his hand behind him and produce fried chicken and jelly on the instant. If there was to be a birthday party in one of the regimental messes Bob was called and, after he had made a few mysterious passes, a roast pig, smoking hot, would invite the government appetites of the celebrating troopers.

Perhaps Bob's ancestry has something to do with his strange powers. His father was a Frenchman, who practiced sleight-of-hand and jugglery. His mother was the daughter of a Cherokee Indian chief. Bob was born in New Orleans during the days of the reconstruction and had absorbed all the superstitions of the negro race. As a boy he had gone with his parents to Central America

and several of the South American countries where he became acquainted with many of the mystics of the tropics. Had Herrmann taken him in hand his protégé would no doubt have far outstripped his master in the black art. But Herrmann missed him and he was nothing as yet but a "dog robber," as the officers' servants are called in the First Illinois volunteer cavalry.

Every man in the regiment knew Bob. He always knew where to find the very thing a fellow wanted, from a piece of string to a saddle blanket. If any of the boys had overplayed their passions and came creeping through the guard lines, too shabby for duty, he could always find a "bracer" if he could find Bob. Where the supplies came from was a conundrum the regiment gave up trying to guess early in the campaign. In the soft gray of the southern dawn the tent flap of Bob's quarters was often pushed aside, while a husky voice would say: "Bob! Bob! Can't you get me a drink somewhere? I'm about to collapse. There's a naval engagement going on here that puts the Sampson-Cervera conflict to shame, and if I don't get a drink before roll call it's guard house and no favors."

"Well, you go out under behind that big pine and wait till I come. Maybe I can find something."

And he always did.

All his mysticism vanishes when he comes in contact with animal life. The sight of a rabbit or squirrel has the same effect on Bob as the sight of a deer on a well trained hunter. He is off in a second, and it is a lucky animal that escapes him. Over fallen trees, down rain-washed gullies, through tangled underbrush, doubling and turning, as fast as the wind and as light, go purser and pursued. Then comes a faint, pleading cry, almost human in its plaintiveness, and Bob comes trotting back with the panting rabbit under his arm.

But Bob is at his best catching squirrels. The game is more complicated and requires more mesmeric power than necessary in the rabbit hunt. When he has a squirrel located he will walk slowly around the trunk of the tree sometimes striking the bark rhythmically with the ends of his fingers, always keeping his eyes aloft. Soon there will be a rustling of the leaves, as the squirrel comes nearer and nearer the ground. When he reaches the lower branches Bob will retreat, and the squirrel, running down the trunk, makes a dash for another tree, with the boy in full chase. It is seldom the animal gets off the ground again. Run as fast as he can Bob is always at his heels, and the chase always ends in the squirrel being caught.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Johnny (aged 6)—I say, Bob, I really believe I'm gettin' old.

Bob—How's that?

Johnny—My ma's paid my fare in the 'lectrics three times lately without kikkins'.

There was no response, and she continued: "Have not some of you been out and seen minerals on exhibition?" One little girl raised her hand. "I thought so. Mary will name three minerals." Mary arose and, putting her hands behind her, lisped: "Apolinaris, visby and seltzer."

A Denver druggist's little boy, according to the Times, has written the following letter to President McKinley: "Dear Mr. Mc— My pa can remember the Maine without your keeping those revenue stamps on everything for another year. Out here we will be awfully glad when the stamps are gone and the poor little girls can get the same amount of gum they used to for a nickel."

There is a certain bright small boy who is the son of a gentleman of my acquaintance who was born in England and who remains a British subject, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. "Dear Mr. Mc," the American school and lately has been taking his first dip into patriotic American school history. The other night the boy looked up from his book, musingly, and said: "Papa, we licked you awfully in 1812, didn't we?"

"You will observe," said the professor, according to Household Words, "that the higher the altitude attained the colder the temperature becomes."

"But isn't it warmer up in the mountains?" asked the youth at the foot of the case, whose father was in the hardware line.

"Certainly not," replied the professor. "Why do you think it would be warmer there?"

"I thought the atmosphere was heated by the mountain ranges," answered the youngster.

"One day," says the Chicago Record, "a little son of the Rev. T. V. Gardiner was playing with some boys who had a cart, and they wanted a dog to draw it. 'Papa says we must be careful of what we want,' said the minister's son, and he knelt down and said, 'Oh, Lord, send us a dog to draw our cart.' In a little while a big one came along that frightened them, and they began to cry. A second time the boy knelt, but this time he prayed, 'Oh, Lord, we don't want a bulldog.'"

CONJUGIALITIES.

Donald B. McDonald, 98 years old, and Margaret Ann O'Regan, 84 years old, of Reno, Mich., were married the other day. McDonald had been married three times in Canada, and is the father of fourteen children. The bride had been married twice and is the mother of ten children. The wedding was performed in the presence of great-grandchildren of both bridegroom and bride.

William Paine of Peaseville, Mo., was married to Mrs. Mary Tringer at the latter's home in Golden City, Mo., Thursday night. The groom is 88 years old and the bride is 85. The details of the match were arranged by mail, the groom having never been in Golden City before. In order to live with the lady of his choice the groom recently resigned the position of postmaster at Peaseville.

A Russian shopkeeper recently posted the following announcement in front of his place of business: "The goods I have hitherto used to sell my goods so much cheaper than anybody else is that I am a bachelor and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of a wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. They will, therefore, do well to make their purchases at once at the former or crack the punch. The groom is engaged to be married to Miss Marie Evelyn Moreton, whose father was private secretary to the marquis of Lorne during his stay in Canada. His wedding is expected to take place shortly, and everyone is wondering if the bridegroom will return to Egypt as commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army. It is the fact that he made and has always maintained a very strict rule that English officers of that army should not marry native women. Besides, Mrs. Moreton brings a fortune of her husband which, with his high rank, makes a return to Egypt less attractive than it might otherwise be."

The verdict of \$2,500 to Sophia Gehring for her twenty-two-year coarseness in vain ended an old love story revealed in court last week. Paul Mayer, a well-to-do merchant, was the defendant. Mayer and Miss Gehring became acquainted in 1875. Twenty-two years ago Mayer began paying attentions to her and at the close of the first year he proposed marriage to her. She accepted him. Mayer made a condition that he would not marry until his widow's mother died. She was then in feeble health. Gehring agreed to this, because she was then but 20 years old. Widow Mayer became stronger and she came to her senses. Mayer continued his wooing, and Miss Gehring was content to continue waiting. Year after year rolled around, and the couple were getting older and older. The widow Mayer continued living, and her son would not marry until she died. The widow lived

HEALTH FOR TEN CENTS!

FOR THE FAMILY.
I take pleasure in praising Cascarets. My children are all well because of them. I certainly recommend them to all my friends. They are a permanent cure for all ailments.
Pain Urove Ave., McKeesport, Pa.

FOR CHILDREN.
I shall never be without Cascarets. My children are all well because of them. I certainly recommend them to all my friends. They are a permanent cure for all ailments.
Pain Urove Ave., McKeesport, Pa.

FOR PILES.
I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles for several years. I was cured by Cascarets. I am now as well as ever.
1115 Union St., St. Louis City, Mo.

FOR HEADACHE.
I had my wife and myself cured by their medicine. We have been cured of all our ailments. I am now as well as ever.
Pain Urove Ave., McKeesport, Pa.

FOR BAD BREATH.
I have been using Cascarets for several years. I am now as well as ever. My breath is sweet and my stomach is regular.
Pain Urove Ave., McKeesport, Pa.

FOR PIMPLES.
I have been using Cascarets for several years. I am now as well as ever. My skin is clear and my complexion is healthy.
Pain Urove Ave., McKeesport, Pa.



POPULAR SUCCESS IS ALWAYS EARNED!

The people are the best judges of merit, and when the people buy 3,000,000 boxes of Cascarets, as they did last year, and 5,000,000 boxes more as they are doing this year, it means that Cascarets are the finest preparation in the world for their purpose.

Try them, and the mystery of this wonderful success will be solved. So pure, palatable and positive, so gentle without gripe, they restore liver and bowels to regular normal action. Guaranteed to cure constipation, or money refunded. Sold by your druggist, or mailed postfree for price by the manufacturers, STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO or NEW YORK.

FOR CONSTIPATION.
I have used Cascarets for several years. I am now as well as ever. My bowels are regular and my stomach is healthy.

FOR BILIOUSNESS.
I have used Cascarets for several years. I am now as well as ever. My liver is healthy and my complexion is clear.

FOR WORMS.
I have used Cascarets for several years. I am now as well as ever. My children are all well and my stomach is regular.

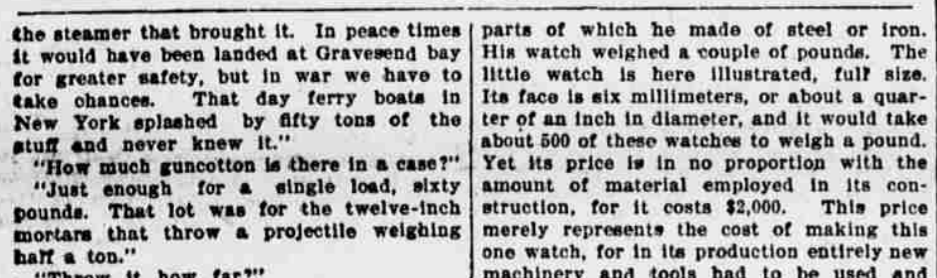
FOR DYSPEPSIA.
I have used Cascarets for several years. I am now as well as ever. My digestion is regular and my appetite is good.

FOR LAZY LIVER.
I have used Cascarets for several years. I am now as well as ever. My liver is healthy and my stomach is regular.

FOR BAD BLOOD.
I have used Cascarets for several years. I am now as well as ever. My skin is clear and my complexion is healthy.

This is the tablet, always stamped "CCC" When dealers try to substitute, they want to Don't take a substitute! Get what you ask for! make more money out of you. Don't let them!

The smallest watch ever made, compared with a dime. Cost \$2000.



the steamer that brought it. In peace times it would have been landed at Gravesend bay for greater safety, but in war we have to take chances. That day fifty boats in New York splashed by fifty tons of the stuff and never knew it."

"How much gun cotton is there in a case?"

"Just enough for a single load, sixty pounds. That lot was for the twelve-inch mortars that throw a projectile weighing half a ton."

"Throw it how far?"

"Oh, five or six miles and then the gun cotton explodes."

The gunner went on to tell about the gun cotton that is used in the torpedoes carried by the battleships. There is about a hundred pounds of this in each torpedo, but it is all packed in the small, pointed steel head, the long, polished body being occupied with the machinery for propelling the torpedo and with the compressed air reservoir.

"Are the torpedo heads made of hardened steel so as to penetrate armor?" I asked.

"O, no," he said; "they are quite soft, just rigid enough to resist the water pressure as they are driven through it. The explosion comes instantly when they strike the side of a ship."

Then he went into details about tandem propellers and intricate devices by which the torpedo's rudder may be set for any depth from five to twenty feet. A great silver fish, the modern torpedo, is twice as long as a man, with a little deadly head and a body full of apparatus as delicate as a chronometer. Each one costs about \$4,000.

"How many torpedoes are there on a battleship?"

"Six or eight; that is, there have been. But I may tell you that in the future it is likely our big fighting ships like the Oregon and the Brooklyn will go into action without any torpedoes aboard. That is one of the things we have learned in the present war."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that torpedoes are too dangerous against the ship that carries them to make

Tortured By Rheumatism.

A Purely Vegetable Blood Remedy is the Only Cure.

If the people generally know the true cause of Rheumatism, there would be no such thing as limbering and disabling disease. The fact is, Rheumatism is a disordered state of the blood—it can be reached, therefore, only through the blood. But all blood remedies can not cure Rheumatism, for it is an obstinate disease, one which requires a real blood remedy—something more than a mere tonic. Swift's Specific is the only real blood remedy, and it promptly goes to the very bottom of even the most obstinate case.

A few years ago I was taken with inflammatory Rheumatism, which, though mild at first, became gradually so intense that I was for weeks unable to walk. I tried several prominent physicians and took their treatment faithfully, but was unable to get the slightest relief. In fact, my condition seemed to grow worse, the pains spread over my entire body, and from November to March I suffered agony. I tried many patent medicines, but none relieved me. Upon the advice of a friend I decided to try S. S. Before allowing me to take it, however, my guardian, who was a chemist, analyzed the remedy, and pronounced it free of potash or mercury.



I felt so much better after taking two bottles, that I continued the remedy, and in two months I was cured completely. The cure was permanent, for I have never since had a touch of Rheumatism, though many times exposed to damp and cold weather.

ELIZABETH M. TIPPELL,
3711 Powellton Avenue, Philadelphia.

Those who have had experience with Rheumatism know that it becomes more severe each year, and like all other blood diseases, the doctors are totally unable to cure it. In fact, the only remedies which they prescribe are potash and mercury, and though temporary relief may result, these remedies produce a stiffness of joints and only intensify the disease.

S. S. never disappoints, for it is made to cure those deep-rooted diseases which are beyond the reach of all other remedies. It cures permanently Rheumatism, Catarrh, Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, and all other blood diseases. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed.

Purely Vegetable
Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

America has over 300 tin plate mills. Our railroads use 1,250,000 freight cars. About twenty new books are published daily in Great Britain. The steamship Lord Charlemont recently loaded 2,500 tons of steel rails at Canton, Md., for use on a railway in Ireland.

The Cleveland Citizen tells of a spout-soldering machine invented in that city which is operated by one man and displaces five men. A plan is being arranged to establish in Kinley, Ky., a mill for the system of small savings similar to that in the public schools.

New York raises more chestnuts than any other state in the union. West Virginia and Pennsylvania ranking after it in the order in which they are named. The Building Trades council of Detroit hangs a sign on all buildings in course of erection by their members which reads: "Only union labor employed on this building."

Frank Schaffer, a brakeman, has secured a verdict of \$5,000 for damages against the Nickel Plate railroad at Norwalk, O. Schaffer claimed that he was blacklisted by the company. The silk industry in the United States is assuming gigantic proportions. Thirty years ago the value of silk produced in the United States was less than \$6,000,000. Last year it exceeded \$7,000,000.

The Boston Master Builders' association recently opened a bureau where workmen seeking employment may register their names and where employers may find the required help. The idea is one that should result in the mutual advantage of employer and employe, and tend to induce a feeling of greater friendliness between the classes whose interests, after all, are so largely identical.

There is a falling off in the manufacture of cigarettes. The total for the last fiscal year was 326,000,000 less than the previous year, while there was an increase of 400,000,000 cigars. The total number of cigars manufactured in the United States was 3,668,162,486; 1897, 4,431,050,509. The total number of cigarettes was 2,211,900,345; in 1897 4,631,820,920.

Most people suppose that the use of snuff is obsolete, but the statistics presented by the commissioner of internal revenue show there is a steady and large increase in the production of snuff in this country. For example, in 1888 the total amount of snuff manufactured in the United States was 5,446,878 pounds; in 1897 the total was 13,768,455 pounds, or a pound for every two inhabitants. The increase in the use of snuff is larger than that of tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, beer, whisky or any other of the articles which are involved in the "bad habits" of the people.

Makers have succeeded in electro-depositing nickel plates twenty by thirty inches in size and three-fourths to one-half of an inch thick, which are so tough and elastic that it is very difficult to chisel the metal, and the shearing of plates more than twenty-fifth of an inch in thickness is as troublesome as the manipulation of so much tempered steel. It is an important fact, also that these plates ordinarily will neither break under the hammer or crack under the punch. The greater portion of the output of pure nickel is used in making nickel steel and German silver and the rest cast into anodes for nickelating.

THE OLD-TIMERS.

Though 90 years old, Major S. B. Phinney, founder and editor of the Barnstable (Mass.) Patriot, still continues active work on that paper.

Isaac McLellan of Greenport, L. I., who is now in his 83d year, is the owner of a class of eighteen persons who were confirmed in the doctrines of the Episcopal church last Tuesday. He was a classmate of Longfellow's at college.

Leon Favler, who fought under the great Napoleon, has just celebrated his 99th birthday at Philadelphia. Favler was born in 1802 in a small town in Brittany and was a drummer boy at Waterloo. He has been in this country for many years.

Charles Paul Auguste Cuvillier, who has just turned 100, was the founder of the catering extended to all the royal families of Europe, and many of them sent wreaths and other floral tributes to the funeral. He was 70 years old.

Mrs. Sarah Terry of Philadelphia has just celebrated her 108th birthday by joining the Daughters of the Revolution. "Not very many years ago," she says, "when I was a good, large girl, there was an Indian camp where the city hall now is. On Sunday my father took me and the horses and we would drive out there and talk to them; but the Indians are gone now, and the town has grown. Never will I forget when my father joined the army under Washington, and how he fought against the red-coats. And then came peace with England and the freedom of the colonies. How happy the people were. Every wagon, every cart and every carriage which drove into town had a big sign on it, and every sign said, 'Peace, peace, peace.' They were in the city and the city was illuminated and the people cheered, and the pretty girls let the young men kiss them on their return from the war."

The sooner a cough or cold is cured without harm to the sufferer the better. One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures. Why suffer when such a cough cure is within reach? It is pleasant to the taste.

Strong Drink is Death

Dr. Charcot's Tonic Tablets

are the only positively guaranteed remedy for the Drink Habit, Nervousness and Melancholy caused by Strong Drink.

WE GUARANTEE FOUR BOXES

to cure any case with a positive Written Guarantee or refund the money, and to destroy the appetite for intoxicating liquors.

STRONG DRINK CAUSES MISERY, POVERTY AND DEATH

The Tablets can be given without knowledge of the Patient.

Upon receipt of \$10.00 we will send you four (4) boxes and positive Written Guarantee to cure or refund your money. Single boxes \$3.00.

MYERS-DILLON DRUG CO.,

SOLE AGENTS, 16th and Farnam, Omaha, Neb.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL CONSULT DOCTORS Searles & Searles.

30 Years' Experience. Specialists.

Guarantee to cure speedily and radically all NERVOUS, CHRONIC AND FEVERISH diseases of men and women.

WEEK MEN SYPHILIS
Night Emissions, Lost Manhood, Hypocretia, Venereal, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Syphilis, Stricture, Fits, Epilepsy and Racial Ulcers, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, cured.

CONSUATION FREE.
Stricture and Gleet Cured. Home method without pain or cutting. Call on or address with stamp. Treatment by mail.

DR. SEARLES & SEARLES. 219 N. 16th St. OMAHA, NEB.

Angier's COCOA and CHOCOLATES

FOR CHATTO DRINKING, COOKING, BAKING BY

Purity of Material and Deliciousness—Flavor Unexcelled.

FOR SALE AT OUR STORES AND BY DRUGGERS EVERYWHERE.

Are You Going East?

If you are looking for a comfortable trip, unexcelled by any other, in the world, you should take the LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

UNRIVALLED SCENERY

For information, apply to the nearest agent or to the General Passenger Agent, New York, Philadelphia or Washington.

WEEK MEN

Instant Relief. Cures in 24 hours. Never fails. Will give relief to any sufferer with full directions for a quick, private cure. For full particulars, apply to the publisher, Lehigh Valley Railroad, P.O. Box 1234, Philadelphia, Pa.